THE QUIVER

Presented

To

Susan and John Allen

From

Her ever loving Sister Sarah

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"Oh, where has your father gone, my child?"

The Quiver

"DOMINE, QUO VADIS?"

A TRADITION.

HE fled from Rome, in strange and trembling mood!
The great apostle Peter, who had stood,
The minister of Christ before the world,
Brave, bold, defiant of the terrors hurled
At those who worshipped Christ the crucified.

He fled from Rome—afraid to meet the tide
Of persecution raging far and wide!
Fearing to die—impetuous, loving, still—
He fled from Rome, from duty and God's will.

And, so tradition tells us, as he fled
Along the Appian way in haste and dread,
He saw the Saviour standing, and His eyes
Were full of yearning love and sad surprise.
"O Domine, quo vadis?" Peter cried.
In tone of sad reproach the Lord replied:
"I go to Rome to suffer in thy place."
In keenest sorrow Peter hid his face;
And lo! again with still more bitter force
An old-time scene flashed back its old remorse:
The judgment hall; the insults at the trial;
The cock-crow and the blasphemous denial;
The look, of pity and reproach combined;
The after tears and agony of mind:
Peter wept bitterly, and bowed his head;
"Forgive me, Lord for I have sinned," he said,
And then full joyfully his steps retraced,
The dreaded persecution boldly faced,
Preached unto all men Christ His name;
And when at length the martyr's summons came,
At hands of men he too was crucified,
And murmuring, "Jesu, Lord and Master," died.

W.

RELIGION IN UNLIKELY PLACES.—I.

"All the saints salute you; chiefly they that are of Cæsar's household."—PHIL. iv. 22.

IN this short message from St. Paul to the Church at Philippi a most interesting fact is incidentally brought to light. There were some, it appears, even in the household of Cæsar who had embraced the Christian faith, and who were living godly lives. St. Paul had been a prisoner at Rome for some time when he wrote the epistle to the Philippians; but, though a prisoner, he was not prevented from engaging in the work which was so dear to him. For two years, under the constant custody of a soldier, he was allowed to dwell in his own hired house, "teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ with all confidence" to all who resorted to him. He had upon him then, as always, the care of all the Churches. He thought and planned for them, received deputations from them, sent messengers to them, wrote them letters of counsel and exhortation. The epistles to the Colossians and the Ephesians, as well as this epistle to the Philippians, were written during his imprisonment. And his work at Rome was not in vain. He tells us (Phil. i. 12) that the things which had happened to him—his imprisonment and other untoward events—had fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the Gospel than otherwise; so that his "bonds in Christ," his imprisonment for the sake of Christ, were known throughout the whole Prætorian Guard. As the soldiers took charge of him one after the other—for he was not left alone night or day—and witnessed his interviews with his friends, and others who came to learn what new doctrine this was which he was teaching, they could not fail to be impressed by his sincerity and courage, his patient cheerful endurance, his generous self-forgetfulness. They would see that their prisoner was no common man. He and his message would be the subjects of many a talk among them, and thus his "bonds in Christ" would become known throughout the whole guard. Nor can we doubt that some of these soldiers, brought thus into close contact with St. Paul, listening from time to time to his persuasive words, would be led to accept the Gospel he taught, and for which he was then suffering imprisonment. And his influence was felt not only among Cæsar's guards, but also in Cæsar's household itself. There were Christians even in the palace. Whether they had embraced the Christian faith before St. Paul went to Rome, or had done so through his teaching, we cannot tell. Possibly they first heard of the apostle, and came under his influence, through the soldiers who had charge of him, and who were sometimes in attendance on the emperor and about the palace; but we cannot be sure. All that we know is the fact that when he wrote the epistle to the Philippians there were Christians in Cæsar's household, a number sufficiently large to receive special mention by him.

The fact is interesting to us as giving us a little insight into the early progress of the Gospel in Rome. If we think at all about the origin and early fortunes of Christianity, we naturally wonder how it took root and spread, how and by whom it was first embraced in that city which has filled so large a space in the history of the Church and the history of the world. No city of modern Europe holds the same relative place among cities and nations as Rome held then. It was the head of the whole civilised world. It was the seat of government for a thousand cities, the very heart and centre of Pagan life, the meeting place for men of every nation under the sun. There were almost as many foreigners to be found there as Romans; every race and language had its representatives, every philosophy its teachers, and every religion its devotees. The success which the Gospel achieved there would be a matter of

the greatest interest to the apostle, for it might be taken as a guarantee of its success elsewhere, since nowhere had it more numerous or stronger foes to fight. It was no blind impulse which led St. Paul to say he "*must* see Rome." He saw, doubtless, that the great conflict between Christianity and Paganism—a conflict which was inevitable when the two modes of thought and life were brought into contact—would be fought out there.

The Christians were left perfectly free at first to teach their faith and to worship in their own way. The religious policy of the Empire—differing from that of the Republic—was one of toleration; so long, that is, as the new religion introduced had no political significance or influence. The many faiths and philosophies that were taught and professed then were allowed full liberty while they did not touch the interests of the State. Few educated Romans believed in any of them, but they tolerated them. And they looked upon Christianity at first as just another superstition among the many believed and practised; much on a level with them, and worthy of no more serious attention or concern. But they soon saw that it was, or would prove to be, a great disturbing force among them; that it was not the harmless superstition they had thought it was. They believed, and some of the best of them believed sincerely, that if it should spread to any considerable extent it would seriously interfere with the existing social order, that it would dissolve some of the ties which held society together. They found that the teaching which they had looked upon as the superstitions of a few fanatical minds had very important political bearings, that this Faith was a power which, if they did not restrain it, would soon cause them serious trouble. And so indifference quickly gave place to hatred, and toleration to persecution. In less than two years from the date of St. Paul's message, and under the very Cæsar mentioned in it, the first persecution of the Christians at Rome began—that conflict between Christianity and Paganism which did not wholly cease afterwards till the nominal conversion of Rome in the fourth century. The side lights which are thrown upon the planting and progress of the Church at Rome have, therefore, a special interest for us. We see the Christian faith in conflict with Paganism in its very stronghold; we see the strength of the foes with which it had to contend, and the great cost at which its victories were won. And this message of St. Paul's is an evidence of the rapidity with which the Gospel was then spreading. It had been received by Jews and Greeks, most probably by some of the soldiers of Cæsar's guard, and, lastly, we learn that it had won its way even into Cæsar's palace. Scarcely more than thirty years had passed since Christ was crucified, and already His Gospel, starting from Jerusalem, had passed from city to city, till it had reached and found a home at Rome.

But the fact has a deeper interest for us than this. It is an example of moral strength and heroism of the highest kind. Cæsar's household was the last place in Rome where we should have expected to find saints; the last place where we should have expected the Christian faith to take root, and Christian virtues, or any kind of virtue in fact, to flourish. If in one of the worst neighbourhoods of a large city, and living in forced companionship with the depraved and vicious, in circumstances where everything told against a virtuous life, we were to find men and women who were gentle, gracious, and pure, living sweet and honest lives, we should think it very noble of them, and an evidence of unusual moral strength and courage. Something similar to this was the case with these saints in Cæsar's household. They were living Christian lives in circumstances than which it is difficult to conceive more unfavourable.

Nero himself, the Cæsar mentioned in this salutation, was one of the cruelest, vilest, most corrupt men that ever lived, and his palace a scene of continual debauchery and crime almost of every kind, too dark, too vile, to be spoken of except in general terms. The crimes with which Nero has been charged are so numerous and so monstrous and unnatural, that they would be incredible were they not sustained by a weight of testimony which renders disbelief unreasonable. He murdered, among many others, his stepbrother, his wife, and his mother. Neither age nor rank, genius nor service, friendship nor kinship, stayed his hand for a moment. In the persecution of the Christians already mentioned, he seems to have found delight in devising fresh modes of torture for his victims; they were wrapped in the skins of wild beasts, and thrown to the dogs; they were clothed in garments smeared with pitch, and burnt at night to light up the streets of the city. It was said of him, that unless he devised some new crime or abomination at the end of a few days, corruption seemed to have come to a stand. He was a man whose character and crimes it is hard to find words dark and severe enough to describe. Nor may we describe the depravity, the corruption, the wild license of his court. Deeds so foul and monstrous, that even the men of that time, familiar as they were with vice and crime, stood aghast at them, were of almost daily occurrence in the palace. Roman society had become thoroughly corrupt. Isaiah's lamentation over Israel might have been uttered over Rome. The whole head was sick and the heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there was no soundness in it, but wounds and bruises and putrefying sores. The terrible picture of the condition of Pagan society which St. Paul gives in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans was true of themselves. Their

own moralists and satirists said that virtue was gone; that posterity could sink no lower than they had sunk, that it could but repeat their crimes. Every kind of cruelty and brutality, every shameless vice and crime, reared its head at Rome. It was the common sink of all that was infamous; nor was there, in all Rome, a fouler spot than Nero's palace. And yet it was here, under adverse degrading influences, constant witnesses of wickedness indescribable, that these saints dwelt.

It is very probable that these saints were slaves. Possibly there were a few freedmen among them, but it is hardly likely that many, if any of them, were persons of importance or distinction in the palace. And this would, in some measure perhaps, make the Christian life easier for them, inasmuch as they would be less likely to attract attention or to provoke antagonism. But in other respects it would increase their difficulties. The moral condition of society at large being what it was, we can imagine what must have been the moral condition of the slave class. While, of course, some of them were treated by their masters with great kindness, and sometimes even became their friends, yet as a rule they were dealt with cruelly. If old or sick, they might be, and not unfrequently were, left to die without care or kindness; for the most trifling faults they were punished severely, and for grave faults they might be punished by death with torture. And the severity and cruelty of the masters begot, as was natural, a corresponding hatred on the part of the slaves. "As many enemies as slaves," became a proverb among them. Under such treatment their degradation was inevitable; the very soil out of which manly virtues spring would be almost destroyed by it. If, therefore, as we say is very probable, these saints belonged to this class, it makes their Christian life still more praiseworthy. The Gospel had reached them with its message of love and hope. It spoke to them, bondsmen as they were, of freedom, of the highest freedom possible to man. Friendless and despised, it told them of One who for love had died for them. It spoke to them of an elevation and dignity from which nothing could degrade them but their own will and act. Such teaching would be likely to find ready listeners among these men. It recognised their worth, it appealed to them as men; and this, to those whose manhood was not entirely broken or crushed, would be much. Their bondage would make them welcome more eagerly the spiritual liberty which the Gospel offered; the consciousness of their degradation would make them more ardently aspire to, more earnestly strive after, the state of moral purity it enjoined. Still, their past life, their circumstances then, their forced associations and companionships, would make it very difficult for them to rise above the level of the class to which they belonged, and to live in a more moral and nobler way.

Nor must we forget that there were but few of them; they had not the inspiration which comes from large numbers. They were a small band, and the forces opposed to them were many and strong. And it is one thing to be brave when there are many with you, and quite another to be brave when you stand almost alone. And dangers soon began to assail them. Christianity provoked the most resolute antagonism; it was spoken of as detestable and execrable; and the Christians themselves, strange as it may seem to us, were denounced as atheists and criminals. Their loyalty was suspected because they would not burn incense to the statues of the emperor; and as they refused to worship the Roman gods, they were held responsible for every public calamity which occurred. Their conduct was deemed impious, and exposed the city, it was thought, to the wrath of the gods, which could only be appeased by their destruction. Tacitus speaks of them as being universally hated even at the date of which we write, A.D. 62—4. How unpopular they were is evident from the fact that when Nero wished to divert from himself the suspicion which rested upon him, of having set fire to Rome, he charged it upon this "detested" sect, which he could not have done had they not been looked upon with disfavour, and thought capable of such a crime. Nor was it long, as we have seen, before this hatred flamed out into a fierce and bitter persecution, in which no doubt some of these saints fell, and they would not have been ignorant of the danger they were incurring; they must have had some warning of the storm which soon burst over them. In embracing the Christian faith they were risking all, even life.

Such were the conditions under which these Christians lived, nor can we easily imagine conditions more adverse. Everything was against them. Custom, public opinion, the moral condition of society, the dangers they incurred, all were unfavourable; and yet here, in this pestilential atmosphere, where the grossest vice flaunted itself without the least shame, in conditions which we should have though would have been fatal to the most elementary virtues, like a spring of pure water in a great desert, like a ray of brightest purest light shot across a dark sky, there were men of saintly life and character.

To live such a life then and there was a great, an heroic achievement, and shows the strength, the courage, the heroism of these men. They were men, we may be sure, of a noble strain and temper; of that imperial band who know no law but that of duty, and to whom fidelity to conscience and God is dearer than life itself. No nation ever showed a more strenuous, a loftier courage and resolution, than Rome in her best

days ; but the courage of her bravest soldiers was matched, if not surpassed, by these saints in Cæsar's household.

Cæsar is dead, his court and empire have long since passed away, but the spirit and power which reigned in Cæsar's court are with us now—the spirit of the world, that subtle mighty tradition of evil which has moulded institutions and societies, which has given laws and fashions, is not broken yet. It took one form in Rome, it takes another now in England, but under all its forms it is the same. It is an old foe with a face ever-changing. It needed a brave heart to be a Christian in Rome in the time of Nero, and it often needs a brave heart to be a Christian now. No doubt it is easier for us in many ways than it was for them. We do not incur such dangers, society is in a very different moral condition, the moral atmosphere is much purer, opinion is on our side ; and these are great gains. But the Christian life is not without its difficulties or its demands upon our strength and courage now. To live among friends who are worldly, and yet remain unworldly ; to associate daily in business with those whose life and character are distasteful to us, and, what is worse, carry evil influences with them, and yet keep mind and heart pure ; to speak the truth when the truth cuts against prejudice, when it will damage one's interest or reputation ; to refuse to conform to customs which, if not dishonest, are yet such as an honourable man may well shrink from ; it is not always easy to do these. Now, as of old, it needs courage and independence to serve God openly and with simplicity and sincerity. Let the noble example of these Roman Christians feed our courage, and nerve us to resolute effort to serve God faithfully, whatever our circumstances. To the brave heart and the hardy will a saintly life is possible even in Cæsar's household.

H. Bonner.

LIFE LESSONS FROM BASLE.

EARLY on a Saturday morning in July I left the famous hostelry of the "Three Kings" in the good old town of Basle, and went out into the narrow streets, with an intention of seeing as much of them as I could before leaving for Lucerne. They were already full and busy ; there were women with great baskets of ripe cherries on their heads, others with loads of wild strawberries on their backs, girls drawing water in brazen pitchers from the fountains, and men and boys with bundles and sheaves of green boughs, and flowers and grasses with which to decorate the house-fronts, and festoon the streets in honour of the *Turnerfest*. Enjoying the varied brightness of the passing show, I made my way to the minster, with its two red towers, thinking of the great men who had lived and the stirring scenes that had been enacted in its vicinity. Here the learned, truth-seeking, polished, yet timid, Erasmus, gathered round him a circle of literary friends among whom he was himself the brightest star, and here in the shadow of the quaint cloister he sleeps calm after life's fitful fever. Here also were established the printing-presses from which, under the direction of this band of scholars, issued some of the first rays of the rising sun of the twin revivals of letters and of truth. It was in Basle that Zuinglius studied, and here in later years he taught, often solacing himself at eventide with the sweet strains of music which rose and fell and mingled with the ceaseless rushing of the lordly Rhine. Here, too, Æcolampadius preached, and passed much of his eventful life. How many times might not these noble souls have walked and talked under the linden-trees that grow on the terrace behind the minster beneath which the river runs; and how may not the rapid current have symbolised to them the wider river of God's truth which fertilises and gladdens all the lands through which it flows, or refreshed them with visions of the stream which laves the golden streets of the heavenly Jerusalem !

Thus musing, I knocked at the door of the small brown house which had been pointed out to me as the sacristan's abode, and asked if he would show me the cathedral at such an early hour. The minster being a Protestant church is closed except for services. The old man was delighted, and speedily informed me in his garrulous fashion that he was all alone in the world, and that the minster was his pride and glory, and filled in his heart the niche occupied in other men's by a beloved child or wife. So he opened the west door with its massive key, and ushered me into the building with a reverent and important air which spoke volumes about the value he attached to his office as custodian of the church.

After pointing out the effect of the mixture of red and white stone in the interior, he warmed to his subject, and began :—"The men who built this minster did it with a right good will, and that is the reason why their handiwork endures, and is held in honour by every one who will give himself the trouble to examine it. See these columns, how many there are, and the capital of each is different!"

At this point I would fain have asked him if he knew the name of the architect or rather of the master-builder, but it was impossible to get in a question even edgeways, and he went on—

"They were godly men too, and gave to the Lord of their time and skill as well as of their substance, and spared not their labour that His house might be made beautiful and glorious. Every one who

could carve in wood or stone chose his own theme, and worked it out according to his own fancy. See, the tops of the columns are Old Testament subjects; and look at these oak stalls—the man who did that one loved music—see how lovingly he has carved the harp and viol, and the lute! And this one wandered forth beyond the walls, and gathered every leaf and flower that took his eye, and used them as his models. Look at that bunch of hazel-nuts, and the cluster of berries, and the squirrel's pretty head a-top. And he who made this one may have had a vineyard on the hill-side, and watched the growing of the grapes, and tried to represent the tender leaves, and graceful tendrils, and the luscious fruit, as you see; but he must have had the grapes of Eshcol in his mind, for nature does not give us such great bunches in these northern climes."

The sacristan paused for breath, and I took the opportunity of observing that I knew the minster had been restored.

"Yes, gracious sir," said he; "and they who did it had respect to the beautiful work, and every part that had to be renewed was kept in harmony with the old—even the chairs and seats are of many and various patterns. Ach! the spirit with which people work makes itself felt for ever."

Very earnestly the old man spoke in his sonorous German; and as he finished I could but remember the words of the wise king of Israel, "Out of the heart are the issues of life."

Then my guide opened the door of a large room with bare walls and plain benches, and told me that a weekly service was held in it. There did not appear to be much to see, but he requested me to follow him to the further end, and, turning round, pointed to a gallery over the entrance, on the front of which were inscribed these words in gilt letters:—

Rejoicing in hope.
Patient in tribulation.
Instant in prayer.

"There!" exclaimed he, fervently, "in those three lines is expressed the whole life of a Christian!"

I thanked my brother in the faith most cordially; and finding that it was too late for me to go into the cloisters, returned to the hotel, where I learned that one of our party was suffering from a bad cold, and very willingly I acceded to her proposal that we should remain where we were till Monday. There was plenty to interest all during the day, and on Sunday morning those of us who understood German went to service in the minster. The worship was simple, and I never felt more impressed with the solemnity and earnestness of any congregation. My friend the sacristan found us chairs in a good position; and after the music of the last chorale had died away, a white-haired venerable pastor in a short Geneva gown and stiff white ruffle ascended the pulpit, and read out for his text, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile."

One portion of his sermon fixed itself indelibly on my mind. After saying that when the apostles returned joyfully to the Master, feeling that they had done the work He had given them, accomplished their mission, and proved the force of their spiritual weapons against the powers of evil, they probably expected to be commended as good and faithful servants, as soldiers who had won the fight, as racers who had gained their goal. But instead of this Christ only said, "Come apart into a desert place and rest awhile;" and, perhaps, the words fell cheerlessly and strangely on their ears, and, as many a time before, they wondered at His saying.

Then applying this to the Christian, he said, "My brother or my sister, do you find yourself in the midst of occupation from which you look back and think, 'Ah, I see how God has fitted me for this—from childhood up my whole education and circumstances have been just a preparation for my work in life?' And you resolve that with His help you will go through with it unflinchingly, and look forward to the time when, the warfare being ended, you will receive the victor's crown. But suddenly the work is snatched away, or you are baffled in it, or sickness lays you low. 'How strange,' you say, and 'how mysterious!' and you feel disappointed and chilled. You hear the Father's voice saying, 'Come apart into a desert place,' and your spirit shrinks, and you ask 'Why?' Then he adds, '*and rest awhile.*' Oh! thank Him for that rest! He will teach you in it of many things which in the turmoil of business and excitement of success you could not have learned; and when He sends you forth again to feed His sheep, or contend against the storms of life, you will look back thankfully to the season of rest, and feel that for you the desert has indeed blossomed as the rose."

It was altogether a service never to be forgotten. I have often thought gratefully of the teaching I listened to at Basle, and scarce a Sabbath has since passed on which I have not revisited in spirit that flock of the Good Shepherd assembled in the grand old minster.

E. CLARKE.

THE WHITE ROSE OF WHITELAKE.

BY ANNE BEALE, AUTHOR OF THE "PENNANT FAMILY."

CHAPTER I.

LLANSANT TURNPIKE.

"HULLO there, Madoc, corporal! Hullo, Letty! where are you? Gate! gate! How long are you going to keep us waiting this blessed market day? Madoc! Letty! Gate!"

These exclamations were made by a number of peasants at the turnpike of Llansant. They had previously tried to open the gate, and found it locked.

"What a row you are keeping! Can't you let me just fasten my hat, and my head like a windmill with the rheumatics?" cried a querulous voice through the small lattice window of the gate-house.

A gaunt old woman appeared at the door shortly afterwards. She was in Welsh costume, her linsey skirts well gathered up, and the hat firmly set upon her full-bordered cap.

"Have you been dressing for Wynne Manorsant's ball, Letty, corporal?" cried one of the expectants.

"No, she's been putting on her best hat for Rebecca," said another; "she's expected here 'rectly minute. She 'ont be standing losing her time like us. A word and a blow, and down go the pikes."

"Open the gate, quick, Letty *fach*, and may-be Llansant pike will be spared," shouted a third.

Letty looked through her gate, and was astonished at the crowd. It seemed as if all Llansant parish had made an appointment there. She had never seen so many bipeds and quadrupeds at her gate before, excepting on a Hollantide Fair day.

"Pay you the toll, and I'll open fast enough," she said. "Madoc ordered me to lock the gate till he came back. He'll be here in a twinkling. Stop you there, Nanno, Tybach; you're not going to carry that pig through wi'out paying."

But Nanno, a woman with a scarlet cloak and very high hat, boldly walked through the side gate with her pig under her arm. There was a general shout, and much laughter, while the pig squeaked, the dogs began to bark in concert, and the donkeys in the little coal carts pricked their ears. It was a scene as amusing as it was picturesque.

The turnpike was situated in a lonely road, close by a rapid river that foamed and fretted over great stones beneath high rocks half covered with brushwood. On the opposite side of the road was a plantation of larch, beyond and above which were wild hills, almost mountains. On these hills, as Letty knew but too well, the Rebecca fires had begun to blaze at night, and one of them had more than once appeared on the great carn above the turnpike. While she was considering what to do, a young man on horseback rode in amongst the little crowd, and, in his turn, shouted "Gate!" Letty and a dozen others, explained the state of affairs, amid jests and laughter.

"I don't wonder that you are frightened, Letty," said the young man. "But Madoc is brave enough for fifty Rebeccas. Only last night the turnpike at Mountain Ash was destroyed, house and all, and I have just now ridden through it. There was nobody to take toll, so here's the sixpence for you. I'm in a hurry, so let me through."

"Stop you a minute, Mr. Alfred, and Madoc 'll be back," said perplexed Letty, who alone knew that her husband had the key of the gate in his pocket.

"You have no right to keep us waiting," began the young man, angrily; but he paused as Madoc appeared on one side the turnpike and a female figure on the other.

He glanced at the latter, while the peasants began to abuse the former at the top of their voices. But Madoc, the corporal, did not hurry; indeed, he could not, for he had a wooden leg, having lost his natural limb at the battle of Waterloo. He was also fabled to have an iron heart.

"Don't make such a clatter but pay your toll," he cried, stumping up. "Letty, hold you the gate ajar," he added, coolly taking the key from his pocket, and unlocking it. "Tell yon Rebecca that I'm no more afraid of her than I was of Bonyparte eight-and-twenty years ago. I locked the gate, Mr. Alfred, because three men on horseback galloped through this morning without paying toll."

Mr. Alfred was apparently indifferent, for he was still looking back at the approaching female figure. He was a fine man, and sat his horse well. His surname was Johnnes. He had a bold resolute face and manner, and the peasants around him held him in some awe.

While Madoc took the toll, the people grumbled amongst themselves, and said, "It was high time that Rebecca or some one should put down the pikes; for they couldn't go for a donkey-load of coal, or bring home a sucking-pig from market, without paying two or three, and they couldn't find money for the tax."

Indeed, there was some reason for their grievance, since turnpikes were unnecessarily multiplied in country districts, and the peasantry could not afford to pay the toll. Hence the Rebecca riots, which were terrifying and astonishing the Cambrian world at the period when this tale commences. The rioters, being anxious to give their Bible-reading countrymen a text as their apology, chose the 60th verse of the 24th chapter of Genesis as their motto, and from it

derived their title also—"And they blessed *Rebekah*, and said unto her, Be thou the mother of thousands of millions, and let thy seed possess the *gate* of those which hate them."

But Madoc, the corporal, insisted on the uttermost farthing nevertheless, and would not let the malcontents through till they had paid. Not that they openly expressed discontent, they were too wise for that; they only laughed in their sleeves, or whispered to one another, as the gates yielded to Rebecca and her daughters.

Mr. Alfred Johnnes was the last to pass through the gate, though he had been the first to pay the toll. He tarried to have a talk with Madoc, and to discuss the last news concerning the insurrection. Meanwhile, the peasants, with their market-carts, coal-carts, and various animals, wound down the hill and round the projecting rock at its base, in the direction of the hamlet of Llansant; and the woman who had attracted Alfred Johnnes' attention reached the turnpike.

"Good evening, Miss Mervyn. You are late," he said, raising his hat.

"Bless you, Miss Rose, how fast you are walking! Your legs 'ould be worth a hundred a year to me," exclaimed Madoc.

"And she looks as cool and white as a turnip all the same. Heat nor haste don't bring the colour to her cheeks," said Letty.

"Good evening, Mr. Alfred. Letty, how is Egain?" said the person thus addressed.

"Come you in and see, Miss *fach*," replied Letty, and Rose Mervyn disappeared within the tiny house, while Alfred Johnnes still stopped to gossip with Madoc.

His eyes followed Rose, nevertheless, as did old Madoc's.

"Bless her heart, she looks as shy and frightened as a hare," said the latter. "There 's kind she is to our poor, bed-ridden Egain! She 's no more like her mother than chalk 's like cheese. Mrs. Mervyn is a grand lady, but she takes after her father."

"I think her quite as good as her mother," returned Alfred, touching his horse so that he moved through the turnpike, and enabled him to see into the tiny abode.

This consisted of one room, with a gaudily-papered screen at the end, which shut out from observation a bed on which lay Egain, old Madoc's daughter. The room was marvellously smart and neat. The walls were covered with a patchwork of bright papers and brighter pictures, so that they were quite an exhibition of works of art. There was a large cupboard-bedstead in one corner, and a glass cupboard, full of every imaginable ornament, silver spoons, and china, in the other. The chimney, fire-place, grate, even the red-hot "balls" were whitewashed; the window-frames painted blue. There were two tiny lattice-windows, one looking out upon the gate, the other on the rocks and river; and on their sills were flower-pots rejoicing in a scarlet coat. Old Madoc's sword hung over the fireplace, and beneath it his Waterloo medal, duly framed and glazed. The aspect of the room was supremely cheerful, and not the least cheerful element was the girl who lay within the flowery screen, beneath a patchwork quilt of every colour of the rainbow.

It was to her that Rose went.

"I cannot stay a minute, Egain," she said. "Mr. Alfred Johnnes is outside; I wish he would ride on."

"He won't hurt you, Miss Rose," replied Egain, colouring, and letting fall a stocking that she was knitting. "What would you say if you were to have such an anonymous letter as father had last night? 'Take no toll, or you had better remove Egain,' was written inside. Rebecca isn't wicked enough to burn me, however, and I 'm not afraid."

"We have had threatening letters too," replied Rose, "and I think them very cowardly. Old Mr. Wynne is frightened to death. They dug his grave last night in the park."

"He won't fill it a bit the sooner. But make haste home, Miss Rose, and never you mind Mr. Alfred," said Egain, glancing out of the window. "He is gone. He was there a few minutes ago."

But Mr. Alfred was only out of sight; and when Rose reappeared at the door he had dismounted, and was evidently waiting for her.

She stood a moment outside the threshold to rearrange her broad-brimmed straw hat, which she had knocked against the door-frame. She was tall, and had forgotten to stoop as usual as she went out. She was young and slim, with a white face, delicate features, dark-grey eyes, and hair and brows almost black. Although dressed in the simplest of blue print gowns, and a loose jacket of the same material, she had a distinguished air and carriage which were perfectly natural to her. She was about to hurry on with a hasty "Good evening," when Alfred Johnnes said he was going her way, and would accompany her. She replied that she would on no account delay him; but he was not to be put off, and walked beside her, leading his horse.

"What does your father think about Rebecca, Miss Mervyn?" asked the young man.

"I scarcely know," replied Rose.

"I suppose he winks at her, like the rest of us?" he suggested, interrogatively, but received no answer, for the girl was either so shy or so proud that she had seldom many words at command. "I hear," he continued, with a chuckle, "that she is in twenty places at once, and that people say she is the Evil One himself."

He alluded to the superstition of the ignorant, fostered by the leaders of the riots, who tried to make the world believe they were aided by unseen powers.*

"Those who say and do such things will be punished," replied Rose.

* The main incidents of this story are facts The "Rebecca riots" are a matter of history; and in presenting a truthful picture of Welsh life at the time in question, it is necessary to exhibit, especially in connection with "Rebecca," the ignorance and superstition of the peasantry in Wales, a state of things now happily no more.

"They had previously tried to open the gate, and had found it locked."—*p. 7.*

"Ha, ha! It is a good joke anyhow. Did you see the Squire's grave as you came along?"

"No."

"I hear he has had an attack of the palsy ever since, and shakes like an aspen leaf; while the young squire bullies and blusters more than ever. How do you like teaching those young imps of his?"

"Very well, thank you."

"It is a long way for you to walk. How do you like Mrs. Wynne? She is grand enough for any one."

"Very well, thank you. Good evening."

At this point of the dialogue they reached a stile which led from the main road into the meadows. She was over it like a fawn, before he could let go the bridle he was holding. He stood by the wild river, with its towering background of rocks, to look after her. At the foot of the hill lay the village of Llansant, which she might have passed through had she chosen; but she preferred the by-way, apparently. He watched her till she was out of sight, muttering, "The white rose is whiter and colder than ever to-day. But I have no time for fooling; I must be home by supper time, and then to work. She little thought to whom she was talking."

He mounted his horse, and rode full gallop through the hamlet, over the bridge, and onwards to his home at Glynglâs, the Blue Glen, where he knew that his doting mother was looking for him. He was her only child, and she was a widow, and they managed between them a small but compact property, half manor, half farm, which had been in their family for some generations; they also rented largely of Mr. Wynne; and Alfred Johnnes was accounted as clever and prosperous a young man as there was in the country.

CHAPTER II.

THE WHITE LAKE.

"I WISH he wouldn't persist in walking with me. It makes mother so angry!" soliloquised Rose, as she sped over the flowery grass.

When she had rapidly crossed two or three meadows, all of which sloped towards the mountains, and were, indeed, almost one with them, she reached a lake which lay embosomed amid hills and trees. That remnant of the ancient British called a coracle was moored by its brink, and she got into it. Slipping the rope from the stone that held it, and taking up the paddles, she was soon on the water. Although the lake was accounted bottomless by the ignorant and superstitious, she was not afraid, for she and her brother and sister had been accustomed to paddle about upon it from their childhood. The curious wicker-work boat, with its case of thick leather, was looked upon as a plaything by the family, and enabled them to make, so to say, a short cut to their home.

She was never happier than when alone on Llyngwyn or the White Lake. She knew that she was called the white rose of the white lake, and somehow identified herself with its waters. But she did not know that many a *penyll* or stanza had been already composed in her honour by her poetic and music-loving neighbours. The coracle is not easy of management, and soon topples over in unskilled hands; but she was as clever at paddling as the fishermen who use it in the dangerous mountain rivers which the more modern bark cannot navigate. So she was soon in the middle of the lake beneath the golden sunset which flooded the gorse-covered mountains and lingered lovingly on the lonely water.

"It will soon be Midsummer eve, and mother has promised to let me watch for the White Lady," she said. "Oh, if father and mother were better suited, what a heavenly world it would be! Even those tormenting children would be bearable, though I shall never learn to manage them. I have tried hard, and failed. But dear Mr. Edwardes says, 'try again.'"

Mr. Edwardes was the pastor of the parish.

Rose Mervyn was as wild and romantic as the country in which she was born, and would have loved to dream away her life, if circumstances had let her; but she was already beginning to learn that "life is real," and to puzzle over its strange problems.

As she neared the opposite side of the lake she saw that her father was watching for her, and when she reached it, he was ready to moor her coracle.

"Here you are then, once more, my girl," he said. "How did the great folk treat you to-day?"

"I only saw the children and the nurse, father," she replied.

"You have no business there. It is a mistake," he muttered. And she was almost of the same opinion.

Mr. Mervyn, or Mervyn Llynhafod, as he was called, was a singularly handsome man. Rose inherited much of her peculiar beauty from him. He was tall and well-built, had features finely cut, and a head covered with the sort of curly hair attributed to an Adonis. Although verging on fifty, he had lost none of his good looks, though he certainly took no pains to preserve them.

As he swung along the path by the lake with Rose by his side, no one would have imagined them father and daughter; for he was so carelessly attired that he had scarcely the appearance of a gentleman, while she looked the lady.

They reached Llynhafod almost immediately. This was a small picturesque house, gabled and thatched, which looked upon the lake and had a garden in front. It was, like the lake, embosomed in hills, and its neighbourhood boasted numerous remains of the days when the Welsh were, what they still claim to be, ancient Britons. There were the ruins of an abbey on the lake, and an old British encampment on one of the hills, so that Llynhafod as well as its white rose was cradled in romance. Like Glynglâs, Alfred Johnnes' place, it united country-house and farm; but it belonged to the lord of the manor, and not to Mr. Mervyn, who was only a tenant at will.

Rose told her father what she had heard of Rebecca,

and what Alfred Johnnes had said concerning her and her followers.

"She won't hurt me, Rose. I have to pay too many pikes to set my face against her; though, of course, I look solemn enough when the Squire talks. Ha! dug his grave, have they? And what did Johnnes say?"

"He seemed quite shocked, father."

"Of course he did. All the farmers must."

Mr. Mervyn laughed. He was an easy-going yet nervous and irritable man, and let things take their course. One thorn in his side was enough for him, he said or rather thought, and he did his best to stick no other there.

This thorn was awaiting him when he and Rose entered the house. It was his wife. She and his younger daughter, Edwyna, were seated at the tea-table, and, to all appearance, were expecting to welcome them. They were in a pretty parlour, furnished with the comforts and even some of the elegances of life. Yet there was no pretension, and no extravagance. There were a few water-colour drawings on its walls and some choice flowers on the table. It was simple but tasteful.

"Have you wiped your shoes, John? Rose, I trust Virginie was not familiar," said the wife and mother.

"No," was the answer to both questions; and Mr. Mervyn went out, and made so much noise on the door-mat that his wife frowned, and his children could not repress a smile.

It must be confessed that he took pleasure in rousing what he called the "aristocratic prejudices" of his better half, who, it was easy to perceive, was as refined and particular as he was lax. She was also a reserved and reticent woman; so much so that not even her children knew anything of her parentage or early history; and in this particular her husband was as silent as she. Being naturally a jocular, outspoken man, this surprised his children as well as his friends and neighbours.

Little was known concerning his marriage. It was said that he had been the means of rescuing a gentleman and lady from a perilous carriage accident amongst the mountains, and shortly afterwards he had taken Llynhafod, and brought home a bride. As he was known as handsome Jack Mervyn, this was to have been expected; but it was a terrible blow to his admirers that they did not learn even as much as the lady's name. That she had fallen in love with him for his looks was evident, for he had little else to boast of, and she was a gentlewoman of education and breeding. True, he belonged to what he chose to call an "elderly family;" but beyond a genealogical tree, at the summit of which was perched a Welsh prince, he had not received much from his ancestors. He had been a wild, rollicking, good-natured young man, much spoilt by women on account of his looks, and it was surmised that his marriage would steady him. It did so, in some measure. He had a little money, wherewith he stocked Llynhafod, and took to farming. People wondered how he managed to pay his rent, and make two ends meet; but he had done so hitherto, and, was reckoned, if not *quite* that rural demigod a country gentleman, at least a gentleman farmer. He, however, liked to annoy his wife by calling himself plain Farmer Mervyn.

She, nevertheless, took her own line, and kept to it with marvellous resolution. She educated her children herself, and, in her sphere, did all in her power to save money. But she was incapable of managing the domestic economy of a farm, and this must have proved anything but "economy" but for an attached dairymaid, and, subsequently, her youngest child, Edwyna.

Seated at her tea-table, Mrs. Mervyn looked the lady she was, though her dress was severely plain. But she had much difficulty in making a lady of Edwyna, who had such exuberant spirits, and was such a born romp, that neither reasoning nor coercion could restrain her. Whenever she could escape from her mother, she was after the cows, pigs, and poultry; and it was her delight to look for eggs, make hay, turn the churn, and otherwise prove that she was "a farmer's daughter." Her round, rosy face, curly brown hair, and exuberant laughter and jokes, were altogether Welsh, and she often made very disparaging remarks upon her mother's country-people, which greatly amused her father; but she was always careful to enunciate them in Welsh, a language which her mother had very partially acquired. Indeed, Mrs. Mervyn cordially hated it, and thus lost much genuine sympathy and kindness.

"And who's *Virginie?*" asked Mr. Mervyn, with a sarcastic inflection of voice.

"Mrs. Wynne's French nurse, father," replied Rose.

"And Rose is nursery governess, so she is much higher, you know, father," cried Edwyna. "I'm sure I'd rather be a milkmaid."

"Edwyna, will you keep your opinions to yourself," said Mrs. Mervyn. "Your father considered that Rose should do something to earn her living. I hope you are satisfied, Mr. Mervyn."

"I agree with Edwyna. I would rather be a milkmaid," was the reply. "But as Mrs. Wynne applied—"

The remainder of the sentence was interrupted by the sudden entrance of a young man, who was warmly greeted by the little party. This was Edgar Edwardes, nephew of the vicar. He was at Lampeter College, studying for the ministry where was also Llewellen Mervyn, son of Llynhafod, as he was called. As soon as he had replied to certain inquiries, and was seated between Rose and Edwyna, he began to discuss the universal theme—Rebecca and her extraordinary actions.

"Uncle thinks the people are gone mad with success," he said. "They are not contented with pulling down the gates, but are beginning to threaten everything else that they consider a grievance. The Manorsant salmon-weir has been one, and they say Mr. Wynne has had commands to get rid of it."

"No wonder the old chap is frightened," laughed Mervyn. "I thought your uncle's preaching and praying had done more for us, and that Llansant was a pattern parish."

"But the rioters are not natives of these parts, father," said Rose. "Mr. Philipps Wynne thinks half of them are Englishmen."

"Indeed! They know the country wonderfully well, considering! They manage to mislead, not only the soldiers, but the natives."

"That shows how much cleverer they are than the English," cried Edwyna.

But whether Welsh or English, it was evident that the riots were assuming undue proportions.

"I have had my orders and made my preparations," said Mr. Mervyn. "Rebecca and her daughters are expected at Llansant pike to-night, and that blustering braggadocio, Philipps Wynne, who thinks he can rule the world because he's a magistrate, has ordered us specials out. I'll answer for it Rebecca knows all about us, and is laughing in her sleeve at having put us on a false scent. If she isn't the person they say she is, she's a near relation."

"A grandmother's first cousin, perhaps," suggested Edwyna; at which her father laughed and her mother looked grave.

"I shouldn't wonder," returned the former. "But mark me. If I beat anybody's brains out, or anybody performs the same civility on me, 'tis no fault of mine, for I was not, like my son, born a soldier."

"Oh, father, don't say such horrible things!" said Rose, shutting her eyes; and even Mrs. Mervyn looked alarmed.

But Mr. Mervyn knew more about the riots than they did, and liked to amuse himself by feeding the superstitious fancies of his neighbours, who, as we have already said, chose to believe that Rebecca was assisted by demoniacal agents.

(To be continued.)

SILENT PREACHERS;

OR, NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS USED IN THE TEACHING OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

IN the teaching of our Lord we find frequent reference to the ordinary events of daily life, to the manners and customs of the people whom He was teaching, to the past history of the Jews, and even to the objects which came under His notice from time to time. He was in the habit of drawing lessons from all these, and thus He made His teaching not only more attractive, but also easier for the people to understand. This constant reference to familiar things and events helped also to remind His hearers that in the midst of their daily work they were surrounded by preachers from which they might, if they wished, derive much useful teaching. Thus, for example, they had often seen a man sowing seed, without for a moment thinking that in that simple action there was much spiritual instruction and meaning. But after the parable of the sower (St. Matt. xiii.) had been spoken, it would have been scarcely possible to pass a man engaged in such a work without recalling the teaching of that parable.

Perhaps few readers of the Gospels have realised the extent to which our Lord made use of these familiar objects as texts, so to speak, for His sermons. The more prominent of them (the sower, for instance, mentioned above) are well known to us. But there are many of them which an ordinary reader might pass without much notice. It is the purpose of the following papers to call special attention to these. We call them "silent preachers," because when once we have considered our Lord's use of them, they seem, whenever we see or hear them, to preach His sermons once again. We shall find more than two hundred of these, "silent preachers" in the Gospels, and we hope that the consideration of them will not only add new interest to the reading of the Bible, but also help us to see that the objects and events from which our Lord drew lessons for the people in those days are full of teaching for us also.

ANISE is a small garden herb which was used by the Jews and other Eastern nations for the purpose of seasoning their food—just as we use parsley. It is mentioned only once in the Bible, namely, in our Lord's rebuke of the hypocrisy of the Scribes and Pharisees—"ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin" (St. Matt. xxiii. 23).

In order to understand this rebuke, we must remember that by the law of Moses the Jews were required to give a tithe (or tenth) of their possessions to God for the relief of the poor and for the support of the priests. In making this payment they did not generally take account of things of such trifling value as those mentioned in this verse; perhaps the Law did not require them to do so. But the Scribes and Pharisees prided themselves upon their careful obedience to the Law, and in paying tithe they would not omit to give the required portion of even the things of smallest value, such as anise. We must not, however, suppose for a moment that our Lord meant to rebuke this careful observance of the Law. The smallest offering which is the outcome of a true devotion is always acceptable to God. The story of the widow's mite (St. Mark xii. 43) is sufficient proof of this. The Scribes and Pharisees were not wrong, then, in what they did in this respect. If their care had been the result of a real zeal for the Law of God, it would have been praised and not blamed by our Lord. But it would seem as if their object was to get a reputation for religion among men without any effort to be really religious in the sight of God; their action was good, but their motives were bad.

and this was the cause of their condemnation. Their minute obedience to the letter was accompanied by a complete disregard of the spirit of the Law. They "neglected justice and mercy and truth."

Our Lord's rebuke to them is a warning to us. It is more important to examine the motives of our actions than our actions themselves. If the motives are right, the actions are sure to please God: if the motives are wrong, the actions never can be right. The Pharisees began at the wrong end—we must be warned by their mistake. If once we set ourselves to live for the purpose of serving God we shall do right to show our religion in even the smallest details of life; until we have that purpose to guide us our religion will be as hypocritical as theirs.

ARK. The last illustration was taken from the natural world, here we have an illustration of a different kind, taken from the history of the Old Testament. The history of the Flood and of the Ark is twice referred to in the teaching of the Lord (St. Matt. xxiv. 38, and St. Luke xvii. 27). It is a very awful history, though from long familiarity with it we read it almost as that of an ordinary event. The special point to which our Lord refers is the carelessness in which the people at that time were living, following their usual occupations and amusements until "Noah entered into the ark" and "the flood came and took them away." The ark in which Noah and his family were saved was made under the special direction of God himself (Gen. vi.), and it seems likely, from a comparison of 1 Pet. iii. 20, with 2 Pet. ii. 5, that during the time of its preparation Noah warned the people of the judgment that was coming on them, but that they refused to listen to his warnings. How well fitted is this solemn history to speak a message of warning to us? That flood which God sent for the destruction of sinners reminds us that, at the end of all, our lives must be judged by God. But as then God provided in the ark a way of escape, so now by the death of our Lord Jesus Christ He has provided a place of safety in which those who take refuge shall escape the punishment which their sins deserve.

Let us be wise in time lest the day of judgment find us unprepared. Let us not live careless lives, forgetting the future and thinking only of the present, but, following the example of Noah, let us act on the commands of God, that we too may be saved at last.

ARMOUR. In St. Luke xi. 22 our Lord borrows an illustration from the customs of the times in which He lived. In those days the method of warfare was different from what it is now. Fire-arms had not been invented, and, therefore, it was possible for soldiers, by wearing armour, to protect themselves, to some extent against the weapons of their enemies. Most of us have seen pictures which help us to understand what this armour was, and from 1 Sam. xvii. 26, 27, we learn how carefully the body was covered. In that passage we are told that Goliath the giant had a helmet of brass to protect his head, a coat of mail to protect his body, and also greaves or coverings for his legs, besides a target or shield of brass to ward off blows which might be aimed at him.

This will help us to understand our Lord's meaning in the passage mentioned above. He speaks there of an enemy well protected with armour, who cannot be overcome except by a man much stronger and better armed than himself. This is a kind of parable. The enemy is the devil, who is our adversary (1 Pet. v. 8), and our Lord would teach us that this enemy is too powerful for us to fight against in our own strength. But there is a man "stronger than he," even Jesus Christ Himself, who is able to tear away his armour, and completely overcome him.

We must always remember that in consequence of the strength of this enemy, our Christian life, if it is earnest, can never be a life of ease. It must be a *fight* to the very end. And that we may be successful in this fight we too must have armour (Eph. vi. 13) to protect us against his assaults, and also weapons (especially the power of prayer) by which we may be able to attack and overcome him. Christ is with us in the fight, and will give us His strength if we are *earnest*.

ASS. This animal is referred to by the Lord in St. Luke xiii. 15. He had just healed a woman who had been for eighteen years afflicted with a disease which prevented her from standing erect. This work of healing had been done upon the Sabbath day, and our Lord was accused of having broken the law which directed the Sabbath day to be kept holy. His answer was that the people who accused Him would themselves do necessary work for their beasts upon the Sabbath; and if the wants of beasts might be supplied on that day, it was absurd for them to find fault with Him for healing a woman, for human beings are better than beasts.

The objection made on this occasion enables us to see how selfish and hypocritical the religious zeal of these people was; they would take care of their cattle on the Sabbath, because if their cattle were to suffer from neglect their owners would be thereby injured; but, as the sufferings of the woman gave *them* no pain, they did not care about them.

Love for others is the distinctive feature of the Christian religion. However careful we may be in other respects, if this be absent we are not true Christians. This is the lesson which our Lord wished to convey to the objectors upon this occasion, it is the lesson which His rebuke contains for us.

BAGS. In St. Luke vii. 22—35, our Lord in exhorting His disciples to trust to the providence of God for the supply of their bodily wants, concludes the exhortation by the recommendation, "provide yourselves bags which wax not old." The figure used here is a striking one. It suggests to us to think of a miser hoarding up his bags of money with a view to keeping it securely. Such a one would take care that his bags were well made, and strong enough to

hold his treasure. Even from a worldly point of view this accumulation of money is a mistake. Money is valuable not in itself, but on account of that which can be purchased with it. A sum of money laid up in store, unless with a view to future expenditure, is simply wasted. But our Lord's reference to bags of money is to teach us a spiritual lesson, namely, that our worldly possessions and advantages must be used in this life with a view to the life beyond. They are not, properly speaking, our own, but are held in trust for God, and the man who uses them for securing the advantages of this world only is in the sight of God just as foolish as a man who puts money into bags which are not strong enough to hold it. We find the same figure used with the same meaning in Haggai i. 6—"He that earneth wages earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes." This verse brings out clearly the idea of the money dropping through the bags, and being lost, which would also take place if the bags became old and worn, and so not strong enough to resist the weight which pressed upon them.

This reflection will enable us to understand our Lord's meaning in the passage which we are considering. He compares this world to a bag which becomes old and worn-out. The world will not last for ever, therefore if *all* that we value is stowed up here it will be one day lost, and we shall have nothing to replace it. But if we have lived so as to secure the treasure which God will keep for us (see 1 Tim. i. 12), then when this world has passed away we shall have possessions of far greater value—possessions which never can be lost.

BANK. In the parable of the pounds, which is contained in St. Luke xix. 11—27, we find reference made to a bank. In order to understand the reference, and what it may teach us, it will be necessary to give an outline of the story. A nobleman going on a journey from home, left with each of his servants a certain sum of money which he was to "occupy," that is use in trading, and so make profit on it, during the time of his master's absence. We are told how three of the servants acted, and these three are to be taken as specimens of the entire number. Two of them had made use of the money, and received a corresponding reward. The third, with whom we are more immediately concerned, had carefully kept the pound, but had made no use of it. For this he is sternly rebuked—"Wherefore gavest not thou my money into the bank, that at my coming I might have required mine own with usury?" Then the pound was taken from him, whereas it would appear that the other servants, in addition to the reward which they received, were allowed to keep the money which they had made.

There has been some doubt as to what may have been the special lesson that the Lord meant to convey by representing the master as saying that the money should have been put into the bank. But there is no need to discuss this question, because there is one lesson of sufficient importance which it may without hesitation be taken to convey, and it is this—as money deposited in a bank produces interest, and thus the total sum is increased, so God has given to Christians gifts of various kinds; to some, for example, He has given wealth, and to others learning, but to *all* He has given spiritual gifts—His grace, and opportunities of serving Him, means of advancing in holiness, and means of influencing others. The result depends upon the use we make of these gifts, if our use of them is faithful, they will increase and multiply, if we neglect them, not only will there be no increase, but we shall even at last lose what we originally had.

In the present day, in our country, we have banks in nearly every town; let them be to us "silent preachers" whenever we see them. Let them suggest to each of us to ask himself the question, How am I using what God has given me? What account shall I have to give at last of the opportunities which He offered me while living here? Is God's grace bearing "interest" in me, as money deposited in a bank?

(To be continued.)

IN THE MIST.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

"NO, mother, I can't stay; I have promised to take a walk with Gabrielle this lovely evening. If you're at home it will be quite enough."

"But, Carrie, I am afraid your cousin will think it so unkind if you are not here to receive her. Remember, she has lost both father and mother, and it must be very sad to have to live among strangers. I had hoped you would give her at least a warm welcome."

"Well, I will do what I can to-morrow; but I don't know cousin Annie, and Gabrielle is my dearest friend, she would be disappointed if I did not walk with her. We are to meet at the gate. Indeed, I can't break my engagement!"

At the appointed hour Carrie set off to join her friend.

"Where shall we go, Gabrielle?" she asked.

"To the moor, to search for bog-cotton; I want to stuff a cushion for old Mary. See, I have brought a bag. My cold is better, and mamma says I may take a good long walk this fine evening."

The two girls crossed a few fields, and took the path which led to the moors.

It was one of those sultry summer evenings when the air seems overburdened with the heat of the past day, and the dew has not yet come down to revive the parched earth and refresh the drooping flowers.

"I like a walk at this hour," remarked Gabrielle, "when all the bustle and business of the day is over, and we have nothing to do but rest and enjoy ourselves."

"But have you done all your business to-day?"

"Well, I've prepared my lessons, helped mamma at her work, and taught the little ones. Have you left anything unfinished?"

"I suppose I've done all I need," answered Carrie, hesitatingly, as her thoughts flew back to the conversation with her mother. "But here we are at the top of the hill, with the wide moor stretched before us."

Gabrielle complained of feeling tired, and proposed that they should sit down and rest for a while. "How fast the sun is setting behind that bank of orange-and-golden clouds!" she exclaimed. "He has accomplished his day's work by spreading light and gladness over the world. I wish we could do a little in that way too."

There was a long pause, during which the sun gradually disappeared from view, until Carrie suddenly asked, "Which is the shortest way back? I must get home as soon as possible."

"I thought it was settled you were to drink tea with me to-night."

"Yes, but you won't mind if I don't, for cousin Annie is coming."

"What! do you mean this evening? Why did you not tell me before?"

"Because I thought it a pity to put off our walk; but mamma had a letter this morning just before I saw you. She said it was unkind of me to go out, and I'm beginning to think it was. Annie has only lately lost her mother, and she's very lonely. What you said about the sun made me wish that I might brighten her life a little."

"So you could," replied Gabrielle. "Our shortest way is across that corner of the moor, and out on the road. I won't mind the bog-cotton now. If we hurry you may still be in time to receive your cousin. Come to me another evening, and bring her with you."

"Gabrielle, I don't feel as if I should like Annie."

"Oh, why? have you heard anything against her?"

"No, quite the contrary, she's far better than I am; but I'm not used to a companion in the house, and I fear she'll be in the way of everything I wish."

"No, no, Carrie, you'll soon grow very fond of her."

As they talked, the two girls walked at a rapid pace, and presently found themselves crossing the moor in the direction of the high road. The sunlit clouds had gradually disappeared from the sky, and a heavy dew rose on the soft grass and sleeping flowers.

"How suddenly the evening has changed," remarked Gabrielle, "it feels quite damp and chill after the great heat of the day."

"Yes, and look at that thick fog rising from the low ground, and spreading like a white veil over the whole moor."

"I suppose it's a mist from the fens; but how shall we see our way through the marshes?"

"We'd better turn and go back over the hill."

"But it's quite dark behind too. Oh, Carrie! what shall we do? I've heard of people being lost on the moor in these thick mists."

"Let us go on, the road can't be far off now; we've walked a good way."

"Yes, but how shall we find the right path?"

"Better to try as long as we can see even a few steps before us."

Accordingly they wandered on, not knowing in what direction, while the fog came down like a thick curtain, deeper and denser every moment.

"I can only see one step at a time now," said Gabrielle, "and I am so very tired. How dreadful it would be to spend the whole night here!"

"Oh, I'm afraid we must!" answered Carrie, "for I don't know where to turn; it would be very dangerous to get among the fens, we'd better stay where we are."

They sat down on a moss-covered stone, chill and shivering, their light summer dresses soaked with damp, and clinging round them in soft folds.

"I'm sure," said Gabrielle, "if we have to stay here the whole night it will kill us. Mamma is always so unhappy when I am out late. What will she think when we don't come home at all?"

"Perhaps she will send some one to look for us."

"Yes, but not here, it was in the other direction I told her we were going, where the bog-cotton grows. You know we took this way for a short cut, that you might get home quickly. You'll not be there to receive Annie after all. Has she arrived yet, I wonder?"

"I wish I had stayed, as mamma asked me, and then all this misfortune would not have come upon us. Shall we make one more attempt to find the road? It's better to move about than sit here in the damp." For Carrie was reminded by a fit of coughing how liable to take cold Gabrielle was, and how all her sisters had, one by one, been carried off by consumption, till she was left her mother's only child, carefully watched and guarded against every rough blast.

"Well, let us try, if you wish, but I fear it's utterly hopeless."

And again the two girls rose, and wandered over the wide moor, enveloped by clouds of ever-thickening fog, until, striking her foot against some hard substance, Gabrielle exclaimed, "Carrie, we must have reached the road at last, for there is a gate!"

"Oh yes!" answered her friend, joyously. "I know where we are now. Let us climb, it is quite easy, and, once over, we're all right. I'll try first, and give you a hand."

"Carrie, Carrie, I think it's not a gate at all, only a paling!"

But almost before the words had passed her lips Carrie was on the top rail, and beginning to let herself drop on the opposite side. The steps, however,

were slippery with damp, and thinking she had reached the last, the poor girl let go her hold of the side post, but missed her footing, and rolled down a steep bank. Gabrielle was preparing to follow, when, hearing the fall, she paused, and called out to know what was the matter; but there was no reply, for Carrie lay stunned and helpless on the brink of a deep pool of water beneath. Terrified at the sudden stillness which had succeeded the crash, Gabrielle strove to look through the railing, but it was of no use, all was dim and dense as ever.

"Carrie, Carrie!" she cried, over and over again. "Oh, won't you speak, and tell me what has happened!" But the silence seemed greater than before. "I don't believe it's the gate near the road at all," she cried, "I know there's a steep cutting with a pond at the bottom somewhere about, and that rails were put up lately to prevent cattle falling in; and, oh! I'm afraid this is the very place. What shall I do? Oh, Carrie, Carrie! There's no one near to hear me! no one to help!" The words were no sooner spoken than Gabrielle remembered there was One always near, always ready to help in time of need. "Yes, He sees it all; the darkness and mist are nothing to Him. He can save Carrie. 'Lord teach me what to do, for I can't think of anything!'"

After this simple prayer for guidance Gabrielle felt more calm and collected, and, while leaning against the cold wet railing, tried very hard to consider what she had best do. To set off alone through the dark moor in hopes of finding assistance, seemed worse than useless, and yet she must make some effort to save poor Carrie. The night was so silent that she could hear the measured drip of the water, as it oozed from the moist ground, and fell with a light trickling sound into the pool beneath; but while she stood irresolute, there came a low rumbling noise like distant thunder, each moment becoming louder and more distinct.

"Wheels!" Yes, God had heard her prayer, there was help at hand. They must have been near the road after all. Guided by the sound, Gabrielle ran through the mist and darkness, shrieking loudly to try and attract attention. How her heart beat, how her breath failed! On came the vehicle, perhaps it was now at the nearest point, perhaps it would soon have passed, then all her exertions must be too late. With a silent cry in her heart to God for strength to make a last effort, Gabrielle raised her voice in one piercing scream, then stood still to listen. Yes, surely there was a sudden hush, the wheels had ceased to roll! Her call had been heard, and was presently replied to by an answering shout. Gabrielle was so exhausted that she could only faintly ask for help; but almost as soon as the words were spoken there was a sound of approaching steps, and a voice spoke close beside her. "Gabrielle, can it be you, alone at this hour! Have you lost your way in the dark? The carriage is here. I've been to town to meet my niece; come, and we'll leave you at home."

But Gabrielle trembled so violently that she could hardly speak. At length, by a great effort, she gasped out the word, "Carrie!"

"What, is she here too? Where?"

Then the poor frightened girl managed to explain what had happened. Helping her to the carriage, and leaving her in Annie's care, Carrie's father—for it was he—seized one of the lamps, which had been lighted on account of the thick fog, and returning to the place described, found his daughter lying insensible on the very edge of a deep pond. Leaving Gabrielle to rest, Annie followed her uncle, and it was her hand which held the lamp as he descended the steep bank, her arm which helped to rescue the unconscious girl from her dangerous position.

Gabrielle arrived at home overstrained in mind and body. A long and dangerous illness was the consequence of that unfortunate evening's adventure.

As for Carrie, she had received a serious injury from her fall, and lay helpless and suffering for many weary months, during which time cousin Annie was her constant companion and comforter.

Summer passed away, but there were no more evening rambles for Carrie. Flowers bloomed and faded, while she was unable to enjoy their beauty and fragrance.

But when, at length, in the following spring, the poor invalid could once again sit out in the sunshine, and see the first primroses and violets, while the birds sang their early song, she told Annie how thankful she felt that God had so far restored her health and strength. "And, oh!" she added, "what should I have done without you all this weary time? How little I knew what you would be to me, when I went out, so selfishly, on that evening of your arrival, and lost my way in the mist." S. T. A. R.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

1. On what condition were the latter kings of Judah allowed to reign?

2. Quote some words which show that the worship of Baal was at one time carried on even in the Temple at Jerusalem.

3. At whose death did the prophet Jeremiah publish a written lamentation, to be sung yearly in commemoration of the event?

4. On what occasion did the Jews so persecute our blessed Lord that He was obliged to depart from the place?

5. From what should we infer that this departure was a very hurried one?

6. What *money* did the priests receive as offerings from the people of the Jews?

SHADOWS.

SHADOWS in the morning,
When the sun is high,
From the waving tree-tops
On the green sward lie;

Down along the meadows,
Dancing in their flight,
Stretch these morning shadows
Till they 're lost in light.

Shadows in the evening
When the sun is low,
From the church tower stealing
Through the grave-yard go;
Lengthening, deepening ever
With the failing light,
Creep those evening shadows,
Till they 're lost in night.

Like the morning shadows
Is youth's happy day,
With the glowing sunshine
Lighting up its way.

Like the evening shadows
In the deepening gloom,
Is old age's journey,
Stealing to the tomb.

Shadow—all is shadow
In the black night's moon,
Earth and sky all darkness
Without star or moon.
Ah! there are no shadows,
Morn, or eve, or night,
Where we all are wending—
All in heaven is light.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

THE MANY-STRINGED LUTE:

THOUGHTS ON THE SPIRIT AND THE TEACHING OF THE PSALMS.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, D.D., RECTOR OF ST. OLAVE'S, SOUTHWARK.

I.—PSALMS OF NATIONAL LIFE.

"My God, my God,
My music shall find Thee;
And every string
Shall have its attribute to sing."
GEORGE HERBERT.

HOW true was that saying, which we so often read, "Let me make the songs of the people, and I care not who has the making of their laws!" Remarkably exemplified is this in the history of the people of Israel. Moses was their lawgiver, David was their psalmist; and the latter has outlived the former by many generations. The laws of Moses have passed away with the dispensation that created them; but the psalms of David have survived, in all the fresh vigour of perpetual youth, and have been carried forward into the church of Christ, with deeper, broader, fuller meaning and significance, than they ever possessed in their own earlier times; descriptive of states of mind and phases of feeling of men, and expressive of the varied and still varying circumstances and conditions of the Church and the world, even to these last times. The altars and the sacrifices of the law are now dead and cold; but the psalms of David live on; the heart still musing, the fire still burning, the tongue still speaking (Ps. xxxix. 3), the incense of the heart's true worship still ascending as that of the morning and the evening sacrifice of old (Ps. cxli. 2).

The book of Psalms was the song-book of the Jewish nation, the hymn-book of the Jewish Church, the compilation of the national songs and ballads of the people of Israel. These national ballads gave expression to the great facts of the national history, and were commemorative of all that was great and noble in the annals of the race. They were sung in the grand services of the temple, in the streets of the city, and on the highways of the country, on the march to battle, in the battle-field, and in the triumphant return of the hosts of Israel. They were the songs of Jewish homes, in health and sickness, in poverty and wealth, in joy and sorrow; and they had no other songs, no meaner ballads, no worthless melodies. The whole history of the Jewish race was a religious history; everything was associated with religion—their laws, their feasts, their government; their very wars were holy wars, and the land itself was called the "Holy Land." And so their songs, too, in which their wonderful history was enshrined and embedded, rare jewels of God's providence mounted in the setting, the golden setting, of the psalms of David.

Some of the great topics of this book of Psalms we propose to review in these papers; and in doing this we seem to see set forth before us a series of concentric circles, some larger, some smaller, some nearer to and some farther from the centre, but the same centre holds them all together, and makes them one; and in these concentric circles are included the more general and the more individual dealings of God with His people:—1, the Psalms of National Life (as including all); 2, the Psalms of the Church of God (as within the nation); 3, the Psalms of the Home and Family and Domestic Life (narrowing more and more); and (4), the Psalms of Personal Religion and Individual Experience (thus arriving at the individual man, the unit of all these constituencies, whether of the Nation, or of the Church, or of the Home). With the first of these we deal in this paper.

THE NATIONAL LIFE.—This is the outermost circle, and therefore the largest; comprehensive of the largest number, both of the individual members and of the ways and means of God to man. The topics suggested by this group of psalms may be sub-divided thus:—

1. *The National Origin and Call.*—How

remarkable were the dealings of God with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, the fathers of the race! And these are, one way or another, recorded in the book of Psalms. It was with the body corporate as with the individual body, "And in Thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them" (Ps. cxxxix. 16). How could they ever forget the way by which God had led them? Thus, as in Psalm cv., they were ever reminded of these providences, of "The covenant He made with Abraham, and His oath unto Isaac; and confirmed the same unto Jacob for a law;" and the promise, "Unto thee will I give the land of Canaan;" and this, not by their own might, but at a time "When they were but a few men in number; yea, very few, and strangers in it;" and the providence that conducted them through their wanderings, "When they went from one nation to another, from one kingdom to another people;" and the protection ever extended to them, "He suffered no man ot do them wrong: yea, he reproved *kings* for their sakes." Here was God set forth as their King; for although they had kings as the other nations, yet God never gave up the reins of His sovereign power, and continued ever to spread the shield of His protection over His people Israel. "The Lord is king," "The Lord reigneth"—this was no mere sentiment to David and to Israel, it was the great foundation fact of their national existence, their continual comfort and hope, the very charter of their national life. Thus it was that the book of Psalms kept up in the national memory the thought of God's sovereignty, in the national origin and call; just as Isaiah, too, reminded them of the same, "Look unto the rock whence ye are hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence ye are digged. Look unto Abraham your father, and unto Sarah that bare you: for I called him alone, and blessed him, and increased him" (Is. li. 1, 2).

2. *Psalms of the National History and Associations.*—Every nation ought to be proud of its history, and sad is the nation that is ashamed of it. Every nation has its records and chronicles—of glories, conquests, battles fought and victories won; those long memories which time makes almost sacred; and these are oft embodied in national songs, those standing witnesses of a national history. For example, England treasures up the glorious names of Creçy and Blenheim and Waterloo; the Scotch pibroch sounds loudest over the glories of Wallace and Bruce and Bannockburn; Irish blood is stirred, on the one side by the songs of Tara, and on the other by the memories of Derry and the Boyne; and then, again, every nation has its reverse side, of national disaster and defeat. And, even so, the people of Israel had their long memories—of glory or of shame; and both are held before them in the book of Psalms. Thus, Psalms cv., cvi., cvii., are the perpetual remembrancers of God's wonderful providences to His people. Psalms lxxviii. and cxxxvi. are specimens of the grand historic recollections, by which God would rally His people to a remembrance of His mercies, and cause the whole course of their memorable history to pass in review before them.

3. *Psalms of National Religion.*—We do not mean to anticipate our next subject, but just now only this much—Church and State were one then, and God the final authority over each and both. The politics of the nation were the politics of God; their parliament the holy Sanhedrim; their kings the Lord's anointed; their national education, like that of Timothy afterwards, from the Holy Scriptures; their holidays were *holy*-days, the feasts of the Lord; their worship was in the holy temple; and all their ordinances were *of* God, and were used *for* God—"In Judah is God known, His name is great in Israel" (Ps. lxxvi.). The earthly Jerusalem was the type of "Jerusalem that is above," and of the whole Church of God—"Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God!" (Ps. lxxxvii. 3). Their national prosperity and their national religion went hand in hand—"I will abundantly bless her provision: I will satisfy her poor with bread: I will also clothe her priests with salvation: and her saints shall shout aloud for joy" (Ps. cxxxii. 15, 16). And hence, one of the grandest of the grand choruses of the temple services, when all the people of Israel lifted up their voice and heart to God—"The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge" (Ps. xlvi. 7, 11).

4. *Psalms of National Declension and Sin.*—This is the reverse of the brighter side. There were days of Israel's apostacy and declension from God; and these also are rescued from oblivion in the book of Psalms. The people are reminded (Ps. cvi.) of the wilderness, and of their oft unfaithfulness there; how "they forgat His works; they waited not for His counsel: but lusted exceedingly in the wilderness, and tempted God in the desert;" of God's sore punishment with which He visited them, "He overthrew them in the wilderness; the plague was great among them;" and how it was that "it went ill with Moses for their sakes." They are reminded of the scenes when "they were mingled among the heathen, and learned their works, and served their idols: yea, they sacrificed their sons and daughters"—human sacrifices (see v. 38)—"unto devils;" and lived in utter forgetfulness of God. And what were the consequences of these national sins? They are reminded of the fact that "the wrath of God was kindled;" that "He abhorred His own inheritance;" and that "He gave them into the hand of the heathen." And yet, for all this, God would not give them up; but "He thought upon His covenant, and pitied

them." And hence, in remembrance of these mercies, that oft-repeated refrain of praise and thanksgiving in Psalm cvii., "Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!" Is there not a call to England in this example of Israel's unbelief? With all our many privileges and opportunities, have not we need to dread a declension from true religion among the multitudes of our land? Let England seek unto the Lord to bring back her people to the house of God, to a remembrance of His works, to the knowledge of His word, and to the too oft-forsaken and forgotten duties of Christian men. The national life is not sufficiently lived to God; the national testimony is not for the Most High. The national life of England is in the way of becoming secularised, mammonised, merchandised, philosophised; it is in danger of being unchurched, unsacramented, unblessed, almost unchristianised. We are far, far away still from that model of a true "national life," which is described in that grand national song of Israel (Psalm cxliv.)—"That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace: that our garners may be full, affording all manner of store: that our sheep may bring forth thousands and ten thousands in our streets: that our oxen may be strong to labour; that there be no breaking in, nor going out; that there be no complaining in our streets. *Happy is that people, that is in such a case: yea, happy is that people, whose God is the Lord!*"

THE MAID OF IFFCHESTER.

ONE could not easily find a duller place than Iffchester. It had resisted the encroachments of the railway fifty years before, and the railway had turned aside about ten miles off, and left it to its sulks. Iffchester had successfully resisted modern improvements, yet it had fallen a prey to their drawbacks. The price of everything rose, except the rent of the Iffchester houses. The old rustic games vanished, but the old rustic brutality remained. Fanciful legends and quaint customs were forgotten, but dismal superstitions lingered, like cobwebs, catching dust in dark corners.

And a needy look stole over Iffchester. The whole place got the kind of atmosphere which hangs about the dwellings of elderly disappointed people, who have no money to spare, and yet have neither motive nor heart to gain any.

Iffchester had no antiquities to show. The townsfolk made the most of a Runic cross in the churchyard, and of an old well beside the castle wall. The castle itself contributed little either to the gaiety or the fortunes of the town. In fact, there dwelt a skeleton in Iffchester Castle. Its present owner, Harold Iffe, was the younger of twin brothers, who had been early left orphans. They had been devotedly attached to each other. The elder was gentle and studious, the younger had been always merry and daring, ever winning his brother to his own more active pursuits. One autumn day the two went out together, with their dogs and guns. A keeper saw them go down one of the long yellow avenues, laughing and tramping among the dead leaves, the hand of the elder resting affectionately on the other's shoulder. Less than an hour afterwards, the old wood rang with terrible cries, and the servants, running together, found their young master stretched dead upon the moss, while his brother, crouched beside him, frantically conjuring the dead lad to know that he would have died for him—aye, a thousand times over—and yet he had killed him, by a cruel, heedless accident—had killed his own darling brother—all, all that he had in the world!

The public part of the tragedy was soon over. In all the sorrow for the one brother, nobody felt anything but the tenderest sympathy for the other. He was present at the funeral, his voice was even heard in the responses of its services. For he was the sole kinsman of the dead who stood beside his grave, and in his agony of love he did not wish that aliens only should render the last honours. He went through the forms necessary for taking possession of his property. There were but simple people about him, unskilled in the mysteries of will and nerve, and they thought his calmness and strength were wholesome, and they praised him to his face for courage and patience. But as he returned to his castle domain, on the day when the last legal document was signed and settled, he was observed to start and shudder as he crossed the courtyard; and when he paused under the porch, he stooped, and peering at the ground, cried wildly—"Blood! my brother's blood!" and fell senseless to the floor.

They said he would have a brain fever, and they wondered pitifully whether he would die in it, and take the old name quite out of Iffchester. They said it might be better for him were it so. But he did not even have brain fever. Within an hour after his attack he seemed himself again. But it was with one awful difference. He persisted that a pool of his brother's blood lay at the castle threshold, and that he could never attempt to cross it. In no other way did his mind appear affected. Whether plunged in depression or restless with anguish, he was reasonable on every other point. Nay, he would not refuse to listen to reason even on this. He yielded so far to arguments as to admit the possibility that the horror was only imaginary, and to consent to try and

overcome it. Though he shuddered visibly at the idea, he made the effort. But reason could not maintain her sway over the disordered nerves. As his foot crossed the fatal boundary, the dreadful cry broke forth again; and again he fell, corpse-like, to the ground.

Henceforth it was useless to urge him to renew the struggle. And so he lived on, in his solitary pain, with an intangible barrier between him and the outer world. He received no visitors; his servants continued kind and faithful, and his medical attendants were watchful, though they could scarcely see where or how their skill could be made available. One order they gave, which the servants obediently carried out. Through all the daylight hours the gateways and the door in the castle porch were to be unlocked. This was, that if ever the poor shaken brain should conceive a sudden longing for freedom, it should find no obstacle in carrying out its purpose. But this wise care the invalid did not discover, because the impulse never came.

In such a place as Iffchester such a tragedy as that of the Castle was not likely to be soon forgotten. Did any chance visitors put up at "The Golden Lion," they heard the story and its sad sequel. It was often told them, while they stood outside the castle wall, looking at the ancient well. And some visitors who were fanciful, when they heard of the invisible stain on the castle threshold, said that they should not like to drink of that water.

Little as anybody dreamed it, the poor self-bound prisoner was often visited by sick longings for the wild moors and golden-green avenues which he had loved in happier days. Ever and again he had secretly stolen into his hall, and standing on the side farthest from the spot of his diseased fancy, had wondered whether it would be possible to dare the horror, to rush across it, and break its spell for ever. But his weakness had always answered nay, and he had crept away again, to sit opposite his brother's picture, and turn over his brother's books.

Such a fit was on him one lovely spring morning. From his bed-room he had heard the call of the cuckoo, and, looking down, he had seen clusters of primroses, making gleams of glory in the dewy grass. He had gone into the hall, and was standing there, vainly striving to battle with his haunting horror, and feeling the power to do so once more dying down within him, when suddenly the outer door opened, letting a flood of sunlight into the brown old place, dim with its painted windows. And there in the light, as framed by the doorway, stood a girl, with a sweet serious face, poising a basket of primroses in her hand. She paused, hesitating, as if she felt she had already come too far, and, unused to the gloom, she did not seem to discern any figure in it. There was a winsome trepidation about her whole figure, and her grave brown eyes had an appealing look, like those of a child who is trying to do something for which it fears it may not be approved. She caught sight of Harold Iffe, and came one step forward; unconsciously he advanced towards her. They stood upon the fatal spot!

"Will you give that to the master of the house?" she said in a low voice, putting her primrose basket into his hand. "Say only that a stranger brought them for him. Please give them to him just as they are."

She hurried away, not noticing that Harold neither bowed nor answered. She left him standing in the open doorway, with the primrose basket in his hand, and the terrible spot beneath his feet.

He recalled his self-possession as he heard the outer gate clang behind her, and then too he remembered with a shudder where he was standing. But the shudder was rather for something he recognised in himself, than for anything without him. He set the basket on a side table, and gently buried his thin hot fingers among the wet, cool flowers.

Something rattled among them. He changed colour, and withdrew his hand for a moment. But as he turned towards the doorway, his mind's eye saw again the sweet earnest face looking in upon him, almost as he had often thought the angels must look in on the abode of the lost. Tenderly he lifted out the flowers, and below them he found a little folded paper, on which was written—

> Through the sorrows we have known,
> Joy to others should be shown.
> Broken hearts should welcome in
> Those who have no home nor kin;
> Should not shut the sunshine out,
> Nor let in despair and doubt.
> For the sake of those we love,
> Who have gone to dwell above,
> We should live, that, while below.
> We in step with them may go,
> That each day some deed may bear
> In which angels may have share,
> And we'll find, when gained their land,
> Our souls have aye walked hand in hand.

The rhyme was simple enough. Harold Iffe knew all its precepts before. But in the strange sunshine, with the fresh flowers in his hand, and the remembrance of that pure maidenly presence in his heart, they had a new significance. Times and seasons are commentators which add much to many a text.

In less than half an hour Harold Iffe was walking, shyly enough, and with hat drawn over his eyes, through the streets of Iffchester.

He went down the street where stood the "Golden Lion." Perhaps he remembered that strangers sometimes stayed there. But all the windows of the inn were set wide open, and the ostlers and waiters were lounging about the door. If there had been visitors, they had departed. It seemed to Harold Iffe as though some party of guests had left not so very long before.

But the spell was broken from his soul. He never went back to his dismal seclusion. Was there sorrow or sickness in Iffchester, there was Harold Iffe. Did a widow need a friend or an orphan a guardian, there was he. He made all sorts of plans for the enlivenment and enlightenment of the dull old place.

He gave laughter to others long before laughter returned to himself. But it came at last. And all that while he would not have liked to have said, even to himself, how often the form of a maiden, with a basket of primroses, flitted before his mind; how often, as he started on his errands of mercy, she seemed to stand in his doorway, beckoning him out to sunshine and usefulness.

Ought the story to end with a romantic meeting, and an explanation? and must a wedding-ring and a marriage settlement be the fitting reward for a deed of loving sympathy? This story does not end so. Harold has never yet found any name for the bright vision he saw that spring morning. Sometimes he almost feels as if it came in a dream, but there remains the basket which held the primroses. That stands on Harold's dressing-table. And the little folded paper is in his desk.

Superstition held that malice and hatred could cast evil bewitchments, and beguile souls to ruin; but Truth knows that pity and loving-kindness can break bonds of pain and remorse, and lift souls to a higher life. And as Harold muses on this, sometimes he cannot help believing that some day, and somewhere, he will know more about the Maid of Iffchester.

I. Fyvie-Mayo.

THE WHITE ROSE OF WHITELAKE.

BY ANNE BEALE, AUTHOR OF THE "PENNANT FAMILY."

CHAPTER III.

A FALSE ALARM.

THERE was not much sleep at Llynhafod that night. Mr. Mervyn had been enrolled, against his will, amongst the special constables sworn in by the magistrates to defend the country, or, more properly, her turnpikes, against Rebecca, and was obliged to attend Mr. Philipps Wynne at the threatened gate of Llansant. These valiant supporters of law against disaffection were to be stationed round about the sturdy corporal and his abode; and when Mr. Mervyn left the farm in the dark, armed with his club of office, he glanced back at his terrified wife and daughters with an amused smile. His children had embraced him, and even Mrs. Mervyn looked anxious.

"I wish I might have a club and fight for Rebecca," cried Edwyna, when her mother ordered her to bed. "I shall lie awake and watch for the bonfire on Penllyn."

"You will do no such thing. You will pray for your father, and go to sleep," replied Mrs. Mervyn.

She and Rose watched, nevertheless. They stood in their little garden of choice flowers, and gazed through the cloudy night from right to left, above and below them. The one benefit that Mrs. Mervyn had condescended to receive from the inmates of Manorsant, was the aid of the gardener in the cultivation and preservation of these flowers that bloomed unseen at the moment around her and her daughter. Her girls had their tangled garden of native gems below—she had her parterre in the front of her sitting-room. Hence they looked upon the lake, beyond which rose the church and vicarage of Llansant, seated on an opposite hill, whence Mr. Edwardes commanded his parish beneath. On their right, at the extremity of the lake, rose the conical hill of Penllyn, or the head of the lake; on their left, Castell Llyn, the ruin already mentioned.

It was, however, towards Penllyn that the eyes of the watchers in the garden were most anxiously and frequently directed. This had been a stronghold of the ancient Britons in times of war, and here were not only the remains of their encampment, but also of Roman works. It was surrounded by a fosse and vallum, while at its base lay the Sarn Helen, or causeway that once ran through this part of South Wales, and up to the borders of the northern division of the country. The neighbourhood of the lake was as interesting to the antiquary as to the lover of nature; but to no one perhaps so interesting as to its White Rose, who stood by her mother, calm, pale, but resolute.

"There it is!" she exclaimed, suddenly, laying one hand on Mrs. Mervyn's arm, and pointing with the other to Penllyn.

A flame suddenly started out of the mountain like some volcanic eruption. It gradually increased in dimensions till it became a huge bonfire; and they knew that Rebecca had kindled her signal. Before long they saw another and another flame upon more distant hills, and wondered whether the work of destruction were going on down below at Llansant turnpike.

"If only they had not used the time-honoured stones of the old city to light their fire on!" said Rose. "I went up to look at it the other day, and there is a huge round heap collected from the ancient remains, on which they pile the stuff for the fire."

"You must not go there again. You are foolhardy, Rose," said her mother.

"They would not hurt me, mother, for I prayed against bad spirits, and you know they are frightened away by prayer," said Rose, who though not without common sense, was imbued with her country's romance.

"My dear Rose, you cannot be so superstitious," returned her mother.

"I scarcely know, mother. It is so difficult to disconnect the legendary from the real in this country. And I so dearly love the old legends! But, look! some one is coming!"

There was the shadow of a man at the garden gate, and in a few minutes they were joined by Edgar Edwardes.

"I thought you would be watching," he said, "and I just ran up to tell you that all is quiet at the turnpike. My uncle is there, and means to give Rebecca a salute in the way of a sermon; but the specials are not visible. They have been well drilled by Mr. Philipps Wynne, I should think. He makes the most of having been a lieutenant in the army, and being colonel of the militia. Are you frightened, Rose?"

"Not in the least. Do you see the bonfire reflected on the lake? It is almost like sunset."

"You will take cold. May I fetch you some wraps, Mrs. Mervyn? I ought to apologise for coming so late," said Edgar, who was in some dread of that lady.

"No, thank you. We will go in, and perhaps you had better see after your uncle."

He took the hint; and, with a glance at Rose, and a respectful "Good night, Mrs. Mervyn," to her mother, disappeared in the direction of the village.

While this passed at Llynhafod, Mr. Mervyn and his coadjutors were concealed near Llansant turnpike. Mr. Philipps Wynne had marshalled them, and had placed one half of them behind the hedge on one side of the road, the rest on the opposite side, below the rocky bank of the river, so that they were well concealed. He had made himself somewhat obnoxious by the resolution he had displayed on many occasions, when, perhaps, mercy had not tempered his justice; and he was now fearlessly resolved to attack Rebecca as soon as she appeared. It was quite certain that she would appear, and he was curious to see her and her daughters in their white garb, and to lay his cudgel on their backs.

Not so Mr. Mervyn. His sympathies were with Rebecca, and so, indeed, were those of others of her imagined enemies.

"No wonder old Letty has the rheumatics," he whispered to a friend, in their ambush below the river bank. "I shall be laid up with rheumatic fever. Indeed, I feel it already in my right arm, and shall never be able to hit Rebecca."

"I wonder who the old squire has to protect him?" whispered the man to whom he spoke.

"I heard Philipps Wynne send the parson to him," replied Mr. Mervyn. "Edwardes will take care of him, body and soul, if any one will. Bother the spray! We shall be wet through before long."

"You would make a bad rifleman, Mervyn," laughed a special. "How would you like to be for hours on all-fours with a gun in your hand?"

"Not at all, thank you. Hush! I hear a horse. Rebecca rides a white one. Oh, my poor rheumatic arm!"

"Attention! Be ready!" was whispered from man to man.

"I wonder where Johnnes Glynglâs is?" said somebody.

"Far away, you may be sure," replied Mervyn. "This isn't the sort of work he likes. He has made himself scarce ever since we have wielded club. He's as riotous as the rioters, and wouldn't be likely to go against them. Here she comes! Now for it!"

There was a great clatter of horses' hoofs on the hard road. The night was dark, so that had the watchers been able to peep, they would have seen little. An imperative and repeated call of "Gate! Gate!" succeeded, and echoed like a signal on the quiet air. To the alarmed specials there seemed to be a dozen different voices at least. Still, at a word of command, they crept silently from their ambushment on either side of the road, and made a sort of invisible ring-fence about the turnpike. Such had been the orders of their chief, and it must be confessed that, in most instances, they were obeyed with fear and trembling. All looked for the white-shirted Rebecca on her white horse. There was a white horse, certainly, but that was all that was visible in the gloom —the white garb was absent.

"Gate! If you don't open, Madoc, corporal, we'll pull your gate about your ears," was heard from its rider.

"That's Alfred Johnnes's voice as sure as I'm alive!" whispered Mervyn.

"Can't you be waiting till I am putting on my coat," growled the corporal through his window.

"Rebecca never waits. Down with the pikes; but you'll be waiting to some purpose if you don't take care," was the reply.

Out stumped the corporal's wooden leg, and in closed the constables with a shout; for Philipps Wynne was resolved to do the thing with the strong arm of the law, and show that there was some one in the county who would withstand the rebels. All the clubs were ready, though nothing but the white horse was visible through the darkness.

"Pay double toll!" cried the bold corporal, holding up a lantern. "Past twelve o'clock."

The lantern served to reveal his white nightcap and tassel, and to suggest to the imagination the great coat pulled over the shirt, and the wooden leg preceding the stockingless limb of flesh and bone.

"Surrender!" shouted the chief constable.

"Haw, haw, haw! Who do you take us for?" returned a chorus of voices. "I'll have the law on every man jack of you for assaulting honest wayfarers."

"Mr. Alfred! Name o' goodness what are you about? 'Tis I'll have the law if you've frightened the breath out of my Egain!" cried the corporal.

"A very poor joke indeed," said the young squire, coming forward, amid the suppressed laughter of his followers. "It is I who will summon you for

threatening a quiet gate-keeper in the performance of his duty."

"But he didn't perform his duty," said Alfred Johnnes. "Come you, corporal. You know you wouldn't let us through because you were afraid of Rebecca. Open the gate, for there's Lewis Nant Mill frightened to death of his wife, and you know how I dread my mother's tongue. There's your toll. I'm sure I am sorry for giving you so much trouble, gentlemen, but I did hear that Rebecca is on the road. Open the gate, Madoc, corporal."

The latter words were said in a whisper, and Madoc knew that he had no right to disobey them. He opened it partially, and three horsemen passed through, all of whom he knew, and rode off at full gallop down the hill.

"That wild fellow will break his neck!" said Mervyn.

"I'll have him up for this!" blustered Philipps Wynne; "I heard him use threatening language."

"'Twas only in fun. He's full of his jokes," returned the corporal. "I don't think there's much chance of Rebecca to-night, gentlemen. Look you at Penllyn. The fire's going out already, which shows that there is no one there to tend it; and I'm of opinion that they keep the fire up nearest the gate they mean to destroy. I'm not afraid of 'em; for they know they'll have a hard try with me. Good night, gentlemen."

Madoc returned to his house. He found Letty in much perturbation, but Egain was sleeping peaceably. He went inside her screen just to look at her before he again got into bed, and murmured, "He giveth His beloved sleep."

Mr. Wynne held a consultation with his followers, who had already had enough of duty for that night. They came to the conclusion that it was of no use to remain longer at their post, since they had, apparently, been fooled by a party of merry men, who probably knew well enough that they were there. He persisted in his intention of summonsing Johnnes for threatening words; but on seeking ear-witnesses of his plaint, he found that not one of his specials had heard the threat.

"I couldn't swear to it." "Nor I." "Nor I"—they all declared; and the choleric young squire was on the eve of calling them cowards or liars, when Mervyn suggested that his father might not approve of his having the law against Alfred Johnnes. "He is a wild fellow, but there is no harm in him," he said.

"He is the pest of the country, and you had best keep him out of your daughter's way," replied Mr. Philipps Wynne, hotly. "He shall pay for this bit of pleasure, whether you help me or no."

So saying, he turned towards the Manor, accompanied by such of the men as were going his way, while Mervyn and the rest went theirs, cracking their jokes and laughing at their own discomfiture as they stumbled along just as the dawn was about to greet them.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SQUIRE AND ROSE.

In spite of late hours, Rose was on her way to Manorsant the following morning between eight and nine. Having a commission for her mother, she took the lane that led to the village instead of her favourite way across the lake. This lane was clothed in a bridal dress of hawthorn, and seemed to be either created for her, or she for it. As she walked through it, she began imitating the songs of the thrush and blackbird, and felt, like them, the bliss of living on such a heavenly day. The country-folk were wont to say that she walked like a spirit, because she rather glided along than trod, though she walked swiftly. At any rate, her movement was singularly graceful.

When she reached the main road she glanced down it to discover if Alfred Johnnes were in sight; because he frequently tried to waylay her at this point. But she did not see him. She hastened up the road to the village, and entered its one small shop. This was situated in the midst of about half a score of cottages, which, with a wayside inn, constituted what was the actual village of Llansant, or the Church of the Saint, that saint being David, the patron saint of Wales. The cottages were on one side of a picturesque bridge of three arches, through which ran the river Teify, a river that brought many fishermen to the little inn, on account of its excellent fishing. The scene from the bridge was very beautiful. On one bank of the foaming torrent of a river rose gigantic rocks, covered, in parts, with every species of parasitical plant and shrub; on the other the hill upon which stood the old church with its straight black tower, the parsonage, and one or two cottages. In the distance were the mountains. It was no wonder that Rose was patriotic and romantic, with the shy, wild patriotism and romance of youth.

She was greeted by several of her humble friends when she went into the shop, who were gossiping with Pal the Shop, as its mistress was called. The subject of conversation was the encounter of the previous night, and there was much laughter at the specials, most of whom were neighbouring farmers.

"There's bold and clever Johnnes Glynglâs is, Miss Mervyn," said Pal, thinking to please Rose. "Everybody's talking of how he tricked the constables. But they are saying that Wynne Manorsant will have him up for it."

"I think he deserves it, if only for frightening Egain," replied Rose, quietly, as she nodded, took up her small parcel, and sped away.

Loitering on the bridge were a couple of anglers who were staying at the litttle inn. They looked earnestly at her as she crossed the bridge, but she did not hear the expressions of admiration that followed her, although she glanced at the speakers as she passed them by. She had seen one of them before at Manorsant, when walking with the children, and had

"A basket of primroses in her hand."—*p.* 21.

remarked that he stood to let them pass, and then looked after them. She was happily unconscious of the spiritual beauty of her face; for amongst the people by whom she was surrounded she was scarcely considered beautiful, because she lacked the colour which they reckoned necessary for good looks. Her sister, on the contrary, was counted a rare beauty; for she boasted roses as well as lilies in her complexion.

It was not long before she reached the turnpike, which she never passed without going in to see Egain. The corporal and Letty overwhelmed her with different accounts of what had happened the previous night, the former saying, with a knowing look, that Rebecca was too cunning to go where she was expected, and was, in all probability, at her tricks somewhere else.

Rose laid the parcel she had brought from the shop on Egain's bed, unperceived by the invalid. It was a fancy of hers to try and make Egain believe that the good fairy of the lake watched over her, but Egain was sceptical concerning what she could neither see with her eyes nor read in the Bible, and laughed at what she called "Miss Mervyn's pretty fables," saying that "she was her 'Lady of the Lake,'" and she wanted no other."

"Were you very much frightened last night?" asked Rose.

"No, miss, for I never awoke. Our Father in Heaven is very merciful to me."

Another quarter of a mile by the rapid river brought Rose to the lodge of Manorsant. The keeper and her children were out to bid her good-day, and to watch her up the drive, for events and morning visitors were rare in that lonely spot. Ten minutes' rapid walk through the park brought her to a side gate, which led through towering laurel hedges to the house. These hedges were the pride of Manorsant, and stood like green walls as protection against the north-east wind. They rose to a height of ten or twelve feet, and were so well trimmed and interwined that they defied the elements.

At the end of one of these green passages was a side door, which Rose opened. This was the children's entrance; and near it was a private staircase, also dedicated to them, which led to their apartments, and which Rose mounted. Old Mr. Wynne was a nervous invalid, and could not bear the noise of children, therefore their domain was made separate from his as much as possible. It was principally on his account, also, that Mrs. Philipps Wynne had been desirous of obtaining a daily governess for them, and had, with some difficulty, prevailed on Mrs. Mervyn to spare her daughter. Indeed, Mrs. Mervyn would not have consented to this arrangement, but for the fact that her husband declared his children must all work, and Rose was not as skilful at household duties as she ought to have been. She was sadly conscious of this; and had, therefore, resolved to make amends for her deficiencies by becoming a first-rate teacher. But the education of three spoilt refractory children was even more difficult than the management of her father's dairy.

She found these, her pupils, awaiting her, in company with their *bonne* Virginie. They were Teddy, aged seven, Maggie six, and Pussy five. Virginie had been governess as well as nurse until Rose's arrival, and did not like to be dethroned. She was a bright, lively, handsome Frenchwoman, of five-and-twenty; and gave herself many airs, which Rose did not condescend to notice. Moreover, she had strict orders from her mother to profit by Virginie's accent, and to converse with her in French as often as she could. Rose's colloquial French was sadly imperfect; and she found obedience difficult, as the children—even little Pussy—corrected her mistakes, and shouted out their opinions, that "Miss Mervyn didn't know as much as they. Wasn't she a fine governess!"

Happily, Virginie had her nursery, Rose her schoolroom, so they were not likely to come often in contact, save at dinner, when Virginie waited at table.

The *Bon jour, mademoiselle*, and the *Bon jour, Virginie*, being said, the nurse disappeared, and Rose, trembling slightly, told her pupils to kneel down. Her good friend and pastor had advised her always to begin her day with prayer and a Scripture lesson, and she was endeavouring to persevere in following his advice. The novelty of the proceeding had secured obedience at the first, but Master Teddy was growing tired of it.

"I've said my prayers, and I won't say them no more," he said, lustily.

"And I won't!" "And I won't!" shouted his sisters.

Rose was confused for a moment, but she had a very determined will of her own, and said to herself, "Now or never"—having learnt many a good lesson of resolution from her mother.

"Very well," she said, decidedly. "I cannot bend naughty children's knees, but you will stand where you are and not move, while I pray for you; and remember that the great and good God sees and hears us."

She knelt down, and offered up a simple prayer in her own words. The children, unaccustomed to decision or resistance, were surprised at this unexpected movement. They stood, open-eyed, with their fingers in their mouths, as children will. Then Maggie suddenly exclaimed, "I won't be naughty no more. Come along, Pussy," and the little girls fell upon their knees. "I will be naughty if I choose," said Teddy, sturdily, and, man-like, refused to bend the knee. Still he looked on, irresolute as to whether he should make a great noise or not; for, in spite of his independence, he had a certain awe of the invisible Being of whom Rose had spoken. His childish cogitations were interrupted by the entrance of Virginie, just as Rose was concluding, and the little girls saying "Amen." Teddy made a face at Virginie, who shrugged her shoulders, but waited until the trio rose from their knees. Then

she said, "Madame desires me to tell mademoiselle that Mr. Wynne, *le vieux monsieur*, wishes to see her."

"Hullo! you have been doing something you oughtn't to!" shouted Teddy, relieved from his indecision. "You have been making a noise, Miss Mervyn, and grandpapa's too nervous to eat his breakfast. You'll catch it."

"Mr. Wynne wants to see me!" exclaimed Rose, who had scarcely ever had any conversation with the old squire.

She was assured that this was the case, and followed Virginie in some trepidation, after having told her pupils to look at their lessons, which they did not do. Virginie arrested her on the landing with a question, spoken so rapidly in French, that she could not understand it.

"This Monsieur Jeannes," repeated Virginie, in English, "What did he last night to frighten so *le vieux Monsieur?* He went not to bed, but sat up with your curé, Mr. Edwardes, until M. Philippe returned. He was then in much fear of Rebecca, and it is now this Monsieur Jeannes of whom they speak. The domestics laugh, and say he is wilder than your goats. *You* know him, mademoiselle. Tell me what he has done?"

Virginie fixed her eyes on Rose, and there was something malicious in their glance. Rose did not like her, and she strove to discourage her attempts at confidential intercourse, which had begun on the first day of her engagement at the Manor. Rose replied, briefly, that she understood Mr. Alfred Johnnes had merely passed through the turnpike late, and had encountered the constables. But this did not satisfy Virginie.

"You are his friend, and know his secrets, mademoiselle," she persisted, detaining Rose at the head of the stairs, by standing with her back to them, and holding the banisters. "He walks with you, makes you visits, makes you his court. What has he done?"

"I am not in his secrets; I do not know," replied Rose, calmly, but haughtily, for she had sometimes her mother's manner. "Had we not better go to Mr. Wynne?"

"*Hein!* you must tell *le vieux monsieur*," said Virginie, spitefully, as a bell was heard to ring in a distant part of the house.

She turned, and began to descend. Rose followed. They were met by a footman, who said, "Virginie, master is wanting Miss Mervyn."

"So! Miss was on her knees in prayer, and I must wait," replied Virginie.

"This way, miss, if you please," said the man to Rose; and she followed him to Mr. Wynne's private sitting-room.

"She knows all that concerns Monsieur Jeannes, but she shall not have him," muttered Virginie, in French, as she stood to watch Rose until she disappeared from her view.

(*To be continued.*)

LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD.

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE," ETC.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.—I.

CHRISTIANITY is essentially a missionary religion; at its very root lies love to God and man, which, if planted in any human heart, must necessarily expand into words and deeds which shall more or less directly bear witness to their origin. The "good news" must be told. The behest of Christ to his disciples, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," was but the practical outcome of the spirit of love which He breathed into life.

Persecution was the first great agent for scattering the new yet eternal truth. It was not left to slowly germinate where it fell, but cruel hands strove to pluck it up; and in so doing, spread it far and wide. Those who had lost all for its sake, were not likely to love it less, or to be its less earnest preachers, while the sight of their life-long sacrifice was a test of its reality, which would have fullest weight with the noblest hearts.

Apart from the New Testament history of St. Paul's labours, we have but the faint traces of the mission work of the other apostles. The Syrian Christians of Malabar, whom the Portuguese found on their arrival in that country in 1498, believe that the apostle Thomas brought the Gospel to them in A.D. 52, and that he dwelt among them until he met a martyr's death near Madras. Be this as it may, they show some proof that part of India was visited by messengers of the Gospel in the first century, or, at least, early in the second; while Neander admits authentic evidences of the existence of this Church in the sixth century—a witness to missionary zeal on the part of some early Christians.

There came a time in the middle ages, when, with the exception of the little Vaudois Church, and one or two other small communities, the Church of Rome represented the corporate existence of Christianity. Now, history shows, that in its better periods the Church of Rome was repeatedly a check on greedy and tyrannical monarchs. But in itself it embodied a temporal power with secular needs and ambitions, and so was constantly tempted to work with powerful allies or friends. Therefore, though it did not neglect missions, but devoted to them much of its elaborate organisation, and more of its highest genius and enthusiasm, politics were too apt to adulterate pure religion.

High on the records of mediæval missions stands the name of Francis Xavier. He was born about 1506, of a noble but impoverished family, and became a personal friend of Ignatius Loyola, and one of the early members of his Society of Jesus. In his youth a strong impression had been made on his mind by the question, "What shall it profit a man if he should gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?"—words which he afterwards urged on the attention of his royal patron the king of Portugal, saying, "would that he had ended all his prayers with these words!" It was under his government that Xavier undertook a mission to India, whence he proceeded to the Spice Islands, establishing associates at stations which he selected for them. To these associates he gave minute directions, containing hints which will never be out of season, such as, "Wherever you bend your steps, or wherever you may be called, you should try to make yourself beloved by every one, by rendering to them kind services, by good manners, by seasoning your reproofs with gentleness and modesty." Again, "You must show men to themselves if you wish to hold them enchained by your words. Before you can express what they feel in the depths of their heart, you must know it; and there is only one way of knowing it—to be much amongst them, to test them, to observe them. . . From this kind of converse you will profit more than if you tumble over a whole library of speculative authors."

A little later, disappointed at want of support from the Portuguese king, Xavier went on to Japan, led by the entreaties of a Japanese whom he met in Cochin. Though Japan had just then closed her ports to the Portuguese, Xavier was not daunted, saying, "By God's help I will go: for there is no better enjoyment in this miserable world than to live in peril of death, when death is encountered from the sole motive of His love, and of spreading His holy religion." After more labour there, and many perils, and attracting much devoted love, the unwearied man moved on to China, this time quite alone. There he was not to labour. He died in a little shed on the shore, surrounded only by strangers, and was hastily buried in the sand, though the body was afterwards exhumed, and taken to Goa.

Xavier's missions can be scarcely better described than by the words with which he himself looked forward to working in China, "I shall succeed in opening it for others, for I can do nothing myself." He was not more than forty-five when he passed away, and he travelled too fast and too far for very enduring work. If our Protestant and modern mind recoils from such conversions as are implied by thousands of baptisms in one month, we must remember that he was working according to the spirit of his Church in that age. For the sake of his work he lived far from all he loved and honoured, dared death in a thousand forms, and met it at last, lonely and untended in a crowded resort of traders and mariners.

When the Reformation came, there was a lull in foreign mission work in the Reformed Church. It was setting its own house in order. But taking the Reformation from its earliest English dawn with Wickliffe, the "morning star," in 1360, to its latest development in 1560, a period in which it spread over Italy, Germany, Denmark, France, and Sweden, it will be seen that the lull was not for long. For in 1559, the king of Sweden sent missionaries to the Lapps; and, very little later, the Dutch established the instruction of the reformed religion in their Eastern colonies; while Oliver Cromwell himself had schemes for missions, to be carried out when once his rule at home should be firmly settled.

Perhaps the first Protestant mission which has strong personal interest is that of John Eliot, of Boston. The "apostle of the Indians" (a title from which he himself shrank with sweet humility) began his work in 1646. He learned their language, he formed settlements for them, and framed rules for the regulation of their habits, wisely observing that "it is absolutely necessary to carry on civility with religion." He translated for them much of the Old and New Testament, and many books, and published a grammar of their tongue, which he closed with these words: "Prayers and pains, through faith in Christ Jesus, will do anything." He had to see much of his work destroyed by animosities between the whites and the Indians, in which some of his congregation became involved. But his heart was true to it to the last. More than one of his sons devoted themselves to the same work, but they all died long before their father, who only meekly said, "My desire was that they should have served God on earth, but if He choose rather that they shall serve Him in heaven, I have nothing to object against it."

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts seems to have been the oldest missionary organisation. It was incorporated in 1701. A similar Society was instituted in Scotland in 1709. Under its auspices, Mr. David Brainerd presently engaged in work similar to John Eliot's. He was a delicate, often ailing man, but he built a cottage among the Indian wigwams, and lived in it as best he might; his journal, among many expressions of content and thankfulness, recording such hardships as this—"Had no bread, nor could I get any; I am forced to go or send ten or fifteen miles for all the bread I eat; and if I get any considerable quantity it is sometimes sour and mouldy before I eat it." But under these daily trials, often harder to bear than one supreme agony, he could remember "how much greater trials others of God's children have endured." He gained great personal influence among the Indians, established schools, and started plans to help them to a more industrious and sober way of life. But his constitution was not fitted long to endure such labours. His ill-health was increased by the depression induced through utter loneliness, for the nearest white settlers spoke only Gaelic. He did not leave his beloved Indians until a short time before his death, and even

then his heart was with them, and his last strength was used in their cause. His history gives emphasis to his own words: "There is nothing in the world worth living for but doing good, and finishing God's work—doing the work that Christ did." He died, after four years of mission work, in the thirtieth year of his age.

In 1708, one Hans Egede, a Danish pastor settled in Norway with his young wife, spent his winter evenings in reading of the old Vikings and their conquests, and how they were themselves conquered by Christianity. Among these records he found stories of some who settled in Greenland, and founded churches, which certainly had since dropped from notice. His heart was drawn towards these forgotten people, those of his own race. Without saying a word to anybody, even to his wife, he memorialised the king of Denmark in their behalf, and forwarded the memorial to his own bishop, and to the bishop of the chief shipping port. When the bishops answered favourably, Mrs. Egede heard of the matter, and fearing lest her husband should himself go to Greenland, she pictured to him the miseries of its climate, and the ruin such a course would bring upon his family. Hans Egede, already tossed in his own mind, yielded to these representations, and even tried to think that the will of God had been thus revealed to him. But he was haunted by the words, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." His wife herself shared in his restlessness and discomfort. Neighbours and friends proved unkind and slanderous, and at last the couple took counsel together whether they had not better meet trouble in God's way than in their own, the wife actually acknowledging that she now felt a strong desire to go to Greenland.

So many hindrances occurred, that despite their exertions, they did not sail from Bergen till 1721. They were nearly wrecked on the voyage, and on their arrival in Greenland they found the natives pleased to welcome them as guests, but not to receive them as residents. However, they were conciliated. While his knowledge of their language was imperfect, Egede employed his eldest boy to draw pictures of the chief events in the life of Jesus, and then explained them to the natives to the best of his ability. This mission was subject to many misfortunes and hindrances; and Egede saw so little fruit from his labour, that when he finally left the country, he preached his farewell sermon from the words: "I have laboured in vain, I have spent my strength for naught, and in vain; yet surely my judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God."

This mission was afterwards carried on by some of the brethren of the Moravian Church—a community whose mission work in general is well worthy of note. Itself a persecuted church, driven from its birthplace in Bohemia, and taking refuge in Lusatia under the patronage of Count Zinzendorf, it consisted, when it began its work among the heathen, of only 500 or 600 members, mostly poor and humble. About the time when they sent help to Hans Egede, their attention was also directed towards the negroes in the West Indies. A negro named Anthony told some of Count Zinzendorf's servants that he had a sister there bound in slavery, who he knew was constantly beseeching God to send some one to show her the way of salvation. This fired the zeal of the good Germans; and thus, some started to labour in the Arctic regions and some in the torrid zone. Their arrangements were made with apostolic simplicity. They started with the clothes on their backs, and, with a trifle of money in their pockets, set out to walk from Herrnhut, their own head-quarters, to Copenhagen, 600 miles off. They lodged with hospitable people on their way, and trusted for their voyage to the charity of Danish mariners. For support while preaching they depended on the labour of their own hands, though, if one of their number had special gifts as a teacher, the rest worked for him, to leave his power free for God's service. Some, who went among the North American Indians, wore their dress, adopted their ways of food and dwelling, and worked for them, taking such scanty wages as they could give. They were often persecuted by professing Christians of other sects, particularly in the West Indies and in North America. But in fifty years from their beginning in 1732, this obscure and exiled Church had established, besides those already mentioned, flourishing missions in South America and South Africa, and in various parts of Asia.

In 1786 the attention of the Methodist body was drawn to missions by an accident. One of their preachers, Dr. Coke, was proceeding with two laymen to work in Nova Scotia, when the voyage proved so rough that the captain directed his course to the West Indies. The Methodists had previously had a mission in Antigua, which had sustained the terrible blow of losing its whole body of missionaries by drowning. Dr. Coke and his friends met with so favourable a reception, that they determined to labour there; which they did with success, in spite of much opposition from the colonists, who dreaded the enlightenment of their slaves. Even the magistrates, though occasionally sympathising with the missionaries, would not interfere to protect them—one of them, after a trial of this sort, giving forth the extraordinary decision: "The offence was committed against Almighty God, it therefore does not belong to me to punish it."

For more than thirty years the Methodists limited their labours to the West Indies, then they enlarged their sphere, until it embraced North America, the East Indies, Western Africa, and the Pacific Islands.

(*To be concluded.*)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. New Series. No. I. A Repenting Nation.

Chapter to be read—1 *Sam. vii.*

INTRODUCTION. The ark safe at Beth-shemesh; but what happened to the men of that city? Why were they thus smitten? But perhaps they might transgress some other command of the Lord; hardly safe then to keep the ark; so will send it away. To whom do they send a message? Kirjath-jearim, a neighbouring city; it shall go there (ch. vi. 21).

I. The Ark at Kirjath-jearim. (Read vii. 1, 2.) Now comes a solemn day in history of Israel. The ark of God once more coming among them; had been forty years away; during that time no regular sacrifices, no keeping of annual feasts (what were they?). Would the people be happy? Fancy England with all places of worship closed for forty years, no restraints of religion; country would get into sad state; people become altogether irreligious. So was it in Israel. But now happy day come. Some all through had remembered God. How glad to hear that ark was come back! Who fetched it? where was it placed? But some one must attend to it; keep it safe. Who shall be set apart for this? Perhaps Eleazar, chosen because same name as former high-priest, son of Aaron. Perhaps simply because was a holy man. How long was the ark in his father's house? This the beginning of better days to Israel.

II. Israel Repentant. (Read 3—9). Meanwhile, what was Samuel doing? have not heard of him for long time. Still was doing his work; going about from place to place (see ver. 16); holding regular courts; like all judges going on circuit; preaching whenever had opportunity; teaching the law; setting good example; living as humble, devoted servant and prophet of God. Was his work in vain? God's word can never be void (Isa. lv. 11). Some seeds fall on stony ground, bring forth no fruit; some on good ground, bear fruit (Matt. xiii. 8). Now Samuel addresses all people. What must they do to show repentance? Must first put away strange gods; till that is done he cannot ask God to help them. So John the Baptist bade people leave off different kinds of sins (Luke iii. 10—14). This the first step in all true turning to God. Give up sin, whatever it is; for God cannot look on evil. But what is the next thing to do? Sin must also be confessed (1 John i. 9). So now a solemn service held. Where were the people gathered? The old prophet, with his grey hairs, stands before them. What do the people do? Fast all that day, in token of sorrow, as so often enjoined in Scripture (Joel ii. 12); and solemnly pour out a libation of water, perhaps to show that as it was wasted on the ground so should their sins be poured out and put away. Now with one voice the people make their confession. What do they say? What a solemn sight—a whole nation confessing their sins. Then follows the sermon. What does Samuel do? Judges—*i.e.*, teaches. Can fancy what he would say. "How they had despised God's warnings, forgotten His mercies; yet God was full of love, of pity; would they not turn to Him once more? what good had they got from forsaking God? Could their idols help them? Let them seek God, and be at peace." But who drew near during this service? Philistines had heard of the gathering: people all come to worship; will be unarmed; what a good opportunity for a crushing defeat. What do the people do? Hardly venture to pray for themselves. Will Samuel make unceasing prayer? What did Samuel do? Not a priest himself, yet evidently, as a prophet, allowed on special occasions to offer sacrifices. What offering was made? A whole burnt-offering for sin. Picture the scene:—The armed host of Philistines gathering in distance; coming on fast; unarmed Israelites gathered round the altar; the aged prophet now offering up lamb; now kneeling down; praying with all his might; the people all joining in—"We have sinned; God be merciful to us." Was the prayer heard? Is such prayer ever unheard?

III. Israel Victorious. (Read 10—17). What happened? On came Philistines; Israelites unarmed, can do nothing but trust in God. How does He help them? Nature's powers brought to bear upon the enemy. All savage nations great dread of thunder; this unusually severe storm. Philistines fled, Israelites pursued. Now, once more, what does Samuel do? What is the stone for? Just as had erected memorial after crossing Jordan. What is the stone called, and why? Surely will sing hymn of praise that day. What was the result of the victory? Got all their land restored, and lived in peace. Let children notice in this story a picture of themselves. They sin, serve other gods—*i.e.*, put other things before God—sooner or later are miserable. Preachers and teachers warn. What must they do? Put away sin, confess sin, pray with all their heart. What sacrifice do they trust in? One spotless Lamb has been slain; His blood cleanses from all sin (1 John i. 7). Being forgiven, will have peace (Rom. v. 1); help against enemies. Must show forth God's praise by life of thanksgiving and devotion.

Questions to be answered.

1. Where was the ark placed, and who took care of it?
2. What was the effect of the absence of the ark?
3. Describe the solemn service at Mizpeh.
4. What would be the nature of Samuel's sermon?
5. How did God help them, and what memorial was placed?
6. How are we like the Israelites?

A CUP OF COLD WATER:

A STORY OF THE HUGUENOT MASSACRE IN FRANCE.

"AH, mademoiselle, of your kind pity give me water!"

The speaker was one of the sentinels on guard at the gate of a town in France.

The demoiselles of Madame Jumeau's pension were just starting for their daily "promenade," when the first mademoiselle, Hilarie de St. Caux, was addressed in the foregoing words.

Now Mademoiselle Hilarie came of a great and noble family, and looked with great scorn upon all those whom she considered her inferiors, so, with a toss of her head, and a glance of mute contempt, she passed the poor man; although any one could see, from his flushed cheeks and shining eyes, that he was ill. She knew too, that, so strict was the discipline maintained amongst the soldiers, that if he left his post while on guard, he would be punished with death. But that was nothing to her.

"The idea! we shall never hear anything better than that!" exclaimed Mademoiselle Hilarie, haughtily, to her companion.

"But," replied the other, "the poor man looked so ill, or he would never have dared to speak to us."

"Oh, you are too ridiculous!" returned the haughty damsel. "If I were to do such a thing once, we should have all the 'canaille' in the place to wait upon. And as to being ill—well, that sort of creature is different to one of us, you know—coarser and stronger."

"Yes, I suppose you are right," returned the other, for she thought it grand to follow the lead of Mademoiselle Hilarie de St. Caux.

While this conversation was going on the poor soldier continued to appeal to the girls, one after another, as they passed him. Fortunately for him, there was one who had none of that false pride and cruelty which considers it a degradation to be kind and courteous to an inferior. And she was an English girl; she was only fifteen, and had been at the pension half a year.

"I will get you some if I can, my good man," she said, with a compassionate glance at his suffering face. And she immediately darted away from her companion, and tried to pass Madame unperceived.

This she did not succeed in doing, for Madame's eyes were very sharp, but she was able to accomplish her purpose; for Madame was so shocked and surprised at one of her demoiselles daring to leave her place without permission, that she stood almost petrified, and quite unable to speak for a minute or two.

In two minutes the kind-hearted girl was back again, with the coveted draught in her hand.

"Mademoiselle Elizabeth!" cried Madame, as the girl reappeared, "return to your place this instant! I am surprised at such conduct!"

"Yes, madame, directly," replied Elizabeth; but, running on, she quickly placed the vessel in the man's hand before she obeyed.

"Mademoiselle, you will come to me after the promenade to receive the just punishment of your disobedience and unladylike behaviour."

Elizabeth, who really did not wish to behave rudely to madame, received this rebuke with submission, resumed her place, and heard no more of the matter till they returned home.

But although she knew that there was a punishment in store for her, her heart glowed with the satisfaction which is always the reward of a good deed. "I suppose I ought to have explained to Madame first, though," she thought; "but I will tell her I am sorry I did not."

"Well, St. Elizabeth," said Mademoiselle Hilarie, in the evening, when they were in the "dortoir," "I should think you feel a great deal too good to associate with ordinary mortals such as we are. Tell us, now, what did the man say; did he not tell you you were an angel of goodness?"

"The man had no time to speak a word," returned Elizabeth, good-naturedly, "but he looked very grateful."

"Dear me, what fine feelings some people have," replied Mademoiselle Hilarie, scornfully; "you are rude to Madame, you get punished, every one in in the school who *is* any one thinks less of you for your conduct, and you are rewarded by a look."

"You make a mistake, mademoiselle," replied Elizabeth, with some spirit, "I did not wish for any reward, I do what I think right, and do not care what you think, for you are always unkind to the poorer people."

"I do not know whether you think it worth while to help a common soldier; I am sure I do not."

"My dear mother always taught me to be kind to everybody," replied Elizabeth, "and I am sure our Bible teaches us the same," she continued, decidedly, "so as nothing you can say would make me think anything else, we had better not talk any more about it."

The next day, Wednesday, as the girls passed out of the gate, when they started for their promenade, Elizabeth was startled to find that as she passed, some one had slipped a little roll into her hand.

Looking round, she perceived that the same soldier was on guard who had been there the day before. No one else was there. Her first impulse was to drop the scroll, her second to keep it, and then again she thought how displeased Madame would be if she accepted any communication in a secret manner.

"Poor man," she thought; "no doubt he wanted

to thank me, he looked extremely grateful; but it is against the rules, so I will not keep it." And when they came to a convenient place she dropped the paper, and it was soon trodden into the mud, so that whatever it might have contained no one would ever be able to read it now.

As they were returning, Elizabeth was surprised to find that the soldier was looking at her with a troubled and inquiring gaze.

"Has mademoiselle understood?" he asked, as she passed.

But Elizabeth could not reply, for it was not permitted for the girls to speak to any one. But she almost wished she had read the scroll, for Elizabeth was, like most girls of her age, very curious.

The next day was Thursday. Now Thursday was looked forward to by the whole school as a red-letter day, for madame permitted an old woman, who sold bon-bons, patés, and tarts, to come into the courtyard, and sell her wares to any girl who was sufficiently well provided with pocket-money to buy them.

"Does not the English demoiselle purchase anything of poor Mère Nanette?" asked the old woman.

"No, not to-day," replied Elizabeth.

"But mademoiselle will not refuse poor Mère Nanette," persisted the woman. And then, as the girls moved away from her, Nanette said, hurriedly, "Did mademoiselle read the scroll?"

"No; how did you know?" asked Elizabeth, wonderingly.

"Never mind, mademoiselle; but, believe me, you are in danger; trust in the gratitude of a poor soldier. Do not speak to any one about this——. So mademoiselle will not buy any more of poor Mère Nanette," continued the old tart-seller, almost in the same breath, as one of the girls came up; and she thrust some of her bon-bons into Elizabeth's hands, and hobbled out of the yard.

The next day was Friday. All day long Elizabeth had been thinking and thinking what this perplexing warning could mean.

The day was one of those still, sultry, quiet ones, when every sound seems to strike upon the ear with strange and unusual significance. A subdued murmur and stir, as of some important business, came through the dull heavy air all day. Monks and soldiers were continually passing to and fro, evidently occupied with something more than usual. Towards evening the sound of guns boomed through the air, this was followed by a tramp of soldiery; a hoarse murmur of many voices, with now and then a shout or a cry, and this gradually increased, till the tide of sound rolled in solemn and awful, with all the fury of a storm.

Shots, cries, shouts, filled the leaden atmosphere. All the girls, and Madame, with the domestics and teachers, were crowded together, trembling at they knew not what.

Poor Madame, indeed, had made a shrewd guess at the cause of the uproar, and her heart failed her.

She had sent out old Philippe, one of the domestics, to find out the cause of the tumult, but half an hour had passed, and he had not returned.

And now a hoarse cry came nearer and nearer, till at last it burst in all its terrible significance upon the group of frightened women and girls.

"Down with the Huguenots! Kill! kill them all!"

Then there was a battering at the gate of the courtyard—a crash, followed by more battering at the house door, a trampling of feet, a shouting, and the infuriated soldiers were among them.

Poor Elizabeth, gazing in helpless terror upon the awful scene that followed, heard a sudden whisper behind her—

"Fly, for life!"

With sudden hope she sprang to her feet, rushed down the great staircase, through the courtyard, and made for the street. Turning a terrified glance behind her (for she was pursued), she thought there was something familiar to her in the features of her pursuer.

A sudden hope dawned in her mind—this was the meaning of the warning she had had. In the street all was confusion and bloodshed, she did not know which way to turn. "Save me, save me!" she cried, stretching out imploring hands to the soldier.

But apparently he had forgotten her, and her appeal was useless, for it was met by a violent blow, which sent her senseless to the ground.

(To be continued).

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

7. In what way did King Josiah obtain money for the repair of the house of God at Jerusalem?

8. What effect did the destruction of the hosts of Assyria by an angel of God have upon the neighbouring nations?

9. Under what three heads does St. John include all manner of sin?

10. What proof have we of the early religious zeal of Josiah king of Judah?

11. In what way does St. Paul enforce the doctrine of contentment upon his hearers?

12. What two stones did the high-priest bear upon his shoulders when he ministered before the Lord—and what was engraven upon them?

AT PORTEL.

A SMALL dark face, but Time for once was kind,
And had but gently shown she was not young,
Her hair with silver was but faintly lined,
So deftly silver threads were drawn among.

The while she told her tale the soft eyes gazed,
Thus pleading silently, as eyes of brown
Can plead, till suddenly she both hands raised,
And thick and fast the gathered tears came down.

"Oh, Monsieur, it is sad, so sad!" she wept,
"She will not beg a sou herself. Ah no,
She in her grief has neither cried nor slept,
Nor does she notice when we come or go."

"But who *is she?*" And then the fish-wife told,
With quivering, sad voice, her tale of grief,
And sorrow for her friend but made her bold,
The while a prayer went heavenwards for relief.

"For oh so long, Monsieur, the boats were out,
And could take little—wind and sea were mad—
The fishers, sick at heart, turned helm about,
And made for home again, so worn so sad.

"Ah, Monsieur! we were poor, aye poor indeed;
But one young fisher, he was poorer yet,
His wife and children were in greater need,
For he fell ill, so could not hold a net.

"Poor fellow! one rough night we thought he slept,
When suddenly he started up and cried,
With such a cry! Monsieur, *you* would have wept
To hear that bitter cry—before he died.

"And she, his wife, sobs heart and strength away;
Poor soul! 'tis almost more than she can bear;
Ah well, she 'll find the pain is gone some day,
And she 'll have done with all this weary care.

"See, there she sits with Jean and little Paul;
Sometimes she stays down there all through the day——
Comment, Monsieur! you send her this—this all!
An angel must have led you down this way."

F. C. L. DOBSON.

LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE," ETC.

FOREIGN MISSIONS—(II.).

THE last decade of the eighteenth century—the same epoch which witnessed the horrors of anarchy and discord—was singularly rich in mission enterprise. Most of the great missionary organisations date from this period.

The Baptist Missionary Society, which sent out the famous Carey, who translated the Scriptures into thirty-five oriental dialects, was founded in 1792. It originated with a few Baptist ministers in Northamptonshire, who at their first meeting could only collect £13 2s. 6d.

The London Missionary Society was established in 1795. Its earlier missions were directed, with varying success, to the South Pacific Islands. To it belonged the Rev. John Williams, who was killed by the natives of Erromanga, out of revenge for wrongs inflicted on them by whites who had previously visited their island. But to the London Missionary Society belongs the honour of sending to China in 1807 its first Protestant missionary, the Rev. Robert Morrison. At first he thought that it would be wise to adopt the dress and manners of a native, and so walked about in a Chinese frock, with thick Chinese shoes, kept his hair in a pig-tail, allowed his nails to grow, and ate his dinner with chopsticks. But he was soon convinced that by making himself different from other foreigners at Canton he only excited a jealousy as to the object of his presence, so he returned to his European attire. He had to work strenuously to learn the language, which natives were forbidden to teach to strangers. To assist him in this pursuit he took a position in the English factory in China. He thought no labour too careful which would secure him a thorough knowledge of a language whose complications may be guessed from a funny story told by an American missionary of later times. He says he found a family in mourning for their grandmother, and being anxious to learn something about Chinese burial rites, he attempted to ask if the body had been buried. He saw something had gone wrong, and repeated his question, only to make matters worse. Mutual explanations revealed his mistake. Instead of using the word Tâi, which means to bury, he had used T'âi, to kill. He had asked the mourners if they had killed their grandmother! Amid difficulties such as these Morrison translated the four Gospels, the later Epistles, and the Book of Revelation, in less than seven years, which, added to an ancient MS. translation of the Acts and the Pauline Epistles, made a perfect Chinese New Testament.

The great Church Missionary Society, which now has missions in every part of the globe, began its work in 1799, sending its first messengers to Sierra Leone, "the white man's grave." And in 1810 America herself entered the field of organised missions, led thereto by a band of students at Andover, one of whom, the Rev. Adoniram Judson, himself went to Burmah, where, during the war between that country and England, he and his wife, as whites, underwent almost incredible sufferings.

The part taken in the world's work by these missionaries is often scarcely realised. Their bleeding feet tread down obstacles that others may follow on smoother roads. Languages learned by them, are imparted with tolerable ease to many who could never attack the native Babel. They have not only taken

out the Gospel, they have brought knowledge home. The greatest missionaries have often been the most careful to do this. William Carey, the great Oriental translator, studied botany and natural history, made the best botanical collection in the East, and stocked a museum with shells, corals, and minerals. Many missionaries' names may be found on the pages of scientific journals, as contributors of useful facts which lie far out of sight of ordinary naturalists. As a great writer of to-day has said: "A missionary, like every other human being, ought to have his leisure hours, and if these leisure hours are devoted to scientific pursuits, to the study of the languages, or the literature of the people among whom he lives, to a careful description of the scenery and antiquities of the country, the manners, laws, and customs of its inhabitants, their legends, their national poetry, or popular stories, or, again, to any branch of natural science, he may rest assured that he is not neglecting the sacred trust which he accepted, but is only bracing and invigorating his mind, and keeping it from stagnation."

Think what missionaries have done towards opening up the great unknown continent of Africa! Let us dwell a moment on the career of Robert Moffat, who left his lowly Scotch home at the age of twenty, who battled with the Governor of the Cape for permission to go outside the colony, who refused any post which, however it secured his personal safety, might mix him up with politics; and who, while waiting for the delayed permit, learned Dutch, that he might preach to the Böers. The chief upon whose conversion Moffat had set his heart was so notoriously cruel, that when the youth was at last free to start on his errand, the kindly Christian Hottentots wept over him, saying, "He was so young to be eaten up by that monster!" But the Christian lad conquered; the fierce chief was his first convert, and became his devoted friend. Afterwards, Moffat advanced into the country of the Bechuanas, where he remained many years. One can imagine the awfully wild and lonesome life, the horrors of native warfare. But the missionary had a true wife by his side, he had his violin to soothe him, and many resources to occupy his mind, and keep the overstrained bow from breaking. And church and school were built, and the translation of the Scriptures went on, and the naked savages donned clothing. By 1840 the New Testament was complete, Moffat returned to England to get it printed, and went back to Africa with thousands of volumes, and with David Livingstone, the great explorer of the future.

Livingstone, also a Scotchman of humble birth, first settled at a station near the Transvaal, but the squabbles of the Transvaal drove him away, and drove him on and on, until at last he made his famous journey across Africa. In 1843 he married one of Dr. Moffat's daughters. When he revisited England, in 1856, he greatly revived interest in Africa, and after this visit and its results, commissioned by the Government of the day to inquire into and report on the slave-trade, he again set forth on his lonely work of African exploration. Afterwards, in company with sixteen released slaves, he made a voyage to India, and during his stay there put his companions to school, and returned to England for a short time, went back to fetch them, resumed his explorings, disappeared from European sight for some time, was met in the interior by Stanley, and shortly afterwards died in the wilderness. In the words of Sir Bartle Frere, "he desired to solve the most difficult problem of African geography, simply as a necessary preliminary to letting light into the heart of Africa. He knew that the traveller must precede both the merchant and the missionary."

His father-in-law, Robert Moffat, remained at his post till 1870, only leaving it after fifty-four years of hard labour in some of its most trying fields. Calmly surveying his past life, he says, "Bearing in remembrance what our Saviour underwent, we persevered, and much success has rewarded our efforts."

We must close our picture of this part of God's vineyard with but a slight sketch of two of its labourers: choosing the one, because words of his are sung wherever men meet to think of missions, and the other, because he has won a true martyr's crown within the memory of the youngest among us.

Reginald Heber had a calm and sunny life. He was born to affluence, and he was of a sweet and lovable temperament. He was distinguished at Oxford, and in early life he did good work in literature and as a country pastor. "Greenland's Icy Mountains" was written before he was personally engaged in mission work. It happened that in 1819 a royal letter was granted, authorising collections to be made in every church and chapel in England for the benefit of the Society for Propagating the Gospel. Mr. Heber went to Wrexham to hear the Dean of St. Asaph preach on the occasion. The dean desired a suitable hymn, and Mr. Heber's poetic talent being known, he was desired to supply the want. The hymn now so familiar to us all, was thus sung for the first time in the cathedral of St. Asaph. In 1843, Heber, who had long taken a special interest in India, was invited to the see of Calcutta. Twice he declined the offer, and then, fearing he had done wrong, he accepted it, and arrived in India in 1823. He instantly set out on a visitation which was to embrace the whole continent. Once, voyaging with a detachment of sick soldiers on board, he proposed that he and a brother clergyman should alternately read prayers to them, nor would he give up his share of the duty, saying that "he had too little of these pastoral duties." He was "instant in season and out of season," attracting all hearts and straining every nerve in his Master's service, when that Heavenly Master saw fit suddenly to call him to Himself.

A more romantic glow rests on the life of John Coleridge Patteson. His father was Sir John Patteson, a judge, his mother was a niece of the poet

Coleridge. He was born in London, and was a good, clever child, "puzzling his brains as to what became of the fish during the Flood," and early declaring that he would be a clergyman. When Bishop Selwyn of New Zealand came to say good-bye to the Pattesons, he said, "Lady Patteson, will you give me Coley?" The words proved prophetic. He was educated at Eton, where he made a brave and successful stand against some objectionable practices introduced at entertainments there. From Eton he went to Oxford. Then, taking orders, he undertook pastoral work in a village in Devonshire, the people of which scarcely forgave Bishop Selwyn when he returned to England and, by rekindling the flame of mission ardour in young Patteson, robbed them of their beloved clergyman. In 1858 he started for Auckland. He did not pass the voyage idly; besides teaching and helping the emigrants on board ship, he busied himself with carpentering and other arts which might prove useful in the future. Once landed, he threw himself into his work with enthusiasm. He really loved his people: to him they were not barbarians, but fellow-creatures, who wanted done for them, as he said, "what parents do for their children," adding, "this descends to the smallest matters—washing, scrubbing, sweeping, all actions of personal cleanliness, introducing method and order, habits of industry, regularity, giving just notions of exchange, barter, trade, management of criminals, and division of labour." After such a statement of duty, well might he ask "Who is sufficient for it?" His superior, Bishop Selwyn, writes of him, "Coley is the right man in the right place . . . his freedom from fastidiousness makes all parts of the work easy to him, for when you have to teach boys how to wash themselves and to wear clothes for the first time, the romance of missionary work disappears as completely as a great man's heroism before his valet de chambre."

He became Bishop of Melanesia in 1869, and at once set to work at a visitation of the islands composing his see. He knew there was danger, for some missionaries had been killed just before. One of his great ideas was to form centres for independent native missionary effort, saying, "We cannot be to these people what a well-instructed countryman may be; he brings the teaching to them in a practical and intelligible form." He established settlements at favourable points, and persevered in his voyages. The records of the last two years of his life are varied by a running protest against the increasing kidnapping to Fiji and Queensland. The wretches engaged in this traffic actually used the bishop's name as a trap, saying, "The bishop is ill, and has sent us to bring you to him." No names were painted on their vessels, and the natives could neither catch nor pronounce the names of their captains.

Early in 1871 Bishop Patteson started on his last voyage. Everywhere were tokens of the kidnapper. The bishop fully recognised his danger. On the 19th of September he wrote to his old friend, Bishop Selwyn, "What will the next few days bring forth?" On the morning of the 20th, as the mission ship neared Nupaku, he spoke to his companions of the death of Stephen. He had many presents to take on shore, and, getting into his boat, was soon surrounded by canoes, into one of which he was invited to step. He landed, and was lost to the sight of his friends in the boat, upon whom the natives instantly let fly their arrows. All in the boat were wounded, and rowed back to the ship with great difficulty, only to return as soon as possible, to search for the bishop. A canoe drifted towards them: in it was his lifeless body, rolled in a native mat, "the placid smile still on the face." He had been slain by clubs—a victim, in truth, not to native cruelty, but to the vile cupidity of his own countrymen, who had made his name and his message a byword and a terror among those for whom he lived, and for whom he died. Let us hope that his death will more speedily accomplish what he prayed for in life—the extinction of an abominable slave trade, none the more just or merciful because it is called by another name.

These are some among the labourers who have worked in the far corners of their Lord's vineyard—"in journeyings often, in perils of water, in perils of robbers, in perils of their own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren." The apostle's description will suit all mission work down to what is being quietly done to-day, and which we may help by words, by deeds, and by prayers.

THE ERRORS OF ISLAM.

NO sight leaves such a lasting impression upon the traveller in the East as the Muhammadan at prayer. In foreign countries the dress and carriage of the people naturally attract the English eye; but in time the mind becomes accustomed to the varieties of costume, and looks for the swarthy skin or the Mongolian features as a matter of course.

Out in the far West, where the frontier towns are near the Indian reserves, it is a striking sight to see a party of Indians still clad after the notions of their tribe. But the buffalo robe is now replaced by the scarlet blanket; the deer-skin mocassin is now made of cloth, or leather tanned by civilised art; the plume of feathers has gone; and now the scalp-lock is usually hidden beneath a felt hat; but for all this, there is sufficient savagery to attract attention. And as the party wander through the streets they are a spectacle

for the loiterers, and every one—though the sight is by no means novel—is interested in the group. How do they live? What do they want? What are they thinking of?—are the questions asked around, and not answered. If the traveller still go West, he would leave America by San Francisco, and in rather more than three weeks would find himself in Japan. For the first few days he is filled with curiosity; all is novel. But in a little time the eye becomes accustomed to the uniform dress—the large baggy sleeves, the clan crests, the white linen socks, the high pattens. After one has watched the polite greeting, the repeated bowing and prostration, the novelty wears off; and the same questions as the settlers ask concerning the Indians, rise for an answer. What are these busy, pleasant people thinking about? What do they believe? What are the ways of their inner man?

So, too, the same questions seek to be answered in all countries round the world. But amongst Muhammadan people and the Parsees, interest is very greatly intensified by the fact that they pray in public, almost offering as it were an answer to the question which seeks to know the concerns of their hearts. It is a sight not to be forgotten, to see, in Eastern countries, at the sun-down, Muhammadans of all grades, with faces towards Mecca, engaged in their evening prayer. The repeating of the prescribed formula occupies twenty-five minutes. This is by no means the sole devotion of the Muslim—the Koran requires the faithful to pray five times a day; but four of these times are so close together, that the four can be performed at once—when the sun has begun to decline, midway between this time and the setting, a few minutes after the sun has set, and when night has closed in. The fifth time of prayer is from dawn to sunrise.

The faithful are called to prayer by the Muazzin, who in small mosques stands at the door, but in larger mosques the cry is made from the minaret:

God is great, God is great,
God is great, God is great.
I bear witness that there is no God but God.
I bear witness that there is no God but God.
I bear witness that Muhammad is the apostle of God.
I bear witness that Muhammad is the apostle of God.
Come to prayers, come to prayers.
Come to salvation, come to salvation.
God is great.
There is no other God but God.
Prayers are better than sleep.

Millions upon millions in Turkey, Syria, Egypt, India, Arabia, and the East, obey the call. What an apparent fulfilment of the prophecy, "He shall live, and unto him shall be given of the gold of Arabia: prayer shall be made ever unto Him, and daily shall He be praised." But do the Muslims pray? No! All their devotion is but vain repetition, it is not the outpouring of the wants of the heart to a personal God. They merely repeat many times over certain sentences. These the Koran requires to be said in Arabic. So that the Afghans and Indian Muhammadans only repeat sounds, of the meaning of which most of them know nothing. Every worshipper must turn his face towards Mecca, or rather towards the the Kaba, or Qibla, which is a square stone building in the centre of the great mosque at Mecca, which contains the *black stone*, a stone which Muslims say was originally white, but became black by reason of the sins of those who have kissed it.

Standing with his face towards Mecca, and his hands hanging down by his sides, he says:—

I have purposed to offer up to God only, with a sincere heart this morning, with my face Qibla-wards, two rakats—

or forms of prayer. He now touches the lobes of the ears with his thumbs, and holds his face as it were between his open hands, and cries—

God is great!

he now places his right hand on his left upon his waist-band, and looking on the ground in self abasement, says:—

Holiness to thee, O God,
And praise be to Thee.
Great is Thy name;
Great is Thy greatness.
There is no deity but Thee.

After other similar ejaculations he repeats the first chapter of the Koran.

Praise be to God of all the worlds:
The compassionate, the merciful;
King on the day of reckoning,
Thee only do we worship and to Thee only do we cry for help.
Guide Thou us in the straight path
The path of those to whom thou hast been gracious;
With whom thou art not angry,
And who go not astray—Amen.

After this the worshipper may say as many chapters of the Koran as he chooses, but he must repeat one long or two short verses.

He now kneels down, or rather sits upon his heels, his hands are upon his thighs, and the fingers parted a little, and says:—

God is great.
I extol the holiness of my Lord the great.

This he repeats thrice; he then rises erect, and repeats—

God hears him who praises him,
O Lord, Thou art praised.

As he is dropping down on his knees again, he says—

God is great.

As he touches the ground, first with his nose, then with his forehead, he thrice repeats—

I extol the holiness of my God the most high.

Sinking back again upon his heels, and placing his hands upon his thighs, as before—

God is great.

Prostrating himself—

God is great.

And whilst prostrate upon his carpet, he thrice repeats—

I extol the holiness of my Lord the most high,

Then sitting again, with—

God is great,

ends one form of prayer or *rakat*.

Having repeated this whole form twice, he sits upon his left foot, and with his hands upon his knees, says—

The adorations of the tongue are for God, and also the adorations of the body, and almsgiving.
Peace be on thee, O Prophet, with the mercy of God.
Peace be upon us, and upon God's righteous servants.

Then raising the first finger of the right hand—

I testify there is no deity but God.
And I testify that Muhammad is the servant of God, and the messenger of God.
O God, have mercy upon Muhammad, and on his descendants.
Thou art to be praised, and thou art great.
O God, bless Muhammad, and his descendants, as Thou didst bless Abraham and his descendants.
Thou art to be praised, and Thou art great.
O God, our Lord, give us the blessings of this life, and also of life everlasting.
Save us from the torments of fire.

Then he salams; and turning his head to the right, he says—

"The peace and mercy of God be with you."

And this he repeats, turning his head round to the left.

At the close of his prayer he raises his hands to heaven to catch a blessing, they are afterwards drawn over the face in order to transfer it to every part of the body. A faithful Muslim will daily go at least thirty-six times through these forms of prayer.

The prayers never change, no matter what may be the condition of the worshipper; and if they are said in a mosque, all the worshippers keep time—rising, kneeling, and salaming together.

It will be seen that this is but mechanical repetition; and since it is meritorious, and the habit of generations, the people still persist in the arduous task.

All false religions have favoured mechanical modes of reaching their heavens. It is only the religion of Christ which requires "truth in the inward parts," and commands the sanctification of the spirit, and the surrender of the heart.

Islam—which is the name for the religion of Muhammad—teaches that God has sent six great prophets into the world, each one brought a revelation from heaven, which superseded all that was before it. These lawgivers, who were sent by God to convert the world to the true religion, were Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and Muhammad. Thus, Muslims hold that the Koran—which is the revelation vouchsafed to Muhammad—is the last word of God to the world, and supersedes the Bible. They say that Jesus foretold the coming of Muhammad; but that we have obliterated all mention of their prophet from the pages of the New Testament.

Considerable reference is made in the Koran to the leading events of our Lord's life and ministry. But His crucifixion is denied; it being asserted that the Jews crucified another person, supposing him to be the Messiah. It professes to accept the Old Testament—

We believe in God (it says), and that which was sent down unto us, and that which was sent down unto Ibrahim and Ismail, and Ishag and Yaqub, and the tribes, and that which was delivered to Moses and the Prophets from the Lord, and we make no distinction between any of them.

The fundamental doctrine of the Atonement, the remission of sins through the sacrifice of Jesus Christ, is no part of the faith of a Muslim. His hopes of heaven turn upon the repetition of prayers, or ejaculations, on the giving of alms, on fasting in the month Ramazan, on making a pilgrimage to Mecca, and in the intercession of the prophet. The hopes of the success and process of such intercession are well given in one of the many traditions, which hand down orally the sayings of Muhammad. These traditions are received as part of "the rule of Muslim faith." From the following tradition it will be seen Muhammad admits all the prophets of God to have been sinners except Jesus. It is given thus :—

The prophet of God said—"In the day of resurrection Musalmans will not be able to move, and they will be greatly distressed, and will say—Would to God we had asked Him to create some one to intercede for us, that we might be taken from this place, and be delivered from tribulation and sorrow."

Then these men will go to Adam, and will say—"Thou art the father of all men, God created thee with His hand and made thee a dweller in paradise, and ordered His angels to prostrate themselves before thee, and taught thee the names of all things, ask grace for us, we pray thee."

And Adam will say—"I am not of that degree of eminence you suppose, for I committed a sin in eating of the tree which was forbidden. Go to Noah, the prophet, he was the first who was sent by God to the unbelievers on the face of the earth."

Then they will go to Noah, and ask for intercession, and he will say—"I am not of that degree which ye suppose." And he will remember the sin which he committed in asking the Lord for the deliverance of his son (Hud), not knowing whether it was a right request or not. And he will say—"Go to Abraham, who is the friend of God."

Then they will go to Abraham, and he will say—"I am not of that degree which ye suppose." And he will remember the three occasions upon which he told lies in the world. And he will say—"Go to Moses, who is the servant to whom God gave His law, and whom He allowed to converse with Him."

And they will go to Moses, and Moses will say—"I am not of that degree which ye suppose." And he will remember the sin which he committed in slaying a man. And he will say—"Go to Jesus, he is the servant of God, the Apostle of God, the Spirit of God, and the Word of God."

Then they will go to Jesus, and He will say—"Go to Muhammad, who is a servant, whose sins God has forgiven both first and last."

Then the Musalmans will come to me, and I will ask permission to go into God's presence and intercede for them.

The process by which the Muhammadan reaches his heaven is a mechanical one. The Koran provides for no sanctity of heart, and the rules which guide the morals of life are loose. There is almost no

condition of life under which the Koran does not hold it to be allowable to tell a lie. The laws of marriage, too, are so wide as to practically lead to deep immorality. The Koran allows a Muslim to have four wives—free women, and any number of female slaves. The prophet even sanctioned marriages for a limited period. Every woman is required to bring to her husband a dowry, and this dowry is in reality the only tie which binds the will of the husband, for he cannot divorce his wife unless he return to her the dowry. As the wife is considered the property of the husband, she is so treated, and he can send her adrift by the sentence, "Thou art divorced."

The result of this pernicious legislation has been to degrade women to the lowest slavery, and to deny to the millions of Muhammadan people that softening and inspiring influence which God intended should emanate from women. It is probably to these two causes—the ease with which justification can be found for breaking an oath, or relating falsehood, and the debasement of women—that Muhammadan rule has invariably cursed the peoples over whom it has been extended.

No one who takes even a superficial glance at the history and belief of Islam can fail to be struck with the marvellous sagacity of the great false prophet, who managed to concoct a system which so powerfully appeals to the prominent features of the Eastern character; and when we remember how in centuries past the inspirations of the Koran filled with fanatic fury the hosts of the Turks, and Saracens, and Moors, and everywhere east and west their arms were victorious, and that to-day, although the fire of that fury has burnt out, yet it possesses individuals with strange force, and coerces them to acts of self denial, we must admit truly they are "zealously affected," if "not well." We have seen their "long prayers," but think of the toils of the pilgrimage to Mecca, and the fast of the month Ramazan—a fast in which is perpetuated the rigid fast of the Lent of the sixth century, but Muhammad fixed its limit at thirty instead of forty days. The times have changed, and with them the Christian fast, but Ramazan is as strictly kept as ever.

If the fasting month happens to fall during the hot season, the prohibition to drink even a drop of water must be "a burden too heavy to be borne," although by keeping the fast all past venial sins will be pardoned. The fast is required to be absolute, not, like the Roman Catholic fasts, mere abstinence from this or that kind of food, but neither food nor drink passes the lips from sunrise to sunset. When we consider this capability of endurance, this wonderful self-restraint and religious fervour, we cannot but regret that it should be wasted by running in such a channel, and not enlisted in the cause of that Saviour whom the false prophet professes to receive, and yet denies.

For many years it has been supposed that no Musalman was ever converted to Christianity, indeed, one of our bishops made a statement a short time ago to this effect. But the great promise, "If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto me," has not been proved powerless among the Muhammadans. In north-west India no fewer than five magistrates are converts from Islam. Three of them are able writers upon Christian and controversial subjects. At Peshawar there is a native clergyman doing great work amongst the Afghans, who himself was a Musalman, and if we had more men of the devotion and mental calibre of the Rev. T. P. Hughes—from whose "Notes on Muhammadanism" this paper is chiefly taken—the standard of the Cross would soon make visible headway against the power of the Crescent. But when it is borne in mind that the Eastern intellect is subtle and keen, and the religion professed founded upon an authority which was devised to supersede Christianity, and yet in one sense to acknowledge it, it will become at once evident that only those men who are thorough masters of the subject and also of the native tongue, can hope to have any chance of coping with the mullahs—the Musalman doctors of the law.

But although such men can be counted by units, still the press is coming to aid the propagation of the true faith, and controversial works of a highly satisfactory character, and which will be read with respect by the leaders of Muhammadan thought, are now being circulated; and sooner or later the good seed will bring forth much fruit. God grant it may!

H. Martyn Hart, M.A.

A SONG OF THE HARVEST.

'TIS harvest-tide, and a tremulous quiver
Ripples across the broad seas of grain;
The breezes whisper the news to the river,
That harvest time has come again!
And the river, rapt in its secret, hushes,
Then carries its tale to the swaying rushes,
Who nod their heads in solemn pride;
But the listening birds that round them throng
Break blithely forth in joyous song—
"Hurrah for the ripe corn far and wide!
Hurrah for the golden harvest-tide!"

At eventide glad earnest voices
Unite in chorus pure and strong:
The weary son of toil rejoices,
And the children join the harvest song:
Until when the ruddy sunset flushes
Die out in the west, the chorus hushes,
And a chant of praise for wants supplied
Goes up to Him who gives the grain;
And then all hearts break forth again—
"Thank God for the ripe corn far and wide!
Thank God for the joyous harvest-tide!"

G. Weatherly.

THE WHITE ROSE OF WHITELAKE.

BY ANNE BEALE, AUTHOR OF "THE PENNANT FAMILY."

CHAPTER V.

TWO SUMMONSES.

MR. WYNNE was at breakfast when Rose was ushered into his room. He pushed back his large arm-chair, and got up to receive her. Having shaken hands with her, he drew a chair similar to his own close to a huge fire, and begged her to be seated. She felt even more shy than usual at being placed opposite him, with the breakfast-table on one side, the fire on the other, and nothing between but the hearth-rug and a Scotch terrier asleep upon it. He was a tall, thin, white-haired, pale-faced gentleman—really a gentleman—both in the conventional and literal sense. But this did not hinder his being dyspeptic; perhaps it aided and abetted that unhappy condition of mind and body. He had a hasty, nervous manner, caused, in part, by his dislike to give offence, and this showed itself when he began to speak to Rose.

"Excuse me, Miss Mervyn. I hope you will excuse me for taking the liberty of sending for you without previously asking your permission; but I am quite upset and annoyed by these unseemly proceedings, not only of the Rebeccaites, but of our own people—I assure you it makes me ill. I could not rest until my daughter-in-law had finished breakfast; she is always late, you know, so I take mine alone. I prefer it. By the way, I hope the children don't annoy you. They are fine children in the main, but noisy, very noisy, indeed." He paused.

"Oh no, sir," said Rose, seeing that she was expected to reply.

"Very glad to hear it. I shall owe you a debt of gratitude if you succeed in keeping them quiet. I wished to ask you before my son comes to me, what your good father thinks of last night's proceedings. My son returned very angry indeed—very angry—and declares he will proceed against young Johnnes for threatening Madoc the corporal. I was too anxious to go to bed; and our worthy vicar—a most excellent man—kindly remained with me. May I ask, without intruding on your family affairs, what your father thinks?"

"He laughs at the whole affair, sir," replied Rose.

"Ah, I thought so. He is a sensible man," said Mr. Wynne, gently chafing his thin, white hands before the fire. "He likes peace, and so do I, Miss Mervyn—so do I. Does he think young Johnnes should be summoned? Do you think so? You know him, and appear to be a discreet young lady. Very discreet indeed, I may say."

Rose felt the blood rush to her face, though her white cheeks betrayed no sign of colour. She could not understand why every one spoke to her of Alfred Johnnes, and she wished they would not. However, she replied, timidly, "I think he is fond of fun, sir, and wanted to frighten old Madoc; he did not know that the special constables were there."

"Just so, Miss Mervyn. Quite my opinion. I shall tell my son what you say. I am sure we are fortunate in securing so discreet and accomplished a young lady for those very obstreperous children. I hope the little girls will acquire your manners, I am sure. But then your mother has singularly good manners, very good indeed. I always hold her up as a pattern of breeding.

"Thank you, sir," said Rose, a sweet smile moving her lips, and giving lustre to her eyes, for she was not accustomed to hear her mother thus appreciated.

Mr. Wynne looked at her with interest, but returned to his original subject at once.

"Would you mind asking your father, as a personal favour to me, to persuade my son to use mild measures in these disturbed times. I know the people better than he does. They may be led, but not driven; you understand me, Miss Mervyn? I am deprived of my usual sleep, and am totally without appetite, on account of threatening letters, the grave in the park, and all these disturbances; and upon my word, I scarcely think one's life is safe, though our excellent vicar assures me that I need not entertain this fear. Are you afraid, Miss Mervyn? Is your mother at all nervous?"

"I fear more for Egain than for any one else, sir. I do not know what would become of her if they pulled down Llansant turnpike."

"Very considerate indeed. Then you will feel equally for me, who am really not—well not quite strong—and prevail on your father to influence my son. Hark! I am afraid this is my son, and before his usual time."

The door opened, and Mrs. Philipps Wynne appeared.

"Ah, my dear, it is you! Good morning! How well you look! I took the liberty of sending for this young lady, just to inquire about last night; the opinion of her father is everything to me, for he knows the state of the country. I trust the children have been behaving well during her absence."

"They were making such a riot that I have just been to see what was the matter, and Virginie told me Miss Mervyn was here," replied Mrs. Wynne, nodding to Rose, who got up when she came in.

She was a lady below the middle height, dark,

"Composedly walked by her side through the village."—*p.* 42.

high-complexioned, and not quite so a fine a lady as her father-in-law a gentleman. Indeed, she sometimes affected his nerves by speaking with a loud decision that he did not understand. Still, she was good-natured, and, provided she was able fill her house with company, did not interfere with him. Considering the house, servants, and Manor were his, this was, certainly, the least she could do.

"Have you anything more to say, sir?" asked Rose, perceiving that Mrs. Wynne expected her to depart.

"If he has, Miss Mervyn, I think it had better be deferred," said Mrs. Wynne, decidedly. "Why, your breakfast is quite cold, and Jones has left the cozy off your teapot! My dear sir, you should not interrupt your breakfast."

"I should not, indeed, my dear, with my digestion," sighed Mr. Wynne. "But it is a choice between two evils—two evils. I will not detain you longer, Miss Mervyn. I am greatly obliged to you—greatly obliged."

He rose to shake hands, when his son came in. He was slightly confused as he began to account again for Rose's appearance, but Mr. Philipps Wynne cut him short, by addressing his wife, and telling her that breakfast had been waiting half an hour, and that they were getting later and later every day. When he perceived Rose, however, he also began to talk of Alfred Johnnes, to her great annoyance. He was a genuine Welshman, choleric and independent, and was as resolute as his father was timid.

"Good morning, Miss Mervyn. What has become of your father? I have just been looking for him, and can't find him. What does he think of Alfred Johnnes?"

"My father was at home when I left," replied Rose.

"After all, Rebecca was ten miles away last night, and actually destroyed New Inn gate, while everybody, abroad and at home, expected her here. What verdict do you think the cowardly jury have pronounced in the case of the old woman who was surely murdered at Tygwyn? They have brought it in 'suffusion of blood on the brain.' And I'll answer for it, the poor soul had no brain."

"Oh, Philipps, you are unjust to the poor woman, you are indeed. I have seen her, and a very civil-spoken woman she was. I dare say the jury were right."

"They were a shocking set of cowards, and we haven't a man with a conscience, gentle or simple, in the county. I, at least, won't yield a jot to them."

"Perhaps you had better return to the children," said Mrs. Wynne to Rose, and she gladly escaped.

In spite of his father and Mr. Mervyn's remonstrances, Philipps Wynne summoned Alfred Johnnes for using threatening language to Madoc the corporal. He also summoned many of his specials as witnesses, Mr. Mervyn amongst them, as well as the corporal. He got nothing but ill-repute for his pains. There was no one but Madoc who had seen Alfred Johnnes, and while boldly swearing to this fact, he declared that he knew the young man well, and that it was all a hoax. Mr. Mervyn was the only other witness who acknowledged to having even recognised his voice, and the charge was considered as not sufficiently substantiated. In truth, the magistrates, with the single exception of Philipps Wynne, were as much frightened as the farmers, and glad to let the young man off.

Alfred Johnnes himself appeared bold and unconcerned, and laughed at the whole affair, just as he had done at all the scrapes he had got into ever since he was born.

He managed to fall in with Rose as he rode homewards after his case had been dismissed. She had passed the turnpike and the cut to the lake, so, had she wished to escape from him, she could not have managed it. He dismounted, as usual, and composedly walked by her side through the village, and as far as the by-road with its hawthorn hedges that led to her home. He was reckoned the best-looking young man in the parish, and was greatly admired by the fair sex. He was over thirty, and had, therefore, had some experience of female adulation, which, together with his mother's injudicious training, had tended to give him a good opinion of himself. But Philipps Wynne did not admire him as much as did the ladies. Indeed, they had had so many passes at arms on so many subjects, that they cordially disliked one another. But for the old squire, Johnnes would have been summoned more than once before for fishing in preserved waters, and shooting preserved game; and the worldly-wise advised him to be more cautious, and to keep a civiller tongue in his head.

"It has been a great cry and little wool, Miss Mervyn," said he to Rose. "They were all on my side. I mustn't ride a white horse any more, or all the country will take me for Rebecca. How fast you walk! Why, Snowball can't keep up with you."

"I am in a hurry. It was a pity you should have played such a trick, and Egain so ill," returned Rose, meaningly. "You used to be kind to Egain and old Madoc."

Johnnes frowned, for he did not like the hit. He had spent much of his time a few years previously at the turnpike with the corporal, listening to his stories of the battles he had fought. Egain was then a bright, handsome girl, about his own age, and they, too, had been on familiar terms.

"Egain wants rousing. Dr. Griffiths says she gives way," he said, after a pause.

"Dr. Griffiths told mother, on the contrary, that she wants quiet," returned Rose. "We think that if the rioters really came to Llansant gate they would kill her. We would have her with us but she will not leave her parents."

"Why do you call them *rioters*, Miss Mervyn?"

"Because they make a riot."

"At any rate, they do good with their rioting, as you call it. More than half the gates will be put

down, and the poor won't have to pay their last farthing for bringing home a hundred of coal in a donkey-cart."

"And the rick-burning, and the anonymous letters, and the effigies, and the pretended ghosts, Mr. Alfred? Surely people who work by night to do mischief are cowards!"

"I call them brave men, Miss Mervyn, who put down abuses, whether by night or by day. Thank your father, with my compliments, for swearing to my voice."

"He could not help it, you know, because he heard old Madoc call you by name, and heard all you said distinctly. He was very sorry, and I scarcely think he would have done it but for mother."

"I wish there were no such things as mothers. They plague the life out of one. I wouldn't have yours for a thousand pounds; and mine's such a scrade that she can get no one to live with her."

As he said this they reached the turning, and Rose, with an indignant glance and hasty good evening, left the young man, who re-mounted, set spurs to his horse, and tore up the hill.

CHAPTER VI.

THE VICAR AND THE BISHOP.

When Rose reached home she found Mr. Edwardes with her mother, who had for many years felt her greatest consolation and support in conversation with her pastor. He was a remarkable man, though not what is called "a model clergyman," by people who would have their parish parson made to order after some pattern of their own. He was plain and outspoken both in public and private discourse, and was never known to flinch from what he considered his duty from any fear of persons. He was, moreover, an eloquent and powerful preacher.

It was rumoured that his reputation had reached the ears of the bishop, and his flock trembled lest he should leave them for some more important cure. But he was not ambitious, and was quite content with Llansant, the income of which was barely one hundred and fifty pounds per annum, the greater portion of which he spent amongst the poor. He was not yet forty years of age, but was accounted a confirmed bachelor, and what was still more remarkable, he had never been suspected of an attachment to any young lady.

"My heart is in my sacred calling," he would say, when friends jested, as friends will; yea, even the clerical: for all enjoy the relaxation of an occasional joke.

In addition to his parochial duties, Mr. Edwardes had undertaken to prepare his nephew for college. This had led Mrs. Mervyn to sound her husband concerning his plans for their son; and finding he had none beyond work at Llynhafod, she had, by a perseverance irritating to him, induced him, with much difficulty, to ask Mr. Edwardes to receive and instruct him with Edgar. She had herself taught him up to this stage of the educational ladder. Being a woman of determination, she afterwards gained, by quiet resolution rather than influence, another advantage over husband and son, and managed that her idol, Llewellen, should go with Edgar Edwardes to college.

But she knew full well that Llewellen pined for a military life; and, even could a commission have been procured for him, she would never have given her consent to his entering the army. She was aware that a commission was out of the question without either influence or money, and she had, of course told him so. He had submitted cheerfully. But now that the soldiers had actually arrived in South Wales, and were quartered in the county town, she dreaded lest the fever might return, and her son be even tempted to enlist. He must encounter them, for they were on the track of the Rebeccaites, and summoned to suppress them. She only prayed that Llansant gate might be spared, and the red-coats kept from the immediate neighbourhood. It was to Madoc the corporal's stories of battles and sieges that her boy's military ardour was in part due, and she owed him a grudge for his influence.

It was of these important matters she and Mr. Edwardes were talking when Rose joined them. He merely smiled at the fair girl when she entered, and pursued the subject; but it was instantly changed by Mrs. Mervyn, when shortly afterwards her husband came in.

"Mr. Edwardes brings an invitation," she said, hastily.

"I want some of you to come with me to the opening of Llangoch church on Friday next," said Mr. Edwardes to Mervyn. "The bishop is to preach in Welsh. He, an Englishman, has taught himself our language, to remove a blot on our Church."

"Why can't we have Welsh bishops?" grumbled Mervyn; "I do not like the English well enough to care to hear him."

"Oh, father!" ejaculated Rose, glancing at her mother, "I am to have a holiday on Friday; I should like to hear the bishop. Father—mother—I wish we could all go! Do come for once, dear mother!"

Mrs. Mervyn shook her head. She had never been five miles from Llansant since her marriage.

"I suppose there is to be preachifying all day," said Mr. Mervyn. "When do you preach, Edwardes?"

"I am to preach in the evening," returned the vicar, modestly. "There are to be two sermons. Jenkins of Penycraig is to preach the first."

"He will be an hour and half, you an hour, the service half an hour, the singing nobody knows how long; we shouldn't get home till midnight."

"I am afraid that it will be late," returned Mr. Edwardes. "But you will be spiritually benefited."

"Aye, that is as may-be. Do you really wish to go, Rose?"

"Yes, if mother has no objection," replied Rose.

"Then we will think it over, parson," concluded Mervyn.

The result of his meditation was that on the following Friday Mr. Mervyn drove Rose and the vicar to the opening of Llangoch church in his dog-cart.

Rose spent a day after her own heart. She was deeply religious as well as romantic, and never tired of the long sermons her country's clergy loved to pour out; nor did she complain, despite her susceptibility, of the exceeding energy of their voices and movements. It was, however, new life to her to listen to the measured, chosen, sonorous, thoughtful discourse of the bishop. While the multitude was, perhaps, seeking for flaws in his pronunciation and accentuation of a foreign and difficult language, she sat entranced, her white face upturned to his, her hands clasped, her lips slightly parted. Her father, who sat by her side, was also deeply interested, and whispered to her more than once that he could scarcely believe his lordship to be English. Indeed, such was the general verdict; for the bishop had mastered the language so that his shortcomings were but slight, and they were readily condoned, since he was the only bishop who had preached in Welsh for many generations. As Rose contemplated his massive forehead, deep grey eyes, and firm, calm mouth, she thought of the learned research and vast powers of the man, and wished—oh, how she wished!—that she might know him. To be acquainted with the great and good was one of the many dreams of her life.

"If only I might be in the same room with him!" she thought.

This wish was gratified; for when the morning service was over Mr. Edwardes joined her and her father, and offered to take care of her while Mr. Mervyn went to meet a friend with whom he had made an appointment.

"Well," said Mervyn, "I must say your bishop has done capitally. He must have had good instructors—better than that former bishop who couldn't master the language. 'Put your right reverend tongue into your episcopal teeth, and hiss like a goose,' said his teacher. But even some of the *uchs* and *lls* I heard to-day might be mended."

"I could desire nothing better," said Mr. Edwardes. "This way, Rose."

She followed him through the dense crowd that thronged the churchyard, remaining at a little distance as he stopped to speak to one after another of his clerical brethren, who congratulated him on having found a fair friend at last. But he went direct to his object, which was to ask the clergyman's wife to give Rose some luncheon at the vicarage. She readily consented, with the proviso of "if there is room." Rose drew back instinctively with "Indeed, I would rather not intrude." But as there was no time for parley, to the vicarage she went. Luncheon was prepared there for the bishop, his clergy, and such of their immediate friends as were present at the consecration of the church, and a seat was found for Rose. Thanks to the popularity of Mr. Edwardes, she was actually at the table laid for the principal guests, in the same room with the bishop; for the other rooms were also full of people. She had Mr. Edwardes by her side, and therefore, although she felt shy, she was sufficiently self-possessed—that is to say, she forgot self in her desire to hear what flowed from the lips of the eminent historian and divine.

She only caught a few words, for he did not speak much, and what he said was to those near him; but she was content. Something that passed, however, brought Mr. Edwardes prominently forward, and for a few minutes, all eyes were fixed on him. During his brief answer, the bishop turned towards him, and met Rose's earnest gaze. He smiled—perhaps in return for the admiration it expressed—perhaps at her exceeding fairness. Be this as it may, many eyes were turned towards her, and amongst them those of old Mr. Wynne and a gentleman who sat beside him. He nodded kindly to her, and she bowed in return, then, in much real timidity turned her eyes upon her untouched plate.

"Who is she?" whispered Mr. Wynne's companion.

"Miss Mervyn. The daughter of a neighbour of mine," replied that gentleman, with kindly tact.

When the attention of the company was withdrawn from Mr. Edwardes, Rose looked up again, but it was to meet the gaze of Mr. Wynne's friend, who had, like the bishop, deep, thoughtful, intelligent eyes, but who could not, like his lordship, be engaged in the sacred ministry because he wore a moustache, the sign, in those days, of the soldier.

If Rose had any curiosity concerning him it was gratified, for a soldier in full regimentals came in and presented him with a paper, which caused him to leave at once, and he was soon followed by the rest of the party.

As Mr. Mervyn suspected, it was night before the numerous services were over. He was obliged to wait for Mr. Edwardes, consequently it was nearly midnight when they approached Llansant parish. It was a moonless night, though not absolutely dark, and Mervyn kept his mare at a good pace. But she suddenly started and shied, which was such an unusual proceeding on her part, that he pulled her up, assured that something was wrong. They were within half a mile of Manorsant, near Mr. Wynne's salmon weir; the road ran by the river, and the noise of the rushing waters drowned other sound, if there were any.

"I see something white amongst the trees!" exclaimed Rose, pointing in the direction of the weir.

They all gazed through the intermediate gloom at the spot indicated, and felt sure that they distinguished both movement and light on and about the river.

"It is Rebecca destroying one of her bugbears," said Mervyn, coaxing his mare onwards till they neared the obnoxious weir. "Philipps Wynne will preserve the fish, and what else can he expect from poor souls who have made a living by selling it?"

"Obedience to the laws," replied the vicar.

"Obedience is very well when one has enough to

eat," grumbled Mr. Mervyn. "Philipps Wynne has his salmon, and grudges the peasant his trout."

"I cannot believe they are his tenants, or my parishioners," said Mr. Edwardes, who had a child-like faith in his flock.

"Every man jack of 'em probably," laughed Mervyn, who, next to the pleasure he took in provoking his wife, delighted in teasing the vicar.

"Then it is my duty to point out their sin to them," exclaimed Mr. Edwardes, suddenly rising from his seat at the back of the dog-cart, and jumping from it to the road.

"Don't be an oaf, Edwardes!" cried Mervyn, while Rose uttered a little cry.

At the same moment the uproar of the waters increased; and Mervyn knew that part of the weir, at least, must be destroyed. Edwardes went straight to the spot where he saw the moving white figures; and Mervyn began to wish that he had kept his tongue between his teeth instead of letting it loose for a stupid joke. He had, indeed, often to repent of that latent spirit of mischief that had been born with him.

(*To be continued.*)

SILENT PREACHERS;

OR, NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS USED IN THE TEACHING OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

BARN. A barn (*i.e.*, a covered building in which the produce of the ground is stored) is referred to by our Lord on three different occasions.

1. In the sermon on the mount (St. Matt. vi. 26) we are reminded that the fowls of the air have no barn in which to store up a large supply of food, and yet their food never fails; the providence of God supplies it from day to day. There is a lesson here for Christians—a lesson of faith and trust. If God provides for birds, how much more for men. "Are ye not much better than they?" "Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow." This is our Lord's conclusion. But we should notice that the English words do not quite accurately represent the original, which means rather "be not over anxious," or, in more homely English, "do not worry yourselves" about the future. It is not prudence, or forethought, which is here condemned, but that restless anxiety about the future which takes off attention from the duties of the present. The remedy for this is to remember that we are in God's care, He will give us what is best from time to time, and no plans for the future can possibly succeed without His permission.

2. The second reference to barns is in the parable of the rich fool (St. Luke xii. 18), who is represented as building large barns wherein to store his goods. This man fell into the mistake against which our Lord gave the caution we have just been considering. He was so anxious to make abundant provision for the future, that he made an entirely selfish use of what God had given him. He kept it all for himself. This seems to be the meaning of ver. 21, where he is described as laying up treasure for himself, but not being rich towards God. His barns, full of earthly treasure, were of no use when the words were spoken, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee."

The teaching intended to be given in this parable is nearly the same as that which we saw to be conveyed in our Lord's reference to bags (see under "Bag"). There we were reminded that worldly possessions will one day fall from us; here it is suggested to us to remember that we shall be taken from them. Therefore we must provide for that time of separation, we must make such use of the things of this world and of the opportunities which God has given us that we may have "treasure in heaven" which will endure beyond this life.

And this teaching is not for the rich only, but also for those whom the world does not call "rich." The poor man who lives for this world only without any preparation for the next, makes the same mistake as the rich man who is not "rich towards God."

3. In the parable of the tares, a barn is referred to as a place of safety. "Gather the wheat unto my barn," is the command given by the householder, and not till then is it perfectly safe. It is not safe when it is sown, the seed may fail; it is not safe when it is growing, it may be blighted before it comes to maturity; but when it is stored in the barn it is subject to no further danger. So it is with the Christian in the life of this world, he is beset by constant dangers, temptations from within and from without, but when by the help of God he has passed through these in safety he will be safe for ever in the barn of God, the heaven of eternal peace.

In an agricultural country like ours a barn is a familiar object; henceforth let it be a silent preacher oftener than it may have been in the past, let it remind us of the threefold lesson which our Lord's references to it convey.

BEAM. St. Matt. vii. 3. "Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"

In this verse our Lord was probably making use of a Jewish proverb to call attention to the folly of which men are guilty in forming their judgment of their neighbours. It is a remarkable instance of the way in which the commonest object in life may be used to illustrate and enforce the most important teaching. The contrast is great between a "mote," and a "beam," a little speck of dust, and a large piece of wood—one would suppose the beam was the easier to be seen; one would think that a little fault (which is represented by the mote) would be sooner passed over than a great sin (which is represented by the beam). But it is not so; the experience of life

corresponds to the teaching of this parable, as we may call it. We discover our neighbours' *little* failings much sooner than our own *great* ones; and we make more of them too. In other matters we should soon see the absurdity of such conduct, we should laugh at one who was deformed, if we heard him remarking upon some slight bodily defect in another man. We wonder how David could have failed to see a picture of himself in Nathan's parable (see 2 Sam. xii.), and yet it is the commonest thing in the world for a man to be quite blind to his own spiritual defects, but very quick in discovering those of others.

Our Lord would have us *most* severe in judging *ourselves*, most careful in trying to know *our own* besetting sins. We do not always know the circumstances and temptations of other men, we cannot therefore tell what allowance is to be made for their defects, nor can we say that if we had been in their position we should not have fallen into greater sins. It is quite certain that the more determined men are in resisting temptation themselves, the less inclined they will be to judge hardly of the falls of others. To be severe on the sins of others is no sign of a true Christian. It is rather a sign of pride and self-ignorance. We shall do much more to reform our neighbours by our example than by our criticisms. To set about reforming our own lives will be the surest way to gain an influence over others. Satire does but wound, it is love that heals.

BED. BUSHEL. We may consider these two words together because they are mentioned together by our Lord, and because each is referred to by Him, with a view to the enforcing the same lesson. In St. Mark iv. 21, He asks the question, "Is a candle brought to be put under a bushel or under a bed?" We find the same illustration in a slightly different form in St. Matt. v. 15, St. Luke viii. 16, and xi. 33. The words of St. Luke viii. 16, explain what He meant by putting a candle under a bushel, He is there recorded to have said, "No man, when he hath lighted a candle, covereth it with a *vessel*." A bushel was originally a measure, but the name of the measure came afterwards to be used more generally to describe any small vessel. The effect therefore of putting a light under a vessel would be the same as that of putting it under a bed, in either case no benefit would be derived from it. Our Lord's reference is intended to remind people that no man would be so foolish as to light a candle for the purpose of concealing it, but rather to put it in a place where its light would be of use to men around.

The spiritual meaning of this illustration is put very plainly by our Lord Himself in St. Matt. v. 16, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." The "light" here spoken of is, no doubt, His teaching, or perhaps rather the effect of His teaching in the Christian life. He would remind us that our religion is not a thing to be kept as between God and ourselves; it is to have its influence on the world, or at least on that portion of the world in which we live. We must let the people around us know that we are living Christian lives, not necessarily by *talking* about religion, but by *being* religious; if our actions are regulated by Christian motives, people will soon discover it for themselves. But if we are ashamed to let this be known, ashamed to let people see that we mean to be good Christians, then we shall *not* be letting our light shine before men. But rather we shall be acting like those who would put a lighted candle under cover, and conceal its light.

It is very important that those who are trying to live Christian lives should not be ashamed of the efforts they are making, and yet we all naturally shrink from ridicule, and wicked and thoughtless people will be sure to laugh at us. We must pray God to make us brave, and we must bear in mind the solemn words of Christ in another place "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words. . . . . Of him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed when He cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels" (St. Mark viii. 38.)

SOUTHWARDS.

A MOTHER sang to her sleeping child,
A song full of hope and fear—
"Oh, where has your father gone, my child,
And where has he gone, my dear?
He sailed away to the southern land,
He sailed ere the spring was here;
But now the summer has nearly gone,
'Tis time that his ship drew near.

"And why does he stay so long, my sweet,
And why does he stay, my dear?
I watch till my eyes are blind with tears,
And my heart is sick with fear.
Ah me! for the wind that blows so fair,
Ah me! for the sun so bright;
Oh, bring him back to our tender care,
Oh, rest on his sail so white!

"What will he say when he comes, my dear,
And what will he say, my sweet?
He 'll shout with joy when he sees us both,
And hasten his eager feet.
He 'll tell us tales of the far-off lands—
The far-off lands so bright;
Oh, for the sight of his ship to-day!
The sound of his voice to-night!"

REA.

A CUP OF COLD WATER:

A STORY OF THE HUGUENOT MASSACRE IN FRANCE.

CHAPTER II.

A DULL, heavy, throbbing pain in her head, a sickening odour of damp straw and dirt, these were the sensations which greeted Elizabeth's return to life and consciousness. Opening her eyes, heavy with pain and weakness, she tried to find out where she was. She was lying on the ground upon a heap of straw. She tried to move her head, but the pain was so intolerable that she put her hand up to it, and found that it was bandaged up as if she had received a wound. It was too dark for her to see where she was, but opening her eyes once more, she perceived fixed against the wall a large wooden cross, then all the events of the past night came rushing into her mind, and she shuddered with horror and fear.

Still, through the hot heavy night came the same confusion of groans, shrieks, and shouts, although they seemed at some distance. Poor Elizabeth's horror and fear were so great that she could not sleep, so she watched the friendly glimmer of light which came through the casement, growing gradually stronger and stronger, one moment longing for the day to come, and the next feeling as if the darkness was her only refuge from her enemies.

When at last morning dawned, she was tossing restlessly to and fro, burning with fever, and living all the late horrors over again in her delirious fancy.

"Water, water! Who had the cup of water? I am so thirsty. Oh, he 'll kill me!" she was saying.

"Fear nothing, mademoiselle; drink, and fear nothing. We will take care of you." So said the old woman (Mère Nanette), whose acquaintance we have made before.

But the poor girl rambled off again, shrinking and shivering in her fear of the horrid fancies that occupied her brain.

For some days the fever continued to rage, and then almost by a miracle (for she had had no doctor to cure her) a deep and refreshing sleep fell upon her.

"Hush! pray be silent, monsieur."

"Why, what is the matter?"

"My niece is lying sick of fever in the next room, monsieur."

"Come, then, Jacques, I will give her something to cure her, for you know well that I have some skill in surgery."

"Monsieur is too good; but I will go and see if the child is awake," said Nanette's voice, hastily. Elizabeth was awake, and overheard the foregoing conversation, without understanding that it referred to her.

"Marie, a good gentleman is coming to see thee, child; remember I am thy grandmother, and Jacques, the soldier, my son, is thy uncle." Elizabeth was dreadfully puzzled. What could this mean? Why did this woman call her Marie? Where had she seen her before? All these thoughts chased each other through her brain, weakened by illness and the terror she had suffered beforehand.

But she was too weak to speak, so that Nanette, taking her silence for consent, left the room, returning the next moment with the stranger.

"There is no fever here," said he, touching her white face.

"No, monsieur, the child has just awakened from a long sleep, but she was in a high fever yesterday."

"Your grandchild, I think you said?" asked the stranger.

"Yes, monsieur," replied the old woman, easily; "a poor orphan whom we have taken to bring up with us."

"She is not at all like you or your son," continued the gentleman, gazing with strange perplexity at the pale little face.

"No, monsieur has observed it; her mother was nurse to the children of one of the court ladies, and was always so much finer and grander than we are," explained the old woman, looking warningly at Elizabeth.

Poor Elizabeth felt very perplexed, was she dreaming? She opened her lips to speak.

"Where am I?" she uttered feebly.

"Hush, petite!" said Nanette; then turning to the stranger, "Monsieur sees she is losing her wits again."

"Don't talk, my child," said he to Elizabeth, still with the same puzzled expression struggling through his countenance. "Give her some broth, my good woman, and let her go to sleep; she will soon be well now."

Nanette obeyed these directions, and Elizabeth was soon asleep again.

While she slept, Master Burton (for that was the stranger's name) talked earnestly in whispers with Jacques in the next room. His was a sad history.

Sixteen years ago he had married an amiable young girl, who was, like himself a Roman Catholic, but the cruel persecutions of Mary's reign, and the teaching of an old friend of her father's, had induced Mistress Marie Burton to embrace the reformed faith.

Her husband, fearing that his confessor would urge him to give her up to the Church authorities as a heretic, sent her back to her mother, having first tried by every argument he could think of, to induce her to return to the Roman faith.

Her father and mother, on hearing the circumstances of the case, refused to receive her, and she, thus compelled to earn her own living, accepted an appointment as nurse to the children of a Protestant lady.

Her little daughter she was of course unable to keep with her, and so sent her to the school of Madame Jumeau, because she was a Huguenot. Master John Burton, ever since the reformed religion had become once more the religion of England, had tried to find his wife again. But she had left him no clue as to her whereabouts, and he was seeking still in vain.

As she was a Frenchwoman, he had an idea that she would have returned to her own country; and knowing the weakness of the religious faction to which she belonged, he was in the greatest distress.

Then, when the fearful massacre of the Huguenots took place, he scarcely dared to hope that she was not among its victims. Old Nanette had been in his wife's employment during their short happy married life, so he had no fear that they would not afford her a shelter from the storm of persecution raised by the bigotry of Catherine de Medicis and her creatures, if he could only find her alive and well.

When Master John Burton returned next day, Elizabeth was much better, and able to speak a little.

Before going in to see her, he questioned Mère Nanette so closely, that, she at last, on his promising not to betray her young charge, owned that Elizabeth was not her grandchild, and told him the story of the cup of cold water.

Going into the close, dirty little room, he felt strangely stirred by old memories at the sight of Elizabeth again.

"Tell me, my child, truly, what your name is? I know it is not Marie," he said, gently.

"No, monsieur, my name is Elizabeth Burton."

"Can it be? My child!" he exclaimed, eagerly, then he continued, hurriedly, "Where is your father and mother?" and Elizabeth, won by his evidently deep interest in the matter, told him all her history. But she told him her mother had never mentioned her father to her, and she had always believed herself fatherless.

"No! no! my dear child! I am your father, I verily believe. Yes, those are your mother's very eyes that are looking at me now! Now I know what moved me so strangely and strongly when I first glanced at you."

Elizabeth's delight may be well imagined, for "her honoured father," as she called him in the formal phraseology of the time, promised to take her back to her own mother, and to dear quiet England.

And Elizabeth, who had not been trusted with her mother's address, was nevertheless able to find out where she was; for Madame Jumeau, having in a moment of great weakness, through fear of death, abjured her religion, was still alive, and gave them the address, promising not to betray them, and even adding that, in her heart, she was still a Protestant.

After some little delay, Elizabeth received a letter from her mother, confirming their hopes.

And as soon as she was sufficiently strong, Elizabeth, Madame Jumeau, and her father, returned to England, and were reunited to the once suffering but now happy wife and mother.

Madame Jumeau once more declared herself a Protestant, and stayed with the family for the rest of her life.

And it was a thoroughly happy and united family, for the father also embraced his wife's faith, and often told Elizabeth's brothers and sisters the story of the "cup of cold water" and its reward.

RUTH MITCHELL.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

13. From what passage do we gather that prior to the Captivity Jerusalem was the scene of most terrible bloodshed, which was carried on even in the Temple itself?

14. What proclamation was issued by Cyrus, king of Persia, to the Jews, relative to their return from the Captivity?

15. On what occasion did St. Paul become surety for the payment of the debts of another?

16. What were the names of the gods mentioned as "the gods of Sepharvaim?"

17. Quote a proverb which shows that to waste is just as sinful as idleness.

18. In whose reign was the feast of the Passover kept with greater grandeur and solemnity than even in the days of David and Solomon?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 16.

1. On condition of taking a common oath of fealty to King Nebuchadnezzar (2 Chron. xxxvi. 13).

2. "And the king commanded Hilkiah the high priest and the keepers of the door to bring forth out of the Temple of the Lord all the vessels that were made for Baal, and for the grove, and for all the host of heaven" (2 Kings xxiii. 4.)

3. At the death of King Josiah (2 Chron. xxxv. 25).

4. When he went into the parts of Dalmanutha, for we read "He (Jesus) left them, and entering into the ship again, departed to the other side" (Mark viii. 10—13).

5. From the fact that the disciples had forgotten to get any provisions while at Dalmanutha (Mark viii. 14).

6. The money brought at the trespass and sin-offerings (compare Lev. v. 15—18 and 2 Kings xii. 16).

SUMMER IN THE SOUL.

THE soul that passed through many a spring of weeping
Is calm as summer lake; the well-tried breast
Throbs gladly with rewarded labour's reaping;
Prizing the old, the mind sets forth in quest
Of thought's new pastures; doubts in darkness dressed

Have passed away, rich in affection's keeping
The warm heart glows: as sun o'er corn-fields creeping,
Steals o'er the frame a warmth and influence blest,
Good fruits grow ripe: as zephyr stirs the trees,
The spirit moves the soul, before which rise
Like mountains that in distant prospect please,
Visions sublime that seem to touch the skies:
Pure thought, and word, and action, all agree,
In one grand chord of blessed harmony. H. B.

MY UNCLE'S NURSE.

"UPPOSE he dies!"

I half rose from the chair in which I was seated, with one hand pressed to my side, so sharp seemed the pang that came upon me at the thought. It was so dreadful to think that he who had always been so tender to me from my childhood, who had made me companion in his walks in the pleasant country home, delighted in teaching me to distinguish between the various birds and insects, giving me my first knowledge of the flowers of the field, and generally moulding my mind to the fine sweet simplicity of his—I say it was so dreadful to think that he might be taken away, that I half rose from my seat, with my breath coming short and a feeling of horror assailing me that made me disposed to run to the door and cry for help.

I should have done so, but just then his words of advice to me in such a case flashed across my mind—"When anything alarms you, my child, let it be the thing itself, and not your imagination."

This was, I knew, imagination, and, walking softly to the bed-side, with beating heart I drew the curtains aside, and looked down at his thin, worn face.

It was so changed, and looked so grey—grey even as the soft white hair that lay upon the pillow; but this was, I saw, death's twin counterfeit—sleep—and not death itself. He was sleeping too placidly, and his breathing was long and regular. So, letting the curtain softly fall once more, to shade his eyes from the light, I returned to my low chair by the window, and sat looking out.

But I could not see the smoothly-shaven lawn then, nor the lush flower-beds and pleasant shrubbery, sloping down to the little babbling river that washed the bottom of the steep green bank. I could not see the mellow red-brick walls upon which the trees he had loved to train were spread far and wide, rich with their burdens of ripening fruit, for my eyes were blinded with tears, and my thoughts were busy drawing mental pictures of the bygone, as I tried to recal all that had passed since I, a little thing in black, some six years old, had been brought to my uncle's home.

Yes, I could recollect it all so well: there had been a great trouble—what, they not had told me, only that when I asked for mamma they told me she was happy now, and would grieve no more; and I knew so well, too, what had been her grief, which was for the brave, true husband who had fallen at the head of his company on the slopes of the Alma.

It all seemed to come back to me from the time past; how I shrank from the tall grave man, who never seemed to smile, but who drew me between his knees, and laid his hands upon my little curly head, and blessed me, saying, "Yes, my child, I'll try to be father and mother both, for their dear sakes."

Then, too, came back from the dim and distant mist the recollection of my bitter sobs and cries to be taken home, for all was so strange; and when the maid took me to the little bed prepared for me, how I lay, at last, quaking with fear, and watching the tall rushlight shade, full, as it were, of goblin eyes, that seemed to stare at me, and make awful shadows, that danced upon the ceiling, till I could bear it no longer, and, as I shrieked aloud, and called "Mamma! mamma!" I heard a soft step outside, the door was opened, and my uncle came in, to whisper gently to me, winning upon my desolate young heart, so that at last I flung my little arms round his neck, pillowed my head against his cheek, and sobbed myself to sleep, waking the next morning to find that he had not stirred from his chair.

That was my first night at the old Grange. And the thirteen years that had since passed away—where were they?

Glided rapidly by, while I had been ever his companion, through childhood, girlhood, till I was now a woman grown, tending him in his first severe illness—my uncle's nurse.

He had been ill for quite a month now—sick it was thought unto death, and the news of this had brought to the Grange two of his nearest relatives, a second cousin and his wife, who had made my poor life very unhappy ever since their coming; for Mrs. Prujean was a thin suspicious-looking woman, who watched me constantly with a jealous eye. Suspicion seemed to be her dominant quality, and by degrees, and under the pretence that she was protecting her cousin's interests and property, she gradually monopolised the whole of my housekeeping duties, and tried very hard to displace me as nurse.

While my uncle—who had been stricken down suddenly—retained his consciousness, he had resented their interference, but when the fever reached its height, and he lost consciousness, I had to submit to the unpleasant domination, and tried to bear it without a murmur, as I prayed most earnestly for dear uncle's restoration to health.

It was when he had been ill for about a fortnight that a fly set them both down with their luggage at

the gate, and on their being shown into the little dining-room, I was called from up-stairs.

"A more disgraceful affair," said Mrs. Prujean, "I never knew! How dare you, miss?"

"Yes," croaked Mr. Prujean, frowning, and echoing his wife's harsh words—"How dare you, miss?"

"I—I do not understand you," I faltered, and my voice was broken, and sounded hysterically, for I was weak with long watching.

"Oh no, of course not," said Mrs. Prujean; "you are very innocent, I dare say, and have taken care of yourself, no doubt, and meant to keep every one else away without their knowing, till the poor dear was dead and buried. Where is his will?"

"I do not understand you," I said, beginning now to grow hot and indignant at the tone they were taking.

"Oh yes you do—oh yes you do," said Mrs. Prujean, shaking her head; "but I can read your wicked heart like a book. You have put that will on one side. You have hidden it, and you are thinking only of yourself; but, mind me, my young friend, the law is strong, and you can't deceive me."

I was spared the pain of replying by the entrance of the maid, who said that my uncle was calling me; and I hastily left the room.

That one interview was the key-note of these people's behaviour. Assuming an intense affection for my uncle, they at every turn tried to impress upon all in the house that they were there solely to protect his interests, and upon this string they harped night and day.

And now the crisis of my uncle's disease seemed to be approaching fast, and I was seated in his room, watching still, merely lying down now and then to snatch a few hours' rest, and always waking up with the horrible dread upon me that I had been neglecting him, and that I ought to have been at his side.

On the previous day Mrs. Prujean had come into the room smiling sadly, and after glancing for a moment at the insensible figure, she passed her hands one over the other so that her two rings crackled, and said, smiling, "The doctor says he will not last the night through, my dear, so let you and me be friends."

"Indeed I would not make any one my enemy!" I said, with a hysterical sob, for the cold-hearted allusion to my uncle's dissolution was more than I could bear.

"That 's right," she said, smiling, and tapping me on the arm. "So now, as we understand one another, let me see the will."

"The will? what will?" I exclaimed.

"Don't be so foolish, girl!" she exclaimed, impatiently; "as if you did not know. There, there, come; if he has left you a good round sum, don't be afraid; we will not rob you, only we want to see how matters stand."

"I do not even know that my uncle has made a will," I said, indignantly; "and even if he had I should not be guilty of such a breach of trust as to touch it during his lifetime."

"Just as you like," she whispered, viciously; and the woman's malignant nature now came out strong. "It 's to be war, is it? Then look out, my dainty madam, for war it shall be."

That night passed away, and now the next was approaching. The doctor had been, and, shaking his head, had told us that there was no hope. The sufferer might linger for days, or pass away in his present state of stupor. And now what of the future?

This thought began to intrude upon me now, and to force me to think of my own desolation. While I had been busily occupied, no thought of self had had a place in my mind, but now my sorrow did begin to assume a selfish form, as, recognising my loneliness, I began to ask myself what I should do.

"Oh, uncle, uncle, do not die!" I cried at last, that night, as I threw myself upon my knees by the bed, and then, clinging to his cold unresponsive hand, I sobbed and prayed, and prayed and sobbed, till, quite worn-out and exhausted with my long watchings, I fell into a kind of stupor more than sleep, and at last, to my horror, woke up with a kind of impression that I was not alone, that some one had been in the room, and that I had been aroused by hearing a door close.

"Oh, what have I done?" I exclaimed, as I rose to my feet, and, taking the shaded lamp that had been burning on the chimney-piece, I held it over the bed, my heart throbbing wildly the while, but began to calm down as I saw that my uncle lay unchanged. What a faithless nurse!" I wailed. "Where is my promise to watch him constantly and well?"

I took the lamp to the chimney-piece, and then went to the dressing-table, upon which the big old-fashioned gold watch ticked loudly, and to my great delight found that it was only eleven, and that I had slept but a couple of hours at the most.

Just then there was a tap at the door, and on opening it I saw our maid, who asked if she could do any more that night, and whether she might sit up with me.

"No, Jane," I said, "I am well rested now, I shall sit up alone."

"Them two 's gone to bed, miss," said the the girl, with a backward nod of the head. "I said master would get well and send 'em about their business. Good night, miss, and if you ring I'll be down directly. I shan't undress, only throw myself on the bed."

How devoutly I echoed the poor girl's words, as I closed the door upon her, and then, after another glance at the occupant of the bed, saw that everything was ready. The bottle of scent with which I sprinkled the room from time to time to keep it cool, the basin of disinfecting fluid, the plate of oranges, and the two bottles of medicine, and two glasses, all placed close to my hand upon the table. Nothing missing, and I knew my lesson by heart—a dose from the dark bottle if he were restless during the

night, and the regular dose from the white bottle in about five hours' time.

"I fear it is but vain toil," the doctor had said, nights before, "but that medicine is a stimulant, and about three or four o'clock life is at its lowest ebb. A dose of that may tide him over till another day."

I sat down at last, and read by the shaded lamp, closed my book, and thought, opened it again, and read, and from time to time rose to gaze at the sleeping figure so still and silent that at times I could hardly believe the spirit had not passed away.

Once or twice I fancied I heard a footstep in the passage, but hearing no more, I attributed it to the giving of some board, and at last day began to dawn. It grew lighter, and the sky began to flush with a warm glow that gradually changed into a damask of orange and gold.

I glanced from the window for a few moments as I half drew up the blind, and then putting out the lamp, I advanced to the table, and took up the restorative medicine and a glass.

Just then I seemed to hear the same noise in the passage, but there was utter silence again, and, removing the cork, I carefully poured a portion of the medicine into a glass.

I had no sooner done this than it struck me that it was different in colour, and placing it to my lips, I tasted it, and became aware that it was the sedative used a fortnight before, and that such a portion as I had poured out would have been fatal.

I turned cold, and the perspiration covered my forehead. The bottles had been changed! Had I done this in my drowsiness? or had Jane moved them while I slept? I could not say, only that this bottle should not have been alone on the dressing-table, and another in its place.

With a kind of shudder I placed the bottle and glass aside, fetched the proper medicine from the dressing-table, tasted it to make sure—how familiar I was with each flavour!—and pouring it out, raised the poor head upon my arm, and held the glass to his lips.

In a weak passive way he drank the medicine, as of old, and laying him down once more, I smoothed the bed-clothes, and resumed my station.

About eight o'clock Mrs. Prujean entered the room, followed by her husband, and, with unusual loudness, asked how my uncle was.

"I can see no change," I said, sadly; for my resentment had passed away, and my sole thought was of the sufferer by my side.

"Why, why, mercy on us!" she half shrieked, "you've not been giving him the wrong medicine, or anything, have you? the poor dear's dead!"

The room seemed to swim round me as I started up, and for a few moments I could not gaze at the pillow where my dear protector lay.

"No, no!" I gasped at last, "I did not—I did not. Uncle, uncle!" I shrieked then, as I caught at his hands, and bent down over the pale, still face; "say you are not dead—oh, say you are not dead!"

As I threw myself upon my knees at his side in a frantic passion of grief, it seemed to me that the eyes, so long closed, opened a little, but I felt that it was fancy; and now at last, giving way to my grief, I let the tears flow unchecked till a hand grasped my shoulder, and Mrs. Prujean's harsh voice exclaimed, "There, there! that will do. All the crying in the world won't bring him to life. Now come away, and if you are sensible, you will make me your friend; and, tell me: has the solicitor got the——Ah!"

She uttered a wild cry, and started back, while I, too, started up, to stand trembling a few moments, before dashing the tears from my eyes, and bending closer over the pillow.

Yes, it was true; the eyes so long darkened, as my uncle lay in a state of stupor, had unclosed, and were looking at me with the light of recognition, for he smiled at me faintly, and just feebly whispered my name.

Mrs. Prujean recovered herself directly, and was about to speak, but the doctor came in at the moment for his early call, and seeing the state of affairs, motioned her to be silent, and held the door open for her and her husband to leave the room.

"No one was more surprised than I was, my dear," he said, an hour afterwards, when my uncle had sunk into a gentle and natural sleep. It was an unexpected turn, and now with care and good nursing, he may live a dozen years.

Good nursing? Oh, how I prayed for strength to furnish it! and I believe my prayers were heard. For I could not rest satisfied to leave the bedside night or day, and though I tried hard to be charitable, the dreadful thought would intrude that Mrs. Prujean had changed the medicine.

By degrees, though, this idea faded, and became less strong, for I knew that at times I was almost a somnambulist, sleeping as I walked, for I went for nights together without seeking my bed, and nature insisted at times on plunging my senses in oblivion.

And at last the happy day came when the Prujeans had taken their departure at my uncle's stern command; and that day, still very weak, but rapidly gaining strength, I led him across the lawn to his favourite seat, where he could see the distant view across the river, and watch the hills around.

"Once, my child," he said, after a long silence, "I was very weary of my life, and asked that I might die, even as she I loved so well had passed away; but God said nay, and sent you to be my care and solace, giving me a chastened love for that I had lost. Now, my darling, that I know the value of life, how great and good it is, I pray that my days may be long before we part, even as we pray to meet again. Why, you look sad and pale, my love," he whispered, as he drew me down and kissed me.

"Pale, perhaps," I said, "but not sad, unless from over-joy at your recovery;" and, with his arms holding me to his heart, I could feel that the dear old days had come again.

GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

THE WHITE ROSE OF WHITELAKE.

BY ANNE BEALE, AUTHOR OF "THE PENNANT FAMILY."

CHAPTER VII.

REBECCA AND HER DAUGHTERS.

MR. EDWARDES dashed in amongst a strange set of figures when he left the dog-cart. They were dressed in every species of female garment — some had on old gowns and caps; others loose shawls and bonnets; and, in default of these, a few wore shirts over their nether garments. The faces of all were blackened, so that not even the parson could recognise his parishioners, if there were actually any amongst the crowd. All were armed with implements of one kind or another, and furnished with torches, which cast a strange wild glare upon the waters, or flashed among the rocks and trees. The white horse was not there; but one figure in a very white shirt, peculiar bonnet, and black face, which Mr. Edwardes fancied was a mask, was, evidently, the fabulous Rebecca; for, by gesture rather than word, she commanded, and was obeyed.

The work of destruction was nearly completed when the vicar reached the spot. The weir had long been obnoxious to the peasantry and fishermen, because it prevented the salmon going up the river, and gave, as they considered, the squire an undue share of fish; and now Rebecca had taken it in hand, and there was an end of it. Her myrmidons on either side the river must have made short and silent work of it, for down rushed the liberated waters like a huge torrent, roaring and foaming in the obscurity. Doubtless the salmon must have been much astonished at being thus roused from their slumbers.

"Are you not ashamed of yourselves?" cried Mr. Edwardes, making his way into the thick of the throng. "Is this how you honour your Maker, by destroying your neighbour's property?"

"Down with the parson!" said a voice, while a smothered laugh succeeded.

These words reached Mr. Mervyn and Rose, as they sat in the dog-cart, the one trying to restrain his frightened horse, the other watching with eager terror her friend's dark figure hustled amongst the motley assemblage.

"Do you hear, father? They will harm him!" whispered Rose. "Give me the reins, and go and rescue him."

"They won't hurt him. Whoa, Dolly, old girl! Be quiet, can't you," returned her father, partly to her, partly to his mare.

"Look, father! they are surrounding him!" cried Rose, and sprang out of the dog-cart while he was pulling in Dolly.

"Rose! what are you at?" he exclaimed, standing up in affright to look after her, while his mare was growing more and more restive.

But he lost sight of her immediately, for she pierced the crowd in the direction of Mr. Edwardes, who was remonstrating with the rioters on the sin of their proceedings.

"Where are you seeing in the Bible a command to keep God's fish from starving people?" asked some one in a disguised voice.

"Or His wild goats and conies?" another.

"Or to shut up His highways?" a third.

"Or to leave the gates with the enemies?" a fourth.

"Render unto Cæsar——" began Mr. Edwardes, when he was interrupted by Rose.

"Will you kindly let Mr. Edwardes come, for we are waiting, and the horse is restless," she said, with a politeness and self-command that took effect.

"A new Rebeeca!" said a voice.

"The White Rose of Llyngwyn!" another.

The leader suddenly pointed to the spot where the dog-cart stood, and whispered something to one of his followers, who was at Dolly's head in a moment, and thus enabled Mr. Mervyn to jump out, and pursue his daughter, with a muttered reproach at her folly. "All the women are after Edwardes, and he don't care a rap for one of 'em. What is it they see in a parson?" he said to himself; then, as he pierced the Rebeccaites, he added, aloud, "Well, my friends, you have got rid of it, have you? We shall all have a dish of salmon once more. Wish you joy. But you needn't harm a good man because you have got what you want. Come along, Edwardes. Rose, you have no business here."

The vicar was declaiming at the top of his voice, and Rose stood in front of him, her white face reddened for once by the glare of a torch held up to ascertain her identity. The Rebecca chief was close to her, his black face or mask contrasting with her white one; the motley figures of his grotesquely-clad men were around, on either bank of the river, rocks and trees overshadowed the groups, and above all was the vast arch of night spangled with stars. It was a curious scene for this our nineteenth century.

"Handsome Jack Mervyn, Llyngwyn," was heard, when that individual appeared, and laid his hand on Rose's shoulder.

But, although he was unquestionably handsome, and towered above the Rebeccaites, he had no power over them or their chief; for even while he was endeavouring to draw Rose away, Madam Rebecca herself took the girl up in her arms, and carried her back to the dog-cart, while the rest closed round her father and the vicar.

All these proceedings were accomplished without any noise, and in brief space, so that almost before Rose knew what was done to her, she was lifted into the dog-cart, and had the dreaded Rebecca by her side. He or she, as might be, stooped over the horse and whispered to the person who held it, then took the reins, and drove off in the direction of Llynhafod.

"Pray wait for father and Mr. Edwardes!" said Rose, rousing herself from a state of genuine fear.

But Rebecca drove on, and made no reply. Indeed, Dolly was so unmanageable, that her ladyship had as much as she could do to prevent her running away. Rose nearly swooned with terror. To have this dreadful figure by her side was bad enough, but to leave her father and friend behind was worse still. However, she took courage to glance up at the black-faced, white-clad individual, and, having much penetration, was inclined to believe that he wore a mask. Her ideas of the invisible Satan had been formed from the Bible; of the visible, from Milton's "Paradise Lost," so she decided that her companion was, at least, human. She summoned such courage and strength as she could command to address him, but she had, for some time, the conversation to herself.

"Pray turn back," she said, "or stop and let me get down. You will upset the dog-cart. Dolly is running away. Why do you carry me away from my father and Mr. Edwardes? I entreat you to wait for them! They will not harm you if only you release me."

But the more she remonstrated the harder and faster went the mare. The road wound past Glynglâs, where Alfred Johnnes lived, and it seemed to her that Rebecca tried to turn up the by-way that led to it; but Dolly refused to move in that direction, reared, and tore on homewards. When, however, she reached the lane leading to Llynhafod, she slackened her pace, and no sooner did she do so, than Rose felt a hand upon her shoulder, and heard in her ear these words, uttered in a low and unknown voice—"Beware of Edwardes. He will never have you. Take your first offer, or your father will be the worse for it."

Indignation at this liberty roused her, and she rose and seized the reins. Even while she did so Rebecca had disappeared, she knew not how or where. She turned so cold with terror that the reins dropped from her hands, but happily they caught in the splashboard, and Dolly, as if freed from some unpleasant influence, trotted quietly homewards. But Rose was nearly insensible, and must have fallen from the dog-cart had she not been roused by a well-known voice. It was Jim, one of her father's men, who had the charge of Dolly, and was a kind of friend and factotum of her mother's. Dolly neighed at the welcome words, "Here you are at last then, master; missus is by the head with fear;" and Rose strove in vain to explain matters. But Jim soon saw that all was not right, and mounted to Rose's side. He asked for his master, and his answer came in a very unexpected manner, for she threw her arms round him, clung to him, and cried, "Rebecca! Rebecca! He is behind us now!"

"Not she, miss *fach*. Keep you quiet, and she 'on't be hurting you," returned Jim, whipping up Dolly, who was as far from understanding late events as Rose.

They soon reached home. Mrs. Mervyn had heard the sound of wheels, and was waiting for them at the gate. She had a measured reproach for her husband on her lips, but it was stayed by his absence. Jim lifted out Rose, more dead than alive, and carried her to the house. But she roused herself at her mother's cry of "What is the matter? Where is your master?"

"He is just walking up the hill to be saving Dolly," said Jim, who would have vowed that a carrot was a parsnip to please his mistress and save his master from a lecture.

"He and Mr. Edwardes are at the salmon-weir with the Rebeccaites," said Rose, who never told an untruth. "One of them has—has—just left me." She shuddered. "You must send and rescue them, mother."

"Stop you. I am knowing——" began Jim, and paused. "I and Dolly will be bringing them home 'rectly minute. Come you, mistress, you are liking salt salmon, and Mally she is pickle her beautiful. She will be cheap now."

Jim was proud of his English, and had the upper-hand of Mrs. Mervyn, because he was more fluent in that tongue than she in Welsh. The two languages greatly increased the household perplexities, which would have been inextricable sometimes but for Rose.

Mrs. Mervyn waved Jim away with an imperative "Go!" which, however, had not the desired effect, for Jim would not be driven. He had the last word.

"I was rearing them young pigeons beautiful, mistress. They are thinking I 'm the old one," he said with a condescending nod, and Rose laughed, in spite of her anxiety, while her mother was compelled to silence.

Jim was, however, soon driving disappointed Dolly back again towards the weir, and Rose related what had so lately passed to her mother, with the exception of Rebecca's few words at parting. For the first time in her life she saw her mother display genuine feeling and anxiety concerning her father. Hitherto she had borne her daily crosses with a sort of cold reserve, but now there seemed to be real danger it was different.

"Suppose they should murder him, Rose!" she exclaimed, walking excitedly up and down the hall. "Rioters are capable of any excesses. I should never forgive myself; never. And Llewellen away!"

"They will not injure father," returned Rose. "There is more danger for Mr. Edwardes than for him. Hark! I think I hear wheels. Come out and listen."

"But you can scarcely stand yourself, child," said Mrs. Mervyn, who had forgotten Rose in her temporary anxiety about her husband, and who perceived that she walked with difficulty.

But Rose, with her usual self-command, assured her mother that she had recovered from her fright, and they went out together into the yard, and thence walked down the hawthorn lane, Rose starting at every shadow, lest her late mysterious companion should dart out upon them.

CHAPTER VIII.

ROSE'S SOLILOQUY.

THE Rebeccaites were at a loss what to do when their leader had disappeared. They amused themselves, therefore, by detaining Mervyn and the vicar, at the whispered request of the man who had stood at Dolly's head until Rebecca drove her and Rose away. It was in vain, therefore, that Mervyn strove to force a passage for himself and his friend through the motley crowd.

"I wish with all my heart the soldiers were down upon you at this minute!" he exclaimed, with irritation.

"Ha, ha, handsome Jack Mervyn! They 're guarding a gate ten miles off," chuckled somebody, but he could neither recognise familiar voice nor face.

"You are no Welshmen to be detaining a friend in this way," he cried, pushing one or two of them back.

"Down with the parsons and the squires, and let 's have their gates," was the response.

"Silence, my friends," here broke in Mr. Edwardes. "Let me say a few words to you. You misunderstand the text you have chosen as an excuse for your evil deeds."

"A sermon! a sermon! Stop you, handsome Jack, till we 've heard the parson!" they cried.

Mervyn was compelled to obey, for he was only one amongst many.

"Fine readers of the Scriptures you are indeed, who don't know that the gates were not pikes to keep the roads in order, but places of justice where the elders sat," began the vicar. "Why, Boaz 'sat in the gates,' and Eli fell off from his seat, and died by the gate, and Ahab and Jehosophat sat on their thrones by the gate! When Job went out to the gate, the young men saw him, and hid themselves; not in women's garments, my friends, like you; but because he was wiser than they. One of the signs of Jerusalem's misery was that her elders no longer went to the gates; but they didn't pull them down on that account. On the contrary, the prophet Zechariah commanded to execute truth and peace in the gates. You execute vengeance! I wonder where you can find a text that bids you destroy your neighbour's salmon-weir as well as his gates?"

Before this very pertinent question could be considered or answered, the crowd uttered a simultaneous "hush!" for the clatter of horses' hoofs was heard.

"The Philistines be upon thee, Samson!" cried Mervyn, who under no circumstances could restrain himself.

Scarcely had he spoken when the rioters had disappeared, where, not even he, who knew the neighbourhood, could imagine. He could only suppose that they had vanished amongst the rocks and through the woods. At any rate, he and Edwardes were left alone.

"Now you can come and preach to the soldiers," he said, with a dry laugh. "Your chest is sound, anyhow. I hope Rebecca has kept Rose and Dolly quiet."

He led the way up the river's bank to where the dog-cart had been. All exclamations of dismay and surprise at its disappearance were cut short by the approach of a troop of cavalry, that came galloping along the road.

Mervyn was naturally an easy-going man, until some special aggravation changed his nature. Then he was passionate and obstinate. Most people who knew him took care not to arouse these tempers. But on the present occasion they were aroused, not only by his late detention by the rioters, but by the disappearance of Rose and his dog-cart. He hastily decided to do what in cooler moments he would not have done.

"Halt!" he exclaimed, as the military drew near, and his height and voice were so commanding, that they must have thought him a general at least, and halt they did.

The officer in command rode up to him; and he told them in few words what had happened; pointed to the destroyed weir, and to the place where the rebels had been.

"We have just been to a gate towards which a countryman swore he had seen them going," said the officer. "There was no sign of them."

"Llanon Gate?" asked Mervyn.

"Yes, that is the name."

"They have come this way instead. They have scouts everywhere. But this is certain, they were here five minutes ago, and have destroyed Wynne Manorsant's salmon-weir, and carried off my daughter, unless Dolly, my mare, as I suspect, has been too fast for 'em."

"May I ask your name and address?"

"Mervyn. I live at Llynhafod, up yonder by the lake."

"How shall we best pursue the rebels?"

"By seeming not to pursue them at all, I should say."

The officer laughed. It had been a wild-goose chase ever since the military had been in the country;

and now the work of destruction was accomplished just as they reached the spot.

"Are you afraid? Can we protect you home?" asked the officer of Mr. Edwardes.

"No, thank you; but you will kindly let us pursue our way. My friend's temper is roused; still I would not willingly be a spy upon my country people."

The officer asked Mervyn if there were any by-roads that the rebels could have taken; but Mervyn assured him that he knew of none, and that the main road was the only chance of coming up with them. And so they parted, the soldiers going one way, the friends another.

Mervyn was in hot haste, and the vicar could scarcely keep up with him; but they walked on, almost in silence, until they were met by Jim and the dog-cart. Their relief and thankfulness was great when they heard that Rose was safe.

"I will drive Mr. Edwardes home. Go you up the lane and say I shall be back directly, Jim," said Mr. Mervyn, when they reached the road to Lynhafod.

He got Dolly past it with much difficulty, for she wanted her stable and her feed. No one was stirring in the village as her hoofs clattered through it, over the bridge, and up the steep that led to the vicarage. The church-tower loomed above them like a gaunt black ghost standing to overlook the doings of the parish; for beneath lay the slumbering hamlet, the swollen river, the bridge, and the rocks. They reached the vicarage, which was near it, and wearied Dolly rested a while. A sister of Mr. Edwardes', who acted as his housekeeper, came to the door. She was in the habit of keeping him in order, and had, like Mrs. Mervyn, always a reproach ready for his misdemeanour. "Name o' goodness, John, what's the matter? What makes you so late?" she said.

Mervyn did not stay to listen to explanations, but having deposited the vicar, began to talk to offended Dolly; no sooner was her head turned homewards, however, than she recovered temper and strength to patter down the hill, over the bridge and up the lane like mad. Jim was in waiting, having met his mistress and Rose, and ordered them in.

"You are all spoiling Dolly," he said, "I must be giving her a basting some day when Miss Rose isn't by. Go you in, master, or the sun will be up before we 're a bed."

Mervyn was never very anxious to return to his wife. He was what is called a "good fellow" abroad, and very popular; but at home, without intending it, he was often silent and even sulky. As the saying is he hung up his fiddle outside his door.

He stole into his house by the back way, hoping that she might be in bed, but scarcely had he lifted the latch when he heard a cry and a fervent "Thank God!" in the passage. No one bade him either wipe or change his shoes, but almost before he was in the sitting-room, his wife's arms were round his neck, and, to his utter astonishment, his own encircled her, and a kiss of, at least the appearance of affection, was interchanged.

Rose stood near, her hands clasped, her lips parted. It was the first time she had ever witnessed thus much of love between her parents, whom she loved fervently but silently. Poor child! she was always wondering concerning her parents, and praying that it would please God to unite them in heart as well as in name.

She heard her father mutter in Welsh the words "*gwraig annwyl*" "darling wife" and wondered, again, if her mother understood him. Tears were streaming down that mother's face when the embrace was over, and Mervyn, confused and agitated, turned to ask Rose what had happened to her. She gave him an account of her drive with Rebecca, suppressing the warning concerning her marriage, and he grew, if possible, more irritated than ever against the rebels. However, he perceived that Rose trembled still with some sort of terror, and he bade her go at once to bed.

"You have had enough of bishops, parsons, and Rebeccas for one day, and so have I. If I ever sympathised with the rapscallions—I mean the ladies not the cloth—I never shall again."

Rose obeyed mechanically. She was scarcely recovered from a sort of terrified dream, and the sight of her parents only bewildered her the more. They seemed almost ashamed of the emotion they had displayed in her presence, and her mother stood, shy and downcast as a girl, while her father, with what seemed assumed indifference, spoke with his customary brusque jocularity.

When she reached her room—which she shared with her sister, who was asleep—she tried to unravel the threads of her parents' tangled skein of married life. Of course there was mystery somewhere; and she took it for granted that her mother must have married without the consent of her family; still, this did not account for the studied and reserved forbearance of her mother, or the provoking and irritating ways of her father. The resolution of the one to maintain the position of a lady seemed only to give an impetus to the other to relinquish that of a gentleman which he would have held naturally but for this contradictory disposition. Yet he was proud, and disliked her going as governess to Manorsant, though he constantly complained of his poverty.

"I think he would like me to marry Alfred Johnnes," she thought, as she sat dejectedly on her sister's little bed. But he has not asked me. I wonder what that horrible figure meant by the warning. I wish I were young again, like Edwyna!"

There were four years between the sisters, and Rose was just eighteen.

She finished her soliloquy by kneeling down and commending herself and those she loved to the care of One who, she knew, could overcome evil with good.

(*To be continued.*)

"It struck me that it was different in colour."—*p.* 52.

THE CONSECRATED LIFE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MURDOCH JOHNSTON, M.A., RECTOR OF BALLYMONEY.

I.—THE CALL TO CHRIST.

THE story of the years which compose the second and third generations of our century will be more than imperfect if it fails to explain the movements of their religious life. Never, perhaps, since the Revolution had religion such powerful influence. In all parts of the land, and amongst every class of society, there is a manifest desire to draw nearer to God, to feel His presence, to realise the soul's work, and to live and act as under our Great Taskmaster's eye. This is seen in the great revival that has flowed steadily on for half a century, felt not alone by one Church or sect, but by all; and seen most, not in the strong rush of special seasons or exceptional efforts, but in the calm stream of devoted lives, and in the quiet and hidden acts with which kindness and love have ministered to the suffering, and sought to reclaim and to elevate the ignorant and the outcast. It is seen, likewise, in outward proof, where Piety has raised her temples, scattered her Bibles, and multiplied the means of grace. It is seen in the general desire for peace amongst the nations because of Christ, and for that sweeter peace amongst His people which draws together strong men of diverse creed, and tells them to discover and to appreciate the same loyalty to God in others which they seek and love amongst themselves. The melodies which are felt in the heart of the race of men and the faltering rhythm of its life, whenever they have found an utterance, have broken forth only into some such song as this—

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a Cross
That raiseth me,
Still, all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

And as it was of old, when, in the great autumnal Feast, amidst the murmuring of the crowds that pressed around the Temple, the Holy One stood out to public gaze, and issued that divine invitation which ever since has rung across the world; so now above the multitudinous voice that questions, "Where is God?" the same words are heard rising distinct and clear, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink."

But there are earnest, anxious hearts that hear the words, and yet ask whether Christ be indeed the source of a universal anodyne or the way to an everlasting rest; and there are others, still more anxious, if that were possible, who inquire, with full hearts and glistening eyes, how they may come, or whether they can come at all. For the seeker after God is met at the threshold of his search by misconceptions, and by strange but potent difficulties.

One class of these *misconceptions* regards the theory, and the other class the practice, of religion; and each of these classes divides itself into two parts. In the former class we have, first, the notion that religion consists in mere intellectual belief, and that therefore an assent to some catholic Creed is all that God demands. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," they quote; and they rest upon its promise, and believe that He died for their sins and rose for their justification, and that therefore God will extend His mercy at the last, however dearly they have loved their sin. Then comes the opposite notion, that religion is simply a number of good deeds, and they brace themselves to every act of charity, and hope that they will produce the fruit of the Spirit without having sown its seed. It is marvellous, but terrible, to sum up the numbers one meets with who thus think of the religion of Christ, and who act upon their opinions. The teaching they have heard is much to blame, no doubt—a partial teaching of the Bible, perhaps, or, at best, a one-sided piety; but the error is not the less filled with peril which forgets that Christianity is not merely a creed nor a sum of holy actions, but a disposition, a habit, and a character, not assumed and fitted to the shape in a day, nor earned by the sacrifice and exertion of man, but implanted by the Holy Ghost Himself, and cultivated, and tended, and grown through that long career by which we are made fit for heaven.

The evil notions which have prevailed, and are still here and there to be found, respecting the *practice* of Christianity, are these—that it is a gloomy thing, and that it entails unnatural and unnecessary suffering. For the first of these we may give our thanks to many a dark and homeless house; for, unhappily, in many British homes of the past, tradition has been accepted to dictate what religion ought to be, rather than the Bible examined to teach us what it is. A stern and rigid domestic discipline, a cruel torture to young minds of impossible lessons in Scripture, a family worship too long for youthful patience and too severe for youthful sympathy, a sunless Sabbath dragging its weary hours through cold and unsuitable services, these have formed with fatal success the ideal of many a man's thoughts of God.

And when the children thus trained have pictured God to themselves, they have conceived

some monstrous Being, upon whose brow sat a changeless cloud of wrath, and in whose hand lay darts of vengeance which He rejoiced to hurl against His victims. And Jesus Christ was to them as one so cold, so chilly pure, so vacant of human sympathy, so solemn, awful, and remote, that the story of the Little Children became a fiction, and the call of the Good Shepherd a pretence and a falsehood. And with these ideas came the others of burdensome and weary crosses and of Calvary memorised by perpetual martyrdom: for "In the world ye shall have tribulation," seemed the undertone that rolled through all religion—a crown indeed at the last, but won only by sacrifice, and to be enjoyed only in that dreadful Presence which the imagination framed, and whence the soul and spirit shrink and flee.

But all these are false—"lies, like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain." Where is their authority? God is love, says St. John: godliness has the promise of the life which now is, says St. Paul; and he adds, in another place, that Jesus Christ, who gathered little ones around Him, and at whose coming they shouted with joy in the Temple, is the same in this to-day as He was in that distant yesterday; and though Christ tells us Himself that in the world tribulation will afflict us, He adds in the same breath, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." For there was a deep untroubled joy in His life which neither persecution nor disappointment could subdue; and to each whole-hearted servant Joy stands in the foremost front—the early spring flower that marks the garden of the Spirit.

And yet when even these early forecastings of religion, and all their unhallowed myths are swept from the inquirer's mind, one other difficulty is encountered, which too often prevents any further progress. In these papers I will, of course, avoid all points of unprofitable discussion; I touch upon this subject because two reasons appear for doing so, which I cannot possibly silence. The one reason is that the point I am about to mention has, so far as man can see, prevented the salvation of many a soul; and the other reason, that the differences of the two contending schools are easily reconciled by embracing both within a higher and more comprehensive law. I dare not, therefore, refrain from treating this subject in such a way that all difficulty may be removed from the spirit's path, and that every inquiring mind which reads these pages may be enabled to discover and to follow the way to everlasting life.

The difficulty, then, is that none of us can do anything towards becoming a servant of Christ, because the Scripture says—"No man can come to me, except the Father which has sent me, draw him." Our part, then, would appear to be that of waiting, sitting still, all listless, until God sends a special message to us, and throws around us a divine spell which will draw us irresistibly to himself. And this seems only consistent with the frequent statement that salvation proceeds entirely from God's grace, and not in any part from man's wish or effort.

Yes, it is true; no man comes without the attraction exercised by the Father, nor is any man saved but by the free gift and grace of Heaven; but another Scripture (spoken afterwards as if to remove the objection) says, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." And, again, another tells us that Christ does not await our own desire or thought of approaching Him, but that He is even now standing at the door, and knocking—standing for long time, knocking continuously—if by any chance we may hear, and listen, and receive Him.

The great law holds that God must call first; but it is only an instance of a law still greater that He is calling *all* of us *even now*, and that every man may hear His voice if he wishes. One grand truth of Christ's work often forgotten is that *God has gone forth to seek for man.* That was the meaning of nearly all Christ's life. It was declared in His *discourses* when He proclaimed that the kingdom of heaven was among men, and that the Son of man was come to seek the lost. He declared it again in His *parables* when He told of a shepherd leaving his flock in the wilderness, and going out into the dark night, and over the wild hills, until he found the one that had strayed; and, completing the divine trinity of His doctrine, He threw the same thought into a *miracle* when He walked across the waves of Galilee to rescue His disciples from the storm. Happy is the man—happy art thou, indeed, uneasy brother—who hast felt the approach of that Spirit; and, answering to the unseen Influence, hast exclaimed, "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God." Yes, there is a supreme moment when we hear God. It came to the boy Samuel in the solemnity of the night while he watched in the tabernacle; and he knew it not at first, but thought it the voice of man. It came to Paul on the frequented road, and he recognised it himself, but none who stood near discerned what the voice said. It came to Lazarus in the silent grave, and there was no response of word, only the trembling of the cerements, and then the moving of the limb, and then the whole body arising, and fleeing from its charnel house.

Add to this seeking of God after us, all the work that Christ has accomplished. Every man has a right to say, "Christ died for me." We leave others utterly out of the present consideration, for we are not now concerned with the question whether He died for them. I hear God's voice calling me. I feel within me an overwhelming wish to attach myself to His service. These come, I am told, from God Himself. It is God,

then, who is near. I am walking in the mystery of His presence. Within me is the darkness and the void; but without me and around all is fulness and light. Is God mocking me? Is He tormenting me with desires which cannot be gratified, and with hopes which can see no realisation? It is impossible. I cannot, I dare not believe that God is a lie. He has approached me with mercy. His mercy comes through Christ; and therefore may I, too, look up, though with trembling glance, and feel and say that the sacrifice of His Son was made for *me*. It will comfort us to remember, also, that Christ's work is finished. From whatever point we look upon it, with whatever theory we may regard it, the work is complete. Nothing can add to it, nothing detract from it. Whatever man may do—accept it or despise it—His work alters not. Then, again, we are told what the Father really wishes. His character, we have seen, is most fully expressed by the word "Love": and St. Paul says that He wishes all men to be saved, and St. Peter that he is not willing that any of us should perish.

All these are facts, firm as God's being. It is a fact that the Father loves us, and is yearning for our salvation; a fact that Jesus Christ has died and completed His work; a fact that the Holy Spirit is abroad in the world and is drawing me to Himself. And I—it is a fact too—that I who once cared nothing for this, I now am yearning for light and life; longing for God and holiness, and for God's rest and peace.

What, then, am I to do that I may attain to these?

It is not much that remains for the one decided step which makes all the others easy. The great difficulty has been surmounted if we have learned God's feelings towards us and Christ's work done actually for *us*, and are now willing to undertake whatever God commands. The first act is a strong Resolution that we will become full and constant followers, and yield up everything to Him. But it is at this point that many fail. One I have in my memory now, whom disposition and reason had taught the importance of piety, and from whom a terrible affliction had driven all the sunshine of life; but he could not persuade himself to cross the narrow line that separated him from the living intercourse with God. Others I know who have here paused and reflected upon what they have already done and been; and, feeling satisfied with that, have tarried there, and thought that all was right. In the entrance to the kingdom of Christ, this sea must be crossed. As well might Israel have resolved to abide on the shore of Egypt, hemmed in by toppling crags, and pursued by an exasperated host, as we to see our happiness so near, and not to make the venture for attaining it. And although there are deep waves apparently in front, a cold and deathful plunge, and then perhaps we know not what; yet the strong wind of mercy will sweep away the flood, and the path to the other side will be made straight and open.

And after the resolution there must be the offering of Prayer—confession of the past; the presentation of ourselves to the Lord, body, soul, and spirit; and a solemn and holy vow that we will be His for ever. More importance rests upon the vow than may be seen at first. It makes a return to sin and carelessness infinitely more difficult, for it is a constant remembrance to ourselves, and a witness against us if we wish to go back, and it makes the future brighter and its task easier, as closing the retrospect and fastening our hope and energy upon the future. And if we have in our minds the thought of a solemn vow to the Eternal, recorded by an unerring hand in heaven, and there seen and read by eyes that know not tears, save from their anxiety for men, our spirits will cower at the thought of falsehood, and we would rather fight an hundred fights with sin and passion than endure the awful remorse of reflecting that we had lied to the hosts of God.

The resolution, the prayer, the vow, begot and offered and made in the light of the Eternal Love, in dependence upon the mighty Sacrifice, and in the confidence of the Spirit's help, these are the coming to Christ, these form the answer to His call, and these the first steps upon that road which, like the ladder of the dream, ascends from earth to heaven.

MIGHTY TO SAVE.

"Who is this that cometh from Edom . . . .
I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save."—Isa. lxiii. 1.

MIGHTY to save! Oh, wondrous tale,
From Bozrah's heights and Edom's vale,
Of armies by a Conqueror led,
With raiment stained and garments red.

Once upon Calvary He died,
Forsaken, scourged, and crucified;
And then ascended heavenwards,
Crowned King of kings and Lord of lords.

Mighty to save from sin's deep sea,
To set the struggling sinner free,
To clothe the naked with the dress
Of His own spotless righteousness.

Mighty to open the sealed book
Which from the angels' hand He took,
Reading our names in heav'n's pure light,
Making our title clear and bright.

Mighty to cheer our soiled face,
With the abundance of His grace ;
To make us meet for heav'n above,
With fruits of faith, and proofs of love.

Redemption's work when thus complete ;
All enemies beneath his feet ;
The second time He comes again,
In glorious majesty to reign !

Thus do we trace the wondrous plan
Of God's great love to fallen man ;
From a Church militant in tears,
His hand a Church triumphant rears.

Oh, may her gates of pearl unfold !
Oh, may we tread those streets of gold !
And join the white-robed throng, who sing
High praise to our Almighty king.

CANON BATEMAN, M.A.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. NEW SERIES. No. 2. CHOOSING A KING.

Chapter to be read—1 *Sam. viii.*

INTRODUCTION. In last lesson saw Israelites once more in peace ; Philistines quiet ; ark restored ; worship of God once more set up ; Samuel going round in circuit as judge ; nation and church alike prosperous. What a happy picture ! What more can they want ?

I. ISRAELITES DEMAND A KING. (Read 1—9.) Samuel now getting an old man ; would be thinking of end of life ; had been devoted to God since a child ; had had a very hard, active and anxious life ; preaching, judging, praying, the three parts of a prophet's life ; now naturally thinking of a successor. Whom had he succeeded ? Why were Eli's sons not appointed ? What became of them ? Surely, with this warning before him, Samuel would bring up his sons well, but had he done so ? What sort of men were they ? (ver. 3). This love of money one of the sins of Eli's sons. Perhaps Samuel been so busy not given sufficient time to his own family—a great mistake. Now what do the elders do ? A solemn meeting called of all the elders. Picture the gathering : elderly greyheaded men from all the country ; the anxious talks ; Samuel old ; his sons not like him ; what can be done ? Various plans suggested ; at last one elder proposes a king. Why not ? All surrounding nations have one ; why not we ? So resolutions passed to ask Samuel for this as only way out of difficulty. How did Samuel take it ? Why displeased ? Who had been their king ? God, speaking directly by prophets and priests such as Moses and Aaron, had been their king ; would be so still. What could Samuel say ? conduct of own sons the cause. What did he do ? Could not do better than pray for guidance. What was the answer ? Samuel need not feel hurt ; it was not him but God they were rejecting. What had He not done for them ? Yet had constantly forsaken Him ; this only another instance. How would God deal with them ? Let them have their desire, to turn it into a punishment. So Samuel was to give them a king, but to show them what sort of a king he would be that they might choose him with their eyes open.

II. SAMUEL'S PROTEST. (Read 10—22.) Now Samuel comes to the elders ; has been praying to and seeking counsel of God ; they waiting for him full of expectation. What does he tell them ? How will the king treat them ? They will be his servants, he will be an absolute monarch, will choose whom he fancies, appoint them as he likes ; make many officers in the State, and servants in his palaces. All these people must be paid ; where is the money to come from ? Taxes will be levied ; how much will the king take ? Will they like thus to be slaves, and pay taxes whether they will or not. Besides all this, their choice must be final ; if they do not after all like the king, if they cry out at the burdens laid on them it will be too late ; God will not hear. What answer do the people make ? They will have a king. Why are they so anxious ? (1) *They want to be as other nations* around them ; they do not realise that are God's own peculiar people ; such is effect of long departure from God, have forgotten their special privileges. (2) *They want a leader in war ;* but as long as they served God, peace promised them ; therefore this showed distrust of God. How had He not protected them when enemies attacked them—*e.g.*, Egyptians at Red Sea, Amalekites at Sinai, and many other times. So would He again. (3) *They wanted a permanent judge.* But this not the office of a king. God had given them good judges, and would again. He had raised up Samuel in place of Eli's sons, and could raise up others in place of Samuel's sons. Can fancy how sad Samuel would be at having tell these words to God. What was he directed to do ? So the elders were dismissed, and a king was promised.

III. LESSONS. (1) *Family influence.* Conduct of Samuel's sons brought trouble to whole nation. More expected from children of godly parents than others ; if they do wrong more scandal ensues. Let each ask what is the effect of my example and influence, for evil or good ? Remind of warning to those who cause others to sin (Matt. xviii. 7). (2) *Effect of despising warning.* Israelites would not listen to Samuel—old man speaking words of God—would suffer much for it. This common fault of children, think they know best, therefore despise advice of elders ; go own way ; sure to suffer for it. Thus, despising elders are despising God (see Heb. xiii. 17). He will punish.

Questions to be answered.

1. Describe the state of the country after the restoration of the ark.
2. What change began to be talked about, and what led to it?
3. What three things did the people expect a king to do?
4. Why was God displeased?
5. Was their request granted, and why?
6. What lessons may we learn?

PHŒBE'S FATHER.

PART I.

"COME in, Phœbe. What is it, child?"

"Please, Mrs. Webb, could you give me some work? I want to earn a little money, for father did not leave me any before he went out this morning, and I have nothing in the house for supper."

"Oh, mother," said Kate, "Phœbe's just come at the right time, for I've more than I can manage. Let her run up some of these skirts, and she shall have half the pay."

"Are you sure you can do them well enough, Phœbe?"

"Mother taught me to work, and I used to help her with our own things."

"Well, sit down beside Kate, and she'll show you how to begin."

Phœbe obeyed, and drawing a stool near her friend's seat, was soon busy with her needle.

"Where's your father to-day?" asked Mrs. Webb.

"I think he's at work, ma'am; he left home at the usual hour."

"You oughtn't to be so poor, Phœbe; he's a good workman, and has only you to provide for now. Things went better in your mother's time."

The girl's eyes filled with tears. "Poor mother did a great deal herself, and father stayed at home in the evenings, and got regular employment every day."

"And doesn't he still?"

"No, he has lost his situation, and only gets odd jobs sometimes."

"And why was that?"

"Oh, mother, don't ask," interrupted Kate, "every one knows well enough that James Clare spends all his evenings at the public-house since his wife died."

"No, no, Kate, not all!" cried Phœbe; "he was at home two nights lately, and I want to have a nice supper ready, and everything looking bright and pleasant for him when he comes in, as mother used."

Phœbe worked hard that day, and was pronounced by Mrs. Webb to be a smart, handy girl. When the time drew near for her father's return, she went home, with a promise of further employment, and more money in her hand than she had ventured to hope. The lodgings in which she and her father lived looked cold and bare after the cheerful room she had left, and Phœbe tried to arrange the scanty furniture so as to produce a more comfortable and home-like appearance. She lighted a fire, laid the table for tea, then went out to buy what she thought father would like best for supper; and when all was ready, sat down to await his return.

At length a step was heard in the passage, and Phœbe ran to the door. "Oh, father, I'm so glad you're come!" she exclaimed. "See, I have settled your chair near the fire, and the tea is made."

"Why, child, this looks like old times. Where did you get the money to buy so many fine things? I thought you said there was nothing in the house."

"I saved a scrap of coal for evening by not lighting a fire all day, and Mrs. Webb gave me a job of needlework, so I had a little money to get our supper. Now sit down comfortably and eat."

But though James Clare sat down and ate, he did not feel comfortable at the thought of his delicate girl doing without fire, and working hard to procure the necessaries of life which he should have supplied.

"Well, Phœbe," he said, after a long pause, "I'm glad you're learning to be industrious. I did a good day's work too, and here's the money for you to keep us till I earn more."

Phœbe promised to make it stretch as long as possible. She did not like to say the rent was due, that Christmas was near, and a day's wages would go but a short way in household expenses. She would not intrude any unpleasant topics or daily cares into this one quiet evening, but endeavour to make poor father as happy as she could.

A week passed away, and Phœbe worked each day at Mrs. Webb's, hoping to get up a little fund for Christmas, the first she had ever spent without her dear mother. Most evenings James Clare went out after tea, and did not return till very late, when, with unsteady step and glazed eyes, he used to totter to his bed, without noticing his little daughter, who was obliged to sit up and open the door.

Poor child, these long lonely watches, with hard work during the day, were telling on her already feeble health, and no one seemed to observe how pale and thin she was growing! Christmas arrived at last, and with much exertion Phœbe was able to provide a nice meal for her father. He had not come home till an unusually late hour the night before, and remained in bed till she went to call him when dinner was ready. Slowly he rose, and dressed, feeling languid and uncomfortable. On reaching the little sitting-room, which was decorated with a few branches of holly and ivy, to give it a Christmas appearance, he looked round for Phœbe. Dinner was laid on the table, the fire bright, and his chair

placed in its accustomed position, but at a first glance she was nowhere to be seen. Advancing further into the room, however, he perceived the child seated on a low stool, with her head resting against the wall.

"Father," she said, faintly, "I had to sit down, for my head felt giddy, and I was not able to stand any longer."

James Clare looked more closely at his little daughter, her face was very white, and her eyes had a dull expression.

"You 'll be better when you get a bit to eat, poor child," he said, raising and placing her on a chair near the table; but though she tried hard to seem cheerful, and speak to her father, it was impossible to swallow any of the food she had taken such pains to prepare. And soon her head began to ache so violently that it was beyond her power to keep up any longer, and, bursting into tears, she left the room, saying, "And I hoped we should have had such a nice Christmas evening together, father."

"Lie down in your bed, child; don't fret, and I 'll step over to Mrs. Webb, and ask her to take a look at you. She may know something that will do you good."

"You 'll come back yourself, father, won't you?"

"Yes, my girl, I 'll come back to see how you are."

When left alone, Phœbe could not help wondering why all her plans were frustrated by this sudden illness. She had asked God to enable her to influence her father for good, and now she was laid here useless, and could not make home pleasant to him even for this one evening. But God has his own ways of answering prayer, often beyond our shortsighted understanding, and we must only trust Him at all times and in all things.

When Mrs. Webb saw Phœbe she pronounced that the poor child was over-fatigued. "And, indeed, Mr. Clare," she added, when they left the room, "I 've been remarking for some time how delicate Phœbe looks; she wants good air and nourishment, besides a great deal of care, and it 's very unfit she should sit all day over her work. I wouldn't give her the jobs, only she 's so set on earning money that to refuse would only make things worse. You ought to let her lie quiet, and may-be after a night's rest she 'll be better to-morrow. If it wasn't Christmas night I 'd stay a bit; but Kate will come over and see after her in the morning."

As James Clare sat alone by his little girl's bedside, he reproached himself bitterly for his conduct towards her of late. The child had fallen asleep, and her face, now so thin and pale, bore a strong resemblance to her dead mother's. Then he remembered how he had promised his dying wife to protect and cherish their only daughter, and as much as possible fill the place of both parents to the delicate girl used to a mother's love and tenderness. How had this promise been kept? He had allowed her to work beyond her strength, thrown a load of care on her young heart, and deprived her of rest to admit him at late hours; and now perhaps he must lose her too, through his own negligence and self-indulgence.

At this moment Phœbe opened her eyes, and seeing her father sitting beside her looking kind and gentle, she ventured to make a request, which she had long planned, but failed to find an opportunity of speaking.

"Father," she whispered, laying her small thin hand on his, "will you come with me on New Year's Eve; there is to be a nice service in the church."

"Oh, child, how could I go to church? I 'm not fit."

"But, father, you sometimes went with mother, and it 's lonely always going by myself. You won't refuse what I ask this Christmas evening when I 'm not well?"

"Oh, I can't deny you anything; don't worry, but settle yourself down for another sleep."

"Well, remember, father, you have promised," and Phœbe, with a happy smile, again closed her eyes.

(To be continued.)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

19. In what way did King Josiah defile the altars which had been raised to false gods?

20. On what occasion did our blessed Lord refuse to take part in settling a worldly dispute?

21. Quote a passage which shows that at times St. Paul was very weary with the burden of this life's trials.

22. What was the great sin of Manasseh, king of Judah, by which he drew down God's curse upon his people?

23. How many sons had Ahab, who were slain in one day at Samaria?

24. From what incident do we gather that in the patriarchal days images of various things were common in households, and used for the purpose of worship?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 32.

7. 2 Chron. xxxiv. 9.

8. It caused them to fear and reverence the God of Judah—for we read that afterwards "Many brought gifts unto the Lord at Jerusalem and presents to Hezekiah, king of Judah" (2 Chron. xxxii. 23).

9. 1 John ii. 16.

10. 2 Chron. xxxiv. 3, 4.

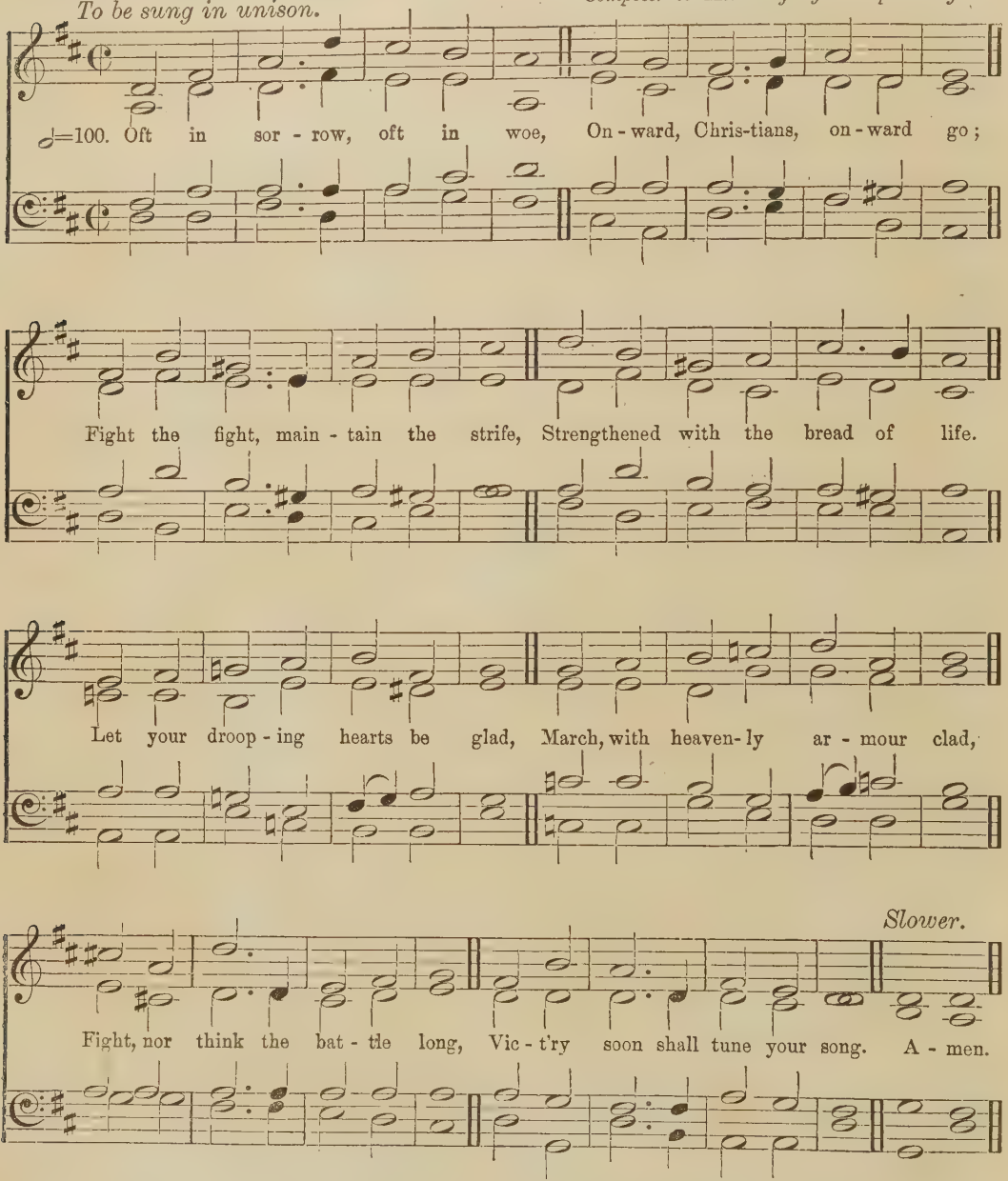
11. By teaching them of God's abiding presence with them (Heb. xiii. 5).

12. Ex. xxviii. 9, 10.

"Oft in Sorrow."

Words by HENRY KIRKE WHITE.
To be sung in unison.

Music by SIR JOHN GOSS, MUS. D.,
Composer to Her Majesty's Chapels Royal.


♩=100. Oft in sor - row, oft in woe, On - ward, Chris-tians, on - ward go;
Fight the fight, main - tain the strife, Strengthened with the bread of life.
Let your droop - ing hearts be glad, March, with heaven - ly ar - mour clad,
Slower.
Fight, nor think the bat - tle long, Vic - t'ry soon shall tune your song. A - men.

Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not woe your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward, then, to battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

THE MOUNTAIN FLOWER.

FAR up a steep and rocky cliff,
Where human feet had never trod,
A tiny wild flower grew, as if
Set by the special hand of God.

Alone, its pleasing hues it spread,
And waved its odours far and wide;
Alone, in age it drooped its head,
And lovely to the finish—died.

Buried in thought one quiet hour,
From all the busy world apart,
Musing upon this lowly flower,
Its lessons stole into my heart.

Live not to be admired of men,
Live not alone to win their praise,
Nor do thy choicest actions when
The world is gathered round to gaze.

Labour as though thou wert alone
Beneath great Heaven's all-searching eye,
And be content to live unknown,
And be content unknown to die.

If only, with a patient care,
Thou daily striv'st from out thy life,
To raise the goodness planted there
By God, to blossom o'er its strife.

JOHN FRANCIS SMITH.

"ROCK OF AGES:" THE HYMN AND ITS AUTHOR.

BY THE REV. ROBERT SHINDLER, KINGTON.

IT is perhaps realised by few amongst us that the present year is the centenary of the death (August 11, 1778) of Augustus Montague Toplady, to whose labours and memory all Christians owe much, and to whom the whole Church is indebted for some of the finest hymns in the English language. His life was comparatively short, but it was both useful and happy, his fine talents and poetic genius being early consecrated to the service of the Redeemer, while his whole Christian course was brightened by the "hope of eternal life," which God has promised to all who trust in Jesus.

Augustus Montague Toplady was born at Farnham, Surrey, in 1740. His father was a major in the army, and was killed at the siege of Carthagena, the same year as his distinguished son was born. The future preacher and poet was thus left solely to the care of his widowed mother, and tenderly and well did she fulfil her duty in training her only son for God. She was a woman of decided piety, and one whose mind and heart were richly endowed with gifts and grace. The child whose infant days were to her such days of sorrow, grew up to be a comfort and a pleasure to her, and while his talents and popularity and his wide usefulness were a source of gratification and joy, she had a rich reward also in the ardent affection which he always cherished for the parent whose tender care and solicitude he had so largely shared.

When about fifteen years of age Toplady accompanied his mother to Ireland, whither she went to support her claim to an estate in that country. God had designed, however, that he should find there something infinitely more precious than any earthly inheritance. His steps were directed one evening to a barn, at a place called Codymain, where an unlettered but warm-hearted working man was preaching. The text was one well suited to illustrate the perilous condition of the unconverted sinner, and the amazing efficacy of the death of Jesus in reconciling the soul to God—"But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were afar off are made nigh by the blood of Christ" (Eph. ii. 13). That was a night to be remembered, for the Gospel came to him, "not in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance." Looking back on the happy event, he remarks, "Strange that I, who had sat under the means of grace in England so long, should be brought near to God in an obscure part of Ireland, amidst a handful of God's people, met together in a barn, and under the ministry of one who could hardly spell his own name. Surely it is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in my eyes! The excellency of the power is of God, and not of man."

He was not led at once, however, into all those truths which he afterwards so firmly held, so faithfully preached, and so ably defended. It was in reading Dr. Manton's sermons on John xvii. that he was conducted, as he says, "into a full and clear view of the doctrines of grace." This was in 1758, three years after the memorable night in the barn at Codymain. "I shall remember," he remarks, "the years 1755 and 1758 with gratitude and joy in the heaven of heavens to all eternity."

It was largely due, no doubt, to this early reception of divine truth in a clear and comprehensive form, and to his distinct recognition of the "power of the Holy Ghost" in the work of conversion, and of the sovereign love of God in his own salvation, that his mind was formed to such an admirable degree of firmness, and his heart was so richly imbued with the love of Christ, while through his whole public life he manifested such uniform consistency of character, and such ardent devotion to the cause of truth and righteousness. He could say with the great apostle of the Gentiles, "I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." This is abundantly testified in his hymn on "Assurance of Faith."

Toplady's strong convictions concerning what he believed to be the truth of God sometimes brought him into controversy, and his pen as well as his voice was employed in expounding and defending his views of divine grace. In these writings of his, it must be admitted, there is far too much of that asperity and bitterness of spirit which were all too common in his day with writers of opposite sentiments. Zealous divines holding opposite views sometimes left their

legitimate work to pelt each other with hard words. Both Toplady and Wesley sometimes forgot the dignity of their office and the grandeur of their commission in the heat of their spirit and in their onslaught on the tenets of their adversaries. But whatever defect may be traced in Toplady's writings arising from this cause, his hymns bespeak him "a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost."

He must have been, while at the University of Dublin, a diligent student both of the Holy Scriptures and in the fields of classical learning, as, although ordained to the work of the ministry at the unusually early age of twenty-two, he appeared from the first as "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." Broad Hembury, a sequestered village in Devonshire, situate among beautiful hills near the Black Down range, was the principal scene of his labours. There most of his hymns and his other writings were produced. The quiet seclusion of this rural parish seems depicted in his hymn entitled—

THE CHRISTIAN'S WISH.

Emptied of earth I fain would be,
Of sin, myself, and all but Thee;
Only reserved for Christ that died,
Surrendered to the crucified.

Sequestered from the noise and strife,
The lust, the pomp, the pride of life;
For heaven above my heart prepare,
And have my conversation there.

* * * * * * *

Nothing save Jesus may I know—
My friend and companion thou;
Lord, take my heart, assert Thy right,
And put all other foes to flight.

In this lovely spot, but with great physical weakness and frequent suffering, he exercised his ministry with great success, attaining considerable popularity among the earnest and devout, and becoming known by his writings far beyond the bounds of his regular ministry. An interesting description of his person and preaching has been handed down by one who knew him well. He is described as having "an ethereal countenance, and light immortal form. His voice was music. His vivacity would have caught the listener's eye, and his soul-filled looks and movements would have interpreted his language, had there not been such commanding solemnity in his tones as made apathy impossible, and such simplicity in his words that to hear was to understand. From easy explanation he advanced to rapid and conclusive arguments, and warmed into importunate exhortations, till conscience began to burn, and feelings to take fire from his own enkindled spirit, and himself and his hearers were bathed in sympathetic tears."

Nor was he a stranger to those inward conflicts and those vicissitudes of Christian experience which all earnest believers pass through; while, on the other hand, it is evident he took a hopeful and cheering view of all dispensations. Thus he encourages the tried one:—

Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.
Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come."

The latter part of the hymn seems to be founded on and to be an exposition of Isaiah l. 10, and ends very encouragingly:—

When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.

* * * * * *

Blest is the man, O God,
Who stays himself on Thee!
Who wait for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

But the hymn by which he will be best known and longest remembered is that one of which it may be said most truly that, had it been his only production, its value is such as to be well worth a whole lifetime of toil and suffering. With many he is better known as the author of "Rock of Ages" than by his own name. It is entitled in his book, "A Prayer Living and Dying," but when first published in 1776, only two years before his death, in the *Gospel Magazine*, of which he was the editor, it was headed, "A Living and Dying Prayer for the Holiest Believer in the World."

The hymn was so great a favourite with the late Prince Consort that he composed a tune to it, and its words soothed and cheered his departing spirit and gladdened his failing flesh and heart amid the gloom of the dark valley and the throes of a nation's sorrow.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne—
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Dr. Pomeroy relates that when on a visit to Constantinople a few years ago he went into an Armenian Church on one occasion. The worshippers were engaged in singing. The notes were simple, but the language was strange, yet they appeared to be in earnest, and to be deeply affected, for many sang with closed eyes, and some with eyes suffused with tears. He was interested to learn the cause of all this solemnity and emotion, and found, upon inquiry, it was the hymn that so affected them, and upon its being interpreted to him, he found it to be no other than the one so universally admired—

Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure—
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Thus the fervid strains, so eloquent in their simplicity, which first ascended to God from the quiet of a Devonshire village, have gone careering round the earth, affording food for the living, comfort for the dying, and light and grace and strength to millions. It has been said that Toplady was a popular

and effective preacher. He was also a genuine friend and a faithful pastor. Several of his hymns were occasioned by the death of members of his congregation and other friends in Christ, and they display alike the depth of his sympathy and the strength of his faith and hope.

But it was not only by the loss of friends that he was brought into contact with death; he had many premonitions in his growingly feeble health and wasting sufferings that he himself must soon stand face to face with the grim monster. But as death was not unfamiliar nor unexpected, it was not an object of dread. Faith in the risen Saviour enabled him to exult over the conquered foe: "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

One of his finest hyms—a hymn of almost peerless excellence—is entitled

THE DYING BELIEVER TO HIS SOUL.

Deathless principle, arise!
Soar the native of the skies;
Pearl of price by Jesus bought,
To His glorious likeness wrought,
Go to shine before His throne:
Deck His mediatorial crown;
Go, His triumphs to adorn:
Made for God, to God return.
* * * * *
See the haven full in view;
Love divine shall bear thee through;
Trust to that propitious gale,
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail!
Saints in glory perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade;
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See they throng the blissful shore!
Mount, their transports to improve,
Join the longing choir above;
Swiftly to their wish be given,
Kindle higher joy in heaven.
Such the prospects that arise,
To the dying Christian's eyes!
Such the glorious vista faith
Opens through the shades of death.

This was written, there can be little doubt, in the course of that illness which brought his valuable life to a close at the early age of thirty-eight years. Probably the very last that he wrote is one which, though not generally fitted for congregational singing, might have been inserted in our selections for the sake of the many suffering ones who, next to their Bible, value most highly their hymn-book, where they are wont to find so much of that consolation and strength which they need in their affliction, and in prospect of approaching dissolution. It is not difficult to see in these lines the fulfilment of the words of the apostle, "That the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh;" and again, "Though our outward man perish, the inward man is renewed day by day.

Such were his anticipations of heavenly blessedness, such his earnest longing for the joy of his Lord. They were soon to be realised. The benefits of a change of air and a removal to London failed to yield him any permanent good, and death did its work, "that mortality might be swallowed up of life." His end was as happy and triumphant as his life had been holy and devoted. When, in answer to his inquiries, his doctor informed him that his pulse was getting weaker, he replied, with a smiling countenance, "Why, that is a good sign that my death is fast approaching. And, blessed be God! I can add that my heart beats stronger and stronger every day for glory." He frequently called himself the happiest man in the world, "Oh," said he, "how this soul of mine longs to be gone! Like a bird imprisoned in its cage, it longs to take its flight. Oh that I had wings like a dove! then would I fly away to the realms of bliss, and be at rest for ever!"

Shortly before his end, waking from a slumber, he said, "Oh, what delights! who can fathom the joys of the third heaven?" And when blessing and praising God for continuing to him his understanding, so that he could still think with clearness, he broke out, with rapturous delight, "And what is most of all is His abiding presence and the shining of His love upon my soul. The sky is clear; there is no cloud. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" Less than an hour before his departure, he said, "It will not be long now before God takes me, for no mortal can live (and he burst into tears of unutterable joy as he spoke)—no mortal can live after the glories God has manifested to my soul."

Thus this highly-honoured and faithful servant of the Lord went to the heavenly Zion with everlasting joy upon his head, to have an eternal habitation in that city where "The inhabitant shall not say, I am sick, and the people that dwell there shall be forgiven their iniquity."

With Toplady religion was not a form nor a creed, but a power and a life. Its whole history and mystery may be explained in the words of Jesus to His disciples, "Abide in me, and I in you." He was grafted into Christ, he continued in the grace of God, he brought forth fruit to his honour.

He received "The faith which was once delivered to the saints;" he contended for it; he died in it; and, by his profession and defence of it, "He, being dead, yet speaketh." His hymns have gone through the world preaching Christ, especially that one on the marginal rendering of Isaiah xxvi. 4, "Trust ye in the Lord for ever; for in the Lord Jehovah is THE ROCK OF AGES."

It has guided many a one to the Fountain of life and cleansing, of comfort, strength, and salvation; and its words have been the last whispered accents of multitudes in those moments when heart and flesh were failing. And it still points the way to pardon and peace, to safe shelter from the storm, to hope eternal and life everlasting.

THE WHITE ROSE OF WHITELAKE.

BY ANNE BEALE, AUTHOR OF THE "PENNANT FAMILY."

CHAPTER IX.

ROSE DISREGARDS REBECCA'S WARNING.

THE destruction of Mr. Wynne's salmon-weir caused, naturally, great excitement. But neither military nor magistrate could lay hold of Rebecca. The people wondered open-mouthed, but brought no evidence; and poor old Mr. Wynne grew more nervous than ever. His son, however, blustered, and declared his intention of making a new weir; while his wife kept open house for the officers, and gave dinner-parties and held receptions in their honour. None the less did threatening letters continue; and everybody asked what would come next? The farmers and peasantry were, however, tolerably easy, for they had much to gain and nothing to lose by the riots, so long as they kept silent and looked innocent.

Rose was, perhaps, the most anxious person in Llansant parish. She could not get over her drive with Rebecca, or the ominous words spoken to her. She had not ventured to repeat them to her parents, for fear of rousing their anger or fear on her account; neither could she confide in her constant friend Mr. Edwardes, because of the warning concerning him, of which she could not even think without a certain shame; for how could Rebecca know whether she cared for him or not? As to marriage, or offers, she had scarcely even thought of such things, no one having ventured to annoy her with jests hitherto; but now she was continually dreading what young girls usually desire. And if it came—this prophesied proposal—and if she could not accept it—what might be the consequences to her father? She tried to laugh at the mysterious terror that overwhelmed her; but she was by nature nervously constituted, and she was always combating the invisible and ideal with that resolute will which sensitive people often have.

She had been in the habit of visiting the vicarage at her pleasure; but this ridiculous threat prevented her going thither for several days. However, she summoned courage, and went at last.

"Had it been Edgar, there might have been more sense in it," she thought, as she crossed the threshold.

"I fancied you were never coming again, Rose," said the stiff but kindly Leah. "Edwyna has been a dozen times, at least, the darling, to your once."

"I wished to come, but——" began Rose, pausing because she could not give the exact reason.

"Ah, Rose, my dear, I am glad to see you alive and well," said Mr. Edwardes, coming in at the moment. "I hope you have praised the Lord for your deliverance, and prayed that my poor words may take effect on those rebellious children of Jezebel, for certainly they have nothing in common with her whose name they assume."

"I have, Mr. Edwardes," replied Rose, relieved from a nameless fear, she knew not why or how.

"I suppose Rebecca carried you off to frighten your father and me into silence," he resumed. "But she is mistaken in her men, and took the wrong way. It only irritated your father, who, I fear, has been talking a little too openly about it, and gave me an opportunity that I had been long looking for, and indeed, preparing for. They are but rebellious children after all; and I am thankful that I was enabled to speak boldly to them. How are your young rebels, my dear?"

"I really think they are getting more obedient. Were it not for Teddy I could manage them. Pussy is so very dear that I can scarcely help spoiling her."

"And Virginie? Take care of her. She is sly, and never comes to church. I preach her a sermon whenever I meet her, and she is profoundly attentive; but I see no fruit. Fruit, indeed! I am always looking for it, and when it comes, much of it is rotten at the core. Smooth-faced hypocrites half of those who profess. I should not say so, perhaps, but, on the contrary, lay on more manure at the root of the trees. You, also, have a great work, Rose. I call teaching a grand work. Patience, perseverance, firmness, kindness, are needed. Why, my dear, you are training plants for Heaven."

"If only I could, Mr. Edwardes!" ejaculated Rose, forgetting all her anxiety concerning her position with her pastor in intercourse with the man himself.

She left him, as she always did, invigorated for her part in the world's strife. But as she was hastening homewards she met Alfred Johnnes, who ever had a contrary effect upon her.

"You are always in a hurry, Miss Mervyn," he said. "What an age you have been with the vicar! I hope you are none the worse for your fright. Jim tells me Dolly ran away with you and brought you safe home, while your father and the parson were preaching to Rebecca. Jim is as tight as a vice. One can't get a word more out of him than he chooses to say."

Rose was much relieved by Jim's "tightness," for she did not wish her drive with Rebecca to be known.

"We are all well, thank you," she replied; "though we were horrified at the wicked work of destruction of the weir."

"Were you? I was delighted, for we have had our share of sewen these last three days. I suppose your father has learnt his lesson as I learnt mine. I shall not interfere any more. I am going to turn over a new leaf and be a steady fellow."

"It is surely time," said Rose, who always felt disposed to preach a little when she had been with Mr. Edwardes.

"Will you help me?" asked Alfred, suddenly, fixing his dark and very piercing eyes upon her.

"If I can, but I know not how," she returned.

"By going to yonder church with me, and taking me 'for better for worse,' as the prayer-book says," he rejoined, somewhat jauntily, pointing to the solemn black tower that rose behind them.

"With you! What next?" exclaimed Rose, hurrying on.

"What next? Why then we should be man and wife, and lead a pretty sight jollier life than your father and mother. I am quite in earnest, though you do not believe me. Rose, you must not run away, for if you will not listen I shall write to your father."

They had turned into the hawthorn lane, and were alone with the flowers and the birds, that bloomed and warbled around and above them as they are fabled to do for lovers. Lovers! "Was this, then, the first offer that she was advised by Rebecca to accept?" Rose asked herself, as she and this handsome, careless, yet, she felt, resolute man, stood a moment side by side beneath the flowering May. It was the last day of the joyous month that had the white blossom for name-child, and not during its course of thirty-one days had it looked on a comelier pair—he dark, ruddy, manly; she fair, sweet, and graceful. "The first offer!" She might certainly have a worse. She was silent, as if to consider it, feeling that her time had come, and with a sort of conviction that she must not be rash. He, not unnaturally, thought that "silence gave consent," and while her deep eyes were fixed on a hawthorn spray which her fingers touched insensibly, he pleaded his cause. She, however, broke in upon his rapid and somewhat egotistical speech with a repetition of his own words.

"Man and wife," she said, slowly. "I do not think we are suited, Alfred Johnnes. And what of Egain?"

Without waiting for an answer, she turned, and walked rapidly up the lane. Her walk, as we have said, had been compared to the gliding of a ghost, it was so quick and noiseless. Now, without seeming to run, she actually ran; and before Alfred could sufficiently recover from her unexpected answer to his proposal to pursue her, she had vanished into the little side gate that led to her home through the long orchard and kitchen-garden.

She found her mother and Jim in the tiny flower-garden, disputing, as they often did, an orthographical subject; for Jim was self-opinionated, and would not yield, even to his mistress, in spite of his exalted opinion of her learning. He had constituted himself gardener, as well as groom, drover, and waggoner; and having some learning, and more acute observation, was always improving himself, as he expressed it.

"Look at the *anemoans*, mistress," he had been saying as Rose approached. "I am wishing Jones, gardener Manorsant, was seeing them."

"They are called *anemonés*, Jim," corrected Mrs. Mervyn, for the hundredth time.

"Just as you please, ma'am, but 'tis *anemoans* in the book," persisted Jim, confidently, to Rose's amusement, as she came in for the fag end of the dispute.

"These pig-headed Welsh!" muttered Mrs. Mervyn, as Edwyna made her appearance, breathless and dishevelled.

"I saw you run away from Alfred Johnnes, Rose!" she exclaimed. "I was trying to overtake you, and just as I had caught you up, off you were like my sheep Trotty. He told me to tell you that you are quite mistaken. What did he mean? He looked uncommonly cross."

"I wish you would not run about the country as you do, Edwyna!" said her mother.

"I only went to see the soldiers. They have been exercising in the park; and I meant to come home with Rose, and missed her. Madoc, corporal, says that they're as fine a troop as ever he saw, even at Waterloo—he never forgets Waterloo, you know, nor do I, because it is Egain's birthday, and she was born while the battle was being fought. I wish I was a soldier, and had been born in the midst of a battle. But I should like to belong to our own regiment, the forty-second Welsh Fusiliers, the bravest in the whole army, and not to the Dragoons."

"I am finding *Dragon* in the dictionary," said Jim, oracularly. "It means a serpent with wings, and not a soldier at all."

Edwyna was as obstinate and disputatious as Jim, and Rose took the opportunity of a rising argument to beckon her mother into the house. She at once confided to her the proposal she had just received from Alfred Johnnes; but she did not mention Egain, since what she knew or suspected of the relations existing between her and Alfred were more or less confidential. When Mrs. Mervyn asked her eagerly what answer she had given, she told her that she had replied that she did not consider they were suited.

"You are quite right," said her mother, much relieved. "But your father will not agree with you. He considers Mr. Johnnes a desirable match. He certainly is handsome and tolerably well educated. *You* do not care for him, I hope, Rose? *You* are not taken by good looks?"

She fixed her eyes eagerly on her daughter, whose face betrayed neither emotion nor consciousness. But then, as she knew, Rose was self-contained.

"My dear mother, I have never thought of such things until now," she replied, innocently, "I do not wish to leave you, and just now I have too much on

my mind to begin to think of them. I have enough to do to learn how to teach, and to find answers to the wonderful questions the children put. It is as much as I can do to keep ahead of them, in spite of your good instruction."

Mrs. Mervyn hoped that Rose was still "fancy-free," but she had never yet, or so she imagined, quite fathomed her mind. She did not know that this child, concerning whose future she was so anxious, lived in continual dread of displeasing one parent by agreeing with another; and that much if not all of her inner life was spent in seeking to reconcile in her own mind the silent discord between them.

Indeed, Mrs. Mervyn was so reserved herself that she failed in any effort she made to court the confidence of her husband and children. Her feelings were her own; and while she would often have given worlds to be able to express them, she still kept them close within the narrow limits of her own breast. Rose was only too much like her, and consequently they rarely understood one another. Edwyna, on the contrary, disdained concealment, and when she had finished her dispute with Jim, burst into the room, exclaiming, "Everybody is alike. Nobody speaks the truth. Here's Jim, when I tell him he has said a story, faces me out, and grunts like a pig, and answers with, 'What for I tell the truth to you, Miss? You not my mistress. I tell the truth to her, and nobody else.' Now, mother, you ought to teach him better. And here's Rose, when I ask her what Alfred Johnnes meant, holds her tongue as if she was dumb. I say that's as good as a story."

In another moment Edwyna had her arms round Rose, and declared that she would "pay her out," if she would not tell; which "paying out" consisted in her uplifting the unresisting Rose, and carrying her round the room; for, as we have said, the girl was a determined romp, and as muscular and strong as her sister was delicate.

This little episode served to turn the current of affairs for the moment, by bringing down Mrs. Mervyn's displeasure on her youngest born.

The fact was, that Edwyna's love for Rose was so engrossing that she would brook no secresy and, as yet, nothing had occurred to the elder which she wished to conceal from the younger; though henceforth it might be different.

CHAPTER X.

VISIONS.

WAS there ever a match as to the desirability of which all the parties concerned agree? If the young people are unanimous, their elders differ, and *vice versâ*; or if the masculine element is favourable, the feminine is adverse. Mr. Mervyn was all for Rose's accepting Alfred Johnnes, and the cheerful sunshine that for a week or more had brightened his and his wife's life was again obscured. They had a dispute, which ended, as disputes often do, by each party retaining his and her original opinion. Rose came in for the fag end of it, when Mr. Mervyn was too much excited to heed her presence, and his wife's habitual self-control was ineffectual to check his hasty words.

"Alfred Johnnes is good enough for my daughter, and it was not *my* fault that you condescended to *my* rank," she heard her father say. "If your friends choose to come forward and get her a finer gentleman for a husband, well and good."

"You know, Mr. Mervyn, what they said," her mother returned, not conscious that she was within earshot. "They will be happy to receive us when you—or—or I——" she paused, perceiving Rose in the doorway.

"When you consider my manners good enough for their company," supplied Mr. Mervyn. "I am not ambitious of being received, but you can go when you and they like, Mrs. Mervyn. I shall do the best I can for my children in spite of my grand connections. Ha, ha!"

"Come in, Rose," said Mrs. Mervyn, as the girl hesitated. "I hope you have finished your work for to-night."

She had been reading and studying for her small pupils' lessons on the morrow, in the vain hope of being able to answer the odd questions they were sure to put.

"Rose, I hear that you have had an offer which will make you mistress of a respectable house instead of three spoiled children. I hope you mean to accept it," said Mervyn.

Rose looked from one parent to another in perplexity. She always seemed to herself a bone of contention between them; and now, what with the words she had just heard, Rebecca's warning, Egain, and her desire to please them both, she stood silent and irresolute.

"Silence gives consent," said her father, "and we shall only need to transplant our white rose to the blue glen."

"Oh no, dear father. Let me stay where I am. I should wither if I were transplanted," said Rose, with a smile, thankful to carry on her father's simile.

"You are more likely to wither over your books and walks to and from Manorsant," replied Mr. Mervyn. "What did you say to Alfred Johnnes?"

"That I thought we were not suited," said Rose, her eyes drooping and her hands moving nervously.

"Not suited! Why? I suppose this is your teaching, Mrs. Mervyn?"

"Oh no, father! I assure you I was quite taken by surprise."

"Then sleep upon it, my girl, and think it over. You have plenty of sense, and must know that a wealthy respectable handsome young fellow is not to be met with every day in these quiet parts. Not that I would have you marry him for his looks," said Mr. Mervyn, glancing at his wife, who was trembling for Rose.

"Perhaps we had better all sleep upon it," said Mrs. Mervyn, quietly and severely. "It is time for prayers."

So, in no very good frame of mind, they assembled

their household; for, notwithstanding untoward circumstances, they never neglected family worship, and doubtless this had tended to keep the husband and wife together during all these years of regrets—this and their children.

Rose soon forgot her trouble in that consoler of the young and innocent, sleep. Still, before she could invite the wand of this soft-winged, gentle-footed friend, she had to endure many questions from Edwyna concerning the meaning of Alfred Johnnes. The sisters contrasted in most respects, Edwyna being, like her father, hot-tempered when much crossed.

"I know he wants to marry you, and you won't tell me," she exclaimed, as she laid her rosy cheek and curly head on the pillow. "I am sure I don't care. You and mother are as close as Silly Shanno's Polly, who always holds her tongue when we want her to speak. I dare say you'll tell Mr. Edwardes all about it."

"Indeed I shall not, Edwyna," responded the aggrieved Rose. "I wish you were not so inquisitive. One would think you were a woman."

"I shall be one soon, and then be you sure I won't tell you any of my secrets. No! I don't think I shall kiss you good-night."

But Rose put her arms round the wild merry girl, who was, as she said, soon to become a woman, and the sisters quickly slept the sleep of love and peace.

But while they slumbered through the night there was a stir in the rest of the house. Jim, who, for some reason best known to himself, had been abroad late, had discovered that an outstanding hayrick in a solitary field belonging to his master, was on fire. Now Jim, whatever his principles and inclinations concerning the Rebeccaites, was staunch to his master and his family, and he would not admit, even to himself, that it could have been set on fire maliciously. He knocked at Mr. Mervyn's window to arouse him, and when he put his head out, said, "That old rick has been and taken fire of herself after all, master. I was telling you so, I do wonder why it has kept its steam in so long."

"Wake up Davy, I'll be down directly," said Mr. Mervyn.

Jim and Davy were the only men who slept on the farm. The other labourers lived either in the village or in cottages round about. Mr. Mervyn dressed quickly, speaking to his wife as he did so. He had forgotten all about Rose, for he seldom remembered an offence long.

"If they have a grudge against me it is because I told the soldiers that night when they carried off Rose. I don't believe they set it on fire. It is no great matter if they did, and only poor hay and not much of it left, at best."

When he was gone, Mrs. Mervyn roused her two women servants. She was of Spartan breed, and, whatever her birth, did her best to superintend her household.

It was daylight when her husband returned, and he was not sorry to find a fire and a steaming kettle. He thanked her heartily, and told her that there was no doubt about the rick. He was evidently greatly annoyed, and his language, happily in Welsh, was not of the choicest. Somebody had set fire to it, and, as it was far from the lake, they could not put it out. Some of the neighbours had seen it, and come to their aid, but it was too late. What was not burnt of the hay was spoilt. Not that he cared so much for his loss as for the hostile act. A careless, easy, good-natured man himself, he could not realise that anything he could do or say could rouse enmity against him.

When Rose and Edwyna came down to breakfast, and heard the event of the night, the former was silent, for she felt assured that in some mysterious way Rebecca's threat was taking effect because of her partial rejection of Alfred Johnnes. The latter, on the contrary, was vehement in her protestations concerning the intentions of her Welsh friends the Rebeccaites, and she carried her father with her.

"I agree with Jim. The old rick took fire of its own accord. Speckle has a nest there, and it was smoking like a pipe the other day when I went to look for eggs. I hope they haven't burnt Speckle. Back in a minute, mother!"

Before Mrs. Mervyn could remonstrate Edwyna was off in search of Speckle, and Mr. Mervyn's chagrin was lost in laughter; for he was always amused by Edwyna's strong opinions, and delighted at her country pursuits, and resolution to be housekeeper and farmer.

"You will keep watch, father?" asked Rose, anxiously, as she prepared to leave for Manorsant.

"Those sleep best who watch least, Rose. But take this note to the squire. He will think it serious if I don't."

Rose did as she was bid, and she had scarcely begun lessons when she was once more summoned to Mr. Wynne's breakfast-room. He was not alone. What seemed to Rose a gorgeous vision greeted her, in the person of an officer in full uniform, seated at breakfast with Mr. Wynne. Her father's note was open on the table, and had occasioned her summons. Both gentlemen rose as she entered. Mr. Wynne shook hands with her, pointed to the easy-chair she had once before occupied, and introduced the *vision*.

"Miss Mervyn—Major Faithfull. I think you have met before," said the old gentleman, who never forgot for a moment, or under any circumstances, what was due to those with whom he came in contact.

"At the luncheon in honour of the bishop, I think," said Major Faithfull, bowing.

Rose was nervous, but not confused. She saw before her a genuine soldier, with well-cut moustache, bronzed features, and eyes that seemed to look her through as she made her timid but graceful inclination to him. He was young for a major; but then he had seen service.

"I have taken the liberty to send for you to ask for further particulars of last night's incendiarism,"

"Then sleep upon it, my girl, and think it over."—*p.* 71.

began Mr. Wynne, who was evidently trembling with alarm. "Major Faithfull is on duty, and rejoins his regiment immediately, that is why he is breakfasting with me, my dear; for, as you know, my daughter-in-law is, well—rather late in the morning."

Rose told all that she knew of the burning of the rick, which threw no further light on the note, but she added that their man Jim said it had ignited through damp.

"We have had rather dry weather for that," laughed Major Faithfull. "I believe it was your father who gave me the intelligence concerning the weir?"

"Yes, I think so," replied Rose.

"And you were the young lady carried off by Rebecca?"

"Yes."

"Miss Mervyn, would you have any objection to tell us exactly what you saw when the weir was destroyed?" asked Mr. Wynne, rubbing his hands over the fire as if it were December instead of June.

Rose gave the required details up to the point where she was forcibly taken to the dog-cart by Rebecca, and driven off. There she hesitated, and a sort of terror gave wonderful expression to her eyes. Major Faithfull was looking at her intently; she was addressing Mr. Wynne.

"You had disappeared when your father fell in with us?" said the Major. "What did this formidable Rebecca do with you?"

Her frightened glance met his penetrating one, and his men said of him, that it would be impossible to tell a lie while he was looking at them. He smiled, and his smile was as irresistible as his decision.

"He drove me part of the way home, and vanished," she said, in a low voice. "But I would rather this were not known," she added, with a sort of frightened appeal.

"I think your secret is safe with us," said Major Faithfull, kindly, looking from her to Mr. Wynne.

"Certainly, my dear. I am sure I would not mention it for worlds," said Mr. Wynne. "If Rebecca had driven me I should have gone out of my mind at once. You are a wonderful young lady to have preserved yours; don't you think so, Major?"

"Yes, if Miss Mervyn chances to be afraid of men in women's garments," replied that gentleman. "But no *man* would I imagine, voluntarily annoy one so"—— here he paused, and the compliment on his lips died a natural death, possibly because he felt that it might soil the purity of the soul into which he was about to breathe it; and it were well for innocent girlhood did more Major Faithfulls wear Her Majesty's uniform. "My time is up," he added, seeing that she was confused, and looking at his watch.

She rose at once. He opened the door, and held it while she wished Mr. Wynne good morning; then, as she passed out, he bowed low, and thought, in his turn, that he had seen a vision.

(*To be continued.*)

CHRIST'S TEARS FOR JERUSALEM.

BY THE REV. C. J. ELLIOTT, M.A., VICAR OF WINKFIELD, AND HON. CANON OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

THROUGHOUT the course of our Lord's earthly ministry He is represented in the Gospels as "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." But there are only two occasions left on record in the Gospels of which it is written concerning Him that "Jesus wept." The scenes on these two occasions, as they presented themselves to the eye of the outward observer, were of a widely diverse character. On the former of these occasions the scene was that of a mournful company assembled around the grave of a departed friend; on the latter it was that of an exulting multitude, strewing the road with branches of palm, and rending the air with shouts of triumph.

But whilst to the eye of the ordinary observer the one of these scenes was suggestive only of sorrow, and the other only of gladness, as beheld by Him who sees not as man sees, and who judges not according to man's judgment, there was much of sorrow connected with both, and the latter was suggestive of sorrow greater and more enduring than the former.

Foremost amongst the sources of this sorrow—as they presented themselves to the far-ranging eye of the Redeemer—were the horrors of an impending siege, and the desolations of an invading army.

It should be at all times—and more especially at the present time—a cause of deepest gratitude to Almighty God that this country has so long been spared from those crimes and miseries which are the results of foreign invasion. It is easy for the painter to depict, or for the historian to describe, in glowing colours, the resistless progress of the conquerors, and the disastrous retreat of the vanquished. Those only who have gazed upon the ghastly forms of the wounded and the slain—who have witnessed the frantic grief of the widow and the orphan, who have seen a country fair as the garden of the Lord changed into a waste and howling wilderness—they only can form any adequate conception of the guilt and of the folly, of the crimes and of the miseries, of war.

Such was the foremost of those calamities which cast their dark shadow over the vista of the future, as the Man of Sorrows stood upon the

steep of the Mount of Olives, and gazed from thence upon the devoted city of Jerusalem. He knew—as He alone can know who sees the end from the beginning, and the things which are not as though they were—that the desolation of Jerusalem was at hand. He knew that from that steep of the Mount of Olives on which He then stood—it may be from that very spot which He then bedewed with His tears—the Roman soldiers were about to hurl their missiles against the sacred Temple, and to bring destruction upon the devoted city.

And He who was in all things, save sin, made like unto His brethren, who was touched by every form of human sorrow, and by every pang of human suffering, was moved by the mournful spectacle which was presented to His view; and "when He was come near, He beheld the city, and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day the things which belong unto thy peace; but now they are hid from thine eyes" (St. Luke xix. 42).

But we should take a very partial, and therefore a very erroneous view of the occasion of those tears which the Redeemer shed over the city of Jerusalem, were we to restrict the reference to human sorrow however great, or to human sufferings however protracted. It was over the lost souls of Jerusalem that the Man of Sorrows wept; and it was because of the sins of its impenitent inhabitants that His deepest emotions were stirred. He knew that the day of their visitation in mercy was fast drawing to a close, and that the day of their visitation in judgment was about to begin. He knew that words such as man never spake had in vain been spoken in their ears, and that works such as man never did had in vain been wrought before their eyes. He knew that although, after His own departure from them, the message of peace would again be addressed to them, and the offer of His great salvation again urged on their acceptance, they would, as a nation, reject the counsel of God against themselves, and count themselves unworthy of eternal life.

And hence it was that when He who knew, as none other could know, the greatness of the salvation which was offered for their acceptance, and the greatness of the peril which was incurred by its rejection, gazed upon a multitude then shouting "Hosanna!" but soon about to cry, "Crucify Him, crucify Him!" and when He beheld the city within whose palaces God had been known as a sure refuge, about to be given over as a prey to the destroyer, because of the impenitence of its inhabitants, His eyes affected his heart, and again His heart affected His eyes, and He exclaimed—as a fountain of sacred tears moistened the ground whereon He stood—"If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes."

It needs not that I should dwell upon the fulfilment of the remarkable prophecy which follows—a prophecy in which the siege and destruction of Jerusalem are foretold in terms which might have been aptly employed by the historian in a record of the past, and which are strikingly convincing of the prescience of their Author when regarded as a prediction of the future. Within the space of forty years—that is, after an interval so great that no human prescience could have foreseen the event, and, at the same time, so short, that one, at least, of those who heard the prediction, lived to witness its accomplishment—those memorable words received their literal fulfilment. In striking contrast, not only with the treatment of the city and of its inhabitants at the hands of its former captors, but also with the ordinary practice of the Romans, whose policy it was to spare, not to destroy the vanquished, Jerusalem was not only besieged in the precise manner which is indicated in the prophecy, but its walls were literally levelled to the ground; and so completely was the prediction of its utter desolation fulfilled, that we are told that the plough passed over the ruins of those buildings to which the disciples then pointed with pride and exultation, and which had been the joy not only of Jerusalem, but also of the whole earth.

As addressed to ourselves, the pathetic lament over Jerusalem is pregnant both with solemn warning and with gracious encouragement.

When regarded in the former of these aspects, it reminds us that we, too, like the inhabitants of Jerusalem, have a day of grace appointed to us, and a time of visitation assigned to us—a *day* in which we are invited to hearken to the voice of Him who speaks to us—a *time* in which the things which belong to our peace are graciously urged on our acceptance.

There are some—more especially in our own days—who would fain persuade us that it matters little how this day of grace is improved, or what account is made of this time of visitation. There are some who would fain whisper in our ears the same lie by which our first parents were deceived, and would assure us, in spite of the inward voice of conscience, and of the express declarations of God's word that we "shall not surely die." Now it behoves such to ask of themselves, What mean those tears which Christ shed over the impenitent inhabitants of Jerusalem? It may be that some will be content to find the sole explanation of these tears in the temporal calamities which were about to befal the city and its inhabitants. But there are others who will trace in our Lord's words allusion to a deeper source of sorrow than that which had its origin in the impending destruction of the city and of the temple of Jerusalem. Such will perceive that as the words of Christ point to the neglect of spiritual privileges and spiritual opportunities, so the tears of

Christ were caused rather by the spiritual than the temporal results of the indifference and the insensibility which He bewailed. And if this be so, then it will follow that these tears shed over the lost souls of Jerusalem teach us deep and momentous lessons concerning the future results of a present neglect of the means and opportunities of grace. For, be it well observed, these tears were not the tears of human frailty, or of human ignorance. The ministers of Christ, like St. Paul when he wrote to the Philippians from Rome, may tell their hearers, even weeping, what must be the end of the enemies of the cross of Christ. But these tears, it will be said, are but the tears of weak and erring men. The preachers may be consciously deceiving their hearers, or they may themselves be the subjects of deception. But we may not, we dare not, thus explain the meaning of those tears which Christ shed over the sinful inhabitants of Jerusalem. Those tears were the tears of One in whose breast there was no room for error, and in whose mouth there was found no guile. Those tears were the tears of Him by whom all things were made, and by whom all must be judged. Those tears, then, which bedewed the brow of Olivet, proclaim, in louder and clearer accents than the voice of the trumpet which was heard on Sinai, the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the inevitable doom which awaits the sinner.

But it has been already observed that, like that song of the Psalmist which was a song of mercy as well as of judgment, the tears which were shed on the Mount of Olives speak to us not only in words of warning, but also in words of encouragement. If the tears which Christ shed over the impenitent inhabitants of Jerusalem teach us—as they ought to do—the sinfulness of sin, and the doom which awaits the sinner, they proclaim to us yet more loudly and persuasively—oh, that it may be yet more effectually!—the greatness of the love wherewith Christ hath loved us, and the greatness of the salvation which He died to procure for us.

If so great was the love which Christ had for His enemies that He wept tears of bitter anguish over souls that were lost, how boundless must be that lovingkindness which He reserves for those who shall be saved!

If tears of unutterable sorrow were wrung from His eyes on account of those who were choosing death in the error of their ways, what imagination can conceive or what tongue can express the happiness which awaits those who now come to Him that they may have life!

To them it shall be given in an ever-increasing measure—the capacity of reception being enlarged in proportion to the abundance of the supply—to know what is the breadth and depth and length and height of that love of Christ which passeth knowledge; and thus, whilst the cravings of their souls shall be ever satisfied, they shall be increasingly filled with "all the fulness of God."

There are few spots upon the earth's surface which are hallowed by more sacred associations than the Mount of Olives; and there is probably none which, whilst it recalls so vividly the memories of the past, is linked so closely with our expectations of the future.

It behoves us to exercise the utmost caution whenever we attempt to read the signs of the times, and to anticipate from what is now passing around us the order of the events which are to follow. On the other hand, it would argue neglect of our Lord's words of warning if, when some of the signs which He has Himself given to us are already visible, we should refuse to recognise their appearance, and if, when the fig-tree is already putting forth her leaves, we should forget that summer is nigh at hand. It is not, indeed, for us to determine in what particular manner the present course of events is preparing the way for the restoration of God's ancient people, and for the bringing in of the fulness of the Gentiles. It is equally impossible to deny that the eager hopes and anticipations of mankind are now in a special manner directed towards the East; and that whether the sixth vial of wrath is or is not now being poured out upon the earth, and whether we are or are not to understand by the drying up of "the great river Euphrates" the destruction of the Turkish Empire, it is an undisputed fact that that power which has held the "pleasant and glorious land" in thraldom has received a blow which has shaken it to the very centre, and from which—so far as human foresight can reach—there is no probability of its recovery.

Under such circumstances the prediction contained in the fourteenth chapter of Zechariah possesses a special claim to our consideration; and our thoughts are irresistibly carried onward to the day when the feet of the Redeemer shall again "stand upon the Mount of Olives" (verse 4), and "the Mount of Olives shall cleave in the midst," and the Lord our God shall come and all his saints with Him (verse 5).

That day will be to some a day of darkness and of terror.

But there are some to whom that day will be a day of light, and not of darkness, a day of joy and not of confusion. Having already fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope which Christ's Gospel presents to them, they will hail the advent of Him on whom that hope rests; and instead of fleeing from the face of Him who shall sit on the throne and from the wrath of the Lamb, they will exclaim, in the voice of joy and thanksgiving, "Lo! this is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us; this is the Lord; we have waited for Him, we will be glad and rejoice in His salvation" (Is. xxv. 9).

PHŒBE'S FATHER.

PART II.

AT length came the last day of the old year, and in the morning Phœbe reminded her father of his promise.

"I am going to take a walk with some friends," he said; but seeing her look of disappointment, added, "never fear, I 'll be back in time for you."

Phœbe was comforted by this assurance.

"Father never breaks his word," she repeated to herself, "so he 'll be sure to come, and when he hears all the beautiful things the clergyman will say, about the years passing away, and eternity coming on so fast, he may begin to think as he never did before."

The poor child had founded so many hopes on the fulfilment of her father's promise, that she felt cheerful and happy through the long lonely day, and when the time for evening service drew near waited in a state of anxious expectation for his return. The church bells commenced ringing, and then ceased. That deep hush fell over the little town which seems to tell that the inhabitants are engaged in solemn worship. Still Phœbe stood at the door and waited.

"Ah! he is not coming," she said; "perhaps"—and the painful thought was unwillingly admitted—"he has forgotten, for he promised to be in time. I 'd better go by myself."

Yet still she lingered, and at last, after many a regretful backward look, reached the door of the church, and, as it was very late, only ventured in a little way, fearing to disturb the congregation. The sermon had just commenced; it was everything she could have wished her father to hear. And again came the faithless thought—"I have asked in vain. God has refused an answer to my prayer."

When all was over, Phœbe hurried home, wondering if her father had yet returned. Alas, no! the room looked dreary and deserted. She drew together the few dying embers in the grate, and putting on a small part of their scanty supply of coal, took her seat in the usual position, to watch and listen for his approaching footsteps.

Hours passed in this way, and yet he did not come. At length, wearied out with fatigue and anxiety, Phœbe's eyes gradually closed, and she fell into a sound sleep. When she awoke daylight was beginning to struggle through the chinks of the shutters, and the air felt chill and damp. Phœbe's first sensation was surprise at finding herself in such a strange position; then, as the events of the previous evening rushed across her mind, she became seriously alarmed. Morning was come, and her father had not yet returned.

"I wonder could he have knocked while I was asleep?" thought the poor child; "but ah, no, I should certainly have heard that sound. Something must have happened, for I know he would not willingly break his word. Oh, where shall I find him now!"

As soon as day was fully dawned Phœbe set off to make inquiries amongst his acquaintances. Few of them were up at that early hour, and little satisfaction could be gained. One man, indeed, told her, with a laugh, that her father left their company yesterday evening, saying he was going to church, but it was hardly possible he 'd venture there in the state he was in at the time.

Phœbe turned sadly away. Then, after all, he had remembered his promise. "I shall go to Mrs. Webb," she thought "and ask her what I 'd best do to find poor father." Accordingly, her next visit was to the work-room.

"Oh, Phœbe!" exclaimed Kate, "why didn't you come to church yesterday evening? I was looking out for you."

"I was there, Kate."

"Well, I didn't see you in your usual place, and a friend of mine who sat there told me that just as the service was beginning a drunken man came in, and made a great commotion; she wondered the sexton did not put him out, and felt quite afraid to sit near him; after a while, however, he settled down quietly, and fell asleep."

"Where did he go to when church was over?" asked Phœbe, anxiously.

"I 'm sure I don't know; my friend went quickly out, she was glad to make her escape before he wakened. Why do you ask?"

"Because it may have been father." And then Phœbe related how he had promised to accompany her to church, and what she had just heard from one of his companions. "And he did not come home all night," she added, "so I fear something must have happened.

"Could it be possible," Mrs. Webb suggested, "that he slept on after the congregation dispersed, and was locked up in the church?"

"I will go at once to the sexton's house, and ask him to come and try!" cried Phœbe, as she hurried out of the room.

It was just as they had supposed. James Clare, at the last moment remembering his promise, staggered into church, and took his place in the pew usually occupied by Phœbe and some other Sunday-school girls; not finding her there he sat quietly awaiting her arrival, and leaning his head against the corner soon fell into a heavy sleep. When consciousness returned, the chimes were ringing loudly from the old tower to announce the commencement of a new year. For some time his mind was in such a confused state that it was impossible clearly to understand what it all meant; rising, however, from his uncomfortable attitude, with limbs cold and stiff, he felt about with outstretched hands, and found that he must have

been sleeping in church. Groping along the side in the darkness, with much difficulty he reached the door, but only to convince himself that it was firmly locked, and that he was alone and forgotten. "This is an unfortunate mistake," he thought.

Throwing himself down on the cushions of the nearest pew he endeavoured to court sleep, but it would not come; and, instead, followed a painful retrospect of his past life, and the pale face of his delicate little girl seemed looking at him reproachfully through the dense darkness: there was no escaping reflection now, no means of drowning remorse. As soon as daylight dawned he started up, and pacing along the silent aisles, endeavoured to warm his chilled limbs and compose his mind; but it was of no use, and at length, tired and weary, he sank again into a seat.

Darkness had passed away, and the bright morning sun streamed through the great painted windows. Before him lay a large-printed Bible, left by some old lady for her own convenience. Opening it, just to while away the time, and to get rid of his own uncomfortable thoughts, the eye of James Clare lit on this verse, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." "Ah! what have I been sowing?" he thought. "And what shall the harvest be?" Then turning to another passage, he read, "God willeth not the death of a sinner, but, rather, that he may turn and live."

"I can't change," he said; "I've tried often enough, and each failure only makes things worse, so there's not much comfort there; I must look for something else; aye, here it is. I've not forgotten how to find the places since I was a boy at the Sunday-school. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin." Yes, that's it, and so there's hope even for me; and, kneeling down, he prayed as he had never done before, for that cleansing, and for strength to lead a new life. Then followed a long train of thoughts and plans for the future. "I must leave the town, and go out of temptation's way; I must part from my old companions and associations."

Just as he had come to this conclusion the key was heard grating in the lock of the church door; and presently the sexton entered, followed by Phœbe. Anxiously she glanced along the aisles, and seeing a tall figure rise from one of the pews and come to meet her, she rushed forward, exclaiming, "Oh, dear father! how thankful I am to have found you here! I was so frightened when you did not come home last night."

"Phœbe, I hope you did not sit up all night," he said.

"Oh, father dear, I slept by the fire, and was only afraid when I awoke that you might have knocked without my hearing! How cold and dreary you must have felt alone in that dark church!"

"It was the best night I ever spent, Phœbe. I had time to think a great deal, and when daylight came I found out some texts that I had known long ago; and God, by His Holy Spirit, enabled me to lay them to heart, and understand them as I had never done before. Then I resolved, with His help, that my little girl should not have any more such hard times as she has had lately."

"Oh, father! I'm so glad; not for myself, I'm getting on well enough, but for you. God has answered my prayers in a way of His own, though I was faithless and thought He had not heard at all."

"Then you have been praying for me, child?"

"Oh yes, father! this long time, and I asked that this new year might be better for us than the last; and that was the reason I wanted you so much to come with me yesterday evening to hear the sermon, and it was such a beautiful one, too."

"Well, though I did not listen to it, God Himself has spoken to me by His own word, and that is best of all. And now, Phœbe, lose no time in packing up any little things you wish to bring with us, for I am going to take you to the country. Your grandmother will be glad to let us stay in her cottage for a while, you will be a help to her, and I can easily get work in the neighbourhood where I was known as a boy, long before I fell into evil ways."

"Father, are you really in earnest? I shall be so happy with dear old granny, and you will show me all the places you and mother used to speak of so often."

James Clare lost no time in putting his plan into effect, and was enabled, by God's grace, to keep his good resolutions.

S. T. A. R.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

25. After the Israelites had gone into captivity at the destruction of Samaria, who had rule over the remnant that remained?

26. Which of the kings of Judah died in Egypt?

27. How long was Jerusalem besieged by Nebuchadnezzar before it was finally destroyed?

28. In what words does St. Paul set forth the duty of Christian cheerfulness?

29. Quote some words in which St. John declares the close personal intercourse he had with our blessed Lord.

30. In what way did God test the sincerity of Hezekiah's gratitude after his recovery from his sickness?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 48.

13. 2 Chron. xxxvi. 17.

14. 2 Chron. xxxvi. 23.

15. When he wrote to Philemon concerning the slave Onesimus (Philemon 18, 19).

16. Adrammelech and Anammelech (2 Kings xvii. 31, see also xviii. 34).

17. Prov. xviii. 9.

18. In the reign of King Josiah, for it says, "And there was no Passover like to that kept in Israel from the days of Samuel the prophet" (2 Chron. xxxv. 18).

GOOD DEEDS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

TEMPERANCE IN THE INDIAN ARMY.

A REPORT has been issued by the Rev. W. Gregson, as remarkable as it is interesting, in relation to the diminution of drinking in the Indian army. In these days, when the pessimists predicate the deterioration of morals everywhere, it is cheering to know that the temperance or teetotal soldiers now amount to 10,886, and that the consumption of rum is less by 137,123 gallons than it was eight years ago. Mr. Gregson very naturally deplores that the "rum ration" is still continued in the canteens, notwithstanding that the medical officers and the commanding officers are dead against it. It is rum that has ruined the health, and blasted the reputation of so many young soldiers, and degraded sergeants to the ranks. For instance, last year eight sergeants were sentenced to six months', and a sergeant-major degraded to the ranks through this issue of rum. We trust that all interested in the well-being of our soldiers, will look fairly in the face this danger. Meanwhile we rejoice heartily in a report which speaks so favourably of the temperance work in the Indian army.

SEA-SIDE SANATORIUMS.

We find that a South Coast Medical Home for the middle classes has been established at Southsea. It is not at present self-supporting; but it is a noble endeavour to meet the needs of those whose social position prevents them from making use of wholly philanthropic institutions. We have ourselves visited recently another sanatorium at Penmaenmawr, North Wales, for women and children; the lady superintendent is the widow of the late Dean of Ripon. Many sufferers have been restored to health in this delightful and invigorating air. It may be interesting to many to know that this institution is partially supported by subscriptions, and by very moderate payments on the part of those able in some measure to help themselves. It is one of the most admirable institutions we know, and deserves hearty support. The Sanatorium is well protected by the mountains, and faces the sea, being on one of the lovely slopes of this exquisitely beautiful watering-place. It makes one's heart swell to think of all the good that could be accomplished in this delightful home if more funds were procurable; there could not be a kinder lady than the superintendent, Mrs. Goode; beloved by all, she keeps steadily on, using her own funds for the good of the institution, and seeking to win and comfort with Christian solicitude those who are weary and heavy-laden.

MISSION WORK ABROAD.

Christian women are labouring hard for the Saviour in many heathen nations. Miss C. M. Ricketts, who has been labouring in Brighton (where she was a valuable member of the School Board), has, in connection with the Presbyterian Church, gone to China on behalf of the women of that great empire. She said, most touchingly, that no power but the strength of the Lord Jesus Christ could have enabled her to break the time-beloved relations she held in Brighton. But in that strength she felt able to bear and do all. At a meeting, over which the Mayor presided, the Rev. J. B. Figgis, M.A., presented her with a purse of gold, and the following inscription was on an elegant writing-table which accompanied it:—"Presented to Miss C. M. Ricketts on the occasion of her leaving for China, by inhabitants of Brighton, in token of their esteem and gratitude for her labours among them in the cause of religion and philanthropy." It is common now-a-days to talk eloquently about the rights of women. Miss Ricketts has set a brave and noble example, which we are persuaded would be much more widely followed than our Societies think for, if suitable openings could be found for such energetic and self-sacrificing zeal.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

This year the delegates of this noble institution met at Geneva. We trust that this city, in the centre of Europe, may be considered as a symbol of the Association itself, having its circumference limited by no barriers of land or sea. America was well represented, so was Canada. South Africa also, Denmark, Sweden, and the colonies, Nova Scotia, and our own dear fatherland, were all to the front in the glorious movement. The inaugural address was by the president of the Geneva Association, Monsieur de Fermand, and was held in the noble hall of the "Salle de la Reformation." Much time was occupied in considering the question of a link between the elder classes in our Sunday-schools and the Association. There is now to be an "International Committee," through which all branches may communicate, and so co-operate in every good work. Faith in our Lord Jesus Christ as our personal God and Saviour is, in Paris, the basis of this most excellent fellowship.

WORKMEN'S BREAKFAST SERVICES.

Many acres of land contiguous to the central depôt of the Midland Railway at Derby are occupied by the workshops of the Company. In these shops thousands of men are employed in the manufacture of the rolling stock of this important corporation; attached to these shops are mess-rooms, where the men partake of breakfast, and, in some cases, of dinner; but whilst the eating is going on every morning there is a more interesting work in operation. For some years the various clergymen of the vicinity (chief of whom has been Prebendary Scott,

brother of the great architect Sir Gilbert Scott) have held religious services in these mess-rooms contemporaneously with the breakfast. In some of the mess-rooms there is a harmonium, which one of the men plays as he eats, whilst before and after the meal the hearty smiths join in singing hymns. The scene is a most impressive and fascinating one. The men go steadily on with their eating, and the clergyman with his exposition of some portion of Scripture. Now and then a head will be raised from the table, and the eyes will rest with a long and intent regard on the lips of the preacher, but the mastication all around continues in an almost rhythmical movement of jaws. The words of kindly counsel seem to be assimilated with the food, and the play of mouths does not appear to stop the action of ears. This, surely, is the true evangelisation! Truly, this must be following very closely in the footsteps of Him who accompanied the labours of the fisher-disciples with words that still reverberate through the ages. Hundreds of hearty fellows are partaking of their first meal of the day with as little noise as possible. There is just a faint indescribable suffusion of sound that is not an unpleasant accompaniment to the address. The faculty of attention is not less acute than that of Sunday worshippers in a church, whose solemn proportions predispose the mind to the reception of the homily. Would you have practical Christianity? It is here. This is the quintessence of the New Testament story. This is the miracle play of our Lord's life vivified in the true utilitarianism. This is the theological *renaissance*, of which all church awakenings of the centuries have been but as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Who will have the temerity to define or even roughly estimate its ultimate effects? Who shall measure the expanding circles of religious truth generated by these pebbles cast into the stream of life on these happy mornings? He who would venture upon marking out any limitation, must have the boldness of him who would say how far the events of the day are shaped and ameliorated by the rays of light streaming from these early sermons, which are deposited in the heart as the sub-strata of the day's experience.

MISS GINEVER'S HOMES.

Some time since we referred our readers to the wonderful work accomplished by Miss Sharman in her orphan Home in Southwark—a work of faith and labour of love indeed, increasingly honoured of God, and cheerfully supported by Christians of all churches. We have pleasure now in calling attention to Miss Ginever's work in the above-mentioned homes, for these flowers of faith blossoming in the wilderness are not such as are generally either noted or known. We mentioned in Miss Sharman's case what we rejoice to find in the present one—viz., the extraordinary carefulness and freedom from expense of the Institution. The balance-sheets show how small a per-centage is to be charged to the cost of management. We feel sure that more and more will this matter be looked at by Christian givers, and that those Institutions will be the most cheerfully and liberally supported who do their work without a large and costly apparatus of management. Sometimes it is lavish and widely disproportionate. Charity, which should be wise as well as kind, should ever look into this.

The commencement of the Kingsdown Institution we find to have been the inspiration of one large-hearted woman. This is the record of it:—"On the 1st of July, 1874, two sisters were admitted in a nine-roomed house, which I had entered three weeks previously, with nothing to rely on but the promises of God's word, and the full assurance that as He had called me to the work, He would surely incline the hearts of his people to provide means for carrying it on, and thus give many of his blood-bought ones the privilege of being co-workers with Him. It is true I had furniture for my own use, and a small income which would nicely help general expenses, but no sum in hand for making needful preparations. 'Asked of God' might with truth be written on all we now have. During the first six weeks six children were taken, who witnessed the many trials and early struggles passed through in establishing the Home, and they, receiving the love of Jesus in their hearts, united with me in laying our many needs before the Father of the Fatherless. In receiving these dear children the dream of my life was realised."

Better than many dreams certainly, which die away very soon. Indeed, "Such stuff as dreams are made of" has passed into a proverb. Then we read: "At the expiration of the first year twenty-one children had been provided for, all fatherless, and many of them motherless also; besides temporary help given to three other cases. In November, 1875, for the sake of increasing the work, we removed to our present abode." And it appears that there are now forty-one children, or "priceless treasures" as Miss Ginever calls them, in the Home. The record of Kingsdown is a very interesting one indeed. We come upon passages which touch the heart and quicken faith in the soul. Sometimes the well was nearly dry; but God sent His baptism of the rain of charity, and all was well.

Concerning the Hospital Orphan Home, we read of children deserted by drunken fathers, and mothers dead; and consumptive families left utterly unprovided for, some left under the care of sisters only fourteen years of age—with early motherlike experiences of childhood which make the young face old ere it is yet day. It is a touching little history. The thirteen cases are well reported and verified by Dr. James Davison of Holloway.

Friends who can only help a little can do good in practical sympathy with such Christian work as this. Modest indeed are the beginnings; but then, all the great harvest fields have commenced in little farmings at first.

"Left with her little orphan boy to battle with the cares of life."

THE REALMS OF THE DEEP.

SEA SONG.

ASTERN, the long white wake of foam
Points backward to our island home,
Ahead, the waste of waters wide
Is still before us, all untried;
The merry ship a creature seems,
Alive and full of joyous dreams—
Dreams such as true love keep,
Dreams glad as childhood's sleep.
Then away with the breeze o'er the foaming seas,
To the realms of the mighty deep.

Away, the West has purple seas,
Wherein are mirrored slender trees,
Which wave where man is ever free,
And no proud despot's rule may be ;
Where summer still eternal beams,
And islands blessed are full of dreams—
Dreams such as flowers know,
Dreams bright as sunset's glow.
Then away with the breeze o'er the foaming seas,
To the land of the West we go.

Away, the coral islands white
Are brilliant in the morning light ;
Smooth valleys rich with golden green,
Long curves of yellow sand between,
And misty snows of falling streams,
With towering mountains full of dreams—
Dreams sweet as mother's kiss,
Dreams filled with purest bliss.
Then away with the breeze o'er the foaming seas,
To the land which can promise this. F. H. H.

STEPHEN AKROYD'S GUERDON.

BY J. JACKSON WRAY, AUTHOR OF "NESTLETON MAGNA," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER I.—AARON DERRICK.

"GOODNESS gracious, Akroyd ! What do you mean ?"

"What I say," said Stephen Akroyd, with a flushed and scowling face. "There is a black sheep among us somewhere, and I mean to find him out."

"Well, for my part, I believe that the thief is not in the employment of the firm at all. Why, gracious goodness, there is neither man nor lad on the ground who would act so wickedly to employers so good and kind as ours !"

"I'll tell you what it is, Aaron Derrick, and no offence to you. There are two or three fellows about who have got a little too much religion for me, and," here the speaker looked straight into the face of his companion, "I half suspect some of these people, whose conduct is not exactly in keeping with their professions."

A slight blush stole over the clean-shaven face of Mr. Derrick, as he shook his head in solemn rebuke of Stephen Akroyd's flippant speech concerning religion and its professors. "Oh, my dear young friend!" said he, "I am afraid that your own soul does not receive much of your attention, and that the claims of heaven on your own service are sadly too much forgotten."

"Ha, ha, ha ! It's as much as I can do to pay attention to the claims of my precious body, I can tell you. As for those other claims you talk about, I haven't much faith in them, and my aim is to be honest and to do my duty. I love honour and justice, and I hate a sneak. If I can lay my hands on the scoundrel who is bringing suspicion and discredit on us all, I shall have unmeasured satisfaction in handing him over to the tender mercies of the law." So saying, Stephen Akroyd turned upon his heels, bade his companion "Good night," and bent his steps towards his suburban home.

The foregoing conversation took place in the office of Redfern and Reece, who carried on an extensive business as general merchants in the City of London. Their premises were large and their business brisk, and a numerous company of employés found good wages and excellent masters in the well-stored warehouses of Salford Square. Mr. Derrick was the principal clerk in one of the chief departments of that thriving commercial concern. He was a clever man, and was highly valued and trusted by his employers ; with his fellow-clerks, however, and those of a still lower grade who came in contact with him, he was, for various reasons, very cordially disliked.

He was a tall spare man with stubbly hair already tending towards iron-grey. The downward curves of his small mouth, and the crooked, crowfooted corners of his eyes, betokened that sinister and subtler knowingness which has clear and unmistakable understanding of the interests of "Number one." His speech, which as a rule, was slow and measured, was largely interlarded with religious expressions, and he was instant in season and out of season, in bringing into it some pious remark or quotation from Scripture, and this with such skill as to make them appear quite relevant to the matter in hand. He seldom spoke without a smile, but both voice and smile left upon the listener an undefined but consciously unpleasant impression of insincerity. But one thing more needs to be stated here concerning Mr. Derrick, from whom we desire to part company as soon as possible. He had a peculiar habit of uttering the hackneyed expression "Goodness gracious !" or "Gracious goodness !" Sometimes he would prefix the pronoun "my," at others he would affix the pronoun "me," and in the course of a few minutes he would ring the changes on these expressions, much to the amusement of the listeners. This odd habit, and probably also his effusive piety, led his comrades in Salford Square to call him "Old Gracious," by which queer *sobriquet* he was generally known.

Stephen Akroyd, who has to play a more important part in this brief history, was a very young man, of good family, whose change of circumstances had compelled him to occupy a position considerably lower than that which he would otherwise have filled. His father had been a barrister possessed of

a large and lucrative practice, but was unfortunately sadly deficient in those habits of economy which would have led him to lay up something for a rainy day; and hence, at his death, his widow, the daughter of a military officer, was left with small means and still smaller prospects, with her little orphan boy to battle with the cares of life as best she could.

Stephen's mother, having the support of true religion in her loneliness and sorrow, bravely bore her burden, and managed by dint of diligent effort and great self-sacrifice, not only to keep the wolf from the door, but to bring up her son in comfort and to supply him with such an education as would enable him to engage in the struggles of life with some prospect of providing for himself. Herein she displayed that true wisdom which believes that "learning is better than houses or lands," and in giving her son resources which were a personal and abiding possession, she thoroughly equipped him alike with armour and weapons to resist the onslaught of poverty, and to carve his way through whatever difficulties to prosperity and competence

In those days of heroic effort and enduring toil she was greatly aided, and her widowed heart was much comforted, by the close friendship and practical sympathy of a wealthy lady, the wife of Colonel Hellier, who had been a companion in arms with her father in many a hard-fought field. In a thousand ways this lady proved herself a sister "born for adversity." She won all little Stephen's love and reverence by kind words and deeds which never died out of his memory, and which were one day to bring her in return a harvest of a hundredfold. For as an old writer says, "They who give kindness meet with it; it is the bank which always pays high interest; it is the hook of love which always attaches to it an unseen advantage which shall appear by and by."

At the age of sixteen Stephen followed his one remaining parent to the grave. The whole love of his young heart was centred in her whom he used to call his glorious mother, and such a loss at such an age shook both his body and soul to their foundations. Her triumphant and peaceful death was in beautiful keeping with her godly and consistent life. Her Redeemer who had so long been the "husband of the widow," was even more precious to her during the weeks of that affliction which ended in her death. There was but one thing that could at all becloud, even for a moment, her joyful end, and that was her anxiety for the future of her darling and soon to be doubly-orphaned son. With counsels, prayers, entreaties and encouragements, she sought to establish him in the paths of righteousness. She told him of her perfect peace, her bright and blissful hope, and then, while leaning on his throbbing breast, her spirit ascended to its heavenly home, and doubtless was at once invested with a holy and congenial mission as guardian angel to her orphan child.

Some writer has said of a mother's death, "Dreary is the blank when such a point is withdrawn; it is like that lonely star before us, neither its heat nor light are anything to us in themselves; yet the shepherd would feel his heart sad if he missed it, when he lifts his eye to the brow of the mountain over which it rises when the sun descends." But depend upon it, the influence of a godly mother's life exercises a far greater power than that. She may be laid in a quiet grave, but she has left behind her mighty potencies which are still at work on her behalf. The bow is broken, but the arrow is sped, and will do its office long after the hand that drew it lies cold and still. The imprint of a mother's mind, and the strong, undying force of a mother's prayers, are influences that neither time nor changing circumstances is able to destroy. "O God of my mother have mercy upon me!" said a white-haired sceptic with strong emotion. The buried seed long dormant in the soul germinated after long years, and brought the acceptable fruit of penitence and faith to light at last.

CHAPTER II.—A BIT O' WRITING.

No sooner did the earth close over all that was left of his sainted mother than Stephen Akroyd, who had hitherto been kept at school, was compelled to look abroad for some employment. Here his education stood him in good stead, and through the influence of his true friend Mrs. Hellier he was introduced to Messrs. Redfern and Reece. He became a junior clerk in that establishment, and at once entered on his new and unaccustomed duties. Stephen's new companions were not of a kind calculated to sustain or foster his religious principles. The violent wrench of his late unspeakable loss seemed to stagger his faith in the goodness and justice of God, and begat in him an incipient rebellion against that Divine Providence which had seen fit to strike the blow. He nursed the idea that he was being harshly treated, and this unfortunate line of thought and feeling, together with the prejudicial influence brought to bear upon him by his fellow-clerks, and his contact with such unpleasant specimens of religious professors as Aaron Derrick, resulted, by the time he had gained his majority, in a scepticism which deepened with time, darkening his mind and searing his conscience, until he came to the conclusion that religion was the tool of priests, and the cloak of selfish and unprincipled men.

Seven years had intervened between the time of his mother's death and the conversation narrated at the commencement of this story. The diligence, fidelity, and intelligence with which he had discharged the duties which fell to him, had won for him the confidence and esteem of his employers, and successive promotions in their service had been the satisfactory result.

For some months past a series of serious and subtly-accomplished thefts had taken place on the premises

of Redfern and Reece. Several articles of great value had been abstracted from the warehouse, at considerable intervals, and in such a fashion as to defy detection. At length a small case of costly goods was missing from Mr. Derrick's department, and that gentleman presented himself in the presence of the principals with consternation and alarm painted on every line of his countenance.

"Goodness gracious me!" quoth Mr. Derrick, with uplifted hands, "That case of furs has been stolen in the night!"

Mr. Redfern flung down his pen, and said, in vexed and angry tones, "I 'm satisfied that the thief is one of our own men; who else could know of its arrival? who else could have an idea of its value? who else could find means of entrance that defy discovery?"

By Mr. Reece's orders all the hands were assembled in a large room in the north warehouse, and to them the heads of the firm made strong appeal.

"The detectives previously employed," said Mr. Redfern, "have vainly tried to track the thief. I am convinced that he is to be found within the establishment itself. We have resolved to put this matter into your own hands. The kindness and confidence with which the firm always treats its servants encourage us to rely on the aid and honour of the many that you will leave no stone unturned to clear yourselves from possible suspicion, and to discover and bring to punishment the one black sheep, whoever he may be."

A round of hearty cheers greeted and approved of Mr. Redfern's words, and, as usual, Mr. Derrick came forward as spokesman for the rest.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am sure I speak in the name of everybody present when I say that we cordially agree to adopt your plan. Gracious goodness! why, its our 'bounden duty and service,' as the book says. Here are nearly two hundred of us, all told, and if we all keep our eyes open, why, goodness gracious! we are certain to bring the transgressor to light."

Those who were assembled there would doubtless have preferred another and more trusted spokesman, but he was a foremost man and a confidential servant, and nothing could be said against him. But the plain-spoken sentences uttered that evening to Aaron Derrick by Stephen Akroyd, and which have been already recorded, may form a key to the suspicion of many who held Master Derrick in very low esteem.

On arriving at his lodgings, Stephen sat down to his evening meal in a very studious and abstracted frame of mind.

Dame Henderson, with whom the young clerk had found unusually homelike and comfortable lodgings, was a middle-aged and motherly Yorkshire woman, buxom in shape, cheery of countenance; and as a thrifty and capable housewife, I may say safely that she had few equals and no superiors. She was decidedly both master and mistress of her own house, an arrangement which had come to pass by a process of natural and necessary development, and which was a real advantage to "Oor George," as she always called her quiet and unassertive husband, for he certainly walked more wisely and fared better, because of the salutary despotism of his unmistakably "better half." He was employed at a certain suburban coal-wharf, from which he used daily to emerge in a condition of negro-like darkness as to skin and clothing; and, but for the unfailing energy of his spouse and of her persistent aid, he must have been dyed black in grain, and encrusted in a perfect sarcophagus of coal-grit, without hope of resurrection or release. Armed, however, with scrubbing-brush and flannel, and bounteously furnished with *ad libitum* supplies of soap and water, Dame Henderson was more than a match for his tendencies in that direction; for if anybody in the world might hope to succeed in the fabulous feat of washing the blackamoor white, Dame Henderson was the woman to do it. Her truly Yorkshire passion for scouring found full vent among her household gods. Not only was every pot and pan, every skellet and kettle, every grate and hob, every floor and wall within the house as "clean as a new pin," but even the stone steps and window-sills, the pillar-caps and wall-copings outside the house, bore evidence of her superlative ideas about "keeping things tidy." I am not sure that "Oor George" would not have preferred a little less rigour and a little more dirt, but it may be depended on that things were wonderfully well ordered; for when George himself came home from work early on a Saturday afternoon, no sooner had he received his customary ablutions, and was snugly ensconced in the chimney corner, than he would say, as he looked round upon his shiny surroundings, "My word, oad lassie; but things is nice an' no mistake."

Dame Henderson was a woman of remarkably strong, sound common sense withal; very plain-spoken, full of dry humour, able to hold her own and to hit hard besides; and when I have said that she was a thoroughly godly woman, who loved her Saviour, and never scrupled to confess Him, this brief sketch of her character will be sufficiently complete.

In her warm-hearted, homely, but thoroughly frank-spoken fashion, Dame Henderson had been a second mother to her youthful lodger, and as she noticed his clouded brow on the occasion referred to, she could not forbear saying, "Why, Maister Stephen, what iver is the matter wi' you? You look as glum as a duck by a dry pond, an' your face is as pale as if you 'd seen a ghost an' can't get quit on't."

"Matter enough, mother," said the young man, giving her a title which greatly pleased the kindly soul. "There 's a thief among us down at the warehouse yonder. He 's been playing his plundering pranks for a long while, and to some purpose too; and if I have not spotted him I 'm a Dutchman."

"Massy on us! Is it so! Ay! but whativer you do, tak' care an' don't bring suspicion an' trouble on a innocent man! That 's worse than lettin' a rogue go scot-free. "Oor George" was once i' that fix

when we lived i' York, an' if it hadn't been for a lucky accident—nay, I won't call it a accident, an' I don't believe i' luck, it was the good Providence o' God, he might ha' been turned away i' disgrace, an' mebbe sent to gaol."

"Indeed," said Stephen, checking his hand as it was conveying to his mouth a piece of well-buttered toast, "What accident was that?"

"I tell you it was a Providence," said Dame Henderson, emphatically, "an' nivver a accident at all."

"Well, well, you know I never believe much in that kind of thing; but Providence let it be, just to please you. What was it?" and Stephen proceeded, with lofty indifference, to demolish the good things provided for him.

"You don't believe in it?" said Dame Henderson, with a mingled touch of pity and of protest in her words. "No, it wad be a good deal better for you if you did, Maister Stephen. Them 'at doesn't believe i' Providence to-day, is varry likely to be compelled to believe in Him to-morrow. He hez a varry convincin' way with Him; an' mony a poor prood body 'at 's kept Him out o' count hez had to say, 'It is the Lord!' wi' fear an' tremblin' afore He 's done with 'em."

"All right," said Stephen, with a smile. "What was the Providence?"

"Why, just when they were aboot to send oor George off to gaol, one o' the clerks found a bit o' writin' in a waste-paper basket, an' that led to the discovery o' the real an' identical thief."

"And who did the thief turn out to be?" replied her lodger, lapsing into partial inattention, and reverting to the unknown thief who was making things so unpleasant down at Salford Square.

"Why, it was a man that the maister trusted a'most more than anybody else. His name was Aaron Derrick."

"Derrick!" cried Stephen, startled to a degree. "Why that 's the very——but go on, mother, what became of him!"

"Nay, that I can't tell," said she. "He managed to wheedle out of it somehow, but he niver got on comfortable i' oor neighbourhood, an' he soon left the town all together. But where he went to I don't know."

This incident, as may be imagined, made a very great impression on Stephen's mind. All the while he was at his tea the "bit o' writin'" and Aaron Derrick's name occupied his thoughts; and afterwards, on taking up a book, one of the sceptical productions of modern rationalistic thought, whose superficial and oft-exploded sophistry had an unfortunate attraction for him, the "bit o' writin'" obscured the page he read. At length he flung down his book, donned his hat and coat, and posted away at a rapid rate down to the office again. He obtained the keys of the warehouse from the porter, that watchful Cerberus, however, taking care to keep his eye on him, and at once made his way to Mr. Derrick's office, and straightway began to search for whatever might be found to establish his suspicions.

All was in vain, however, and Stephen Akroyd was about to leave the office content to hope that his suspicions might be groundless, but strongly believing otherwise; when turning to the door, his eye lighted on a blotting pad which was laid on the window-sill, and which certainly had no business there. It bore evidence of recent use. Holding it up to the light, the impression of Derrick's handwriting was apparent, but Stephen could not manage to decipher the blurred and inverted symbols. Suddenly remembering one of the amusements of his school days, he held the blotting pad before a looking-glass which hung above Derrick's desk, and read in the reflection after close scanning, "The *City of Baltimore*, Dec. 18."

"What can this mean?" said Stephen to himself, for with the *City of Baltimore*, he, as the shipping clerk, knew the firm had no connection. Returning the pad to its place on the window-sill he espied the torn page of a Liverpool paper with a "tick" made by a pen opposite the following advertisement, "The *City of Baltimore* will sail for New York on the 18th December, calling at Queenstown." The thought flashed across his mind that Derrick meant to sail in that ship. This was the 17th, and no time was to be lost; in a few hours the dishonest chief clerk would be beyond the reach of justice, and, owing to his known ability to make the "worse the better reason," suspicion might still rest on the innocent employés in Salford Square. He made his way to Derrick's house, concocting some plausible excuse as he went to account for so unusual a visit. There he was told by the servant girl that her master had left some hours before "with a big portmanty," and that he was gone for a holiday, and was not expected back for several days.

"Well," thought Stephen, "being Christmas time, it is just possible that Derrick may be off on such an errand; but I must have known of it, for most of his duties in his absence would devolve on me." His suspicions deepened; time pressed, and, resolving to take that intractable old gentleman by the forelock, he hastened home, and made rapid preparations for a journey to Liverpool on the strength of a "bit o' writin'," Dame Henderson's certificate of Derrick's character, and a strong instinctive impulse which he could not well resist.

(*To be continued.*)

RELIGION IN UNLIKELY PLACES.

II.—ZACCHÆUS.

BY THE REV. H. BONNER, NOTTINGHAM.

"And, behold, there was a man named Zacchæus, which was chief among the Publicans, and he was rich."—ST. LUKE xix. 2.

IT is generally supposed that Zacchæus, previous to his interview with Christ, was pretty much like the rest of the Publicans—a bad man. This view of his character, however, may be questioned. No doubt he was a better man after he knew Christ than he was before; still, St. Luke's narrative, rightly read, goes to show that even before he knew Christ he was a fairly just and honest man. Though he had lost caste in the eyes of his countrymen, though he belonged to a degraded class, he was, most probably, a conscientious Jew, carefully observant of the law of Moses. Christ recognises him as "a son of Abraham;" not only had he his rights as a Jew, notwithstanding his social and ecclesiastical excommunication, but he was not wholly unworthy of his descent.

When the crowd murmured against Christ because he was gone to be guest with a man that was a sinner, Zacchæus, like one whose honour had been unjustly assailed, steps forward boldly to clear himself. Standing forth, with something of effort perhaps, he says, "Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold." These words are most frequently read as though they expressed a resolution which Zacchæus had just formed to give at once the half of his possessions to the poor, and to restore fourfold to any one whom he had wronged. But they are open to another interpretation. He does not say, "I will give," "I will restore," but "I give," "I restore." And though the present tense has sometimes the force of the future in the New Testament, there is no reason why we should read it as a future here. He is not promising what he will do in the future; he is saying what he does now, what he has done in the past. It was his rule or habit to give the half of his income to the poor, and to restore fourfold to those whom—inadvertently—he had wronged. He mentions these facts, not boastfully, but to vindicate himself against the implied accusations of the murmurers, and to clear himself before Christ. The crowd thought that because he was a Publican he must be bad. "No," says Zacchæus, "I am not what they think me. I am not so utterly unworthy of thy regard as I seem. I am not unjust and hard and selfish; I am an honest man."

Perhaps he was one of the Publicans who had resorted to St. John the Baptist; and who, through his ministry, had entered upon a better life, and were now bringing forth fruits meet for repentance. Whether that were so or not however, it is very probable that Zacchæus was a good man, one whom we may fitly adduce as an example of religion in unlikely places. Under adverse conditions, exposed to bad influences, to many and powerful temptations to wrong-doing, he was yet an honest man, an unselfish, generous man, caring for the poor, and ministering with a liberal hand to their need.

The *calling* in which Zacchæus was engaged would make it difficult for him to live worthily. He was a tax-gatherer. Men rarely look kindly upon upon tax-gatherers anywhere; but in Judæa they were regarded with the strongest aversion, and not without sufficient reason. The Jews were then subject to Rome, and so were taxed not simply to meet the expenses of home Government. Part of the revenue raised went to enrich their masters, and to perpetuate a political supremacy most galling to them. If we imagine what Englishmen would feel if they were taxed by Germany or France, we can form some notion of what the Jews felt in having to pay tribute to Rome. The tax was the sign of their political degradation and subjection. And it was not less galling and offensive to them religiously than politically. A pious and patriotic Jew might even question whether it was right for them to pay it at all; whether it was not their duty to refuse it, whatever the issue. It was on this question that the Herodians, with the Pharisees, once sought to entrap Christ. They came to Him, asking, "Is it lawful to give tribute unto Cæsar or not?" In fact, so great was the grievance to some of them, so strongly, so passionately did they feel about it, that, more than once, it led to insurrection. We can easily imagine, therefore, with what scorn and hatred a *Jew* who undertook to collect these taxes would be regarded by his countrymen. He was thought to be a traitor and an apostate. And, as a rule, it was only Jews of the lowest class who would undertake the work. Nor was this all. The Roman Government did not gather the revenue directly. It farmed the taxes, as we should say. Provinces or districts were put up to auction at Rome, and sold to the highest bidders. They paid so much in the lump to the Government, and then made what profit they could out of their bargain. The right or privilege was generally bought by rich Romans—Roman knights—who then employed some agent to superintend

the collection of the taxes. Zacchæus seems to have been such an agent. He was chief among the Publicans.

It is obvious that such a system of collecting the revenue would afford abundant opportunities for extortion. The Government having secured its income, was comparatively indifferent as to the manner in which the Publicans recouped themselves. And even when, in response to complaint or appeal, it tried to interfere, so strong was the Publican interest, that it was practically powerless. The Publicans, masters and servants, were virtually irresponsible; there was no appeal against them. And where men have irresponsible power of this kind, the chances are that they will abuse it. Where men can be dishonest safely, and by their dishonesty gain wealth, a proportion of them will be dishonest. It is scarcely to be wondered at, therefore, that most of these tax-gatherers yielded to the temptations to which their position and power exposed them. They were notorious, as a class, for their dishonesty and rapacity. So constantly and to such an extent did they abuse their office, so unjust and extortionate were they, that throughout all the Roman dependencies they were held in abhorrence. Cicero says that theirs was the vilest of all ways of earning a living; Horace classes them with money-lenders who amassed fortunes in secret and fraudulent ways, and with those who sought to sponge on old men and foolish women. "As many Publicans, as many thieves," became a proverb. St. John the Baptist's word to them, when they asked him what they should do, was, "Exact no more than that which is appointed you."

Now simply to be an honest man in such a calling would be a great achievement. There are some callings and positions in which never to have failed in this single virtue is about as sure an evidence of a good heart as we can have. It may almost be taken as a vital and final test of character under some circumstances. Of course, it says but little for most of us, who live among honest people, and are exposed to few or no temptations to dishonesty, that we have kept our hands clean. But for men in the position of these Publicans it says a great deal. When a little pressure or undue influence which we can exert by virtue of our position, when a little equivocation or double-dealing will bring us gain, or something we eagerly desire, and when at the same time it will not be known, or no one can take us to task for it, it requires strength and resolution to remain just and true. Zacchæus did this. With numberless opportunities for extortion, he was content with honest gains, exacting no more than was due. Or if, inadvertently perhaps, or through his subordinates, he did exact more than was due, his rule was to restore fourfold. He knew the danger to which he was exposed of taking advantage of men in his dealings with them, and so, it may be, deemed it wise to be on his guard against it. To break the force of his temptations perhaps, to keep himself from abusing his power, he imposed—as a man takes unpleasant medicine which he knows is good for him—this severe rule upon himself. If so, it shows the strong moral purpose he had, his determination to keep himself, at whatever cost, from becoming unjust.

But he was not only an honest Publican, he was a generous one; and the latter, no doubt, was rarer and more wonderful than the former. His business brought him into contact with men on their worst side; and when men turn their worst side to us, we are too apt to turn our worst side to them. It was a calling in which men would easily become hard and selfish, in which they would easily lose whatever generous instincts or impulses they might once have had. When we think of this, the generosity of Zacchæus is very impressive, very beautiful. He had kept his heart tender and his hand open. "The half of my goods I give to the poor." Publican though he was, he was an honest and generous man.

Another difficulty in the way of Zacchæus was, that *he had to associate with bad men.* The lines which separated the good from the bad were sharply drawn in Judæa in the time of Christ—much more sharply drawn than they are with us. On the one side were the good folk, and on the other the bad; and the former made a point of having as little to do with the latter as possible. One of the features of Christ's conduct which was a constant puzzle to the Pharisees and other good people, was the freedom and familiarity with which he mixed with "publicans and sinners." We see it in their murmurings on this very occasion. That He should go to be guest with a man that was a sinner, was a grave offence in their eyes. And one of the consequences of this sharply defined line of separation was that the Publicans and sinners were driven to associate exclusively with each other; their intercourse with men was necessarily confined, for the most part, to members of their own class. And when one is constantly associating with bad men, when he knows but few men or women of character and virtue, and rarely comes under their influence, it is hard for him to live an honourable, virtuous life. It is difficult for a man to rise in his thoughts, and aims, and manner of living, above the level of the class to which he belongs. Many of us have little idea how much of our goodness, poor as it may be, is due to the few good men and women we know, to our constant associations, to the moral atmosphere we breathe. Not a few who live blameless lives so long as they associate with good people, live in Christian homes and under good influences, would find that their virtue was not worth quite so much as they think it is, if

they were thrown into associations less moral and helpful, into an atmosphere less pure. The tendency with all of us is to adopt the mode of living and the moral tone which prevail around us, the views current in the society in which we move, without thinking about them, and without much protest when they are wrong. The opinions, maxims, judgments, practices of our set, or clique, or society, determine the opinions and conduct of nine out of ten of us. If they are false and bad, the chances are that we shall be bad; if they are fairly moral, then we shall probably be so.

Now, the Publicans as a class were, as we have seen, bad—unmistakably bad. They deserved most of the hard things which were said about them. Not without cause were they placed on a level with the harlots and the heathen. They were cut off from intercourse with the good; no wholesome breath of public opinion touched them. In name and character they were, for the most part, degraded men. And with these men Zacchæus was compelled to associate. Though he was rich, the ban of society lay upon him not less lightly than upon others of his class. His wealth could not win him entrance into the society of those who made any claim to patriotism or religion. He was shut out from all the helps to a virtuous life which are found in intercourse with the good. He knew many bad men, no doubt, but few good men. And so, with such associations, with such influences pressing upon him, he must often have found it difficult to do right—difficult, in the midst of so much evil, to keep honest and kind. To break through the traditions of his class, to resist the pressure under which he daily lived, to hold by a higher rule of conduct than that of his fellows, would require much courage, independence, and resolution. But he faced his difficulty resolutely, and he overcame it. He was an honest man among dishonest men; he was a kind and generous man among hard and grasping men.

There was yet another difficulty in his way. *No one expected him to do well.* He was a Publican, and nothing good was expected from Publicans. The respectable and moral people had made up their minds that they were bad, and they said so; and when either a man or a class of men is called bad, it is likely that the man or the class will become bad, if not bad already. The Publicans were made to feel in a hundred ways that they were a degraded class. Good men shunned them. They were named with murderers and thieves, as men with whom promises need not be kept; their testimony was not admissible in law; and their very offerings were rejected. Such treatment could have but one result. "Call a man a thief," the proverb says, "and he will steal." Treat a man as if he were bad, and we help to make him bad. Tell a lad continually that there is nothing good in him, that he never does well, and never will do well, and he will take us at our word some day, and give up trying to do well. But let him see that we trust him, that we give him credit for good dispositions and good intentions, that we are looking for good deeds from him, and that we are disappointed when we do not see them, and we touch one of the most potent springs of noble conduct. We give, as a rule, what those about us expect from us, rarely more.

Zacchæus stood almost, if not quite alone. There were none to encourage him with their sympathy and approval, none to care whether he did well or ill. The mark of degradation was on him, and do what he would, no one would think well of him. Instead of sympathy, he met only with coldness, suspicion, and indifference. He had to wage his strife single-handed, and with the approval only of his own conscience to sustain him in it. Did he find it hard and dreary work sometimes? Did he long now and then for some kind word of recognition and sympathy? If so, we can understand his joy when Christ singles him out, and tells him that He will abide with him. Christ's gracious, manly treatment of him wins him at once; he pours out to Him without reserve the secrets of his life. Likely enough he never opened his lips about his honesty and liberality before. The coldness and suspicion with which he was regarded would make him slow to speak of his good deeds. But the generous confidence in him which Christ had shown unsealed his lips. He could not bear that Christ should think him unworthy of the regard He had shown him. "I *am* an honest man, Lord, Publican though I am, and though others will not believe it, Thou wilt."

There is encouragement in this story for all whose circumstances are exceptionally adverse, who have many and strong temptations to evil, and who think that, placed as they are, it is in vain for them to try and do right. Whatever our circumstances, if we are resolute to serve God in them, we may do so. Besides, it is here where the battle of life lies. Just as we measure force by the amount of resistance overcome, so we measure goodness by the temptations and difficulties overcome. The real test and measure of goodness lie in doing right when it is hard to do right.

And does any one who reads these lines say that, like Zacchæus, there is no one who cares whether he does well or ill, no one to grieve for him when he declines to ignoble ways, no one who will be glad when he has done his best. Ah well, do your best all the same. And then there is One who cares what we are and what we do. God cares. He knows and He values at its highest every honest effort we make to do right. Yes, even when we fail.

"And then the mystic tide between us rolls."—*p.* 94.

THE WHITE ROSE OF WHITELAKE.

BY ANNE BEALE, AUTHOR OF "THE PENNANT FAMILY."

CHAPTER XI.

ROSE, THE MAJOR, AND SILLY SHANNO.

ALMOST of us know the stir that the arrival of the military makes in a country neighbourhood. After the destruction of the salmon-weir, Major Faithfull's regiment was quartered at the small town of Llanmaes, about three miles from Llansant, and everybody, gentle and simple, ran after the soldiers. It was a bad time for the civilians; and rural beaux hung their heads in disgust at seeing rural belles overtaken by what has not inaptly been called the scarlet fever. As to Llansant itself, thanks to the corporal and Mrs. Wynne, it had the disease malignantly. While the officers were entertained at the Manor, orderlies might be seen galloping through the village, and soldiers lounging at the "Angler's Arms," or chattering at the turnpike they came to defend—for Llansant pike was well known to be still threatened by the rioters.

They, however, did not make their appearance after the destruction of the weir, but amused themselves by pulling down gates and committing other excesses in more distant parts of the country. There was, therefore, a temporary lull in Llansant parish, and Rose began to forget her terror, and her father his rick. They saw nothing of Alfred Johnnes at that period; and Rose hoped that her hint concerning Egain had taken effect, and that he would cease to pursue her.

She was in the habit of walking daily with her pupils for an hour in and about the Manorsant grounds, and she more than once met Major Faithfull, who never failed to take his hat off to her, and stop to speak to the children. He had been each time accompanied by one or more other persons, whom she had not known, and she had walked quietly on until her boisterous young friends rejoined her.

On one occasion, however, she encountered him alone. She had returned home across the meadows, and by the lake. It was a delicious June afternoon, between five and six o'clock, and the temptation to linger on the water was so great, that instead of paddling her coracle straight across as usual, she rather skirted the lake. This brought her on a line with the ruined abbey, and she remembered that she had a message to a poor woman who had taken up her abode in a partially habitable portion of the ruin. She was not conscious that she was watched as she rowed along, now gazing at the serene depths of the summer sky above, now at the sun-tipped hills, anon at the mighty oaks that overtopped the abbey. A chorus of happy songsters accompanied her as she glided on, and finally moored her strange bark; and it was not surprising that the watcher on the abbey exclaimed, "The lady of the lake!" and descended from his point of observation to obtain a nearer view of what seemed to him an ideal picture.

Thus it was that when she landed, and entered the ruin, she encountered Major Faithfull.

"Miss Mervyn!" he exclaimed, much surprised.

The hot blood rushed to Rose's cheeks, though they betrayed no sign, as she bowed to him and was about to pass on. He arrested her by a question—"Are you not afraid of rowing on the lake alone?"

"Oh no! I have always been used to it, and some one is generally watching for me, but the hay is cut to-day, and I suppose they are late."

"They? May I ask who?" he inquired, with hesitation.

"My father and sister, or my brother when he is at home." She was about to pass him, but the temptation to improve the acquaintance of so fair a creature was too strong for the soldier, and he hazarded another inquiry—"Would you kindly tell me the name of this lake and abbey?"

"Llyngwyn, or the White Lake, and the ruin is called Castellyn."

"Thank you. I suppose there are legends connected with them, of monks and fairies. I have read one to-day already while watching you in your coracle from the abbey window, or what was once a window."

Rose smiled, and stayed her steps, to give the desired information.

"This neighbourhood abounds with legends. There is a printed history of the ruin, which was built either in the eleventh or twelfth century, and destroyed in the time of Cromwell."

"Naughty Nol! What has he not to answer for?" broke in the Major. "And the lake? Has it any fairy besides yourself?"

"It is said to have a real fairy, or spirit, that has been frequently seen, and always appears on Midsummer Eve," replied Rose, becoming interested and more at ease.

"Midsummer Eve will be here soon. Have you ever met this being face to face?" he asked.

"Never; but I mean to watch for her at midnight on Midsummer Eve, if I am permitted," she answered.

"Are you not afraid of the supernatural? or—what is more to the purpose—of Rebecca, who so politely drove you home? I am informed that the encampment yonder which I have just been exploring,

is one of Her Majesty's strongholds on which she lights her beacons."

"I would rather meet the white lady than Rebecca," said Rose, shuddering. "But my father thinks she has done all she means to do in these parts, for there has been no bonfire of late."

"I am not of his opinion, neither is your shrewd gatekeeper, the old soldier down below, with whom I have been talking. At any rate, we are prepared for her. I hope I am not detaining you?"

"I came to see Silly Shanno. She lives in the ruin," said Rose, who felt as if she, also, would have liked to prolong the conversation with so polished an officer.

But prudence, of which she had an unusual share, caused her to leave him, and proceed to an ancient door not far from the spot where they stood. He watched her, and thought he had never seen so beautiful a figure set in so picturesque and quaint a frame. As she tapped at the arched door she glanced back, and the white face and graceful form seemed strangely suited to the ruined arches and window-frames, through which the sunshine streamed down upon her.

A woman answered her summons, whose singular appearance riveted his attention for the moment. She was in Welsh costume, and was large, bony, and grey-headed. But round about the high conical hat were flowers and feathers of many kinds and colours; while bits of fringe and lace adorned her scarlet cloak. She laughed aloud when she saw Rose, and almost dragged her inside her queer dwelling. Major Faithfull could not resist the impulse of curiosity which sent him to the open door, nor the sudden interest that detained him in the embrasure of the doorway. He stood to watch Rose and the mad woman, as he thought her, while the one sat, and the other moved about fantastically. While Rose talked in Welsh, Shanno gesticulated, and almost danced round her; and, but for Rose's clear musical laugh, he would have feared for her safety. The high, arched room had a huge stone chimney-piece, within which, on a broken hearth-stone, were the embers of a peat fire, and some one had kindly glazed the ruined window. A cupboard bedstead stood in one corner, and there was, besides a large settle, a rickety table, and one or two stools, for furniture. Upon the stone walls were either hung or pasted a variety of coloured prints; and bits of many-hued ribbons, prints, and papers, were suspended from the various half-defaced carved ornaments that appeared on all sides.

Suddenly a parrot flew from some dark niche, and, perching on Shanno's hat, began chattering a sentence in Welsh, of which he made out the words, "Rose, Polly, and Shanno." The translation would be, "White Rose, give Polly and Silly Shanno a kiss." The White Rose complied by getting up from her stool and offering her lips to the parrot, which put his bill between them, and clucked or chirped a kiss, as parrots will. The ancient walls, meanwhile, echoed with Shanno's laugh, and the Major thought of Meg Merrilies, "The Monastery," and other of Scott's romances.

Watcher and watched were suddenly startled by the sound of a high, clear, youthful voice, which rang through the air like some musical instrument. He turned, to see Edwyna running at full speed round the lake. She was hatless, and her brown curls floated, her garments were disordered. "Rose! Rose!" was the burden of her song. The call was instantly answered by Rose, who came out of the quaint room, followed by Shanno, and perceived Major Faithfull.

"I must apologise for seeming to watch you," he said, with embarrassment, "but this mad woman's strange figure attracted me; and, indeed, you seemed scarcely safe alone with her."

"She is not mad, she has only lost her wits. We call her Silly Shanno," replied Rose, just as Edwyna came up.

"Tea is waiting, and mother is as cross as ——" said Edwyna; then perceiving the stranger she changed her sentence, and added, "There he is, Rose. That is the officer who looked so grand in his livery."

"Uniform you mean," whispered Rose.

"Yes, of course. But why doesn't he always wear it?"

The Major, though still within the doorway, and the sisters without, caught this colloquy, and laughed; which roused an imitative cachinnation from Polly. Silly Shanno and Edwyna took it up, so that the ruin was once more alive with merriment. Rose alone strove to maintain her decorum. The Major came out of his embrasure; and, as if to cover some confusion on his own side, and to speak to Rose again, said, "I have had the honour of an introduction to you. Will you introduce me to this young lady?"

"It is my sister Edwyna," she replied.

"Now may I speak to you when I meet you?" asked Edwyna. "Mother says young ladies must not notice gentlemen until they are introduced. But I am not a young lady you know, only a milkmaid."

"I hope you will always speak to me?" replied the Major.

"Then all the girls will be so jealous of me that they will be as spiteful as Polly when I tease her."

"Pretty Polly!" echoed the bird, suddenly darting down upon Edwyna's sunny curls.

"I don't mind her. We fight it out. But she is sure to bite you," she cried, as Major Faithfull was about to lay hold of the bird, which did in effect snap at him. Edwyna would gladly have exhibited Polly's accomplishments, but Rose moved away, with a glance at Major Faithfull and a quiet "good afternoon;" then bidding Shanno come with them and have some tea, she turned homewards, followed by Edwyna with Polly on her head, and the witless Shanno.

Major Faithfull watched the picturesque group as they wound through the trunks of the large oaks, and vanished into a path leading to the farm. He

forgot for the moment that he was engaged to dine with Mr. Wynne at seven, and stood with his eyes fixed upon the green sun-tipped covert, even after the figures had disappeared. Accustomed to worldly and fashionable conventionalities, he had yet to learn that even in the nineteenth century there were still remote spots in mountainous districts where nature held her sway over human beings ; and where grace, beauty, and innocence could be found, even though partially beyond the grasp of modern etiquette and civilisation.

CHAPTER XII.

LATE FOR DINNER.

Silly Shanno was not quite so mad as she looked. Just as Major Faithfull, remembering his dinner, was about to leave the Abbey, she re-appeared in the distance, and soon overtook him. She was sane enough to show the ruin to the few strangers who visited it, and had, apparently, remembered him ; for she suddenly withdrew Polly from Edwyna's head, and left her young friends. Few people are indifferent to money, and she was not one of the few. She was in the habit of receiving coin from all who came to explore, and did not choose to let the Major escape. He had no desire to do so, having had a shilling in his hand for her when she left him. He gave it to her at once, and she danced and gesticulated frantically on receiving it. She had picked up a few words of English, but not sufficient to answer the inquiries he made concerning Rose ; though she gave him to understand, by gestures, that she lived not far off. As he had no time to spare he left her at once ; but stopped, nevertheless, at the turnpike to inquire of the corporal concerning her, and also, incidentally, of Rose and her sister.

It was the old story. Silly Shanno had been crossed in love in her youth, had experienced many troubles, and had lost her wits like many another poor weak-brained creature. Happily for her, she had staunch friends at Llynhafod, who protected her, and resisted all attempts to send her to an asylum. It was said that she had once frightened Mrs. Philipps Wynne, who would have had her shut up but for the direct interposition of Mrs. Mervyn, who, when she did come forward in village matters, had a way of gaining her point, to the delight and admiration of her husband, who was proud of her despite his perversity. Shanno could make herself very disagreeable, having strong likes and dislikes ; but a word from any member of the Mervyn family prevailed with her at once. She was, perhaps, more under the control of Llewellen Mervyn than of any one else, and would follow him about like a dog.

All this the corporal detailed to Major Faithfull, with the addition that his special favourite, Llewellen, had gone to college against his will, having his heart set on being a soldier.

It need scarcely be said that the Major was late for dinner, which was half over when he reached Manorsant, and he was celebrated for punctuality, and prided himself upon it.

This was the more annoying to Mrs. Philipps Wynne, because she had summoned her sister, Marcia Pryse Pryse, to meet him ; assuring her that he was quite a *beau idéal* of an officer, and would make an excellent husband for any young lady. It would be difficult to say how she had become acquainted with this fact since she had not known him long. He made his apologies to Mr. Wynne in so straightforward a manner, that the old gentleman readily received his excuses, saying, with a laugh, "Dr. Johnson was, I believe, of opinion, that it was better to make one uncomfortable than many, so we have not waited. Besides, you are on duty, exploring, and trying to frighten off Rebecca. I have not been at ease for months ; but there is a feeling of protection in having you and your men near at hand."

"If our adversary do not out-manœuvre us," replied Major Faithfull.

He was able to reinstate himself in Mrs. Wynne's good graces by paying all proper attention both to her and her sister. Marcia was small, bright, and somewhat of a flirt, so she was an attractive addition to Manorsant in the eyes of the officers who frequented that hospitable mansion. She was quick at *repartee*, and dauntless of speech ; and was, perhaps, more generally a favourite with men than women. There was, as it is expressed, "no harm in her ;" though she not unfrequently planted a thorn where she only meant to prick with the slight touch of sarcasm. *Piquante* was the word that exactly expressed her, and which Major Faithfull used when he spoke of her. Although young, she had been already much in society, and was a good deal admired.

Despite his tardy appearance, a place had been kept for him at her side, and they were soon engaged in conversation. Ready wits not only jump, but soon learn the light nothings that make up the amusement of society ; and they had ready wits. Not that Major Faithfull was merely a man of society ; but he had the gift of adaptibility, which, say what one will of men of the world, is one of the boons which intercourse with one's fellows bestows. He had, moreover, a keen perception of character, and read Marcia's quickly. It was, indeed, transparent, her vanity and self-satisfaction being as apparent as her prettiness and *repartee*. Anything natural was pleasant to Major Faithfull, who had encountered much that was affected in his intercourse with women ; therefore he was at once taken with the young lady whom Mrs. Wynne had kindly provided for him. It is rare that the deeply-laid plans of our mothers and sisters are so successful.

Their very lively first acquaintance was interrupted by the entrance of the children, who ran up to aunt Marcia with evident delight. She turned her bright face and ready jests upon them just as easily as she had levelled them at the Major.

"Here you are, you little rebels ; I hope you are improved. I have been asking grandpapa all about

you. He says you are mending slowly. Is that the new governess, Teddy? How do you like her? Confide in your affectionate aunt."

"She makes us say our prayers twice," answered Teddy, with unwonted solemnity, and I 'm not going to do it no more," replied the boy, sturdily.

"Then you will never make a good soldier," said Major Faithfull, gravely, just as Marcia was beginning to laugh. "Do you know that obedience is our first lesson, and that I have to obey my governess?"

"Your governess! Who is she?" asked Teddy, open-mouthed.

"Her most gracious Majesty the Queen; and, besides, I have to obey a Higher Power still, my King."

"There 's no king now," argued Teddy, boldly.

"I mean the King of Kings, my boy. And to be a good soldier either at home or on the battle-field, we must never cease praying to Him, not twice but all day long, if we need to meet the enemy bravely."

Major Faithfull spoke in a low, quiet voice, and this little interlude would have passed unnoticed by any one but Marcia, the children, and himself, but for one of the guests whom he had not seen. This was Mr. Edwardes, who was sitting on the other side of Marcia, and had been listening to what passed.

"Allow me to shake hands with you, sir. Permit me the honour of your acquaintance. We are fellow-soldiers, though in different regiments," said he.

After the children and their aunt had disappeared, Mr. Edwardes entered into conversation with Major Faithfull, and thanked him for giving one parishioner a lesson, and so strengthening the hands of another.

"Does not that other live somewhere by the lake?" asked the Major. "I think I met her there this afternoon."

"Then I am not surprised you were late for dinner," put in Mr. Wynne, who overheard. "She is really a very sensible and modest young lady. I consider the children fortunate in securing her. They are certainly less riotous than they were. Her father is a very good sort of man, only obstinate; and her mother is a most superior woman—person of family, they say, only she chooses to conceal her parentage, why, nobody can tell; for Mervyn, though a rough diamond, is of old family."

"There is always more romance among the mountains than elsewhere," replied the Major, glad to turn the conversation from himself.

Rose was, meanwhile, undergoing a probation at home. Alfred Johnnes had reappeared on the scene, and had come to Llynhafod on pretence of business with Mr. Mervyn. He was invited to remain to supper, for Mrs. Mervyn was scrupulously polite to her husband's friends when she came in contact with them. He had no reason to suppose that Rose had mentioned his proposal to her parents, so he was at ease with them, though not entirely so with her. He was, however, so bold and off-hand that she was scarcely conscious of any change in his manner. The topic of the evening was Rebecca, and he had much to say concerning the destruction of the salmon-weir. He put a great many home questions to Rose, but she managed to evade them. Her father was, however, less reticent, and spoke with acrimony of the treatment he had received.

"When Rebecca burnt my rick, who am rather a well-wisher than otherwise, I took Wynne Manorsant's side against her," he said.

"You are supposed to have done that when you swore to my voice," laughed Johnnes. "It was hard upon an innocent fellow like me to be hauled up for a joke."

"Practical jokes are dangerous, Mr. Johnnes," said Mrs. Mervyn.

"So I find, and I shall avoid them in future," he returned, glancing at Rose. "But I fear Rebecca's amusements are practical realities. I have heard of one or two threats fulfilled, and anonymous letters followed by consequences. I take precious good care not to annoy her. I believe she is our Lady of the Llyn disguised, and can do what she likes. Have you met the White Lady yet, Miss Mervyn?"

"No, but I hope to see her on Midsummer Eve," replied Rose, looking at her mother. "It is then she is said to appear."

Mr. Mervyn and Edwyna laughed heartily. They were far too practical for the fairy kingdom; but Alfred Johnnes, wishing to appear well in Rose's eyes, declared his belief in the Lady of the Llyn, and assured her that he knew many people who had seen her, his own mother amongst them. She was at once interested, and with a clearness that would have charmed a modern psychologist, began to discourse with him concerning the nearness of the spiritual to the temporal kingdom. But she soon found that he was merely agreeing with her because he wished to please her.

(To be continued.)

AT LAST.

WE travelled side by side for years and years,
And yet our souls were many miles apart;
No mutual joys, no mingling of our tears
Could bring us heart to heart.

Blossom and fruit we gathered from one tree,
Drank from one fountain, conned one sacred book,
And yet her spirit drew not near to me
In word, or deed, or look.

At last, when earth and sky were still and grey,
We stood together by a solemn shore,
And from our lives the veil was rent away,
And we were blind no more.

One swift bright glance into each other's souls,
  One kiss which told us all our gain and loss,
And then the mystic tide between us rolls,
  That she may not re-cross.

Parted, when all the world might deem us near ;
  Near, when the world may think us far apart ;
Oh, love, I wait till God makes all things clear,
  And brings me where thou art !

SARAH DOUDNEY.

SILENT PREACHERS;

OR, NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS USED IN THE TEACHING OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

BIRDS. See what is said concerning the fowls of the air under "BARN," sect. 1.

BLADE. In the parable of the seed growing secretly our Lord reminds us that it is by a gradual process that the seed sown in the ground attains to full maturity, and, further, that this gradual advance—"first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear," takes place in consequence of the development of a power of life hidden within the seed itself ; man cannot detect this power, the seed springs up and grows, "he knoweth not how." The kingdom of God (as we are taught by this parable) advances in a similar way, gradually, and in consequence of a power hidden from the eyes of man.

We may take the expression "Kingdom of God," in this parable to have a twofold application ; firstly, to Christianity as a power in the world ; and, secondly, to the work of God in individual souls.

The teaching of the parable, then, appears to be twofold also. In the first place it was no doubt intended to teach the disciples that they were not to expect the world to become Christian all at once : the work was to be gradual, the seed was sown by our Lord at His Crucifixion ; and in a way which men could not explain and at which they wondered greatly, the power of that seed was developed, till Christianity acquired the hold upon the world which it has at the present day.

And in the second place there is a message for Christians at all times, and especially for any who are engaged in teaching others. The seed must be sown in faith in the power of God ; it will not perhaps bear fruit at once, but it may be growing and advancing towards maturity. The Christian character is not completed in a moment, it must be formed *gradually*. St. Paul speaks of "babes in Christ," (1 Cor. iii. 1), and also of "perfect men" (Eph. iv. 13), the former corresponds to the first stage of growth mentioned in this parable ("first the blade") ; the latter is the end to be attained at last ("the full corn in the ear").

When, therefore, we see the fields in early summer green with the first shoots or blades of the corn, we must remember the teaching of our Lord. We must take courage for ourselves and others, believing that He who watches over the corn, and gives it the power to grow and ripen, will accomplish His own work in the souls of men also ; being confident with St. Paul that He which hath begun a good work will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ see (Phil. i. 6).

BOTTLES. The bottles used by the Jews (as by other Eastern nations) were made of the whole skins of animals, the skins of kids being used for the smaller bottles, those of goats for the larger. The animals being killed, the feet and head were cut off, and the holes thus made were then sewn up, except that at the neck, which was used for filling and emptying the bottle, and was tied with a string when the bottle was full. The bottles referred to in St. Matt. ix. 17, and the parallel passages in other Gospels, were of this description. When the skins were new they would be soft and pliable, but when the bottles had been made for a long time the leather would become dry and hard, and easily broken. This difference between the bottles when first made, and after they had been used for a time, is referred to by our Lord in the passage mentioned above to illustrate important teaching. "Men do not," He says, "put new wine into old bottles, else the bottles break, and the wine runneth out, and the bottles perish"—that is to say, the dry leather of the old bottles would not be sufficiently pliable to expand, and leave room for the wine to ferment, and, therefore, the force of the fermentation would burst the bottles. This would not occur if the bottles were new, and the leather capable of being stretched without danger of giving way.

There has been some disagreement as to the exact meaning of this parable, as we may call it. The general intention, however, cannot be mistaken, whatever difficulty there may be in some of the details. It was addressed to the disciples of John, who were surprised that our Lord's disciples did not comply with the requirements of the Law of Moses upon the subject of fasting. Our Lord by His answer would have them understand that the ceremonial law of Moses must give way before the new system which He came to introduce into the world ; the two could not go on together ; and if men who still clung to the old system tried to engraft the new upon it the result would be, as in the case of new wine and old bottles, both would become unprofitable. Therefore, the old system must be abandoned by those who would receive the Gospel.

Indirectly there is teaching here for us. We must not be satisfied with the outward formal observances of religion. Even those ordinances which Christ Himself appointed are useless until the heart has

been changed, and renewed by the power of the Holy Ghost. "If any man be in Christ, he is a *new* creature: old things are passed away; behold all things are become new."

BRAMBLE. Who would have expected to find spiritual teaching in an ordinary bramble? (and for all practical purposes we may take the bramble mentioned in the Gospels to be the same as that with which we are all familar). And yet our Lord makes use of it in St. Luke vi. 44, to point out to us the uselessness of a Christian profession which does not influence the action of our lives. "Every tree is known by his own fruit," He reminds us—"For of thorns men do not gather figs, neither of a bramble-bush gather they grapes." There is a double lesson for us here: firstly, just as we should not look for grapes upon a bramble-bush, so we should not expect to find a man who did not profess to be a Christian showing the fruits of Christianity in his life; and, secondly, just as if we found that a tree did not bear grapes we should know that it was not a vine, or else that it was a bad vine (a corrupt tree); so when the evidences of Christianity are not seen in a man's life, whatever his profession may be, he cannot be a true Christian.

But it is in its application to *ourselves* that we should think most of this teaching of our Lord, teaching of which we may be reminded in the course of any country walk. There is only one test of the reality of our Christianity, and it is contained in the answer to His question, How far are the fruits of the spirit (Gal. v. 22, 23) manifest in our lives? It is a question which must be considered, and answered by each one for himself as in the sight of God.

"IN A MINUTE."

CHAPTER I.

IT was a lovely day in August, and the waters of the *Traun See*, a little lake in Upper Austria, were glittering in the strong sunshine. There were a few white-sailed boats on its surface; and the little lake-steamers puffed up and down, bearing their load of passengers.

The mountains, pine-clad and stony, rise up round the lake, very nearly encircling it. In the break there lies the town of Gmunden, irregular and picturesque, with its white houses, narrow streets; and the pretty villas built up the low hill-country near it.

On the borders of the lake, in one of the small houses on the road-side, Frau Velner was busy ironing. She was a widow, hard-working, and, above all, God-fearing; trying most earnestly, to live a Christian life herself, and to bring up her children in the right way.

It was a holiday that day, and the four younger children were playing about in front of the door, whilst Franzi, her eldest, a boy of about fifteen, was stretched full length on a wooden bench, reading. He was a nice-looking boy, with dark eyes and hair; and a face that was burnt brown by the sun-rays. He seemed quite absorbed in his book; and when a neighbour in passing just said a "*Guten tag*," he replied mechanically when he did at all. Very often the greeting fell unheard on his ears.

At last his mother's voice, calling him from inside the cottage, roused him. His head was bent on his hands, and he half turned as he asked what she wanted.

"Take these things to the Bellevue," said Frau Velner; "and bring back some other clothes that I have to wash."

"In a minute," answered Franzi, at the same time turning his head towards his book, and beginning to read again.

"'In a minute,' my son. I know well what that means in your mouth! It means that you will put off, put off, until perhaps it is too late, or you forget all about it."

"I *am* going, *mütterchen*," said the boy, in a slow way. He used the pet name that suited his mother so well, she was so small and slight. The mother was handsome in her way, good skin, brown eyes, and a *svelte* figure, redeeming her from the extreme ugliness for which Austrian women of the lower classes certainly bear off the palm. Frau Velner was rarely rough to her children. Some of her neighbours said she spoilt them, but indeed she did not do that. If she was inclined to be over-indulgent to any it might have been to the little Léni, who was especially dear to her as having been born three days after the father's death.

Herr Velner was drowned five years ago. He had a little pleasure boat in which he took out people who wished for a sail on the lake. One lovely day, when they were far out, near *Traun Kirchen*, a sudden storm came on, and one of the sails getting wrong, the boat was capsized, and all were lost. It was a sad day for Frau Velner, for she loved her good husband dearly. She spent most of her earnings in having a board painted with a picture of the scene as it might have looked had any one been there to see it. Opposite her door this picture stood on a post. Not a very lively object to meet her eyes whenever she opened the door, but still she valued it very much. Her neighbours commended her love in thus commemorating the memory of her husband, and she rose a peg or two in their various estimations in consequence.

True, it had been sad, very sad, they thought, to have her husband drowned; but, after all, was it not an honour to have had his death one that could be perpetuated in so many colours, and on a board of such a large size as the one that faced her door? So her neighbours said amongst themselves.

But the birth of the little Léni comforted Frau

Velner very much; and coming at such a sad time, she naturally had a special fondness for the child.

The next eldest was Bertha of eight, then came Marie of ten, and Gustav of twelve, Franzi being the eldest. Franzi had a very great fault of character, and his mother had often spoken to him about it—it was a habit of procrastinating. His favourite answer when told to do anything was, "In a minute." As may be supposed, he never *did* do, whatever it might be, "in *a* minute." The minute grew to two or ten; and very often he never did it at all.

Frau Velner's gentle entreaties that Franzi would cure himself of this fault, were quite unavailing. He listened, but never heeded; heard, but never profited, by her words. So that, that fine August day, when Frau Velner told him to take the clothes to the Hôtel Bellevue, and received the usual answer, she spoke more sharply than she had ever done before—"Franzi, my boy, I wish you would not be always saying 'in a minute,' it ——"

"Why, where is the harm?"

"Harm! Why the harm is that you are always putting off, and you deceive yourself by saying that you will go 'in a minute.' It is like telling what is untrue; yes, you need not look so vexed. It is very nearly all untruth; for you never have the intention of really going in a *minute* when you are told to do a thing."

"It is so hard to do a thing at once, *mütter*," said the boy.

"Yes, it may be hard, but it is your duty. Duty, Franzi, should come before inclination. You know the good God will help you if you ask Him every day and hour of your life to do so. You love the dear Christ, and you want to please Him—it is so?"

Franzi nodded. He was as truly trying to serve God as his mother was; but it was not his way to speak much of those things, although they lay very near his heart. The Frau Velner was simple and direct, and liked speaking frankly of what was dear to her.

"Then, my boy, if you want to please God, you will find difficult things in your way. The devil always tempts us to do wrong, and it is in trying to defeat him that we shall please the good God. It is hard for you not to put off doing what is your duty; well then, tell God so, and ask Him, He will help you. Don't you remember what the Herr Pastor told us last Sunday morning, that our faults unless corrected speedily grew into great sins, and, as such, would be far harder to fight against."

"I remember."

"Well, then, go *now* with the clothes," said Frau Velner. "Here is the basket."

"In a minute" was on the tip of Franzi's tongue, but he felt for once in his life ashamed of using his pet excuse. Rising slowly, he shouldered the basket, and went off.

"That 's right, my son," said the Frau, "go at once. Try and overcome the fault, for if you don't a hard lesson may be given you, and you may have to repent very bitterly the evil of procrastinating."

"Truly," thought Franzi to himself, as he went along the sun-lit road towards the village of the Traun, through which he must pass ere he came into Gmunden proper — "truly the *mütterchen* might take the Herr Pastor's place, as far as the preaching goes. *Ach!* how she did lecture just now! she has the spectacles that enlarge little faults until she sees them as big sins."

Franzi trudged on through the village, over the wooden bridge, and then passing along the streets, he soon came to the hotel, which is near the Esplanade. He left the clean clothes, and the English lady to whom they belonged sent out some others to be washed and sent back on Monday evening, and Franzi, taking the basket again, bent his steps towards home. "I was quite in time, after all," said he to himself, "mother need not have hurried me so."

(*To be continued.*)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

31. What proverb is quoted by St. Paul to enforce the duty of submission to God's providence?

32. What difference was made in the offering up of animals for sin-offerings?

33. In what words is the duty of kindness one towards another set forth in the Old Testament?

34. Quote a passage which shows that man at all times has had a longing to pry into the future.

35. Which of the kings acted as regent during his father's illness?

36. Travellers tell us that the natives of some foreign countries seem to have no hesitation in stealing all they can. What passage would seem to show that the heathen of olden time were commonly guilty of this fault?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 63.

19. By burning dead men's bones upon the altars (2 Kings xxiii. 15, 16).

20. When a young man came to them, and desired that Jesus would speak to his brother to divide the inheritance with him (Luke xii. 13, 14).

21. "For I am in a great strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better" (Phil. i. 23).

22. "He set up a carved image, an idol which he made, in the house of God" (2 Chron. xxxiii. 7).

23. Seventy sons (2 Kings x. 7).

24. Rachel, the wife of Jacob, took away her father's household gods and hid them under the place where she was sitting (Genesis xxxi. 31, 32).

A MOTHER'S HEART.

I KNEW a nest so snug and neat,
I knew the mother bird;
The little nestling's chirp and tweet
I often heard.

How wondrous was the old bird's love!
How glad to her the sight,
When first each little one could move
Its wings in flight!

But when the nestlings left the nest,
So pleased and proud to fly ;
A sad song thrilled the old bird's breast—
I wonder why ?

I knew a home so snug and sweet,
Beneath a mother's care ;
The pattering of little feet
Re-echoed there.

And as each little one grew up
In wisdom, grace, and good,
How sweet the draught that filled the cup
Of motherhood.

But when the children left the fold,
Almost without a sigh,
Why did the mother's heart grow cold ?—
I wonder why ? G. WEATHERLY.

CHRISTMAS LOVE.

BY THE REV. BOYD CARPENTER, VICAR OF ST. JAMES'S, HOLLOWAY.

"Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us."—1 JOHN iv. 10.

"The ice was on the stream ;
Then rose the sun—the ice melted, and the rivers flowed.
The flowers slept in the earth ;
Then rose the sun—flowers budded, and earth with colour glowed.
The seed was in the soil ;
Then rose the sun—and called, and lands were clad in gold,
And harvest joy gave songs to young and old.
Love slept; and holiness, and fruits of kindly deeds,
Lay folded in men's hearts as barren seeds ;
God called in Love, and Love awoke—
And goodness rose, and kindness broke
The prison walls in which she lay so long,
And over all was heard a new-made song."

THERE was an island in a far, far sea, and on sea and land perpetual winter reigned. Snows were spread thick in the valleys, ice plains stretched over the lakes and blocked up the streams, and clothed the peaks of the hills that glittered with dazzling but cheerless lustre. Light was everywhere, but no warmth ; and the land was bright, but barren ; fair in its mantle of whiteness, but fruitless ; an unremunerative plot in God's inheritance.

Leagues to the south there was open sea, and fresh winds swept over the sea, and whirled it into life, and made wavelets to rise and fall, and billows to foam, and ever and anon some gentle breeze would kiss the tumult into calm, and wipe every wrinkle from the sea. There, when the sun rose, the sea glowed with a new brightness, and smiled beneath his beams, and currents moved hither and thither at his bidding.

One morning the sun rose in his strength, and threw his broadening light across the sea, and, speaking to the currents and streams, said to them, "Go." And the active currents were glad, and the under-streams of ocean laughed, and breaking from beneath the southern boundaries, they leaped to the northward, and flowed, warm and joyous, to where an icebound island lay. And a chill crept over the sunny southern-born current as it drew near, and its brother stream trembled ; but they said, "We are bidden to go, let us go onward ; it must be for good." So they sped, till they poured their sun-heated waters against the frozen shores of that land of ice, and though repelled by the hard, chill, shore-line, they swept onwards, hugging the coast till they girdled the island with a warm belt of glowing tide.

But the cold, stately, ice-peaked mountains looked down with chill contempt, and still shone in unmoved splendour ; and ice still covered the lakes, and the fields were still sheeted with snow.

"Your errand is vain," cried the floating bergs to stream and current. "Return ; this land is frozen to its centre ; it is visionary to think that your half-chilled waters can warm it into life." But stream and current replied, "We were bidden to go ; and, lo ! there come from the glowing belt of the world fresh streams and new-warmed currents ; and though we are withered and cold, they come warm from the south ; and we go thither to get new heat, and we shall return, and beat the warm life away upon these chilling shores."

"Waste your strength if you will," was the answer. And the great berg moved straight to the north to be locked in with its giant brothers in the eternal stillness of the perpetual ice.

And still the warm currents and growing streams came murmuring against the frozen shores of that chill gaunt island, making a merry tinkling noise beneath the great ice cornice that jutted forth from the snowy cliffs.

"You lose your labours," cried the great floes, as they hastened towards the pole. "This land has been frost-bound for centuries, and the keen blast of the great ice ocean blows death upon every sunbeam, and will imprison your currents unless you fly."

"Nay," replied stream and current, "we were bidden to go, and no toil wrought at our warm sun's bidding is lost ; and, see, there is a line of liquid light which is moving across the snow ; and, hark that thunderous sound ! you know it well. The great ice sheets are booming as they burst, and the huge avalanche is roaring as it moves from peak to ribs, from ribs to valley. And listen to the music too ! that melody sounds only from unfettered streams. Hark ! how the runnels tinkle : the snows are melting, the ice is moving,

the rivers are unbound! And, lo! there is green grass appearing. Mock us not: keep us not waiting here. We must flow on, and breathe our warm breath, and pour our fervid waters against these repellent shores, till they pour forth to us responsive streams. Rise, brothers, rise, the work is almost done!" And stream and currents joined together. "He who bids us, bade us go: we go."

And in glad chorus they girdled once more with a warm belt of glowing water the shores of that long-frozen island, till streams rushed forth, and rivers bounded down crag and cliff to bless them, and meadows rich and bright smiled upon the daylight, and mountains unrobed themselves of their vestures of white, and flowers and fruits bloomed and ripened in valley and over hillsides, and little purple bells ventured to plant their home high up, close beneath the peaks where the mountain-heights wore proudly their chill crowns of ice.

"The wilderness and the solitary places are glad, and the desert blossoms as a rose," said the streams to the currents; "our work is done, let us go home to our warm sunny home upon the line."

"Nay," returned the other, "we must not leave this emancipated land. If we withdraw our warm belt of water, the grass will wither beneath the keen north blast, winter will resume her sway, and hill and valley, lake and mountain peak, will relapse into their stern chill pride, and all our toil be thrown away. Let us still pour our sun-warmed waters upon this coast, for so this little island will remain bright, flowering, and glad—a glimpse of paradise amid these perpetual snows."

So they still swept round the coast line, cherishing the roots of every growth, and warming into life and beauty all that land.

And by-and-by other sounds were heard. Dandled in the warm currents as they moved upward from the line, came bright-eyed, sweet-voiced songsters; and drawing near to so fair a land they leaped up from the warm stream, and spreading forth their wings, claimed the pleasant trees and flowery fields as their own, and the song of birds made a gladness in that new-born land.

And the streams and currents rejoiced in that bright-coloured music-filled island which they had rescued from the land of snow, and the regions where once unvanquished winter reigned.

There are parables in nature. The hints of greater truths lie on the surface of the world, like flowers, to be gathered by those who will think and look for them; and I draw from Earth in her cold and in her heat, in her frozen realms, and sunny oceans, my lesson for this our glad yule-tide season.

Why is Christmas a glad season? Custom has set the day apart for one of special rejoicing—we wish one another a happy, or a merry Christmas. Is it only because it is a conventional holiday, when, by common consent, work and its attendant drudgeries are put on one side, and all conspire to forget the ills which are the while still gathered at the door? Then Christmas is only an imposition—a sham—a hollow truce with crying evil and perpetual sorrow—an enforced holiday, in the midst of whose mirth a false note rings, and many a jarring chord breaks in upon the melody; for sadness will steal in upon your memories whether you will or not, and many an eye will fill with tears whether you will or no. "If only *he* were with us, our joy would be complete." But he is on the far and stormy sea, or in some sultry clime, or lying in the quiet grave. "How she would have rejoiced, but she has passed from earth's joys and earth's sorrows to the borders of the tearless land!" Yes, memory is busy in the festivals, and the eyes that glisten to-day will not glisten wholly for joy.

Are we all false in a measure? Or are we all proud, and put on the air of gladness, and speak the words of a joy we only half feel, or, perhaps, just feel we ought to feel, no more?

What do we need? We want a joy which is deep-based. Not a holiday gladness, shouted in with the cry of carol, or the jargon of waits; but a joy high-sounded from heaven itself—sung by heavenly voices, and tuned to angel harps—a joy which outleaps all time and space, because springing from a source which earth's troubles, losses, and pains, cannot corrupt—a joy which, like a warm current, flows from out a sunny south to melt down to freshness and brightness again the icy griefs and frost-bound pains of the past.

So hear my story again.

A chilly island, over which a keen wind sweeps, and binds in perpetual frost and unfruitfulness all life and vegetation.

Our little world is that ice-bound island. Once a loving voice breathed warmth, and life, and joy in all, and then it was the age of paradise. But there came the keen blast of sin; and hope, and innocence, and joy—the flowers of human life—died out. And pride and fear—strong ribbed as snow and ice—grew up, and spread themselves over the hearts of men; and desolation spread where bright and teeming existence had been.

What can shake off that iron yoke of sin, or drive away the frosty tyranny of pride? Denunciations, strong as huge icebergs, had crashed upon the race; law's threatening terrors were tried, but tried in vain. The ice may be shivered, the smooth surface of the snow indented, but the reign of winter is undisturbed.

Laws and threatenings will not dislodge this tyrant, another method must be tried, so love is set free from her warm and sunlit home, and takes her course like a strong stream towards

the sin-cold earth. Little by little, striking the shores at different angles, and the frost-bound cliffs at different depths, the streams surge against the coast line. In sundry times, and in diverse manners, God spake in a voice which was love to his people by the prophets. Cold hearts looked on in contempt, and wave after wave chilled and died upon the rough edge of our world; but still from the unfailing warmth of a Divine love the streams of mercy set earthward, till in the fulness of time, when the season had come, when the way had been made ready, there leaped forth the current of a yet deeper, stronger love; nursed beneath the smile of God, Christ, Emmanuel, came to our cold-hearted, dead-affectioned world. He spake unto us by One whose voice could be none other than that of love. He spake unto us by a Son; God so loved. Yes! that was the language now; no longer God so threatened, so rebuked, so disowned; but God so loved the world, that he gave His only begotten Son. An Incarnate God. The word made flesh; the warm love of our heavenly Father surging through His Son against the sin-frozen frontiers of our world. Then new motions and new signs of life were seen, new sounds were heard; then hearts, long closed to any appeal, broke forth from their prison-house of indifference; then spirits, cold, and proud, and self-sufficient, felt their triple armour give way; pride wept, and haughtiness was melted at that love; voices responsive to that love were heard. We love Him because He first loved us. In this is manifested the love, because God sent His Son for us, whom having not seen we love. Was not earth sin-bound, pride-frozen, melted by the love of God and Christ which passeth knowledge, when men loved not their lives unto the death, when they were made the filth and offscouring of all things, were defamed, maltreated, tortured, slain, rather than deny that love which had unloosed their fetters, and made them free from all bondage and fear.

The Incarnation of Christ brought the full current of God's love to bear upon our world; showed to mankind that which no words, no song of poet, no skill of painter, could have depicted; showed to man what man, in spite of all his waywardness and perverse following of evil, most needed; showed him *love*, for God made man is nothing more than God witnessing this love; showing himself willing to bear our infirmities, share our griefs, and win our confidence by proving to us that He does indeed know what sorrows, pains, trials, bereavements, and struggles are.

Can we not understand how this unlocks the sealed and frozen fountains of human hopes and tears? See, here is a poor tried woman; her life has been disappointed hope, thwarted love; and the bitterest blow has fallen, and friends are round her plying her with half comfort and half advice. They are good, they are wise; they tell her not to mourn; that there are yet hopes to be met with in the world, that she ought not to give way, that to rouse herself is a duty, that sorrow is selfish and useless. She hears, she assents to their wisdom; but she resents the advice—she knows not why. She feels wronged even by their painstaking kindness; she cannot yield, till one comes, quiet and unobserved, and placing a hand in hers, says no word, but there is warmth in the pressure, and unawares the heavy heart is lightened, the sorrowing one feels a touch of peace, and the possibilities of a better future begin to form themselves. A touch of love has done it all: and what is the Incarnation but the touch of God upon a sorrowing world, a pressure of love, which goes to the disappointed heart of human-kind? and this love will vanquish the hard and sinning world if anything will. The open wastes, the snow-clad, fruitless regions, the ice-bound slopes, the wilderness, and the solitary places, will rejoice over such love, and the desert will blossom as a rose.

And the same is true in the spiritual experiences of individuals. There is a deadening and freezing influence in sin. Nothing chills the heart like sin. When we covet the days of our childhood, what we really covet is not so much that all our childhood's days should be given back to us, but that the freshness of feeling, the simple guilelessness of affection, the power to love without the shadow of some sinister motive falling across our love, should be given to us. Perhaps we never did love quite so purely as we think, but none the less do we hunger that we could so love, as we think the heart of childhood, unapprenticed to worldly maxims, and untainted by prudential motives, can love. Yes, like persons who feel the chill breath of the winter nipping the flowers and the foliage, we desire the warmth of summer and the freshness and fragrance of spring; for we know that our hearts, which have been long acquainted with this life and its contaminations, have caught the defilements, and all the flowers of generous and unworldly impulses have one by one fallen. For, let each just judge himself. What is your character compared with the ideal character you thought would be yours, when you dreamed of your future self in childhood? What is your life, compared with that which you, in your early and generous impulses, thought you would make it? Did you not once dream of yourself as growing up fresh, bright, flower-crowned and fruit-bearing, like the trees of which the Psalmist sang? Did you not once hope to become as trees whose roots would be watered ever by the constant flowing and fresh current of pure and loving motives, and whose fruit would be always kindness, and whose flowers the flowers of a blameless life? But ah! how unlike we are to these once cherished dreams of self! Where is the blameless life? Deep-hidden in our

own consciousness we bear the stains of untold sins; the pure surface of the heart is seared and riven by the scorching breath of morbid desires and thoughts, like the lightning-scarred side of mountains. Every thought and every deed of sin has checked the growth of purer thoughts and worthier deeds; and instead of the tree bringing forth fruit in old age, whose leaf is fresh and fadeless, we feel that we are like trees of stunted growth, distorted boughs, and scant-covered with infrequent leaves. And sin, sin cherished, sin indulged, sin fondled, and dreamt of, and obeyed—sin has checked every generous impulse and every worthy aspiration.

Is it not so? Have we not all watched the power of a single sin over a human soul, and seen it, like a mysterious blight, destroy every green thing of life? It is one of the mysterious truths of life that it does not need many sins to slay the better life in man: one sin, like a worm in the bud, will wither all. The secret of half the home tragedies of human life is that one sin, which, like the locust invasion, devours the leafy shelter of many a home. There is a young man: he has ability, he has kindliness, he has warm affections, he has loved, and he has wedded, and few have such a fair prospect of a happy, prosperous life; yet there is one rotten plank in the vessel that starts so joyously and sails so swiftly—a little self-indulgent habit: he could not resist the pleasures of the table; there is no excess, but indulgence has been stimulating into imperiousness the fatal passion, and duties are postponed to enjoyments, and enjoyments, instead of being recreations, have become necessities, the small pleasure has become a terrible and urgent need; the delight he once had in his home is waning, the blue-eyed child he loved to romp with is ordered out of the way, the wife's caresses, which he once sought, are now impatiently endured; she feels, though she cannot explain how, that something has come between her and her husband's heart—love's sunlight has gone, that is it. It is only this, that the terrible passion of self-indulgence, the fatal craving for stimulants, has become the tyrant of the man's nature, and the one sin has withered the affections, and is withering the joy of the home, and will wither the fair prospects of a promising career. O fatal frost which sin brings over life! It is one of the strange paradoxes of our moral nature, that the burning breath of passion turns to ice-wind as it sweeps over life and home, and before its chilling influence all blossoms of hope and love die out; for selfishness, which is the great fruit-killing wind of life, is generated by self-indulgence. Something of this Milton taught us when he described the altar of Chemos as close to the grove of Moloch—the shrine of the god of self-indulgence near to the shrine of the god of cruelty, the lustful orgies of the god of sensuality spread

> "Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
> Of Moloch homicide; lust hard by hate."

Hate, or indifference, or dislike, the offspring of selfishness, or self-indulgence, nip the green leafage, and spread over all the cold icy reign of a moral frost.

To revive the spring-time in the heart, to give it the power of a new affection, to re-adorn life with its flowers of kindliness and benevolence, to generate unselfishness, and the desire to do good, this is the worthiest work any philanthropist can undertake; and this is the enterprise of Christianity. The warm currents from the great central belt of love are set streaming towards the frozen hearts of men. Not mankind alone, but men are to be blessed. Christianity is not merely a great social movement; it is an individual philanthropy; it is towards every human heart that it bears a message of love. Vice, which has frozen up many a human heart, is to be dissolved by the glowing tide of a love which seeks each man, and all men, and all mankind. And here does the history of Christianity vindicate the Divine wisdom of its origin; this wisdom, which is the wisdom of love, is justified of all her children. "The love of Christ constraineth us," is the cry of men who are the first of philanthropists, and can show a pure, constant, and ever-growing love for their fellow-men. Yet these men were once frost-bound in sin. St. Paul's great nature was enthralled in the thick-ribbed ice of religious pride of an overweening Pharisaism. One beam struck upon the ice. God sent forth His word, and melted; He breathed with the breath of His spirit, and the checked currents of love flowed towards all the world. "I am debtor!" was the exclamation of the heart freed from the frost of that dreadful past; "I am debtor to the Jew and to the Gentile; I am a debtor, for love has laid me under obligation to all who need love; for I am one who has felt the melting influence of One who loved me and gave Himself for me, and whose life and death were witness of that first and chiefest love, which was in this, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son." This is the love which dissolves the enmity of the heart, even the love which is shed abroad in our heart by the Holy Ghost which is given us; this is the love which the incarnation of Christ declares, and which the Christmas season witnesses. Yes, every Christmas, as it comes round, sings to the frozen hearts of men that there is One who loves them, and that there is power in His love to melt the icy walls which sin, or sorrow, or disappointment, or failure, have built round the hearts of men. For there is nothing which can soften men like the thought, "I am loved, though I know I am unworthy of love;" it is such a revelation of a high, priceless, unworldly treasure; it is like the influence of a warm bright home upon some outcast, brought in from the

cold of the streets; gratitude, a longing to show some kindness, to make some little return for such love takes possession of the heart, and grows to an absorbing passion. Just as one vice ruins man, so does this one divinely implanted, grateful love, move like a health-giving river through all the channels of our nature, and carry purifying influences through all.

Only realise that in Christ incarnate we have God with us—God, the source of life, the enemy of death; God, the source of light, the foe of all darkness; God, the fountain of all the warm currents of the universe, the antagonist of all that chills the affections, slays the hopes, and destroys the joys of the soul. God, the well of life, love, and light; God with us, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, with us, to feel with us, to fight for us, to befriend us; God with us, unsought, unasked, of His free will, setting His foot upon this chill earth to cherish us and foster new life in us. Only realise this, and we shall find the bars of sin begin to break, and the frost of indifference give way, and a melting gladness diffuse itself over the spirit.

But if from Him have come these streams and currents of love—carrying warmth, like some gulf stream, to the world—let us remember upon us devolves the duty of keeping the stream still flowing; upon us, for should that stream cease, back upon the world will come the chill frost of sin and hostility to God again. All who are warmed, then, into life beneath His sunny smile are bound to set forth to warm into new life the frozen places of the earth. Yes! there are hearts which are frozen with sin—sometimes by sorrow, sometimes from a feeling that they are not loved, that they are useless in the world, that they are old and cold, and warmth belongs to the young, and the young do not care for the old. Oh, a thousand causes combine to freeze up the hearts around us! let the warm stream of Christian love afloat again. Here we learn His love anew, hence let us start in all directions towards the rich, the poor, towards the home circle, towards the loved one between whom and you some chilling estrangement has come. Start towards such a fresh current of love to pour over the cold past, to unfreeze the heart, and so shall new flowers and new fruits of love make glad your Christmastide.

Yes, by that love which would not speak to us otherwise than as a Father, in a love tokened in Christ the God-man, let in new love upon your heart this morning: His love upon your cold heart; let forth new love—begotten of His love who pardoned all your shortcomings—towards your unforgiven ones to-day; by that love which, being made flesh, suffered upon the cross for us—remember the omnipotence of love to conquer all. Remember that love where He has bid you remember it, at the banquet of love, which is now made ready. And thus remembering His love, and living His love, you will have a good ground for all your joy this day; for whatever mingles of sadness to mar your feast—absence, estrangement, or death—you will remember that either His love or your love can dispel them all; your love can reconcile the estranged, and His can reunite the parted and restore the lost.

THE WHITE ROSE OF WHITELAKE.

BY ANNE BEALE, AUTHOR OF THE "PENNANT FAMILY."

CHAPTER XIII.

MIDSUMMER EVE.

NEVER had Llyngwyn looked more beautiful than on the Midsummer Eve so long expected by Rose. It wanted half an hour of midnight when she glided along the shore of the lake towards the point at which the White Lady was fabled to appear. She was followed at a distance by a tall, slight, youthful male figure. This was her brother Llewellen, without whose protection she was forbidden by her mother to venture forth. The night was cloudless, and the beams of a crescent moon fell between the brother and sister and the woods, so that their shadows lay softly on the silvery water, and moved as they moved. All was still. Scarcely did the rushes and sedges breathe a sigh. The melancholy night-owl and corn-crake were silent, and the grasshopper's chirp hushed. Still, though no breeze whispered, the delicious perfume of the new-mown hay was in the atmosphere, and mingled with the delicate scent of the sleeping wild roses. It was a night for all that was spiritual; a calm fell on the sensitive, romantic Rose, like a heavenly dream. She reached the spot for which she made, and stood a few moments with her finger on her lip, till her brother glided quietly past her. Speech, they thought, would have been fatal—the spell broken by a word. He went to a little distance, where he could watch Rose, and see that no evil befel her, while she remained standing beneath the moon, with the rocky mountain at her back, the placid lake in front, and slumbering Nature around. She thoroughly believed in the legend of the Lady of the Lake, and expected to see her rowing her golden boat with her golden oar, at "midnight's witching hour." She could not tell how the minutes

sped, therefore knew not when she should pass the barrier betwixt day and night, unless perchance the clock in the old church tower far below should pierce the solemn, moonlit stillness. She might have been herself the fabled spirit for which she watched, she looked so white and ethereal in her quietude; for a breath, a movement, she thought, might disperse her dream of years; and so she remained immovable, her large clear eyes fixed upon the lake.

Although of a nervous temperament, Rose had no fear of the poetically supernatural, so when the faint echo of the first of the twelve strokes from the old clock in the black tower reached her quickened hearing, she felt only heightened expectation.

Just as the mountains repeated in a whisper the last toll for departed day, there suddenly fell upon the lake a rosy hue such as the White Rose had sometimes seen at dawn. "She is coming!" said her foolish, superstitious heart, bounding, and then standing still. Her imagination would have been highly wrought enough for any belief, and she almost fancied she saw a white ethereal something rise out of the now fleckered waters. But suddenly her excited attention was turned. She saw, actually, a white figure, but not in the centre of the lake, as she expected. It rose from among the rushes at the side, and came quickly towards her. It was now that her pulses stood still, and terror seized her. She felt rather than saw that it was not the transparent spirit she expected, but one of grosser kind. She would have fled, but her powers of motion failed. She had not strength to call for her brother, who had, indeed, disappeared; and all she was capable of was to stand cold and motionless, by the lake.

The figure was soon at her side. It whispered something in her ear.

"I come to warn you again," were the words it spoke. "If you refuse *that offer* your father will suffer."

"You are Rebecca!" she cried, with an effort at courage of which she had not thought herself capable.

"I am the Lady of the Lake in Rebecca's dress," whispered the white figure. "You come to seek me. I appear. Take my warning. Marry him who asked you last, or beware the consequences."

Although Rose was romantic and superstitious, she was also sensible and brave. She summoned back her courage, and looked at the figure, expecting to encounter the face or mask she had seen before. But a white veil hung between her and it.

"See yonder! For your father's sake heed what I say," it continued, pointing to Penllyn.

Rose glanced up at the summit of the mountain, and there she saw Rebecca's midnight signal, the flaming bonfire. This it was that had cast the red hues of dawn on the white lake. While she was looking towards it, she again felt the touch of Rebecca's hand. She receded from it, and uttered a loud cry of "Llewellen!" It was answered, but not by her brother. Some one appeared striding towards her. In a moment Rebecca vanished; how or where Rose knew not, but she was left alone to meet the new-comer. But this was no white lady, for it had on a glittering helmet and nodding plumes, upon which the moon cast a silver sheen.

"Where is Rebecca?" it asked.

"Gone. Vanished up Penllyn," replied Rose, reassured, for she discovered that Major Faithfull stood by her side.

"Do not be afraid," he said, taking Rose's arm gently, as if to support her, for she trembled now more perceptibly than did the reeds and rushes. "My troop is in ambush down yonder, watching for Rebecca, and as you intimated your intention of being also a watcher, I have had my eye on you ever since you came to the lake. You have not seen her?"

"I scarcely know what I have seen or heard. I have been very foolish, and subjected myself to some strange delusion. The figure said it was the White Lady disguised as Rebecca."

"And you believed it?" laughed Major Faithfull; and his cheerful natural tones dispelled her fear.

"I hardly know. I believe there is much that we cannot understand," she replied. "How can Rebecca be in so many places at once?"

"There is the problem we have to solve. Let me take you home. I must not delay."

"Thank you, my brother is yonder watching me. I wonder he did not come when I called. We were neither of us to speak for fear of frightening away the White Lady; but I promised mother to call for him if I was afraid."

"I think it would have been useless," replied the major. "If he is a tall slight young man, who was watching round the point of that rock, my men have got hold of him. We took him for a Rebeccaite."

"Oh, Major Faithfull!" interrupted Rose, in alarm. "My mother will never forgive me. He came to take care of me, and he is only a young collegian."

"If so he is quite safe; but he is to pioneer us up the mountain to where we are assured the rioters are. I will see that no harm happen to him. Now, as I think you are the only Lady of the Lake likely to appear to-night, for even on Midsummer Eve she would not care to meet a sceptic such as I am, you had better go home. But look! You might be almost rising from the waters."

Rose glanced upon the lake, and there, where the red glare had not fallen, were the clearly-defined figures of herself and her companion, reflected in two shadows which yet appeared but one. That joint reflection replaced the white spirit in her mind, and when she afterwards returned to that spot, two soft dark shades arose before her memory instead of the one her imagination had previously dwelt upon.

"Good night, and thank you for saving me from that—that—" she said, with a shudder.

"That monster!" replied Major Faithfull, laughing. "More dangerous far than your white lady. I will see you safe home, as you may not be

secure from his—or her—or its clutches. Which is it?"

"I cannot face my mother without Llewellen," said Rose, timidly.

"I will answer to her for him; but I have no time to lose."

He impelled her forwards with gentle firmness. Once turned homeward, her steps were so swift he could scarcely keep up with them.

"'She gangs like a ghaist,'" he murmured, as her slight figure preceded him beneath the silver moon.

Mrs. Mervyn was standing in her garden awaiting her, and watching the fire on Penllyn. She reached her while her protector was at the garden gate.

"Mother, this gentleman—it is Major Faithfull; he has saved me from—from Rebecca. Llewellen is safe, but not here," she said, breathlessly.

Mrs. Mervyn thought strange spirits were indeed abroad on Midsummer Eve, when the helmeted, booted, belted, and spurred dragoon accosted her instead of her son.

"I have brought you back your daughter, and detained your son," he said, after a glance at the mother of her whom he had so opportunely rescued. "It is a late hour for one so young and fair to be abroad alone."

"It is; but it is the fulfilment of a promise of more than ten years' standing, and I hope it will convince her of the unreality of her fancies," replied Mrs. Mervyn, calmly. "I do not understand what has become of my son."

"He is leading my men the shortest route to yonder beacon. My horse is waiting for me to follow, my adjutant having gone on. No harm shall happen to him. What a moonlit panorama lies before us! What a peaceful home you have! I no longer wonder at your daughter's romance and belief in the unseen."

Major Faithfull glanced from Mrs. Mervyn to Rose. He could but be surprised at meeting such women in such a scene. The voice and manner of the mother impressed him at once; the daughter interested him.

"I do not understand about my son," persisted Mrs. Mervyn, "though I would return your kindness to my daughter."

"Let her give me a flower in remembrance of Midsummer Eve," said the major. "There must be white roses on the bushes as well as by the lake. I assure you your son is safe, and shall be with you in a few hours."

"The first bud has just opened on the tree by the porch. You may gather it," said Mrs. Mervyn, to Rose, pointing to the exact spot where she knew the flower had bloomed.

Rose plucked and presented it, her deep grey eyes gleaming with a strange emotion as the receiver took it from her fingers and placed it in his scarlet coat.

"It is only a flower, but it is the first to bloom," she said, simply.

"Henceforth the white rose shall be my emblem," he replied, bending over her; and in another moment he was gone.

She stood gazing after the retreating figure until her mother motioned her into the house.

"In every sense a soldier, Rose," said Mrs. Mervyn. "Brave and gallant. Here to-day, there to-morrow. Ready to compliment a village maiden to-night, prepared to say pretty nothings to a town belle in the morning. I know them well, and the hearts they play with. He has done you a kind service, but I hope you may never meet him again."

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Rose. "I have never seen any one so kind and courteous."

"What has he done with Llewellen? I was mad, and you weakly superstitious, to think of this fool's errand. But it is the first and last time. You had better go to bed."

Rose perceived from her mother's cold manner that she was annoyed, but no more passed between them. Silence was always Mrs. Mervyn's refuge when her feelings were disturbed, and her daughter knew that any attempt at explanation only increased the reticence.

CHAPTER XIV.

LLEWELLEN MERVYN'S DECISION.

"TIRED nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," had rendered Mr. Mervyn and Edwyna unconscious of the events of Midsummer Eve, though they had retired to rest full of amusement at Rose's resolution to encounter the lake spirit. They met her at breakfast, eager to hear the result of her "manifestations," which was, nevertheless, a word not so used in their day.

"Where is Llewellen?" was, however, Edwyna's first inquiry.

The answer involved a detail of Rose's encounter with Rebecca and Major Faithfull, as well as that of her brother's capture as a Rebeccaite. Mr. Mervyn only laughed heartily, but as Llewellen was Edwyna's idol, she made a great outcry when she heard what had happened to him.

"And he going with the soldiers against his own countrymen!" she exclaimed. "Leading those big men with swords to the very place where the patriots are stationed. Rose, I am ashamed of both of you!"

"Indeed, I am sorry," pleaded Rose, who always shrank beneath the younger sister's reproaches. "But Major Faithfull promised to take care of him."

"Ha, ha! A big fellow like Llewellen doesn't want to be taken care of," laughed Mr. Mervyn. "He is pretty sure to fall on his feet; though there seems a fate that leads him amongst the soldiers. As to Rebecca, you may be sure she was 'cute enough to warn her followers in time, and the dragoons will have beat just such a retreat as we specials did. Rose, were you not frightened?"

"Yes, father, I think I should have fainted but for Major Faithfull," answered Rose, timidly.

"Never, mother. If I wavered before, last night steadied me."—*p.* 107.

"You will not watch through another Midsummer Eve? What did Rebecca in the guise of the White Lady say to you? He seems to have a fancy for you."

"I wish that grand gentleman had rescued me," cried Edwyna, thus enabling Rose to evade a reply to her father's question. "He is the handsomest man I ever saw in all my life. And he spoke to me too, father. But I wish Llewellen would come home."

So did the anxious mother, who had left the breakfast-table to watch for him. To Rose's relief she returned with him, and with an expression of satisfaction on her face but seldom seen there.

Llewellen Mervyn was a youth of whom any parent might be proud. He had his father's good looks, together with his mother's manners and bearing, and having no special thorn in the flesh, or skeleton in the cupboard, to trouble him, was as happy in mind as he was handsome in person. Rose would sometimes look at him with a sort of envy, because he managed to say and do just what both parents liked; while she, in her overwrought susceptibility, fancied she pleased neither. "He loves every one and every one loves him," she would say; "whereas I—well, I am afraid my heart is hard, and I love but few." This was in some sort true. Llewellen's sunshiny nature brought cheerfulness with it, while Rose seemed born of the moonlight.

"My dear Edwyna, you will choke me," were his first words, as he entered, his arm round his mother's waist.

They were called forth by Edwyna's jumping upon his neck, and hanging there, in spite of his best efforts to release himself. But he freed himself at last, and advanced to kiss Rose.

"I am so sorry that I failed in my duty, dear," he said; "but as I turned the rocky point where I promised to remain, a sentinel said 'Halt!' and took me prisoner, fancying that I was a Rebeccaite."

"And you are one, Llewellen, of course," interrupted Edwyna.

"Not exactly. But I soon found myself in the midst of a troop of cavalry and infantry, secreted near the road to Penllyn. They had been in the wood for some hours, expecting Rebecca, having been positively informed that she was to be at her pranks hereabouts last night. An officer came forward, and when I said who and what I was, and what had brought me out so late, told me that he had seen you by the lake, and would take care of you, but that I must be their guide up Penllyn."

"That was Major Faithfull, and I shall never like him again!" cried Edwyna.

"Pray do not interrupt your brother," said Mrs. Mervyn.

"You went after the enemy by the light of their own fire," put in Mr. Mervyn. "I'll be bound you didn't catch her."

"We certainly did not, father. But I think we should, or rather the soldiers would, but for Rose and the White Lady. Rebecca must have seen the Major, and ascended the mountain by the back, and so warned the rioters; for when we reached the top there was not a soul to be seen. Still, the huge bonfire alight on the cairn, a few women's garments, and several picks and scythes dropped by the way, proved that the Rebeccaites had been there. So did a diabolical laugh somewhere or other, which so enraged the soldiers, that they would have gone after it had they not been restrained. What a glorious thing military discipline is!"

"I'll warrant me you have had another bite of the old serpent, my boy," said Mr. Mervyn. "What has become of the college cap?"

"I dropped it on the mountain, father; but I will look for it by-and-by. If it was so exciting just to scale a hill one has known all one's life, what must it be to meet the enemy face to face in battle?"

"Excitement ending in desolate homes and broken hearts," said Mrs. Mervyn, quietly. "But have you been with the military ever since?"

"Yes, mother. We saw the day dawn on Penllyn. A glorious sight! Then we reconnoitred. Then examined the way by which the rioters escaped, and finally came back upon the turnpike road."

"We!" ejaculated Mr. Mervyn. "That sounds grand. And I dare say *we* trampled down my young wheat."

"I am afraid we did, father," replied Llewellen, so apologetically, that Mr. Mervyn exploded in one of his heartiest laughs, and Edwyna jumped upon his knees, and put her hand before his mouth.

"Let those laugh who win, sir. *We* have lost," she said, with a glance at her brother, whose handsome face was flushed.

"We shall all lose if we idle in this way," remarked Mr. Mervyn. "What are your military engagements to-day?" he added, addressing his son rather sarcastically.

"I have promised to help Jim, father. I met him as I came home, and he seemed to know all about last night's work, how, I cannot imagine. But he said, "Rebecca's too many for 'em. I wish there was an army of women. Their tongues would be cutting sharper than the swords of the soldiers."

Mrs. Mervyn would not allow her son to leave the house until he had breakfasted and rested. He had a child-like obedience to his parents, and a transparent truthfulness of character which were as charming as they were rare. Happily he had never been thrown amongst people who tempted him to disobedience, though his desire to please others frequently went counter to his own pleasure. He would have been a farmer for his father's sake, a clergyman for his mother's, a soldier for his own. And yet he was not wanting in decision, as his conversation with his mother will prove. She had taken up her work and seated herself by his side while he breakfasted, content to feel that he was near her; but he seemed restless, and in no mood for eating.

"Dear mother, I am afraid I was wrong to go to

college. It is money thrown away," he began abruptly, dropping his knife and fork, and fixing his eyes on Mrs. Mervyn.

"Why so?" she inquired, quietly. "I understand you have done well so far, and Mr. Edwardes thinks you may gain a scholarship, which would reconcile your father to your having given up farming."

"Mother, I feel more and more that I am not called to the ministry. It cannot be right to take orders in the Church when your whole mind is set in a contrary direction. Mr. Edwardes impressed that upon us. Edgar's heart is in his work; mine is not. If it were any other profession or trade even, I could labour in it against my inclination; but my conscience will not let me fight under one banner while my heart is panting for another."

"And what can you say to your father? You would not enlist? You could not bring sorrow upon us both?"

"No, mother; I promise you not to enlist, great as is the temptation at this moment. I will work with father on the farm, and be what, I suppose, nature intended me for."

"A clodhopper! I—I mean—such a one as Alfred Johnnes, or others with whom you are acquainted."

Mrs. Mervyn pulled herself up on that first word, which had slipped out unadvisedly, and hesitated.

"I should be as my ancestors, honest tillers of the soil, though I would rather fight for my country. It is hard that a fellow cannot get a commission without money and interest. Major Faithfull said as much when he saw how enthusiastic I was."

"Interest! We might have that, perhaps," murmured Mrs. Mervyn, while her son bent over her, hoping for more; but she only added, "I wish I had not given you these notions."

"Instinct and Homer, not you, mother," said Llewellen, with the attractive smile that won all hearts to him, and unchained his mother's; "and I may add, King David and the pictures in the old Bible. Long before I made the acquaintance of the Iliad and Odyssey I reverenced the priests and envied the warriors. Mother, will you be greatly disappointed if I leave college? I shall be always with you then, dear."

"Of course I shall be disappointed. As a clergyman I had hoped——"

"Hoped what, dear mother?"

"Nothing—nothing. But with your looks and education you would have got on in the Church, and might——" Mrs. Mervyn paused, as she always did when she seemed to her children on the eve of some disclosure of interest. Her head bent low over her work, and a tear dropped on it. Her son's arms were instantly round her, and his warm heart smote him for giving her pain. But she recovered in a moment, for she rarely let her feelings conquer her habitual self-restraint.

"Do not be hasty, Llewellen," she said, laying her hand in his. "There will be time to resolve between the present and the next college term. You may change your mind."

"Never, mother. If I wavered before, last night steadied me. It must be 'Cæsar or nothing.' But I will not tell father unless you wish it. There is Mr. Edwardes, we will consult him."

Llewellen hurried out into the porch to meet the vicar. Their greeting was very warm, for much affection existed between master and pupil. He was soon made acquainted with the state of Llewellen's mind by Mrs. Mervyn herself, and at once took her son's side. He had strong convictions on the subject.

"But you must be fully persuaded in your own mind," he said. "You must pray for guidance. You must search the Scriptures. You must not hastily relinquish the sword of the spirit for that of the flesh, remembering 'That they who take the sword shall perish by the sword.'"

"I have no prospect of that, sir," said Llewellen. "I wish I had, it would be the glory of my life."

Mr. Edwardes glanced at Mrs. Mervyn, who shook her head sadly, and uttered the word "Inherited," which she alone understood. But both felt that it would be useless and wrong to combat the young man's feelings as they then were; though they believed that if the military were to depart, they might flow again into their old more settled course. But Llewellen's taste for the army seemed, as he said, to have been born with him, and he had studied military tactics when he ought to have been asleep.

(To be continued.)

FREE GIFTS.

"The things that are freely given to us of God."—1 Cor. 2, 12.

LET every heart respond, and raise
A song of gratitude and praise,
Viewing, as stepping-stones to heaven,
The things that God has freely given.

O Jesu! Master, Saviour, Friend;
Without beginning, without end;
The sinner's hope, the promised seed—
Through Thee all other gifts proceed.

The gifts of Grace:—showering upon
The little child, the "younger son,"
The opening heart, the aching head,
The "sacred feast," the dying bed.

The gift of Peace:—so calm and sweet,
To listen at the Saviour's feet;
To feel our sins are all forgiven;
To realise our home in heaven.

The gift of Comfort:—when the eye
Is full of tears, when waves rise high,
When lightnings flash, and thunders roll,
God's comforts then refresh the soul.

The gift of Holiness:—no sin
Allowed to rule and reign within;
The holy walk with God above,
The fruits of Faith and Hope and Love.

The gift of endless Life, begun
On earth, complete when heav'n is won;
Then all God's goodness will be shown,
And we shall know, as we are known.

There in the mystic Temple bright
With "Kings and Priests" in robes washed white;
Oh! may one niche reserved be,
Fit for a saint, but filled by me!

CANON BATEMAN.

GOLD IN MIDIAN.

THE eyes of the religious world may be said to have been ever turned towards the East, both in forecast and in retrospect. The cradle of the human race, the home of the chosen people, and the founts of inspiration, are all comprised within the regions of Arabia and Asia Minor. From among the Syrian mountains came the faith that regenerates as well as the civilisation that develops the nations, and its march has hitherto been by slow and sure degrees steadily and invincibly westward.

At the present time the political and commercial worlds are also turning their gaze towards the "Morning Land" with a vivid expectation that it is about to be the theatre of great events, of startling discoveries, and perhaps of deadly struggles. India, or rather her British rulers, must keep watch and ward over her frontiers, and not lose sight for a moment of the movements of Persia and Afghanistan, while nearer home the Sultan of Turkey must steer his barque of state according to the guidance of England and other powers. Egypt has stretched out her hands to Great Britain for help, and among the lands which own the sway of the Khedive is the ancient Midian, whose name and people figure so largely in sacred history from the days of Moses to those of Gideon.

Originally populated, as is supposed, by the sons of Keturah and their descendants, the Midianites were not less the seed of Abraham than the Israelites themselves, and possessed to a great extent the same characteristics. Patriarchal in their government, rich in flocks and herds, delighting in the splendours of purple raiment, much gold and many gems, keen merchantmen and traffickers in Oriental balms, as well as fierce warriors, they exhibit the kinship of tastes and talents that might be reasonably expected of two branches from a common stock. How jealously they watched their poor relations on their toilsome way from Egypt to the Promised Land, may be seen in the record of that pilgrimage, and there too may be read the story of the defeat, plunder, and annihilation of the hosts of Midian by the victorious army which went on conquering and to conquer under the banner of the Lord. Local tradition, which invariably has some foundation in truth, has always pointed to the mountains of Moab and Midian as rich in metals, especially in gold. To them has been ascribed the description of the land, "whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass;" but though the Arabs have no doubt practised gold washing profitably among themselves, one tribe has guarded its secret from another, and public attention has not been drawn to the auriferous and other deposits which have been lately sought for and brought to light.

Perhaps Egypt would never have known of the mineral wealth of Midian had it not been for what would appear at first sight as mere an accident as the fall of that Indian at Potosi, who clutched at a shrub in his headlong descent, and when he reached the bottom observed the silver sticking to its roots. It happened some seven-and-twenty years ago that a Tartar merchant, who was a devout follower of Mahomet, went on pilgrimage to Mecca with the usual caravan. His name was Haji Wali; and, having made the same journey before, he was not altogether unacquainted with the route. Being tired of the concourse of pilgrims, and the monotonous motion of the "ship of the desert," he mounted an ass, and rode on in front for a few miles, till seeing a solitary tree at a short distance from the track, he diverged a little, so as to rest under its shadow till his companions came up. Near him were two Wadys or dry torrent beds, and seeing them sparkle in the sun he took up a large double handful of the shining sand, put it carefully into a handkerchief, and when the caravan overtook him transferred it to his pilgrim's chest. The "Kafilah" was on its return journey, and it was not very long before Haji found himself at Alexandria, where he called on a Shishnaji or assayer, and produced a part of his *trouvaille*. This person, by the simplest of processes, conducted in the presence of the Haji, obtained from the small quantity of sand submitted to him a little piece of solid gold about half the size of a grain of wheat.

The Tartar's delight may be better imagined than described—visions of wealth floated before his eyes; and he naturally supposed that he had only to make known his discovery to Abbas Pasha, the then Viceroy, to be rewarded and honoured for his acumen and zeal. The chief steward, however, being the official through whom the intelligence should have been communicated to His Highness, was of opinion

that Egypt did not require gold; and, consequently, did not make known the Haji's discovery to his master. The disappointed trader returned to his home and his merchandise, but still took care of the remaining handful of sand, and waited patiently for better times, and a more convenient opportunity. In 1853 he met with Captain Burton, and, in the course of their companionship, showed him what was left of the precious glittering sand. That gentleman looked at it carefully through a Stanley lens, and clearly saw tiny specks of gold, which convinced him of its true value. The only way in which he could assist his oriental friend was by telling the British Consul at Cairo what he had seen, and requesting him to inform His Highness Abbas Pasha. This was never done, as the representative of England thought gold was becoming too common in the world, and forebore to mention it. Haji Wali abandoned his dream of riches, became a Russian subject, and took up the business of a broker; while Captain Burton wandered in all quarters of the globe. Another ruler, Said Pasha, arose in Egypt, but he was absorbed in the great idea of the *Canal des deux mers;* and it was not till Ismail Pasha was Viceroy that any opportunity offered itself of utilising and following up the traces of gold on which the pilgrim had come so many years before. Egypt was in need of treasure; and it was told the Khedive that Captain Burton, well-known throughout the East, though then acting as English Consul at Trieste, knew of a gold-field in the land of Midian, and would not be unwilling to reveal his secret. Ismail Pasha sent for him at once; and, obtaining leave of absence from his post, he repaired, in the spring of 1877, to the Egyptian court. After some little delay an exploring party was organised, consisting of two officers, whose duty was to survey and make plans, a mining engineer, to pronounce on the value of what might be found, Haji Wali as guide, and Captain Burton at the head of all. The corvette *Sinnár* was placed at their disposal; and took them down the Gulf of Akabar, and as far as the roadstead of El Muwayláh in the Red Sea, immediately beneath the majestic and gorgeously-coloured mountains of Midian. So unpromising was the first appearance of these rocks to the engineer, that he called them mere masses of schistose, and prophesied that the expedition would prove a failure. Camels, however, were ordered at the landing-place to take the bulk of the party to the Wady Aynunah, while a few accompanied Captain Burton thither in a small vessel. This is the most ancient mining city on the coast; and was speedily found to consist of ruins of smelting furnaces, enormous brick-lined mortars, and unmistakable traces of having once been a thriving centre of industry. Among the scoriæ picked up around the furnaces were indications that both gold and silver, as well as other metals, had been worked; and, as later discoveries proved, were all found, and smelted together, and separated afterwards. A turquoise mine was pointed out by the natives; but it had evidently been worked as far as it could be reached with the primitive tools at the command of the miners. In the upper valley of the Aynunah, above the furnaces, various metals were found, especially streaks of silver in the quartz; and the pebbles of the latter substance, which were picked up, and broken haphazard, showed small dots of pyrites, and fine line-like streaks of gold, this explaining the use of the huge mortars sunk in the rock below. Captain Burton would have proceeded thence to the nearest caravan station, Magharát Shu'ayb, near which, he thought, must be the spot whence Haji Wali brought his handful of sand. But though the camels and the aged guide had appeared, the engineer, whose appetite for the precious metals was whetted by what he had already seen, persuaded his chief to follow up the Wady Aynunah, with a view to ascertaining the home of the quartz. The scattered vegetation, as they went along, showed that water was not far from the surface. Quantities of sorrel, with large leaves and sharp acid flavour, sprang from the rock fissures; and "Jonah's gourd," colocynth, and dorn palms, diversified the scene. On approaching the Zahd mountain, the upper part of which is a mass of red porphyry, every stone broken contained more or less metal; while the nature and formation of the rocks recalled the situation and surroundings of the Kimberley diamond mine in South Africa. There are various traditions of Arabian diamonds; according to the Talmud Aaron's rod was a diamond. Pliny speaks of an *Adamas* from India and Arabia, which would cut and polish other gems; and mention is also made of them by Sir John Maundeville.

Still, no nuggets were found, though as they are distinctly mentioned by more than one classic author, the explorers did not give up all hope of them, but in prosecuting their search they came upon a vast vein of metal in the White Mountain, standing well out of the quartz, and from a yard and half to two yards broad. This was named the Grand Filon, and found, when analysed, to contain iron, copper, and silver. In another direction, in the Wady Makna, Captain Burton found chloritic slate, the matrix of the Brazilian gold mines, especially that of the noted *São João del-Rei.* Free gold was abundant among the fragments of basalt, and it was with regret that the explorers, pressed for time, turned their faces homeward, and rejoined the corvette, which took them back to Suez. On reaching Cairo they learned that the Russo-Turkish war had just broken out, and the harassed Khedive was busy raising his quota both of men and money. It was no time for entering on new enterprises, and Captain Burton had to start in haste for his own Consulate. The Khedive, nevertheless, quite appreciated the value of the discoveries, and when peace was proclaimed in 1878 sent Captain Burton forth once more to prosecute his researches. These have been hitherto most satisfactory, and now that Egyptian administration has been placed in British hands her new-found wealth will be made the most of.

The land of Midian is said by its explorer to remind him of California when the pick and fan men had done their work—still wealthy, but at the stage when machinery is needed. It cannot be expected that every Wady will prove a Pactolus, rolling golden sands, but after each year's brief winter torrents they will be worth searching and washing, if this mode of obtaining the precious metal be not eclipsed by the discovery of rich deposits of the virgin gold.

ELIZA CLARKE.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. NEW SERIES. No. 3. SAUL ANOINTED.

Chapter to be read—1 *Sam. ix.*

INTRODUCTION. In last lesson saw Israelites asking for king. What sort of a man did they want? And for what object? Shall to-day see how their wish was granted.

I. SAUL SEEKING THE ASSES. (Read 1—14.) Ask of what tribe Saul was. Was Benjamin a great or small tribe? Still, a small tribe might have great men. What kind of a man was Saul's father? probably a chief among the people, known for his wealth and influence; as such his son would be held in regard. But what kind of a man was Saul? How would this personal appearance help him? Ignorant people always think much of bodily strength and form; nor is it to be despised. Bodies as much God's gifts as anything; the mere bodily gifts worth little in comparison with others. Now Saul has to start on a journey. Who goes with him? Trace their route on a map. Not a very long journey: through the hill country of mount Ephraim, round to the various villages, till they come to the city of Zuph. Have been away three days from home (ver. 20). What does the servant say at last? Saul's father will be anxious about them; they had better decide on something. Who does the servant advise they should consult? Who was this man of God? What sort of a character does he hold? Just as said before, Samuel grew in favour with God and man. Does Saul agree? but what difficulty is there? He has spent all his money, does not like to go without taking a present to the man of God. How is the difficulty removed? What a good servant this must have been! Gives his last piece of silver to his master; does not merely give advice without help.

II. SAUL AND SAMUEL. (Read 15—27.) Saul and Samuel meet for first time. Saul did not knew even Samuel's name; it seemed altogether accidental, their meeting this day, but was it so? Who had really arranged this meeting? So often happens; we seem to make plans and to be doing things by ourselves, while God over-rules all. What had God told Samuel? Why was Saul to be king? To be a captain, guide, deliverer of Israelites. Now Saul and his servant enter the gate of the city; they accost Samuel as a stranger; how eagerly must he have looked at the man who was to be the first king! What does he say to him? Saul must stay with him that day, and be his guest. But what about the asses? Samuel's answer showed he was indeed a seer. He relieves his anxiety, and at once tells him that he is to be honoured.. How does Saul answer? What a humble way of speaking! of course he knew what Samuel meant—a king had been promised. Would be much discussion as to the man. Can it be he that is chosen? of a lowly family, and small tribe? Now they are taken into the feast. Where are they placed? in the chiefest place near the master of the feast (John ii. 9). Perhaps some other person had to give place to them (Luke xiv. 9). And now the priest's part of the sacrifice is brought (see Lev. vii. 32, 33). This had been kept for Samuel, and he invites Saul to share it with him. Thus gives him a mess from his own table, as Joseph did to his brothers (Gen. xliii. 34), thus showing him all possible honour before the people. So this eventful day came to an end. Now the feast over, guests depart, Saul stays and sleeps at Samuel's house; is called early in the morning, and anointed, as we shall see in the next lesson.

III. LESSONS. (1) *Faithful service.* Point out the faithful service of Saul's servant. Takes care of master's son, advises him, helps him in his need, does his duty well where God has placed him. Surely an example to children; those faithful in little things will be trusted in great things. Let each live not for himself alone, but for others. Especially those in service try to think of master's interest as well as own—taking care of food, property, &c., taking an interest in the family's concerns, &c., this the way to be a happy because useful servant. Remind of little captive maid who brought about Naaman's cure (2 Kings v. 3). (2) *God's overruling providence.* This as it seemed casual meeting of Saul and Samuel affected whole kingdom of Israel. Nothing too small for God. Nothing happens by chance. Let all ask God daily to direct their ways for his glory.

Questions to be answered.

1. What sort of a man was Saul?
2. What led to Saul's meeting Samuel?
3. What part did Samuel take in the sacrifice?
4. How was Saul honoured at the feast?
5. What lessons may we learn from the story?

"IN A MINUTE."

CHAPTER II.

SOME days passed, and Frau Velner congratulated herself that her little maternal lecture had been of use. Franzi seemed quite different. He was careful to do what he was told, and what it was his duty to do, at once, and she had actually not heard "in a minute" ever since.

Franzi, although he had rather resented his mother's lecture, had really the wish to profit by it, and to try and cure himself of his fault of procrastination. He thought over all she had said as he lay awake one night in his little whitewashed room off the stairs, and he had determined to be watchful. Watchful he certainly was for some days. It was an exertion to him, when his mother called him, to go immediately, it was very tempting to fall in again into his old ways of putting off, but still he tried, and he succeeded. He remembered to ask God to help him, and his prayer was granted.

One beautiful moonlight night, when the children were in bed, Franzi and Gustav walked down to the edge of the lake and watched the lovely sight of the moonbeams playing upon the waters, and the mountains looking grand and splendid in the pure white light.

The two brothers were great friends, and often enjoyed a walk together. They exchanged their ideas, and told each other what their hopes and fears were about the future. Franzi that night told his brother how he longed to be able to study and to give up his life to acquiring knowledge and then impart it to others.

Gustav was awestruck as he listened to his brother's words. It seemed such a high, unattainable wish; he looked up gravely at Franzi to make sure that it was really his brother who spoke.

"Yes," said Franzi, slowly, "I have longed for it for many months. Soon I shall have left school, and then I know the mother wants me to take to a boat as our father used to do. I shall hate that, Gustav. It is all very well going out for a row now and then, or sailing for half a day, but *ach!* to have to do it all one's life! I shall hate it—hate it!" And the boy repeated the last words with a harsh emphasis.

"There is no way out of it, though," said Gustav, who was of an essentially practical tone of mind and thought.

"No, I suppose not," said Franzi, who, with his love for books, his real power for learning and studying, was as different from the little commonplace Gustav as the silvery moon above them was from Frau Velner's lamp-light that shone in the small-paned window away yonder. But as oftentimes a rare wine is carried in a roughly-made costless vessel, so words of help and wisdom may come to us through very humble agents; and Gustav that night, in his childish but prosaic way said just what was most needed by Franzi at that moment. "Franzi, do you remember what the Herr Pastor said to Karl Ovenheim, when he wanted to be a student of music, and learn from the Cappelmeister at Munich, who had promised to teach him if he would only go there and live?"

"No, I do not remember."

"Karl could not go, his parents wanted him here at Gmunden to mind the shop. Well, he told me that the Herr Pastor had told him not to be miserable, and fret, but to do all the duties that came in his way, serve the Lord Christ, and that if it was good for him that the way would be made plain for him."

"I never heard Karl say that," said Franzi.

"He told me. He has given up all hope of the music for the present, but some day he hopes to be able to go and study. He is much happier now; he is content to leave all to God." And the little fellow, as he repeated the words his friend Karl had told him, he hardly grasping them in their full meaning, sighed contentedly. He had no wishes, no aspirations, beyond desiring to be a good boy, and serve his God and help his mother. His life externally and internally satisfied him fully.

Two days afterwards Franzi was fishing in the cool of the evening in the river, when he suddenly heard cries for help.

It was a lonely spot. The fisherman's house was some distance off, and he was sitting all alone on a piece of jutting ground over the river. It was a splendid time for fishing, as it was dull and cool, and Franzi had just, as he thought, got a bite, when he heard these cries. Should he withdraw the line, and run to help? He was just going to call out that he would come in a minute, when he remembered his determination to do what was his duty at once. Quickly drawing up his line he ran round a bend in the river from whence he thought the cries came. There was a light skiff like a canoe, such as is so much used at Gmunden, floating empty on the water, and near it some one evidently drowning. Flinging off his jacket, Franzi leaped into the water, and, being an excellent swimmer, he soon reached the young boy who was in so much danger, and rescued him. He was very much spent from the exertion of trying to keep afloat, as he knew nothing of swimming, or even floating, and had it not been for Franzi's timely aid he would most certainly have perished.

Franzi learnt from him later that in rowing he had upset the skiff he was in, and finding himself suddenly in the water he was, as he fully thought, drowning.

It was some time before he came round, and then Franzi walked with him to his hotel. He was staying with his father, a rich Vienna merchant, at the Bellevue. No words of mine can attenpt to describe

the joy of the father when he heard of his son's narrow escape, nor tell how he shook Franzi's hand again and again, and thanked him with tears in his eyes. Two or three minutes more, and the young Herr von Netter would certainly have been drowned.

Was not Franzi thankful that he had gone at once, instead of putting off and going in "a minute" as he had been very nearly doing? Indeed he was. The feeling that he had saved another's life was a great reward, and yet that was not all.

The next day the old gentleman and his son went down to the cottage where Frau Velner lived; and, asking for Franzi, they told him that he might choose what he liked as a reward for his bravery, and what he had done.

He would not listen at first. "No, *mein Herr*," he said, "I did but my duty. It was at no risk of my life, as I know every bend and turn of that river. There is no current or rapid that I am not well acquainted with; and I risked nothing."

"No," put in his mother. "Saving the young Herr's life is reward in itself. We want nothing more."

But Herr von Netter would not hear a word of that. "I am determined, my good Frau, to help your son; and I shall do it," said he. "Come now," he continued, looking at Franzi, who stood, cap in hand, bashfully before him—"have you no wishes for the future that I can help to gratify?"

A crimson flush spread over Franzi's sunburnt cheeks. His eyes were cast down; and he dared not lift them up to the kind old gentleman's face. He feared that in them he might read his secret desires, and find out that indeed he was not destitute of wishes.

To the surprise of them all, a clear young voice spoke in answer. Gustav came forward—he had been there all the time unperceived by the rest. "Yes, *mein Herr*, he has wishes. He wants to read many books, and to study; and, perhaps, to be a professor some day."

"Is that true?" asked the old gentleman, kindly.

"Yes, it is," said Franzi.

"Then you shall have your wishes," said Herr von Netter, "that you shall. I have money, and can well afford to pay for your going to the University."

"The University!" gasped Franzi, hardly able to believe his ears.

"Yes, you shall go to the school at Linz first for a little if you like, and then if you get on, why should you not go to the University, and study, and be a professor if it please you? For myself I have no tastes that way, neither has that son of mine here; but if you like it you shall have it."

And Franzi did have it. Years afterwards he was one of the most learned students at the ——— University, and when he came to see his mother at Gmunden she was proud of him.

One night—a moonlight night again—Franzi and Gustav stood by the lake and talked of old times. Gustav was very happy, his life among the mountains suited him perfectly.

"Do you remember," he said to Franzi, "how one night, many years ago now, we stood here, you and I, talking just as we do now?"

"I remember. And I was telling you how I longed to be able to study, and have the kind of life I now have."

"Yes, you were very sad then, for you thought you never would have it."

"And you reminded me of what the Herr Pastor had said to Karl. Do you remember that?"

"No, I had forgotten that," said Gustav.

"I have not forgotten it, then," said Franzi. "I was then trying to overcome that dreadful habit I had of putting off. The *mütterchen* had spoken to me about it; and then when you said that the Herr Pastor had advised Karl to do the duties that came in his way faithfully, and that if it was right that the way for him to reach his desires would be made plain for him, I determined that I would leave off longing and hoping, and just do whatever came to hand."

"And you did."

"Yes; that very moment when the young Herr called out from the river, I was going to answer 'in a minute,' when I remembered."

"And God has rewarded you," said Gustav.

"He has," said Franzi, reverently. "He has been very good to me, and to us all."

Here we leave Franzi. This little tale tells its own moral to you—you see what it is. It is that we should all of us do *at once* what it is our duty to do.

LOUIE DOBRÉE.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

37. What was the object of man's expulsion from the garden of Eden?

38. What was the occupation of man when God first placed him on the earth?

39. What is the earliest known form of taking an oath? Quote passage.

40. From what passage do we find that signet rings were in use in the patriarchal days?

41. In what words does St. Paul set forth Timothy as an example of serving the Lord with singleness of heart?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 78.

25. The kings of Judah (2 Chron. xxxiv. 33).

26. Jehoahaz, son of Josiah, who was taken prisoner by Pharaoh-necho, king of Egypt (2 Kings xxiii. 34.)

27. One year and a half (2 Kings xxv. 1—3).

28. "Rejoice evermore" (1 Thess. v. 16).

29. 1 John i. 1—3.

30. By allowing him to receive the ambassadors of the king of Babylon as he liked (2 Chron. xxxii. 31).

"ALL THY WORKS PRAISE THEE."

THE sons of God, they say,
Sang when the orbs first rolled
In wondrous order on their way,
Through the blank wastes of old.

And still those angels meet
Fresh food for holy mirth,
Where'er they set their glowing feet,
In paradise or earth.

All creatures join the choir,
And swell the noble strain;
The sigh that hardly sways the briar,
The sweeping hurricane.

The bolt that strikes us dead,
The sunlight on the sod,
Yea, all we love and all we dread,
Unite in praising God.

The rude, unshapely stone,
Upon the naked wold,
Gives Him its homage—I alone,
Shall I my voice withhold?

My thoughts are angel-wings,
That mock the bounds of space,
Shall it be that all meaner things
Outstrip the child of grace?

Once I was sick to death,
And He has made me whole;
Then I will sing while I have breath,
"Bless thou the Lord, my soul!"

GEORGE S. OUTRAM.

STEPHEN AKROYD'S GUERDON.

BY J. JACKSON WRAY, AUTHOR OF "NESTLETON MAGNA," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER III.—ON BOARD THE *CITY OF BALTIMORE*.

STEPHEN AKROYD had very little time to spare if he was to secure an interview with the absconding clerk, for such he honestly believed him to be, before the time fixed for the sailing of the *City of Baltimore* from the port of Liverpool. Hastily packing his carpet-bag, he bade "good evening" to his wondering landlady, who could not make things out at all, and to whom Stephen had no time to explain; and eventually found his way to the Euston station, into an express train, and on the way to the great and important marine emporium indicated by the bit o' writin'. After a few hours of sore impatience and profound anxiety spent "upon the wheels," he found himself at last at the shipping office in connection with which the *City of Baltimore* was advertised as outward bound. He requested to see a list of the passengers for whom berths had been secured. He scarcely expected to see Aaron Derrick's name; that astute and wily gentleman, he imagined, was scarcely likely to leave such a possible loophole for discovery, but that he would do his best to make assurance doubly sure. A certain autograph caught his attention, however, as he ran his eye down the list. "Daniel Dormer, Esq.," was registered as a cabin-passenger, and the apt alliteration induced the belief that the name was an assumed one; but there was no other signature on the record that promised him the slightest clue to aid him in what was just about as difficult an enterprise as the proverbial one of "seeking a needle in a bottle of hay."

Stephen Akroyd's next step was to go on board the ship itself, which was to weigh anchor almost immediately, and to make a tour of observation among the motley crowd of voyagers who were bound for the Western continent. Not a single individual shape greeted his disappointed eye that could possibly be Mr. Derrick even in disguise. Still, many of the passengers were doubtless in their cabins, making matters comfortable, and putting their impedimenta ship-shape for their prolonged and tedious journey across the sea. Stephen felt strangely unwilling to leave the vessel, and to give up pursuit. He could not convince himself that this was the wisest thing to do, so he determined to take the captain into his confidence, and to go on to Queenstown. That bluff but courteous son of Neptune informed him that there was a detective policeman on board the ship, who was about to cross the Channel on a similar errand, and advised Stephen to consult him, "for," said he, "he is as keen as a fox, and has all his wits about him. He can see as well through a hole in a ladder as anybody I know, which," he continued, sarcastically, "is more than, perhaps, from a detective we have any right to expect."

By-and-by the anchors were lifted, the cable cast loose from the quay, and the stately vessel glided down the Mersey with its living freight, and in due time was rolling and tossing on the lively waters of the Irish sea. Fortunately for himself and for the mission he had undertaken, Stephen was remarkably free from those nauseous and distressing sensations, which so many luckless and unaccustomed landsmen experience when they venture to leave the steadfast basis of *terra firma*, and dare the unstable bosom of the treacherous and unpitying sea.

There were others, however, who, unable to bear the close and stifling atmosphere of their cabins, especially under such conditions, were glad to emerge, hoping, and generally vainly, to find relief on deck. The sea was really boisterous, and Stephen Akroyd was glad to steady himself by the aid of a stout stanchion on the bulwarks, in a position partially sheltered by the paddle-box from turbulent wind and invading billow. From this coign of vantage he scanned with eager and searching eye, as occasion offered, all and sundry of his fellow-voyagers. Very various were the forms and faces of those who came under his inspection. Some were tall, lank, whiskerless men, thin of face and sallow withal, who were evidently homeward bound, the land of their birth being the "land of the setting sun." Some were brisk, lively-looking business men, who had not yet

had time to fling themselves free from the activities of the life they were leaving; or, in imagination at least, were already over head and ears in the business enterprise which was taking them to the further shore. Some were listless men, with a tired aspect that had become fixed, who were taking a new trip to break from, or at least to vary a little, the *ennui* consequent on having nothing to do. There were young men going out to seek their fortune, with limbs redolent of muscle and hearts big with hope and high resolve. There were rich men with fortunes already made; and there were men of the Micawber tribe who never will make their fortune whatever sea they cross and whatever sky they dwell under. There were men, too, of various nationalities—the moody Hollander, the suave and sprightly Frenchman, the swarthy Spaniard with dark bright eyes that allowed nothing to escape their notice, and many another that time would fail me to describe. Women, too, and maidens were there, some of whom appeared quite at "home on the rolling deep," as if they had been to the manner born; while others were evidently acutely discomposed and miserable. Stephen Akroyd, however, had just then but little fancy for studying human nature, except in so far as it might aid him in his purpose, and enable him to hap upon the object of his search.

While he was still standing with his arm around the friendly stay, a tall, spare gentleman, with jet-black hair and a military moustache of unusual luxuriance, came and leaned over the bulwarks, a few feet from the place where Stephen stood. He was manifestly suffering from severe internal tribulation; and Stephen could not but pity, even though he smiled, at his woe-begone appearance. Just then a larger wave than usual dashed with great force against the side of the ship, sending a shiver through her from stem to stern, and breaking high over head, descended in a drenching shower on the luckless owner of the jet-black hair and the military moustache.

"What a mess! Goodness gracious, I'm wet through! Gracious goodness me, what shall I do!" and the speaker looked with a rueful eye on his dripping garb.

Stephen Akroyd knew that he had found his man. The familiar words and tone had revealed his identity, and a consequent closer glance, in spite of the clever disguise, discovered well-known lines of form and feature, which left no room for question. Aaron Derrick stood before him dripping like a mermaid, with not even a pious sentence ready to hand appropriate to the occasion. Quietly turning away from the spot to avoid all chance of recognition, Stephen went in search of the detective officer to obtain counsel and assistance. Mr. Rutter, as the officer of the law was called, advised the utmost caution and a little guile, inasmuch as Stephen was not armed with legal warrant, and might have been successfully defied by the absconding clerk. Pointing to the dripping Derrick, who was making his way to his cabin to secure a change of raiment, Stephen said, "That's Aaron Derrick. That's the man I want!"

"Oh, indeed!" said Mr. Rutter. "I was pretty sure that he was sailing under false colours. His name is registered as Daniel Dormer, and I thought it was an alias as soon as I read it. Besides, that military moustache is like a guardsman mounted on a Jerusalem pony, or a cockade on a quaker's broad-brim. I dare be bound to say, now, that if his hair was its natural colour and his moustache was shaved off, no not shaved, melted off, that gentleman would make a good specimen of the class of make-believes, whose religion is a good deal more outside than in."

Stephen was much struck with the aptness of the detective's judgment. "Yes," said he, "that's something near the truth. It is very likely that he will give me a little of that kind of thing when I make myself known to him."

They followed Mr. Derrick down to his cabin for the more private prosecution of their purpose, and just as he was entering, that unfortunate individual felt his shoulder touched by the man of law, and started back in unmistakable terror and surprise. Recognising Stephen Akroyd, the face of the miserable man assumed the sallow hue of craven and guilty fear.

"Yes, Mr. Derrick, it's all U.P. with you," said the shrewd policeman. "Mr. Akroyd, you know already. My name is Richard Rutter, of the London detective police, at your service. My advice to you is that you submit quietly, hand over your spoils willingly, and so make such amends for your dishonesty as may serve you well when Redfern and Reece appear as evidence against you."

A single moment's thought convinced Derrick that the advice was sound! indeed, he was so thoroughly taken by surprise that he could neither assume an air of innocence, nor open his lips to reply. "Goodness gracious!" was all he had to say, as he surrendered at discretion. He never doubted for an instant that the detective had tracked him all the way from town, and that he was fully empowered to secure his capture by the employers he had so foully wronged. He handed over the keys of his portmanteau which contained the embezzled money, and confessed to the possession of certain valuable merchandise which he had stolen from Salford Square, the necessary claim for which he also transferred to the representative of the law.

Soon afterwards the harbour of Queenstown appeared in view. The sight brought home to Derrick with appalling force the shame and horror of the impending punishment of his evil deeds. The miserable culprit, however, was quite helpless in the hands of his captors, and was in a position to realise the greatness of his wickedness and folly.

> "Man's crimes are his worst enemies, following
> Like shadows, till they drive his steps
> Into the pit he dug."

The law of retribution is as real as the law of

gravitation, and "he that breaketh a hedge a serpent shall bite him." They make the best of both worlds, however lowly their lot may be in this, who walk before God and man with clean hands, an honest conscience, and a pure heart.

Stephen Akroyd and the detective, with their prisoner in charge, lost no time in returning to London. Messrs. Redfern and Reece greeted Stephen with a smile of very evident relief; for his absence, so thoroughly unaccountable, had filled them most unwillingly with painful suspicion. Mr. Derrick had asked for his holiday, so that his absence was no cause of wonder; but Stephen's had given rise to much wonderment and doubt. He related his adventures, and the course of inquiry that led him into them; and introduced the detective who had done him such signal service, and who had brought back the defaulting clerk, and the money and goods of which he had robbed them. Ultimately, as might be expected, Aaron Derrick reaped the due reward of his misdeeds; and a long term of imprisonment furnished him with ample opportunity for pondering on, and, we will hope, repenting of his past misdeeds. A liberal gift was handed to the detective for his services. The warm thanks of his employers, and their expressions of confidence and approval were plenteous payment to Stephen. This guerdon, however, was followed by another, in the shape of ten crisp ten-pound notes, "just by way of a Christmas-box," as they said; and by, what was still better, a promise of immediate promotion. The propriety of the latter act was fully endorsed by the employés of Salford Square.

CHAPTER IV.—A SAD DISASTER.

On arriving at his lodgings, Stephen Akroyd was greeted by Dame Henderson with a warm and effusive welcome. It was easy enough to see in that good woman's haggard and tearful look that she had been sorely grieving over his unusually prolonged and most mysterious absence. Her youthful lodger, despite his sad defects of faith, had a warm corner in her honest and motherly heart.

"Why!" said she, as he entered her spotless kitchen, "why, whereivver hev you been? I thowt you were clean lost; and neither me nor oor George hez hardly had a wink o' sleep or a meal o' meat since you went away."

"I've been on an unpleasant but very necessary errand, mother; and am very thankful to be home again, safe and sound."

"God be thanked!" said the good woman, somewhat tearfully, "and so am I. But whereivver hev you been? I went doon to Salford Square to inquire for you, but they were as much i' the dark as I was myself, an' I turned sick an' frightened 'at something had happened to you. What to do I didn't know!"

"I've been after that thief I told you of, that was playing such pranks in our warehouses, and I tracked him down at last. Who do you think it was? No other than that very Aaron Derrick who so nearly got your George into trouble."

"You don't say so! I had a notion 'at he would come to no good. You see he begun wrong, an' oh, Maister Stephen, it gets harder to get right the longer folks travel i' the wrong road."

Then Stephen related the whole sad story; and when he intimated what Derrick's punishment was likely to be, she said, "Poor man! Oh, Maister Stephen, what is to become of him? Character and prospects blasted for life! Let us hope he'll repent, poor soul; an' ask God to forgive him." Then the shrewd lady, always on the look-out for an opportunity of girding at what she called Stephen's "sceptical an' unbelievin' nonsense," continued, "But, mebbe, he won't choose to do it. I reckon he's one o' your reasonin' men that thinks therselves independent o' God Almighty; an' you see what's come of it."

"No, no," said Stephen, glad to give her a word in return, which he was not always able to do, "he was one of your religious men, and wore his piety on his sleeve for everybody to see, and quoted Scripture all the day long. That's what Aaron Derrick was."

"Ah!" replied the shrewd landlady, quite equal to the occasion. "If he 'wore it on his sleeve' as you call it, he carried it i' the wrong place, an' put it on ootside because there was none within. As for quotin' Scripture, the deevil can do that, an' *he* hasn't much religion anyway. An' you should weel know by this time, when you see a counterfeit sovereign, that there's some good money aboot somewhere, or nobody would think it worth while to coin it."

Stephen felt that, as usual, he was getting decidedly the worst of it, so he attacked his supper to cover his retreat, the ring of Dame Henderson's "good money" sounding in his ears, and waking the musical echoes of his godly mother's life in condemnation of his own.

He had promised to spend Christmas Eve with Mr. Seymour, who held the responsible post of cashier in the firm of Redfern and Reece. This gentleman was a loyal disciple and a warm admirer of the modern school of scientists who decry revelation, deny a creation, contemn the supernatural, speak contemptuously of prayer, and would bind the lordly symbol of authority and law above the blinded eyes of human reason. He was an exceedingly intelligent and well-informed man, possessed of winning and genial manners; just the kind of man to captivate a youth like Stephen, who did indeed look upon him as guide, philosopher, and friend. In this way the cashier was enabled to exercise a great but far from beneficial influence over his youthful admirer. He had originated a kind of literary club, which held its meetings at his own house, named—in honour of a notable free-thinker of a former century—Volney Villa. Here a few kindred spirits assembled from time to time to read and discuss the new lights, who were supposed to have cast down the torch of Christianity and quenched it in the dust.

Into this small guild of unbelievers, Stephen Akroyd, whose abilities were of no mean order, was warmly welcomed; and here his erratic views concerning religion were fostered and confirmed. It is not to be supposed that his mother's teaching and his early faith were utterly forgotten; but pride of intellect, the fascinating influence of his chosen companions, and the exploded sanctimoniousness of the unworthy Derrick, formed too strong a present force to contend successfully against the mere memories of the past.

On the evening in question Stephen had made a very careful toilet, and in all the glories of evening dress had prepared himself to do honour to the social gathering to which he was an invited guest. Just as he was about to leave his bed-room his eye fell on the little parcel containing the liberal gift which he had received from his grateful and appreciative employers. In too great a hurry to lock it up in his desk, he thrust the crisp notes into his pocket, and set off at a rapid pace towards Volney Villa. The night was soft and humid, unlike the old-fashioned Christmases, with their hard frosts, their pendant icicles, and driving snow. Much rain had fallen during the earlier part of the day, the streets were covered thick with mud, and the pavement was in that greasy condition with which tired pedestrians in London are very painfully familiar.

Flushed and hot with rapid walking, Stephen pulled off his overcoat, and was just preparing to cross the broad thoroughfare of Waltham Road, along which carriages, cabs, and omnibuses, were passing in large numbers, when a brougham drawn by a pair of high-stepping horses came up at great speed. Stephen, who had not observed their approach, was very nearly under the horses' feet.

"Hi! hi! hi!" shouted the driver, reining back his steeds so sharply as to fling them almost on their haunches, and bringing a startled countenance to each window of the coach to see what was the matter.

Stephen saved himself from serious accident by a backward leap, but in the struggle his fair white waistcoat was splashed with big blotches of London mud, and all its glories were effectively dimmed for ever.

Though he was much annoyed at the mortifying incident, Stephen could not help laughing at his pitiful and disastrous plight. He scraped off as much of his unwelcome burden as he conveniently could, put on his overcoat to hide his disfigured vest from the curious gaze of the not-too-courteous passers by, and hastened home again with what speed he might, to exchange his bespattered vest for more satisfactory attire.

"Mercy on us!" said Dame Henderson. "That 's matter i' the wrong place, as somebody says, with a vengeance." The good woman, who knew his destination, and the character of the company assembled at Volney Villa, saw a Providence in the accident. "Tak' my advice, Maister Stephen," said she, "an' stop away. The seat o' the scornful is nivver the spot for your mother's son. I would hev you believe that the Lord would give you a warnin' by your mischance. Keep on t' pavement o' truth, for if you get off it you 're sure of a splashin'; an' splashin' o' that sort is a good deal worse to get rid of than even London mud. Better hev mud outside than in; an' better a spoiled westcut than a deluded mind."

Stephen was too well acquainted with the manifold excellences of his plain-spoken landlady to take any offence at her brusque speeches, and so he contented himself with telling her that she didn't "understand things," and advising her not to get out of her depth.

In a tone of such earnestness, and with a sigh of such feeling as made their way straight to his heart, Dame Henderson responded, "I wad to God that you were oot o' your depth; for I 'm sadly frightened 'at you will else go deeper an' deeper still, so that you can't get oot again, though you seek it carefully wi' tears."

Unwilling and probably unable to reply, Stephen went to his bed-room, rapidly discarded his highly-patterned vest, and donned another of a more sober hue. Again he hied him to the *rendezvous;* this time he called a cab, and in the course of a little while found himself at Volney Villa.

He received a cordial welcome. The waiting dinner was vigorously and pleasantly discussed; the usual topics of conversation followed. But the pleasures of the evening were considerably marred, so far as Stephen was concerned, by the remembrance of Dame Henderson's home-thrust about "deeper depths." The words of the wise are as goads, or as nails fastened in a sure place; and the godly life and character, and clear religious experience, of his pertinacious landlady, gave force to her precepts and her exhortations, which he found it difficult to resist.

The fact was, that with all his foolish and almost inexplicable leanings towards the godless philosophy of his winsome but unbelieving companions, Stephen's conscience was by no means in a state of calm content. The still small voice would make itself heard, despite his efforts to stop his ears; and, to-night especially, with olden Christmas memories pressing in upon his mind, his inward monitor was giving him a good deal of trouble.

Stephen Akroyd was ill at ease. The pious precept and the godly practice, the fervent prayers and tender counsels of his sainted mother, were not so evanescent as to pass away like gleams of sunshine from a cloudy sky. These are potencies that are as enduring as they are invisible; and many a time and oft the self-willed possessor of such a precious heritage has to reckon with them face to face; nor will they cease from speaking, trumpet-tongued, until their gracious message is heard and heeded, and the rebellious soul lays down his weapons at the feet of his own and his mother's God. So Stephen Akroyd had the heart-ache, even more than he could bear, as ever and anon the thought forced itself on his attention, "There may be something in religion after all."

(*To be continued.*)

CHRIST'S WORDS OF GOOD CHEER.—I.

THE REV. G. A. CHADWICK, D.D., PREBENDARY AND RECTOR OF ARMAGH.

THERE is a deep sense in which all the words of Christ, even the sternest, may bring comfort to his Church, to all humble souls who trust in Him. For when judgment overtakes the ungodly, then the redemption of his people draweth nigh.

But it has been thought that instruction and comfort may flow from a study of the occasions when Christ specially set Himself to remove some fear, to pacify some troubled heart. These will show what alarms are needless, what hearts may be of good comfort, of what griefs He will be the Physician, what balm is in Gilead for every such "hurt."

And we shall remember, as we read, that Christ, like the human nature which He assumed, is the same yesterday and to-day, in the nineteenth century and in the first.

I. "When Simon Peter saw it, he fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord. . . . Jesus said unto Simon, Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men" (Luke v. 8, 10).

CHRIST, when on earth, like his religion ever since, wielded a powerful influence over all souls. None were indifferent; all were either attracted or repelled; he that was not for Him was against Him.

But men were drawn towards Him by various impulses, only some of which were truly religious and enduring. And what is still more instructive, the causes were various through which men drew back; some of them, however mistaken, were akin with goodness, and far more hopeful than a too-presumptuous approach.

This is why we find our Lord acting in a manner for which the mere external circumstance would never have prepared us.

Thus, Peter, after a great miracle, desiring Christ to depart from him, is straightway honoured with a commission to bring many to the feet of this same Jesus from whom he shrank. But the Gadarenes, after another great miracle, making the very same request that He would depart from their coasts, are promptly taken at their word—He crossed over to the other side; nor is there any evidence that He ever returned again. They lost their opportunity; they quenched their lamp.

To mark the difference between Peter's motive and theirs, will help us, therefore, to understand why Jesus spoke words of cheer to Peter.

They were simply conscious of a loss; he of an unworthiness. Their unclean property was choked in the lake, and it was made plain that the power of Jesus, domiciled among them, would ruin their unholy gains. Praying Him to depart, they chose worldly prosperity at the cost of light and grace; they declared for mammon, and they were taken at their word.

But if mammon had been in the heart of Peter he would have urged the Lord to remain, for Jesus tried him with gain, as He tried the Gadarenes with loss. Two ships were overladen with fish of the Lord's giving, when Peter cried to Him that He should not stay. While the Gadarenes rejected Christ because they loved the world, Peter felt how little was all the prosperity of earth if enjoyed by a sinful heart under the displeasure of those pure and awful eyes. In resentment for a worldly reverse they lost sight of spiritual blessedness, while he overlooked all worldly gain in the anguish of spiritual demerit. He was wrong to bid the Lord depart who had drawn nigh to him in grace, but he was right to feel that the rebuke of holiness would be poorly compensated by any worldly advantage. Lange has well written:—"How rich is he suddenly, and how would it be if Jesus remained near him with this assistance! This thought thrills him, but while it thrills him he is in dread, and feels most keenly that such miraculous aid cannot thrive with him. This is expressed in his petition; the most glorious feeling in the most unsuitable words, 'Lord, depart from me.' The divine glory of Christ, so deeply humbles him that the whole feeling of his sinfulness was aroused in him; and his prosperity in temporal things so overwhelmed and shamed him that he was alarmed at the thought of his constant enjoyment. Christ grants the extraordinary petition, not according to the letter, but to the spirit of it."

Another remarkable contrast with this cry of conviction and Christ's answer of good cheer is found in the conduct of the Jews after they had been miraculously blessed with abundance of bread, as Peter had been with fish. How right it seems that they should follow Jesus! Compared with Peter's dismissal of the Lord, how orthodox was their prayer, "Evermore give us this bread." And yet these were labouring only for the meat which perisheth, while his soul was hungering after righteousness. And they would presently depart, murmuring at Christ's hard saying, while Peter was led on to that great confession, upon which, as upon a rock, the Church of Christ was based. They who readily followed Him for bread, walked no more with Him, when he who dared not be near because of sin, said, "Lord, to whom should we go? Thou hast the words of everlasting life."

From these contrasts we learn to be cautious in our judgments, and especially in our dealing with human souls. Many a saying which startles and

repels us is indeed the wayward utterance of a tried and chastened soul. Many who shrink back are nearer to the kingdom than others who press into the foremost place. There are first that shall be last, and last that shall be first.

Jesus had often spoken with Simon before now. The fourth Gospel tells how Andrew first led his brother to the Messias, who saluted him with the new name Cephas. Afterwards Jesus, walking by the sea where the brothers fished, called them to closer discipleship, and promised to fit them for becoming, at a time still future, fishers of men—"I will make you to become fishers of men" (Mark i. 17). The announcement in this narrative is a further and decisive one:—"I have neither forgotten my promise, nor has thy sin cancelled it: fear not: the very time of its accomplishment is this time of thy abasement." ["From this very *now* thou shalt," &c.]

The former intercourse is needed to explain the readiness with which Peter yielded his ship, as a kind of platform, conveniently isolated, from which Christ might speak. Nothing is said about his private sorrow—the night's toil, which had been so fruitless. The time is not grudged during which all attempts to retrieve the failure must be arrested. And, when Jesus bids the effort be renewed which had been so ineffectual, Simon does not resent the intrusion upon his own trade, a trade of which Jesus had had no experience. His reply has a somewhat unusual word for master, a word which admits the right of Jesus to oversee and direct his movements; but is far less than the adoring "Lord" by which his confession is presently crowned.* Nor was it by a mere accident that Jesus took the control of his servant's secular calling. Before it is surrendered for ever there must be once for all branded upon his mind the truth that Christ is master even there. This is what startled Peter to his very depths. He had seen miracles before, had known much of the power and majesty of Jesus, and had respectfully and promptly obeyed Him. All this was good, but vital religion goes far deeper. How often does it happen that persons who attend church, support charities, and confess Christ, are startled when they grow conscious of God as invading their own world, asserting his lordship there, searching the details of their prosaic lives, gazing—as upon the fisher's empty net, so upon the tradesman's wares, the merchant's ledger, the feminine duties of the home. How much that is docile and even praiseworthy is then illuminated with a beam which reveals dark and impure recesses, or pierced through with a poignant sense of anguish by the present power of living holiness.

So it is with Peter. The presence of Jesus becomes a terrible reproach; he recoils; without baring the depths of his soul he may not accept the favours poured on him; and since he does not know the fulness of the Gospel, nothing seems left but to relinquish so pure a service; wherefore he cries, "Depart from me, for I am a man that is a sinner, O Lord."

It has been thus with every deep and impressive manifestation of the Divine glory. Israel under the crags of Sinai said, "Let not God speak with us lest we die." Manoah said, "We shall surely die, for we have seen God." Even when His glory shone through a transmitting medium, the widow of Zarephath said to Elijah, "What have I to do with thee, O thou man of God? art thou come to call my sin to remembrance, and to slay my child?" Isaiah said, "Woe is me, for I am undone, for I am a man of unclean lips."

But such abasement of a sinner before God is the way to the truest exaltation. "No moment," says Pressensé, "is more favourable for a great call than the moment of humiliation, for it is best received upon the knees." And Chrysostom reverts more than once to this lesson from the call of Peter. "I would teach you not to be mutual upbraiders of one another, but to follow the saints, who accused themselves but spared their neighbours."

Accordingly, the Lord speaks now for the first time that word of cheer, afterwards so familiar to his hearers, "Fear not," and adds an apostolic commission for this sinful man.

Christ does not mean, fear not sin, but fear not my nearness, though thou be a sinner, for I have come to redeem and glorify the contrite one, to make him my fellow-worker, who shall draw others also from the abyss of sin and ruin of which he knows the horror.

How natural and how beautiful it is that his first utterance of encouragement should thus be spoken to the sense of unworthiness, the burden of guilt. No other danger merited that pre-eminence.

"Thou feelest the interval which may well sever thee from Me; but *thou* dost not depart; thou hast fallen rather at my feet, and prayed. Therefore *I* shall never forsake thee; fear not.

"Thou covetest no treasures of the deep which I have given once, and may give yet again; but thinkest more of sin and holiness than of ineffectual or prosperous toil. Therefore, I will commit into thy charge the true riches, and thou shalt cast the mighty net into which all people shall be gathered; fear not.

"Thou hast confessed thyself unworthy and owned Me pure; out of such weakness are all the saints made strong; for to know thyself and to know Me is to have power over all souls which look for a Redeemer. Fear not, from henceforth thou shalt catch men."

* By the same word Luke tells us that the disciples appealed to Him in the storm—"Master, Master, we perish!" as if they would remind Him that He was leader when the danger was incurred.

THE WHITE ROSE OF WHITELAKE.

BY ANNE BEALE, AUTHOR OF "THE PENNANT FAMILY."

CHAPTER XV.

EGAIN'S PRAYER.

No one guessed what Rose suffered during that day. She was haunted by a vision of the figure she had seen on the previous evening and the words it had spoken, and she vainly tried to summon common sense to combat with superstition, and to convince her, if possible, that the thing was human. She taught as in a dream; and, but for Teddy, would have had the weight of an indifferently-spent day on her tender conscience when she examined herself at night. That young gentleman had bottled up what Major Faithfull had said to him at dessert, not wishing to give Rose an advantage over him; but it effervesced at last. Something he was reading called for the words, "That's what Major Faithfull said," and Rose was aroused at once. An inquiry on her part elicited the little episode, and the commanding figure of her soldier defender eclipsed for the moment the creeping form that vanished when he appeared.

The children were growing fond of her. Her extreme gentleness won them, while her firmness kept them in check. When the afternoon lessons were done, they asked to be allowed to accompany her to the lodge, and she could not refuse them, much as she longed to be alone. They summoned Virginie obstreperously, and she, also against her will, was compelled to acquiesce, for quiet must be obtained at all costs, on Mr. Wynne's account. But the lodge was reached, and Rose had bidden the children a hasty good-bye, when, within a hundred yards of the gates she encountered Major Faithfull. Virginie and the children were looking after her down the road, and saw the meeting. "*Ma foi! encore un autre!*" muttered Virginie, as she peered through the iron bars. There was not much to see. The Major raised his hat, and stopped to speak to Rose. She also paused in her rapid walk.

"You are as swift as the spirit you sought, Miss Mervyn," he said. "Have you recovered from your interview with Rebecca? How I wish I could have caught and ducked him."

"Do you really think it was a—a person?" asked Rose.

"Just as much as your brother was a person, whom I had met before," laughed the Major. "Where is he? I should like to make a soldier of him. Why, he knew all the military terms of the old encampment as pat as if he had been fighting amongst the ancient Britons, and was prepared to fight with the moderns."

"He would fain be a soldier, but mother wishes him to be a clergyman," sighed Rose. "And he has no means of entering the army except by enlisting, which he would never do. Besides, father wants him at home."

"Ask him to call upon me. Perhaps I could advise him."

"He never goes to Manorsant, and—my mother may not like it. She is distressed at his love for soldiering."

"We can no more turn a natural bent than we can a river. He is every inch a soldier," said Major Faithfull, who, though neither a gallant nor a courtier, could not avoid the look of admiration that accompanied his words, and which caused Rose's clear eyes to avert themselves. Yet she lingered a moment, to say, with a grace which was perfectly natural to her, that she wished to thank him for his kindness the preceding night. In her imagination he was a knight errant, ready to redress all wrongs, and as much removed from the ordinary race of beings as was the White Lady herself.

"I wish I might rescue you again, if only to receive such thanks," he said, as she was about to leave him.

She fixed her eyes gravely upon him, as if to ascertain whether he meant what he said, smiled when she seemed to read that he was sincere, wished him good evening, and pursued her way. He stood to watch her, with his hand over his eyes, for the sun poured his rays right above him.

"'A spirit, yet a woman, too,'" he murmured. "Who on earth can her mother have been?"

His question was answered by some one shouting "Major Faithfull! Major Faithfull!" and he turned to see Teddy, who, in spite of watchful Virginie, had passed the gates, and was rushing towards him.

"That's my governess, and I said my geography and grammar all right to-day," continued the boy, seizing the Major's offered hand.

"Then you will make a fine soldier," returned the Major, as the little girls also came forward.

The trio surrounded him as he walked up the drive, while Virginie remained behind to gossip with Mrs. Matthias, at the lodge, who was standing under the rustic porch of her ornamental dwelling.

"Have you seen how the handsome major meets Mademoiselle Mervyn? Is it that they have the rendezvous here by your lodge?" she began.

"I am not seeing them there before, but I was see them meet in the park, and he is take off his hat beautiful," replied Mrs. Matthias, whose English was even more imperfect than Virginie's.

"*Hein!* She is much admired, Mees Mervyn?"

"I am not knowing, but they are saying that Johnnes Glynglâs do want to marry her. There's lucky she 'ould be! He haves a house of his own and lots o' money."

"Stephen Akroyd was greeted by Dame Henderson with a warm welcome."—*p.* 116.

Virginie bade her good-day as she turned and hurried after the children and Major Faithfull.

Rose, meanwhile, was hasting towards the turnpike, thinking of her many "visions," but of all, this stalwart major was the most real. Her life had hitherto been so retired, that the outer world had been a dream, and her own romantic, strange, inner life, the reality. Now, she was suddenly launched upon the more restless waters that surrounded her quiet home, and new pictures filled her imagination. Even Manorsant had begun a novel existence for her; but the events of the few last weeks had bewildered her; and the only figure that stood out clearly against the mottled background of her mind was that of Major Faithfull. There was truth, decision, and grandeur in his face and manner, and she dwelt on them with interest. She had that confidence in him which led her to hope that he would circumvent Rebecca, and free her father from the threat she had received on his account.

As usual, she went into the gate-house to see Egain. She found her less well than she had been; for, in spite of her calmness and resolution, she was beginning to tremble for her father and her home. To Rose, who was accustomed to see her cheerful and talkative, she appeared sad and silent, and when questioned as to her health, the customary "much better," sounded unnaturally strained.

"You had better come and stay with us until these riots are over," said Rose, when a few preliminary sentences had passed, and she was seated by Egain's bedside, within the pictured screen. "You know mother has asked you, and you shall have the little room in which you so kindly nursed me all to yourself."

Rose alluded to a time when she, her brother, and sister, had been laid low with fever, and when Egain had volunteered to help Mrs. Mervyn to nurse them. It was years ago, and long before Egain's own illness; but none of the inmates of Lynhafod had ever forgotten it. Indeed, they believed that, under God, Rose owed her life to Egain's tender care. She was then a bright, handsome girl, who had been carefully brought up by her parents, and who had been much sought after by her equals and even by her superiors. She was about sixteen when she and her parents came to Llansant turnpike, and the fact that her father had fought at Waterloo, and that she had been born in Brussels while the battle was going on, lent additional interest to her fine character. What with her cleverness and good looks, and Madoc's stories of his soldiering days, it is no wonder that Llansant turnpike had been, and indeed still was, a favourite resort of the young folk of the neighbourhood.

"I could not leave father and mother while danger threatens them, dear Miss Rose," was Egain's reply to her friend's invitation. "Besides, no one will harm me. The sick were Christ's care when on earth, and He still watches over us from His home above. But might I say a little word to you, Miss Rose *fach?*"

"A thousand, dear Egain," answered Rose, tenderly.

But Egain's colour came and went, and her breath grew short as she strove to say this "little word." At last she breathed it low, her hand over her eyes.

"They say Mr. Alfred Johnnes wants to marry you. Is it true?"

"Yes, Egain."

"You will not accept him?"

"I think not; I hope not—but——

"You do not love him? Dear child, say you do not!"

"No, Egain, but—— You must not tell. I have been warned by Rebecca that if I do not marry him my father will be made to suffer."

The thin hand was removed from before Egain's soft, dark eyes, and the eyes were fixed on Rose.

"Put your trust in God," she said. "We, too, have been warned. You need fear neither evil men nor evil spirits if you look to Him alone. But not with a half faith. Let us pray together for perfect trust."

She drew the screen closer to her bed, and clasped her hands, while Rose knelt down. She then offered up a prayer to the Most High for the gift of a perfect and childlike faith in Him and His dear Son, and in their guidance and protection. Then she entreated that any one who had worked, or might work them ill, should repent and receive pardon from God for his offences, and "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us," she added, in conclusion, and Rose said, "Amen."

"Now you can go forth and do and say what you know to be right," she said, solemnly, as Rose bent over her. "I feel that he is waiting for you. I know what he will say, and how he will say it; but you are too pure, too good, too innocent, and young for such as he."

Tears filled the soft brown eyes, and as Rose took her departure they were uplifted in supplication.

CHAPTER XVI.

ROSE TEMPTED AGAIN.

As Egain suspected, Alfred Johnnes was lying in wait for Rose, but not, as usual, on the high road. He had discovered, to his annoyance, that she avoided him, so he had taken the short cut to the lake, and was in hiding amongst some trees in the meadows. She was congratulating herself on having escaped from him while actually following in his footsteps. He, however, contrived to meet her as if by accident, turned with her, and began to question her jocularly concerning her midnight watch of the previous evening, to which it may be remembered allusion was made when he took supper at Llynhafod. She replied gravely that it had ended in disappointment, as she had not seen the White Lady. She made no mention either of Rebecca or Major Faithfull. She saw that he laughed somewhat unpleasantly, and the expression of his countenance almost alarmed her, for the handsome bold face could look fierce and sinister on occasion. He put several pertinent ques-

tions, which made her fancy he must have heard of Llewellen's capture by the soldiers; but she evaded them.

Before they reached the lake he began the dreaded subject, by asking her what she had meant on a previous occasion, by her allusion to Egain. The question seemed to allay her perturbation, for she remembered her late interview with Egain, and the poor girl's advice and prayer. She answered him quietly and with some spirit.

"Did you not once promise to marry Egain, and have you not deceived her?" she asked.

"Egain! Madoc the corporal's daughter. A gatekeeper and a common soldier! That is a strange question to ask of one who has, at least, some pretensions to being a gentleman," he replied, with an assumption of nonchalance.

"Egain is handsome, and in herself almost a lady, and you were always with her when you were both young."

"Young! I hope I am young still. I am only—well—three or four years turned of thirty. Do you suppose, Miss Mervyn, that I ever thought of marrying Egain?"

"I do not know; but if you made her believe you would marry her it was the same thing. As my mother says, men have much to answer for when they trifle with girls, and we shall all have to give an account."

"Ha! ha! The White Rose turned preacher! Pray continue your sermon. I will listen as long as it lasts, be it for an hour. But did Egain tell you I ever promised to marry her?"

"No; but I am equally well assured that you did, and this is why I refused to listen to you the other day. Egain's mind was as ill at ease as her body for a long time, though now she has found peace, not the peace which man could give her, but a divine peace that springs from forgiving and being forgiven."

Rose fixed her penetrating grey eyes on Alfred Johnnes, and his fell for a moment, but only for a moment. The next he said with a jesting laugh, "I am really very glad that she should be so amiable. She used, I remember, to have a will and temper of her own. But this can have nothing to do with you or me. You have been imposed on by some designing person, for nothing beyond a boy and girl intercourse ever passed between the corporal's girl and me."

"The corporal's girl!" repeated Rose, indignantly. "Egain is Egain! She was nearly as old as I am when she came to Llansant, and you are four years her senior. I was a child in those days, and yet I remember hearing of her beauty and your love for her."

"Love! How can you profane the word?" he exclaimed, so vehemently that the woods and hills seemed to echo it, and Rose hurried on until they reached the lake. "You shall not escape me again until you give me some better answer," he added, detaining her.

She did not like the expression of his face or his imperious manner, and Rebecca's threat returned to her mind. But this was succeeded by a recollection of Egain, and she gained courage for decision. She said she was going to see Silly Shanno at the Abbey, and that she could not be delayed. Again he walked by her side, renewing his offer, and his protestations concerning Egain. She allowed him to pour out what she considered a great deal of impertinent nonsense, until she nearly reached the ruin, then she paused, and said, as politely and calmly as she could —"Thank you, Mr. Johnnes, for what you are so good as to say to me, but I hope you will never repeat it, as I cannot accept your offer. I could never be your wife."

"Your father wishes it. He has given his consent," he cried. "I will never give you up. Beware how you refuse me, for I have much in my power. If this is Egain's doings she shall suffer for it. Everybody shall suffer." He was beside himself, and did not know what he was saying, or indeed what he was doing, for he seized Rose's arm almost roughly, and spoke at the top of his voice. His loud tones reached Silly Shanno, who appeared at her door in the ruin, and perceiving the disputants, for such they really had become, advanced to meet them. She was much adorned, having covered her hat with a profusion of wild flowers.

"Alfred Johnnes, give me a shilling. Where is Egain? Did you drown her that time I saw you by the lake? Ha! ha! It was there. Look you! just there by the rose-tree! You threw her into the lake. Poor Egain! She is crossed in love, like Silly Shanno. You will not cast the White Rose into the lake! Come here, White Rose. Believe him not. Give me a shilling, Alfred Johnnes, and I promise not to tell."

Rose glanced at Johnnes, whose face grew red with suppressed passion. He had released her, and moved to a little distance, so that she stood midway between him and Shanno.

"Mad fool! What does she mean?" he exclaimed. "I will indict her for a nuisance, and have her put in an asylum."

"No, no!" shrieked Shanno, running to Rose for protection, and falling at her feet, for the word "Asylum" sufficed to throw her into a paroxysm of terror.

"Don't be afraid, Shanno. Father will protect you," said Rose, laying her hand on the poor woman's shoulder, and looking at Johnnes reproachfully.

"Father will soon require some one to protect him, if his daughter does not take care," muttered Johnnes, savagely. "Good day, Miss Mervyn. If you change your mind, as you may, be good enough to let me know. And you, Silly Shanno, who are more cunning than mad, take care how you behave in future."

He took off his hat ironically to the tall girl and the crouched woman she was protecting, and was soon lost to sight among the ferns, grasses, and wild roses that covered the sward beneath the trees. Shanno

rose slowly to look after him, then, with her finger on her lips, beckoned Rose into her strange dwelling. She was no sooner there, however, than she forgot Alfred Johnnes; and all Rose's endeavours to discover the meaning of her strange words concerning him and Egain were fruitless. It was always so. A gleam of memory would shine for a moment, and then totally disappear.

While this was passing on one side of the lake, Mr. Mervyn had been watching on the other. He saw that Rose did not make use of the coracle, and that she was not alone. He partly recognised her companion, and hoped that a better understanding had been reached between them, and that they might come to Llynhafod an engaged pair. Seeing them separate, however, on the appearance of Silly Shanno, he walked to meet Rose by the lake. She soon joined him, for she left Shanno when she saw that she was tranquillised. He asked at once if Alfred Johnnes had not been with her, and she replied in the affirmative. Perceiving that she was much agitated, he drew her arm within his, and inquired the reason. She told him briefly of the renewed proposal, and her refusal. He looked angry and vexed, but did not reproach her, because he saw that she had been in some way terrified.

"Would it not be better to make a respectable match than continue this ridiculous governessing at Manorsant?" he asked. "You see I have nothing but my blessing to leave any of you, which was pretty nearly all that my father left me, and what little came to me besides I have sunk in farming, which doesn't pay unless you are bred and born a farmer, which I was not. And now Llewellen turns restive about his profession, your mother tells me. She never rested until he went to college, and after all he won't be a parson. Serve her right, I say. Whatever you do, Rose, never marry for love. Sure to turn out badly."

"What else should one marry for, father?" asked Rose.

"For a home, a settlement, ease, and, I suppose, a companion; though I won't insist upon the latter. Johnnes has all the necessary qualifications, and I advise you to change your mind before it is too late."

Rose fixed her eyes on her father, as she answered him slowly, thoughtfully, deferentially.

"Are you quite sure, dear father, that I should have *ease?*" In the first place he is not a religious man; in the second he has been faithless to other girls; in the third he is not a good son. Would such a man make a good husband?"

"Rose, you are too old for your years," returned Mervyn, avoiding the searching, almost painful look of his daughter. "One can't have everything in this world, you know. I haven't, at any rate."

"But you have a true and pious wife, dear father; one who could never stoop to a mean or dishonourable action. If I ever marry I should wish to say as much for my husband."

"Then I hope he will be in your own rank of life, and not be as reserved and shut up as an oyster. Johnnes and you are equals, and whatever else he may be he is outspoken and honest," said Mr. Mervyn, his temper rising.

Rose knew too well what this temper was to pursue the subject farther. She longed to say that she was grieved to annoy him, but, like her mother, she often took refuge in silence when speech would have been less aggravating. She did so now, and it displeased her father. He thought she was obstinate when she was only perplexed, so he let her arm drop, and strode away from her with the words, "All women are either mules or magpies. You either stand stark or else you chatter one to death."

"Indeed, father——" began Rose; but he had disappeared while the words were on her lips.

She could not help smiling at his ideas of her sex, and wondering why men and women were so antagonistic. As she entered the garden she met Jim, who had even a less good opinion of them than her father. He had a broken trowel in his hand.

"Ha, Jim, what will mother say? Her favourite trowel," she remarked.

"Husht you, miss *fach!* I'll just put it back. Mistress will be better content if she thinks she 's broken it herself," was Jim's ready reply, as he stuck the iron into a flower bed, and laid the handle near it.

"But, Jim, it will be a story——"

"Never you mind, miss, if it do satisfy mistress. I am not likely to trouble her. Master, he is teasing enough for one 'ooman. But look you, Miss Rose, he will be getting into trouble with Rebecca if he is talking against her. He do speak out like a big calf as you are taking from the cow and can't satisfy if you are pouring a pail of milk down her throat."

"And very cruel it is, Jim, to separate mother and child."

"He, he! There 's for you, Miss Rose! But you are not understanding! Master, he do set his face against Rebecca now because she carry you off. Marry you Johnnes Glynglâs, and maybe he 'll be helping master. Take you him quick, while he 's willing. Say 'Yes' to-day, for fear he say 'No' to-morrow."

"Really, Jim, I wish you would mind your own affairs. What can you know either of Rebecca or Mr. Johnnes?"

Jim gave an inexpressible wink, pointed with his thumb over the right shoulder, and walked deliberately out of the garden. This was caused by the appearance of Mrs. Mervyn beneath the porch. Perplexed Rose joined her, and lost no time in telling her what had passed between Alfred Johnnes and herself, as well as what her father had said to her. She had the comfort of being assured that her mother was as strongly opposed to the match as ever, though she did not say much, lest she should appear to be advising Rose against her father's wishes.

(*To be continued.*)

NEW LIGHT FROM AN OLD LAMP; OR, MODERN READINGS OF ANCIENT FABLES.

RARE old Æsop! His pleasant and powerful little apologues are as familiar in men's ears as household words. For more than a score of centuries they have defied the wear and tear of time, and are read to-day in every land and by every race. Æsop, like Shakspeare, wrote not for an age only, but for all time, and his immortal fables contain many a "moral" for the age we live in, and the lives we lead. My purpose is, with what diligence and success I may, to re-trim the old and well-tried lamp of the ancient philosopher, and to fling the light of a few new and serviceable "morals" on the pathways of modern life.

THE WOUNDED GOAT; OR, "HE IS WISE THAT'S TIMELY WARY."

"What's done can't be undone," is an easy-going proverb, and is often very flippantly quoted. Yet it may well make every doer cautious as to the character of the work he takes in hand. "Making the best of a bad job" is undoubtedly the best policy under the circumstances, but it would have been wiser still had the bad job been averted by the intervention of a little timely thought. It is poor consolation in a catastrophe to say, "It is no use crying over spilt milk;" that suggests the thought that a little caution might have kept it in the pitcher, and kept the pitcher whole. "You may have a muckle wish, but it winna mend the dish." "It's hard to bring back a stone in its track;" and when the shot is fired, it would take a clever man to check the bullet. It is wise therefore to be clear about the results before the stone is thrown or the trigger drawn. So teaches Æsop in this fable.

A goat having strayed from its companions, the herd-boy tried to bring it back again. By calling and whistling, he could make no impression on it; so he threw a stone which struck the goat on the horn and broke it. Alarmed at what he had done, he besought the wounded animal not to tell his master.

"O most foolish of goatherds," was the reply, "my horn would tell the story though I should not utter a word."

You see it was easy enough to break the horn, but quite another thing to mend it. The lad would gladly have given his supper to have undone the blow.

> But vain regret did never yet
> Amend our past offences;
> Who wrongly act must face the fact,
> And take the consequences.

Wish I hadn't is always getting into trouble, because he acts first and thinks afterwards. If all could live twice, even fools might be wise, for they would have a chance of repairing the blunders of their yesterdays. But yesterdays are like lucifer matches, in that they can only be used once; and, like them, if they fail of service, are thrown away. The wise man is cautious of to-day, and so his yesterdays, like rose-leaves, are fragrant after death. "Measure twice and cut once," for the journey of scissors and knife leaves foot-marks that are not easily rubbed out. The goat-herd followed the impulse of the moment, but he found, like many others, that that is a leader not to be trusted. What is done in a hurry often ends in a worry; and when that will end is a question more easily asked than answered. It is one thing to write on the sand with the point of your walking stick, but it is a very different business to carve in stone with a mason's chisel; it is so much easier there to cut in than to put out. Thinking is like writing on a slate—easily effaced. Doing uses indelible ink. Let us be careful to make fair copy, therefore; so that both character and contents may win the Master's approval when the day of inspection comes.

Doubtless the boy in the fable was very angry; but "he has wit at will, who when he's angry holds him still;" for then, of all times, it is needful to pull up a while until reason takes the reins again. Breaking an egg is so easy that a child may do it; but, once done, who can mend it. Anger leads to a good deal of breakage; and that is marred in a moment which may not be mended in a month, though it may be mourned for a year. Up-hill or down dale, browsing or sleeping, through summer and winter, the maimed goat bore perpetual witness of one thoughtless deed. Learn the lesson—

> "Think with care before the act,
> 'Twill save you care behind the fact."

Above all, remember the unfailing record; and see to it that its pages will bear investigation when the light of eternity makes all clear. A grain of prudence is worth more than a ton of repentance. Smiles in the morning are dearly paid for by tears at night. "I'm sorry I did it" neither restores the horn nor hides the scar.

> Day and night then, do the right then;
> Heed nor ban nor plaudit.
> Be thou wise; then thine the prize, when
> Comes the final audit.

THE FARMER'S LEGACY; OR, "THRIFT IS GOOD REVENUE."

"The hand of the diligent maketh rich," says Solomon the wise, and this is only one of a multitude of golden proverbs which he has left on record to impress upon his readers the salutary truth that "honest pains bring certain gains," and that industry is the true philosopher's stone. "If you would thrive, go to and strive," for the "deeper the ploughing, the heavier the mowing," because of the denser wealth of ripened corn. Æsop the wise teaches us the same lesson in this admirable fable.

A farmer being on the point of death, and wishing

to show his sons the way to success in farming, called them to him, and said, "My children, I am now departing from this life, but all that I have to leave you you will find in the vineyard." As soon as the old man was dead, the sons, supposing that he referred to some hidden treasure, set to work with their spades and ploughs, and every implement that was at hand, and turned up the soil over and over again. They found, indeed, no treasure; but the vines, strengthened and improved by this thorough tillage, yielded a finer vintage than they had ever yielded before, and more than repaid the young husbandmen for all their trouble.

The fact is that industry is in itself a treasure, and produces gold at will. At first the young fellows in the fable did not read their father's riddle. They fondly thought, like many another foolish suitor for fortune's favours, that they should suddenly hap upon some hidden store of gold. But gold in a heap is hard to find, and bad to keep, and generally brings its discoverer more harm than good. Gold they got at last, but it came in the shape of grapes, bigger in bunch, greater in quantity, better in quality, because of the downright and continuous hard work they had brought to bear. There lies the moral. "By mattock and spade the farmer's repaid. That is to say the one "strikes oil," as our aphoristic Transatlantic cousins say, and the other "digs brass." "For turning the furrow, there's a harvest to-morrow;" and the deeper the furrow and the greater their number, the richer and greater the harvest will be. What a pity it is that so many men, who could gain a fair and profitable living by honest and persevering labour, will waste their time, harass their minds, and risk their all after that most disappointing of all Will-o'-the-wisps, a "run of good luck." Depend upon it that "diligence is the mother of good luck;" and though at times it may be true that "fortune favours the bold," I am bold to say that far oftener and far more surely, fortune favours the busy, and smiles on the plodders. "Nothing venture, nothing win," is a well-worn old saw, but to those who pin their faith to it may be commended as a pendant thereto, "In haste to leap over you may leap in." "Honest industry sleeps o' nights," but the pillow of the speculator and the fortune-hunter tells quite another story. The lads in the fable were disappointed at first, but when their "presses burst with new wine," and the purple Pactolus flowed into the wine-vats until they brimmed over, they found that the whole vineyard was a gold-field, and that the coveted treasure trove hung on the branches of every vine; while equally precious health and strength had come in good increase to the delvers' limbs. "Thrift is good revenue," and though shift may occasionally bring more gold, it was neither so pleasant to have nor so good to hold. Let us all, then, dig honestly for sovereigns in our own garden plot, and ask God for the genial sunshine and the rain; then, if the trees don't grow bank-notes there will be no fear of the bank breaking or of the wind blowing them away, but there shall be a certainty of a sufficient windfall, and a little to spare.

If the lads in the fable had found a treasure without labour, it is very likely that it would have been spent in dissipation; for "light come, light go," and "easily gotten is easily spent." On the other hand, "What is gotten with care we are mindful to spare," for industry breeds economy. Let us learn, then, the plain and practical lesson, "No mill, no meal; no sweat, no sweet." Let us be diligent in business; for it is our business to be diligent, and our advantage too. In a workhouse in Hamburg, it is said, idlers are punished by being suspended in a basket above the tables, so that they can see and smell the things provided for the industrious, but are not allowed to taste them. If this were universal there would be a wonderful saving of provisions; but it would be a rare thing for the basket-makers. "An idle man," says Geoffrey Chaucer, "is like a house that hath no walls, the devils enter in on every side." Instead, then, of waiting for something to turn up, let us go and turn up something; and be sure that the spade of industry will make our little garden-plot like the "land of Havilah, where there is gold." This is true also of all moral vineyards. Whoso labours to lessen human sorrow and enlarge human joy, toiling in the cause of charity and carrying good to others, shall find that richest of all treasure-troves, "The joy of doing good."

"LET US GO ON."

CHAPTER I.

IT was a dismal afternoon. Maggie was sitting alone in a very bare, but neat and clean room, leaning her head on her hands, crying.

Misfortune had followed misfortune. There was nothing coming in, and the small sum which had been saved from the wreck of a happy home to start her brother Harry and herself in some business was dwindling fast away.

And the shop was closed and empty. A few weeks before the shutters had been down for a while, and Maggie had hung gay pieces of fancy work in the large ugly window, and her brother had carved small picture-frames and made fancy baskets, or anything else he could think of, that might tempt customers to enter and buy. And Maggie had purchased materials for more pretty work, and her busy needle had been going all day, but all, as it seemed, to no purpose. Nobody ever came in to buy, the whole thing was a failure; and such a shop in a poor country village was simply not wanted.

And Maggie and Harry were alone in the world now; they had only themselves to depend upon, and they were for a time in real despair—forgetting that failure is, nine times out of ten, but a step on the road to success; and that, in sorrow as in joy, in the cloud as in sunshine, our motto should be, "Go on."

And now Maggie sighed, and lifted her head. And then she drew a book to her, and, opening it, read:—

"Hush, hush, faint heart! Why this may be the chance,
When things are at the worst, to prove thy faith;
Look up, and wait thy great deliverance,
And trust Him at the darkest unto death."

She pondered over these words for some time. "Yes," she murmured "'the great deliverance' from all our sorrows will come directly we are ready for it. We have only to wait with patience; and to love and trust while we wait—oh, if we could only do so!" A little while longer she sat in silence. But Harry would soon be in, and she must get his tea ready.

He came, and the two sat down together. They had only dry bread with their cups of weak tea, and the meal was soon over.

Maggie washed the cups, while Harry sat with a book before him. But he was not reading. His eye was looking inward into his own sorrowful young heart, and he did not see that the page at which he had accidentally opened, bore a message for him. But at length it caught his hitherto unseeing gaze. He read it eagerly—"*Nil desperandum.*"

And now his sister came and sat down beside him. "It is not very cold this evening, Harry, we will not keep the fire in?"

"No," he returned, without knowing in the least what she had said to him. And he looked up brightly.

"What is it, Harry?"

He pointed to the words which had encouraged him. And Maggie read; and was encouraged also. "*Nil desperandum.* No, never. Every cloud has a silver lining; and He who wove it knows when to turn it out. So, after the night, however long or dark, there shall yet come a golden morning. Your noblest powers are never developed in prosperity. . . The great Master passes you through the furnace but to purify. The fire may scorch, but shall never consume you. He shall yet label you 'fine gold.'"

And then brother and sister talked on, and laid various plans, but none seemed really feasible.

"I wonder what good all this trouble is to do us?" said Harry, at last. "And I wonder how it is that we cannot see our way out of it?"

"'Tribulation worketh patience,'" quoted Maggie. "And you know, Harry, how the flowers hold up their heads, and how lovely they look in the sunshine after a storm; and we are God's human flowers. Why, then, should we fret at His storms, which but prepare us to bear the sunshine, which will come as surely as it comes to the flowers; for does God care for the flowers, and will He not much more care for us?"

"Yes," answered Harry, thoughtfully. "I believe that God cares for us. But, I believe, too, that He sends trials to exercise our faculties—the faculties of our minds, I mean—and that we ought to try, and try with all our might, to find *or make* a way out of our troubles. Try, as well as pray and trust, do you see, Maggie?"

"Yes," returned his sister, her face brightening. "And that reminds me of some texts I looked out to show you, Harry, dear." And she got her Bible, and read, "'All things are possible to him that believeth.' 'Let him take hold of *My* strength.' 'I would have you without carefulness.' 'In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.' God does not tell us to do what we cannot do, dear brother. Suppose we take Him at His word, and go on, step by step, doing whatever is put before us to do, without carefulness, taking hold of the strength of the Lord, and having confidence in Him? Let us pray to be able to do this; we need fear nothing then. And we may lay all that wearies us at the feet of the Lord Jesus."

CHAPTER II.

MORNING came. Brother and sister had soon eaten their scanty breakfast.

"And now let us spend a few hours out of doors," said Harry, "hunting for ideas. I declare I haven't one left, Maggie. I have thought, and thought, till I can't think any more."

They had nothing to do indoors, it was a fine morning, and they went out—making their way leisurely along the narrow country lanes, bordered with ragged hedgerows, which were just showing, here and there, the first young buds of spring.

"Everything seems to speak of hope and promise in the spring-time," observed Harry, "I feel happier this morning, Maggie."

Three miles at least they had walked, and now they were passing a pretty thatched cottage with latticed window, in which were displayed some fine new-laid eggs.

"Let us afford ourselves one each for dinner, Maggie," said her brother.

Maggie agreed, and they went in to make their small purchase.

They found a very pleasant and sensible old lady ready to wait upon them, and she invited them to be seated, and to have a glass of milk, observing that the young lady looked tired.

Then she put the eggs into a paper bag; and Harry admired and praised them, saying that he had never seen such fine large eggs before.

This pleased the old lady, and she asked if they would go out and look at her fowls.

They went at once. And, if Harry had praised the eggs, Maggie did not seem to know how to say enough in favour of the fowls, which were evidently

the old lady's especial pride and hobby; well-kept and cared for, and all large and handsome of their kind.

"What beautiful creatures!" exclaimed Maggie. "Oh, how pleased I should be with them, if they were mine! I never saw such fowls!"

"Ah!" returned the old lady, nodding with a satisfied air. "And they ought to do a little credit to their keep; they have everything they want, and they are fed as regularly as clockwork."

"What do you give them to eat?" inquired Harry. "Barley, I suppose?"

"Yes; but not every day. Three times a week I give them mashed potatoes, mixed with meal; and sometimes they have refuse fat from the butcher's shop, mixed with bread crumbs. And I always let them out for a run when they are fed. And I give them all the cinder-ashes I can get, and all the dust that my niece Susan can sweep up out of the lane."

Maggie laughed, "Do they like dust?"

"Certainly they do, miss, or anything else that will help to digest their food. They have no teeth, you see."

There was a little further conversation; and Harry and Maggie discovered that these fowls formed the old lady's sole means of support, except that she sold a little milk.

They had quite enjoyed the half-hour they had spent with her, and now, thanking her, and wishing her good afternoon, they prepared to depart.

"Susan!" they heard her call, as she closed the little gate behind them; "pick those fowls ready for Mrs. Thomas. She'll be sending soon."

The brother and sister walked home in almost entire silence. Yet neither noticed the preoccupied air of the other. They were thinking over what they had heard. Could an aged woman so easily earn her own living, and were they, young and strong—boy and girl, or young man and woman—unable to do so?

"We will have dinner and tea in one," said Maggie, as they entered the house. "It is nearly the milkman's time."

But the milkman forgot to call.

"And he nearly always does forget," remarked Maggie. "I suppose he thinks that I ought to look out for him. He is a great deal too independent. There ought to be a milkman in the place. That would stir him up; he would not think it so much trouble to stop his cart then. He would be polite and attentive enough, I don't doubt."

Harry suddenly jumped out of his chair, and executed an impromptu dance round the room, to Maggie's laughing astonishment. "Our long walk has done you good, Harry, I think?"

"So it has. And—listen, Maggie. So there *might* be a milkman in the place. And *I'll be that one!* There is no shame in honest work. I never thought to be a milkman; but as I haven't anything to do, and as a milkman is wanted; surely, in supplying all the little crying babies and children with milk I shall constitute a more useful member of society than at present, when I am of no use at all."

Maggie looked at him for a moment; and then said, with tears in her eyes, "That is my brave good brother." And after another pause, she added, "And what shall I do? Re-open the shop, and sell pretty little pats of butter, and milk, and cream, instead of fancy work? And shall I keep fowls like that dear old lady, Harry? I know she would help me with good advice to begin with. And perhaps she would show me how to make butter. What do you say to the idea? We could buy a few fowls to begin with, and you could make a place for them. And our back garden would be of more use to us than it has ever been yet. And what with butter, and eggs, and fowls, and milk, we should make quite a show in our shop!"

Harry showed by his face that the plan pleased him.

"We have got some money left yet, Maggie, thanks to your good management; yes, I think perhaps we might set up shopkeeping again. And we will persevere this time; and then, most likely, in time, we shall make a good business of it; for I feel sure that it is just such a shop as is wanted in the place. I wonder we never thought of it before."

"And now what is the first step to be taken?" inquired impulsive Maggie.

"To lay our plans, and to ask God to bless them," answered Harry, quietly; "nothing is beneath His kind notice; and then we might go to-morrow morning to see that old lady again. And you might inquire about your fowls, and I about the milk I want to buy. Oh, I feel hopeful now, Maggie, more so than I have done at all!"

(*To be continued.*)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

42. What is known as "Absalom's Place?"

43. Quote a passage which shows that it was generally believed by the people that the Messiah would be able to work miracles.

44. By what means did the Scribes and Pharisees try to catch Jesus in his talk?

45. From what country do we hear first of the existence of horses?

46. What noted person is mentioned as having dwelt at Mount Ephraim?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 96.

31. Compare Prov. iii. 11, 12, and Heb. xii. 5, 6.

32. They were taken outside the camp to be burned (Heb. xiii. 11).

33. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days" (Eccles. xi. 1).

34. Eccles. viii. 6, 7.

35. Jotham, during the time that his father Uzziah was a leper (2 Kings xv. 5).

36. The words of St. Paul in his Epistle to Titus, in which he specially warns servants against the sin of purloining (Titus ii. 10).

PURITY.

AT eventide the snow fell fast,
The village street lay white,
And while the silent night hours passed,
It hid the earth from sight;

It wrapped the worn world in a shroud,
It blotted out the base;
Age and decay before it bowed,
Death humbly hid his face.

But human crime, and want, and woe,
And ignorance black as night,
Alas ! alas ! the pure white snow
Can never hide from sight.

Ah me ! ah me ! if it could be
(God grant some time it may !)
That the fair white snow of purity
Should blot them out for aye !

G. W.

LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD.

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE," ETC.

II.—REFORMATORY AGENCIES.

CHRISTIANITY is, in its very essence, the revelation of God with us, triumphing over our sins and weaknesses, and establishing within us the Divine nature, in whose image we were created. Its most significant phrase, the "new birth," is redolent of this re-vitalising power. It calls "out of darkness into a marvellous light."

But Jesus Christ himself described His kingdom as like a little leaven, though in time it should leaven the whole lump. It was long before the "mind of Christ" penetrated the intricacies of social entanglements, which it will only thoroughly permeate when God's will is done on earth as it is in heaven. Though Jesus Christ's own mission had been "to save sinners," yet it was long before the communities of His followers began to recognise that the more any man came within that category, the more distinct was their duty towards him. There were individual recognitions of this from the first. There is a beautiful legend of the apostle John, which relates that he left a tenderly-loved young convert to the care of some fellow-Christians, who, shocked by some waywardnesses in the youth, drove him from amongst them, so that on the apostle's next visit he found the lad had sought refuge among bands of robbers, and was given up as incorrigible. Wrung with grief, the aged disciple dared the mountain fastnesses, and allowed himself to be taken prisoner by the banditti, that he might once more plead with his friend; and, naturally, such pleading was not in vain, and not only the young man himself, but many of his friends, repented of their evil ways, and returned to right and godly living.

It is painful to reflect that, owing to the constant warrings between political parties and dogmatic creeds, thousands of people, not really offenders against any law of God, must have languished in European prisons in the days when prison was another term for pandemonium. What those prisons were is clearly indicated by some "suggestions for their reform" offered in 1701, by a Committee of a Society which seems to have been the first English association that practically remembered the "prisoners and captives. From these suggestions we gather that the gaolers, who purchased their places, were usually men of bad character, who connived at their prisoners' vices, and would for money supply them with strong drink or any similar demoralising luxury—that criminals of all sorts were mixed together, and that there was no attempt made at any religious service or instruction. Very sound suggestions for the remedy of these evils were offered by the committee. But little notice seems to have been taken of the matter. Prison gloom remained unbrightened for at least another quarter of a century, when a Committee of the House of Commons re-opened the inquiry, and unearthed dreadful histories of poor prisoners for debt put to lingering deaths at the cruel caprice of their gaolers, and of living men shut for days in a narrow cell with dead bodies—a wretch named Bambridge, warden of the Fleet, who had purchased his authority for £5,000, being particularly notorious for these outrages.

About this time, in one of the northern suburbs of London, John Howard was born. His mother died in his infancy, and his father was a retired merchant, who gave his boy a good education, and then apprenticed him to a wholesale grocer, a start in life which in those days cost seven hundred pounds. But his father died before his apprenticeship had expired, and he bought the remainder of his time, and, being of delicate health, started on Continental travels such as befitted a young man of independent fortune. The first remarkable incident of his life was his marriage with a widow, sickly, plain, and poorly educated, and nearly old enough to be his grandmother. But she had been kind to him in illness and loneliness, and this was the quaint form his gratitude took. She only survived the marriage three years, and at her death he broke up his household, and again went abroad. The earthquake of Lisbon had just electrified all Europe, and John Howard thought he would try to alleviate his own sorrows by hastening to help the sufferers. On his journey he was taken prisoner by a French privateer. He and his fellow prisoners were kept without food or water for forty hours, then thrown into a dark and filthy dungeon, into which meat was thrust which they might gnaw as best they could! After staying under various circumstances of mitigated

severity in sundry French towns, he was permitted to return to England, pledging his word of honour to go back to his captivity if a suitable exchange could not be made for him, a trust which he fulfilled in the most simple and matter-of-fact way.

During one of his stays in England he was nominated Sheriff of Bedford. With his own experience of captivity in his mind, he began to visit prisons, dragging to light all abuses. He found that prisoners pronounced innocent might remain in gaol for life, if they could not pay the gaoler's fees. He found prisoners without bread, without water, without beds, chained to the walls, dying for want of air. He found felons and debtors classed together; some of the latter owing but two or three shillings! From Bedford gaol—the prison where John Bunyan wrote his "Pilgrim's Progress"—John Howard started on a tour of investigation into the prisons of England and of the world. He subsequently bore testimony on the subject before the House of Commons, one of the members curiously inquiring at whose expense he had travelled?

The result of these labours was the passing of two Bills through Parliament in 1774, one abolishing gaolers' fees, and providing for their remuneration by a county rate, and the other requiring all justices to see that proper accommodation and sundry good sanitary arrangements are provided in the prisons within their jurisdiction. Howard caused these new laws to be printed in a large character, and sent a copy of them to every warder and gaoler in the kingdom.

After this, Howard penetrated into Continental prisons, the Bastille alone withholding its secrets from his search, though with an almost boyish zeal which stirs our tenderer love for the quiet man, he once rang its bell, and rushed into its awful courtyard! He reported Holland to be far ahead of all Europe in everything relating to penal law and government. From his notes on this subject doubtless many hints have since been taken by other countries. In German prisons he saw instruments of the most brutal torture. But nearly everywhere, except in England, he found the prisoners employed, the Dutch maxim being, "Make them diligent, and they will be honest." In Switzerland he found the prisons excellently kept, the discipline good, the law severe, and *the prisoners very few in number.*

Howard persevered in his explorations to the end of his life, and at last died at Cherson, of fever, in the year 1790. His own last wish was "lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten." But Russia gave him a public funeral, and England raised him a monument in St. Paul's Cathedral.

About five-and-twenty years afterwards his work was followed up by the Quakeress Elizabeth Fry, who laboured chiefly among her own sex. She overcame their rude indifference by her pity for the poor little children she found among them, and for whom she planned a simple scheme of instruction, in which the women themselves soon asked to be included. In eighteen months' time order and industry had replaced the old yells and fights, and the women had made twenty thousand articles of clothing for the supply of the convict settlements. When parties of prisoners departed for Botany Bay, Mrs. Fry went with them, supplied them with needlework to occupy them during their voyage, and held a little religious service with them on ship-board. She died at Ramsgate, in 1843, having laboured in prisons at home and abroad for nearly thirty years.

Both John Howard and Elizabeth Fry were people of wealth, influence, and leisure. Beside these earliest workers for the lost must be put the name of one who remembered the prisoner while she had to work hard for her daily bread. Sarah Martin was only a poor country dressmaker, and yet for years she set aside a portion of her time to teach and comfort the prisoners in the gaol of her town of Norwich.

But from the period of Howard's work the world had been full of divers efforts in a similar direction. In 1788, one Robert Young made a great step towards checking the tide of vice and misery by taking into consideration the deplorable condition of the children of criminals. He opened four little houses at Hackney, one after the other, for their reception and shelter. This was followed, in 1813, by Falk's similar institution on the Continent, and by many more, both abroad and in England, among which may be mentioned that at Mettray, near Tours, France, and that at Redhill, Surrey, which was opened in 1849, in pursuance of Robert Young's plans. Into these institutions, which, in Great Britain alone, now number nearly seventy, are received children of vicious parents, children already convicted of petty crimes, or children who have been reared among surroundings so bad as to unfit them for ordinary orphan homes.

In 1815 Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton instituted the Prison Discipline Society, for the classification and employment of prisoners; and Parliament has repeatedly passed further Bills for their better management and supervision.

It was seen that the dangerous point in the prisoner's future was his return to society. In 1850 an asylum for discharged prisoners and neglected men was opened at Lintorf, near Dusseldorf, Germany. It was founded and superintended by the Brethren of the Deacons' House at Duisburg. The deacons had an orphanage in their own establishment; and, when it was known that they would receive neglected little vagabonds, who were refused everywhere else, there began to drift towards them a terrible army of adult vaga-

bonds—released prisoners, inveterate drunkards, ruined gamesters, and broken men of all sorts. To receive such among the children was impossible; so, in the face of great difficulties, a house of refuge was started at Lintorf, about nine miles distant from the parent institution. It started very humbly: the house was a hut, its first inmates two deacons, two "neglected men," and an elderly female servant. The deacons shared everything with their guests, were lodged and fed as they were. They had no chairs, only boards laid across trestles; and they were so short of funds that they could get nothing but a leaky pail to bring up water from the well. But they prospered sooner than had been expected. In the second year the house had ten inmates, and required to be enlarged; but it has always remained a comparatively small institution, its head (Pastor Dietrich) considering that a score of such people are quite enough for one man to control. He wishes his inmates to stay with him twelve months, but they are free to go whenever they please. Life at Lintorf proceeds on the principle that confidence begets confidence. All classes are represented among its inmates—military officers, professional men, merchants, artisans, and day-labourers. Pastor Dietrich considers that disgraced men of the better class most need such an asylum as his. Workmen and day-labourers, if inclined, can slip back into honest life more easily than those whose employments require investigation into their moral character. No distinction of rank is recognised among the inmates. No regular instruction is given, either religious or secular, but there are daily prayers and services on Sunday; and all the inmates of every grade are kept at agricultural labour. At the end of the year situations are procured for those whose characters have stood this test, and it is computed that upwards of forty per cent. turn out thoroughly well, and become respectable members of society. A sum of money is expected with each inmate, and is paid either by his friends, by the authorities, or by charitable people. It does not exceed £5 for the whole year's residence.

In England, The Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society was founded in 1857. Houses of Refuge for female prisoners have also been established in Winchester, in Streatham, and in Hammersmith, and sundry institutions are started for providing them with work, such as the laundry near Vauxhall Station. In 1871 it became law that any children not fourteen years of age, and without other proper guardianship, whose mother had been twice convicted of crime, may be sent, under a magistrate's order, to an Industrial School—a beneficial arrangement, but one which is easily and often evaded. Some of the most abandoned female criminals show great anxiety that their children may not follow in their footsteps. One woman, whom all Refuges had failed to reform, when dying in hospital, sent for the superintendent of one of the Homes, and begged her to search out and protect her child, the same anxiety finding repeated utterance until her death.

This work of reforming the criminal is as terrible as it is grand and important. In it man is not merely working with God—as he is when training children, teaching the ignorant, or healing the sick—but he is engaged in an actual hand-to-hand conflict with evil. The records of the old convict settlement on Norfolk Island disclose what the criminal is when left to himself. So literally has he said to himself, "Evil, be thou my good," that the phrase, "a good man" was applied by the Norfolk Island settlers to anybody who excelled in crime and infamy! In these dregs of humanity all its hardest problems are suddenly brought face to face with practical duty. Psychological and physiological enigmas meet the philanthropist at every turn. Ages of neglect and wrong have heaped up a fearful heritage of perverted nature. The history of the Jukes family in America is but an accidental disclosure of a common fact. It was found that these Jukes, a family who had lived, generation after generation, in prisons, workhouses, and lunatic asylums, had for a common ancestress (beyond whom their terrible genealogy could not be traced) one little foundling girl, who was suffered to grow up homeless and sinful, and who, by the sins of her progeny, was thus avenged on the social life that had cast her out.

Mrs. Meredith, who has spent her life in the service of the female branch of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, bears strong testimony to the abnormal manifestations of passion she has seen among the convicts. Many of them seem at times to pass entirely beyond their own control. Some of them bitterly deprecate these attacks, and even warn their warders that "They are sorry to say they feel a 'break out' is coming on." During these periods they manifest unnatural strength, can break up iron bedsteads, tear up stones, and wrench bars from their holdings. Science does well to inquire into, classify, and seek to understand these abnormalities. Probed to their bottom, they may yield valuable secrets as to the treatment of disease, or the wisest method of education. But in the meantime they exist, and unless checked they will spread. And nothing can check them but an individual love and self-sacrifice which may be truly called divine—a burning enthusiasm that recognises in each degraded fellow-creature a lost child of God, a brother for whom Jesus Christ lived and died.

THE WHITE ROSE OF WHITELAKE.

BY ANNE BEALE, AUTHOR OF "THE PENNANT FAMILY."

CHAPTER XVII.

THREATENING LETTERS.

EVENTS thickened rapidly in the parish of Llansant, and it was as though the quiet hamlet had suddenly become the centre of the world; at least, so it seemed to its inhabitants. Rebecca, with the soldiers in her wake, was here, there, and everywhere; and the insurrection appeared to gather strength with opposition. When the rioters saw that they could pull down the obnoxious gates successfully, they began to think they could redress other grievances, and even attacked the Carmarthen workhouse, and would probably have destroyed it, but for the military, who were said to have ridden thirty miles to defend it. We all know what strikes, riots, and the like are, and how a little success will drive infatuated people mad. They think that when they have made what they consider a lucky hit, they can have everything their own way; but they are mistaken.

The bonfire blazed again nightly on Penllyn, and anonymous letters increased. Poor Mr. Wynne literally shook in his shoes, despite the protecting officers, and others sympathised with him. He had taken to consult with Mervyn, because, he too, received threatening letters; and the twain, who were certainly not born sons of Mars, consulted as to the best means of humouring their enemies. The result was, that Rebecca, who knew everything, made a joke of them.

One morning there appeared on the barn-door at Llynhafod a rough sketch—and it was very rough indeed—of two donkeys with their heads close together. Beneath was written, "Handsome Jack and the squire." Mervyn's vanity was piqued, and his family were furious. Even his quiet wife's ire was kindled. But when, on the eve of the same day, a paper was found in the hall, containing uncomfortable menaces and dastardly inuendoes, his temper was roused to its utmost. It ran thus:—

Hold your tongue, or look to your barns and ricks. Make your daughter Rose marry, or beware Rebecca. She suffers no countrywoman who encourages her enemy, the redcoats; and the White Rose is a traitor. So is your son. Send him to the North Pole, out of temptation, or Rebecca will see to his future education.

While Mervyn was fuming over this letter, Rose brought home the news that the corporal had also been threatened again. He had been frequently ordered to take no toll, but had consistently done so, nevertheless. The previous evening a party of doubtful horsemen had commanded him to unlock his gate and let them through, but he had declined until they had paid. They were strangers to him, and had left him with threats of Rebecca. He had since found a paper, counselling him to keep his gate open, or to take the consequences; but the corporal was not to be put down. "Did such a set of jackasses think they were going to bray down a man who had fought at Waterloo?" he said, as he told the tale to every one that passed by.

"You see how it is, Rose," said Mervyn, who stood in the parlour window, the paper in his hand. "You and Llewellen are too grand for your own people, and can be content with nothing less than English officers. Rebecca knows it, and will pay us off for it. She knows everything. I begin to think she is superhuman. Look there." He pointed out to Rose the mysterious clause which concerned her. Terror and indignation combined to make her speechless for the moment; but her brother spoke for her.

"Surely you could not pay attention to such wretched nonsense as that, father," he said. "Why, you are supposed to wink at all the riots, and to be rather a friend than enemy."

"So I was till they carried off Rose, so I am still at heart, or should be, but for such threats as these, and that—that abominable caricature."

"The whole thing seems too low for a moment's consideration," remarked Mrs. Mervyn from her work-table. "Show that it is beneath your contempt, and they will cease to annoy us. A brave front repels the bully."

"But they are not bullies, they are true-born Welshmen; and if the magistrates had only done away with some of the gates there would have been no riots at all; Jim says so!" broke in Edwyna, and turned her father's wrath into one of his heartiest laughs.

"Nevertheless, I think we had better be prepared against our valiant countrymen," said Llewellen, who was brave as his mother, and resolute in action. "Let us drive to town to-morrow, and give information. We need not make our business public, but the magistrates and military should know that both we and old Madoc have been threatened. Will you come, father? The cowards turn upon Rose and me on account of that unlucky Midsummer Eve adventure."

"It will not do to irritate them," replied Mr. Mervyn, who was really afraid of what might happen, and who glanced reproachfully at poor Rose.

Her own reproaches were quite sufficient; she felt as if the meshes of the net that had in some strange way encircled her were drawing closer and tighter.

While the consultation still continued, Mr. Edwardes and his nephew came in, and were admitted to a share

in it. Rose left the room, followed by the anxious glances of Edgar, who, admiring her at a distance, saw that something troubled her. He was a student at heart as well as in name; but he yet found time to think that creation had no fairer book to read from than the White Rose. She, meanwhile, knew not how much she was admired.

Before she had been many minutes in her room, Edwyna joined her. She put her arms about her in her impulsive way, and kissed her, saying, "Don't mind the letter, you darling! It was only just to frighten father into holding his tongue. Jim says so; and Jim knows everything. What do you think? I saw that grand Major Faithfull to-day, all in uniform. He was coming from an inspection, so Llewellen said, but he was on foot. You know I have been introduced to him, so I went up to him, and asked him how he was. And he shook hands with me, and inquired for you and mother. I said you were quite well, and made him just such a curtsey as mother makes when she meets Mrs. Wynne, and can't help speaking to her. He laughed, and held out his hand again, and then I laughed, and we shook hands as if we were never going to stop."

"My dear Edwyna, how could you?" asked Rose, roused from her despondency,

"How could I? Very well indeed, thank you, and liked it. I wish he would come and see us. I did ask him."

"You ought not to have done anything of the kind, Edwyna. What will he think of you?"

"That I am what mother says, an unladylike, half-educated dairymaid. But I don't care. Mally and I brought the butter capitally to-day, and she said, 'There 's beauty you are, Miss. There 's a wife you 'll make.' Now, if Alfred Johnnes had waited for me, Rose, there is no knowing what might have happened. But he looks like thunder, so I can guess what his message meant."

Rose's brow was clouded again, and Edwyna, with an earnest gravity unusual to her, entreated for her confidence. She gave it in part, but Edwyna was not satisfied; she wanted all or none, and all Rose dared not give.

Meanwhile, the conversation below stairs resulted in the resolution to defy the Rebeccaites. That is to say, the vicar, Mrs. Mervyn, and Llewellen prevailed on Mr. Mervyn to follow his son's advice, and lay the matter before the authorities. Mr. Edwardes thought that as one rick had already been destroyed at Llynhafod, the threats looked ominous; and he, like his old pupil, had a longing to bring to light those who had maligned Rose.

Accordingly, much against his will, Mr. Mervyn drove his son to the town the following afternoon. They got nothing but doubtful promises for their pains; for the county magistrates were in terror for their own lives and properties, having for the most part received threats themselves; and the military were off after Rebecca, nobody knew where. It was easy to enforce secresy, since people were afraid to speak out, their very thoughts being anticipated by the enemy. Mr. Mervyn chuckled over their ill-success, his son chafed.

They had a visit or two to make after they had transacted, or non-transacted, their business, so that it was late when they drove homewards. Mr. Mervyn took the opportunity afforded by the obscurity and the *tête-à-tête*, to speak to his son concerning his prospects. Being conscious of a hot temper and small patience he had not done so before, but had been content to vent his disapprobation on his wife.

"So, Llewellen, after all the fuss your mother has made about school and college, I hear you have struck work. What may be your plans for the future?" he began.

"I have made none, father, beyond turning farmer and helping you," was the reply.

"Which means becoming a labourer at a shilling a day and perquisites; a faggot or so from me; wash for your pig and skim milk from your mother. And not even this if Rebecca fulfils her threats."

"I am very sorry, father, and I know your reproaches are just. I thought I could have taken holy orders, but my conscience will not let me. I think I could have stuck to any other profession even against the grain; but heart and soul must be in the clerical, and mine are not. I thought of emigrating, but I could not bear to leave you and mother."

"No capital, my boy. Can't emigrate without money. I suppose you would have been content to leave us for a soldier's life? Ha! ha! I have you there, my lad."

Mr. Mervyn poked his whip-handle into his son's side, whose conscience smote him again, for he knew that he would gladly go to the Antipodes as a soldier.

"I wish to do my duty to God and you, father," he said, with a sigh, "but I do not see my way. I believe it will be made clear. Only yesterday Major Faithfull asked me if I had no interest, and volunteered to help to get me a commission if I had any one to back him."

"Better ask your mother," returned Mervyn, drily. "I have no interest in high places, and am neither silver-tongued nor golden-mannered enough to use it if I had. But I know that farming don't pay, and one or two more bad harvests will ruin me."

He spoke more seriously than was his wont, and spoke the literal truth. The last three autumns had been wet, and the harvests bad. He had found it difficult to make two ends meet ever since he had rented Llynhafod; for he was inclined to speculation in new modes of agriculture, which were failures in the arid mountainous district he tenanted; at least, he failed to make them successful from want of capital and practical knowledge.

"It is all your mother's fault," he continued, after a pause. "If she had let me apprentice you to a good business, and had brought up Rose to understand household work, you would now be earning

your livelihood, and Rose would be content to make a respectable match. But her miserable pride and unfortunate connections ——" he paused again.

Just as Llewellen was about to defend his mother, all further conversation was stopped by the appearance of a figure at Dolly's head. Resistance on the part of that much-indulged beast was vain; for no sooner did she begin to plunge and kick, than more figures surrounded her and the dog-cart.

"Rebecca again!" muttered Mervyn.

"Yes, and she wants your horse and cart," replied one of the Rebeccaites. "You may as well get out quietly. We are a hundred to two."

Mervyn began to lash out with his whip, but in another minute it was snatched from him, and he and his son found themselves planted on their feet upon the high road.

CHAPTER XVIII.

REBECCA AT LLANSANT TURNPIKE.

THE Rebeccaites generally made their work short and sharp. They had not been long at Llansant Gate, but they had been expeditious. They had reached it on the side that Mervyn was approaching, and we must go back to the period of their arrival. Madoc, his wife, and daughter, were asleep when the well-known call of "gate," followed by a hideous blowing of rams' horns, aroused them. Madoc got out of bed, and looked through his window. He knew at once that his time was come. Rebecca was without in great force.

"Give up your keys, Madoc, corporal," cried several voices.

"Pay you the toll," he replied, and withdrew.

Instantly his tiny look-out window was smashed, and a black face presented itself. Owing to the depth of the stone window frame, however, it could discover nothing within. The clamour increased outside.

"You had better give up the keys quietly," said Rebecca, whose habit it was to unlock the gates and take them off their hinges, in token of possession.

"I am a sentinel on duty. You may have my life, but not my keys," returned sturdy Madoc.

A storm on his obstinacy followed, then silence. Letty entreated her husband to yield, while Egain offered up a prayer.

"You a soldier's wife!" said the corporal, contemptuously, stumping about, and dressing himself.

He managed to place the keys in a hole which he had contrived in the wall, and which was unknown to the women; then he went to Egain.

"You are not afraid, my sweety?" he said.

"No, father; we are in God's hands," replied Egain.

He kissed her, and called her his brave soldier's daughter, and then bade Letty dress herself, and prepare Egain for the worst. They wrapped the helpless girl in the warm flannel dressing-gown that Mrs. Mervyn and Rose had made for her, and sate down upon her bed behind the screen. What seemed the worst soon began. Their door was attacked with sledge-hammers, and beaten in. Crash went panel after panel, until an entrance was effected, and Madoc, peeping out, saw a flaring torch through the aperture.

"Better than fire, mother," whispered Egain, pressing Letty's hand.

"Now give us the keys, you old mule," said Rebecca.

"You 'd better come and take 'em," replied the corporal, from behind the screen. "But have a care that you don't commit murder in your rioting."

"Hiding, are you, under the bedclothes?" said somebody, who was evidently no stranger.

"I 'd scorn to put on women's garments, answered the corporal, walking forth boldly into the middle of the room.

"The key! The key!" shouted a dozen voices, and the small house was filled with Rebeccaites in every phase of female attire.

But they failed to get the key. They searched Madoc by torchlight, then they got hold of a candle, and invaded Egain's small domain. Both she and her mother declared they knew nothing of the key.

"A soldier don't let his women fight for him," cried the corporal. "Do your worst on me, but let them alone. Why, even the French at Waterloo 'ould a scorned to fight in women's clothes."

This taunt was unfortunate, for it exasperated the rioters, already irritated by Madoc's obstinacy.

"We 'll teach you better manners; and Letty, too, who 's worse than you," said one, and thereupon two of them laid hold of him, and two of Letty, and dragged them out of the house, in spite of counter-orders from the leader.

It was at this moment, or soon afterwards, that Mr. Mervyn's dog-cart was seized, and its owner and his son summarily ejected from it. We must return to them.

"We are not far from Llansant gate, father," said Llewellen, as soon as he had recovered from his surprise at Rebecca's summary proceedings. "I dare say they are pulling it down."

"Come and see what they are after, and what they are going to do with my dog-cart," returned Mervyn, furiously.

They hurried on towards the gate, and reached it just in time to see something lifted into the dog-cart, Dolly's head turned, and she driven off at a furious pace. There was a moon somewhere behind a flock of clouds, and there were many torches, so that they might easily both see and be seen. Llewellen proposed that they should go round by the back of the gate-house, and try to discover what was happening to the corporal and his wife and daughter. This led them to the river's brink. Here was work worse even than than the destruction of the salmon weir. The rioters were dragging Madoc and Letty to the river, amid suppressed jests and laughter. They heeded neither

the corporal's entreaties that they would at least spare Letty, nor her terrified shrieks. The corporal's neat little garden separated Mervyn and his son from the actors in this wicked drama. It was surrounded by a thick hedge, and reached the precipitous bank of the river, so that it was difficult to get to them, even setting aside the danger. Sounds as of the hacking of wood were audible, and the smoke from a fire somewhere rose on the air, and partially obscured the gate-house. But poor Letty's cries surmounted all other sounds. They were, however, suddenly arrested by a plunge into the river, which extinguished for ever Mervyn's last spark of sympathy with the rioters. Law-breaking, like Sabbath-breaking, has often small beginnings but huge endings. It was so here. The fretting against a slight toll was culminating in deeds of violence and even crime. It was no wonder that the moon had hidden her face in sorrow before abject cowards who thus wreaked their mean vengeance upon an aged couple, whose only offence was that they did their duty to their employers.

"You can swim; I must get through the hedge. We must rescue them at all risks," said Mervyn.

He forced his way through the thorny barrier on one side, to a little gate on the other; strode down the steep bank to the river's edge, knocked over two Rebeccaites who had hold of Madoc, and managed to seize him by the arm, just as his persecutors were saying, "There 's another souse for refusing to unlock your door and gate, you pig-headed old sinner, and to teach you better against next time. You won't resist Rebecca again."

"Yes I will," said the breathless corporal. "Cowards! Villains! You 'll be hanged for this!"

"Another dip!" said his tormentors.

But they took it themselves, for Mervyn had struck out with a will, and they both tumbled into the water.

"Take care of your petticoats, ladies," he said to Rebecca, as he dragged the half-drowned corporal along the edge of the river until they reached the rocky point where he had himself sheltered on the occasion of his first appearance as a special constable.

"If I had only known as much then as now, you brutes!" he muttered; but his colloquy was cut short.

"Oh, thank God it 's you!" said the exhausted corporal. "Look after Letty—Egain—never mind me."

"Llewellen is looking after them. Keep quiet till the cut-throat rascals are gone," returned Mervyn.

Llewellen had, in effect, seen after the women; that is to say, when his father went through the hedge to aid Madoc, he waded through the water to help Letty. Thanks to the rocky sides and bed of the river, her tormentors were not aware of his approach, and he succeeded in rescuing her, just as they were about to give her another dip. Himself half under water, he put his arms round her waist, and carried her off triumphantly, while her cowardly persecutors remained at the river's brink, bewildered at what had happened. Finding that she was insensible, if not actually dead, he was at a loss what to do with her. If he carried her back to her house, he felt that they would both be liable to capture by the rioters, and the consequences might be fatal. The village seemed the only resource, so he bore her, as best he could, beneath the high bank, until he could, with something like safety, get upon the main road. He succeeded in this, and being active and strong, he managed to reach the slumbering hamlet with his dripping burden. All was silent save the noisy river, that would almost have seemed to be making protest against what had just happened. After a moment's consideration he determined to arouse Pal the Shop, who was a chum of Letty's. Placing his still insensible burden against the door, he knocked at her bed-room window, and was soon rewarded by the sight of something white protruded therefrom, and the words, "Name o' goodness, what 's the matter this time o' night?"

"It is Llewellyn Mervyn. Come down quietly and open the door, Pal," answered our knight errant.

Pal obeyed, and Llewellyn instantly carried Letty into her kitchen, without "by your leave," and laid her on the hearth by the never-extinct ball fire. He interrupted Pal's exclamations by a brief account of what had passed and was still passing, and bade her see to Letty and arouse her neighbours, while he returned to look after Egain.

"Then they 'll be drowning you!" said Pal, kneeling down and pouring some restorative, which she had taken from her cupboard, down Letty's throat. "Put you on my old cloak and cap, and they 'll be thinking you one of themselves."

At this juncture a neighbour came in, who had been aroused by Llewellyn's awakening of Pal, and at the same moment Letty revived, and asked for her husband and child. Pal assured her that they were coming directly, and began to strip off her wet clothes, assisted by the neighbour. As Llewellyn was about to depart, Pal again advised him to disguise himself, and pointed to her garments hanging behind the door. He took down her old red cloak.

"Put you the hood over your head, and they 'll not be knowing you," she said.

The advice was good, and he followed it. As he passed through the hamlet he knocked at every door with a cry of "Rebecca at Llansant gate," feeling pretty sure that many of the male inhabitants were already there. Then he hastened back to the scene of action. Secreting himself behind a neighbouring tree, he saw that the insurgents were engaged in completing the destruction of the gate by means of saws and hatchets, while they had kindled a fire at the base of the posts. In terror for Egain, he resolved to enter the gate-house at all risks. He could scarcely do so unperceived by the insurgents, and he felt thankful for the disguise of Pal's cloak, insufficient as it was. He crept along by the hedge until he was close to them, then he mingled with them for a moment, and

"Before she had been many minutes in the room Edwyna joined her."—*p.* 134.

went boldly into the house. The door, as we know, was down, the furniture was in confusion, for he stumbled over articles of it, as he made his way to Egain's corner. All was dark and silent.

"Egain!" he whispered; but there was no answer.

He repeated her name in a louder key; still no response. He felt for the screen that he knew well, and found that it was overturned. He managed to reach the bed, and repeated his whispered call for "Egain! Egain! Where are you?" But neither voice nor breath was audible. In considerable terror he felt the bed foot. It seemed flat and unoccupied. He reached the pillows at last, but no head rested on them. The bed was evidently empty, and Egain was gone.

(To be continued.)

THE CAROL SINGERS.

LIST! a sound of tuneful voices
Steals beneath the wintry sky,
Rising, falling, swelling, melting,
In a simple melody;
From a band of carol singers
Come the soft harmonious strains,
Bringing back the olden story
Of a Saviour's love and pains.

Telling how our Lord and Master,
Came from His eternal throne,
To redeem a fallen people,
And reclaim the lost and lone;
How He lived, and grew among us,
Subject to our wants and woes,
How He toiled, and taught, and suffered,
Blest His friends, forgave His foes.

Open, open wide the casement,
Open, open wide the door,
And O tuneful carol singers,
We would hear those words once more;
Tell, O tell again, the story
Of Our Lord's undying love,
Sing His triumph and his glory,
Prince of all the courts above.

Take the tidings, listening breezes,
Bear them over hill and plain,
Till the earth's remotest regions
Echo with the gladsome strain;
Till in holy adoration
Every knee shall humbly bend,
And the deepest, vilest sinner,
Find in Christ his truest friend.

JOHN GEO. WATTS.

THE MANY-STRINGED LUTE:

THOUGHTS ON THE SPIRIT AND TEACHING OF THE PSALMS.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, D.D., RECTOR OF ST. OLAVE'S, SOUTHWARK.

II.—PSALMS OF THE CHURCH OF GOD.

"Upon the mountain of the Lord,
Like some bright jewel, glittering gem,
Behold, in rays of light, the word—
The 'golden' word—'JERUSALEM.'"

IN the opening paper of this series we spoke of the Psalms of the National Life of the Jewish people. This was the outermost of the series of concentric circles of which we spoke. We are now about to consider the circle next within that, and to speak of the Psalms of the Church of God. There is, indeed, a sense in which these two may be regarded as identical; and it is hard to distinguish between them, so intertwined were the political and the religious aspects of the Jewish nation. It was a true marriage, of the sacred and the secular, of the Church and the world; and we may well say that the Jewish Church was the "better half" of the Jewish nation.

The Church of Israel was a divinely-appointed and acknowledged institution. We may differ about Churches now, and even the word "Church" itself may not be of very certain significance, but there was no doubt as to the meaning of "the Church" then. It was the visible body of God's people, the corporate representation of God upon the earth.

The Church of God has always been—that is, ever since there has been any intelligent existence to share God's likeness and God's love, there has been a Church of God, whether of angels or of men, or of both together. As angels are part of the communion of saints now, so they have ever been; and when man was created, and even after he had fallen, God chose out a seed to serve Him, and "His delight was with the sons of men."

But man deserted from God's service, and served other gods—"God made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions;" and the carnal nature, prone to evil, waged a perpetual warfare against that which was spiritual (Gal. v. 17). Yet God never left Himself without witness; and out of the universal apostacy He

called Abraham, and appointed to him a seed; and this seed of Abraham was to be "holy to the Lord," God's own people. "Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock" (Ps. lxxx. 1).

This people of Israel, then, were the Church of God in those days. Thus, we read of the "Church in the wilderness," and many of the Psalms contemplate the Jewish people in the light of this relationship. And throughout their wanderings God was with them; His tabernacle pitched among them; and the cloud of His Presence their providence and guide. He gave them also, as His church and people, a law, and a ritual, and an altar, and a priesthood, and at last a holy temple; and giving all these to His people as a nation, He thereby constituted them as His Church. And that holy temple was grand and gorgeous; it was set on the mount of Sion; as a city set on a hill it could not be hid. It was, what the church of God must ever be, conspicuous and commanding. Hence the words of that Jewish song, "Her foundation is in the holy mountains. The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob. Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God" (Ps. lxxxvii. 1—3). And this is still true, for God hath His church still, His own elect, more dear and more beloved, nearer and dearer to His heart than all else beside. Christ is His Son, and the Church the Spouse of Christ. And of Him spake the Psalmist, his tongue as the pen of a ready writer inditing of a good matter, "The King's daughter is all glorious within, her clothing is of wrought gold," &c. (Ps. xlv. 13).

Now, to what purpose was this Church of Israel, so directly chosen, so distinctly set apart, so jealously guarded, and yet now disbanded? The answer is, It was a model, a pattern; itself a great corporate type and illustration of what the Church of God should be in time to come. Within the range of its own typical existence, and after the pattern of its "worldly sanctuary," the Church of God in heaven and on earth was typified. Then, why did it not work better, and ultimately convert the world? We reply, It was not intended so to do; it was but a model, not perfect in itself, nor its parts perfect, but only an earthly pattern, after which the true Church of God was to be framed and fashioned. A model steam-engine could not carry you to York; it is only a scientific toy, made of imperfect material; but there would be the fashion and the pattern after which to make a steam-engine of ponderous iron and tempered steel, perfect and strong in all its parts for the work it is intended to accomplish.

This model of the Jewish Church, this miniature specimen of the Church of the future, was to be enlarged and enlivened into the full life and expansiveness of the Church of Jesus Christ—from the letter to the spirit, from the narrow commandment to the "broad commandment" (Ps. cxix. 96), from the local and national to the world-wide and universal. And it is that Church of the future, thus set forth and typified, that is spoken of in the Psalms of the Church of God. The Church of Israel was, accordingly, designed after a most costly exterior, setting forth the glory and dignity of the Church of God—to draw and to attract, and therefore "set upon a hill"—type of that Church of which the prophet speaks: "The mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the tops of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it" (Is. ii. 2). And this is the character and dignity of the true Church of God; but the visible Church of the present has evidently lost this dignity and command. What with its divisions, schisms, heresies, conflicts, quarrels, its sects and sectarianisms, its denominations and denominationalisms, its worldly-mindedness and pride, the Church of God on earth has lost its grandeur and its power, and is, to a large extent, despised in the eyes of men. The Church on earth is not commanding enough for the nations to "*flow unto it*," and thus many of the grand and glorious things that are spoken in the Psalms are sadly out of tune and out of place when referred to any Church that we are familiar with.

I know it will be said that the true Church of Jesus Christ is to be found in the spiritual world; that it is a "mystical body," and therefore not seen; but, at the same time, it is also true that God would be more greatly honoured, and souls more generally edified, if the Church on earth were more commanding in its presence. It was never meant that the visibility and the glory of the Church should be utterly lost and forfeited. But, alas! it is so, and faults and failings, prejudice, narrow-mindedness, temper, self-seeking, indolence, apathy, worldliness, and sin—all these keep back the Church of God from having her perfect work. Thus, our anxiety for the Church on earth might well be expressed in the words of the Psalmist—"Surely I will not come into the tabernacle of my house, nor go up into my bed; I will not give sleep to mine eyes, or slumber to mine eyelids, until I find out a place for the Lord, an habitation for the mighty God of Jacob (Ps. cxxxii. 3—5.) Now, of which of us could this be said? Which of us has ever lost a wink of sleep for anxiety about the cause of God, or bestowed more than the most ordinary measure of concern upon the interests of religion?

Now, from the utterances of the Psalmist on this subject we learn what the true Church of God ought to be. For example, we will take the following special marks and tokens of the Church as expressed in the Book of Psalms:—

1. *The onward advance and conquests of the Church.*—The Church of God was intended to be ever on the march, progressing and advancing, as

the journeying Church in the wilderness, ever breaking fresh ground, destroying every enemy that stands in its way, and leading up the hosts of God, nearer and nearer to the heavenly Land. Hence the words of the great marching song of Israel, "Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered," &c. (Ps. lxviii. 1). These were the words that gave the signal for the lifting up of the cloud for the onward march of the people in the wilderness, and by the singing of which the Divine Presence was afterwards conducted up to the Temple, and enthroned in the sanctuary in Sion. This Psalm of the Church of God means now the signal for the onward march and the continued triumphs of the Church—"The Lord gave the word: great was the company of those that published it. Kings of armies did flee apace: and she that tarried at home divided the spoil. Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold" (Ps. lxviii. 11—13). Surely, all the vigour of this description seems to be lost when applied to the dead or dormant or divided state of the Church of God in our days. Yet the day will come when all this will be made good in the history of the Church of Christ on earth. The day of her bondage and captivity is not yet past. Scarce escaped from Egypt, she is in the wilderness still.

2. *The Unity of the Church.*—On this topic the Psalms of the Church of God are eloquent indeed. Jerusalem itself is the type of the Church's unity—"Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together" (Ps. cxxii. 3). The city of Jerusalem was so built as to be complete in itself; not an irregular, straggling place. It was built on the mount of Sion, and round about the mount, with not only walls enclosing it, but also a mountain range surrounding it, thereby indicating, typically, the unity and safety of the Church of God—"As the mountains stand round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people" (Psalms cxxv. 2). Jerusalem was the central metropolis, and all roads and highways led up to it. "Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord" (Psalms cxxii. 4). It was the great trysting place of the Jewish people; all worshippers worshipped toward its holy temple, all with their faces Zionward; and the whole Church of Israel met there at the annual festivals. Thus the Psalmist describes the converging hosts of Israel—"They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God" (Ps. lxxxiv. 7); that is, "they go from company to company;" at first alone, in setting out, each family apart; then, as they progress, the companies and caravans overtake each other, and are strengthened by union and communion, until in one dense crowd they throng the gates of the city—"Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise" (Ps. c. 4). The nearer they approach to Jerusalem the nearer they approach to one another, until, entering the city, they are all one; and approaching the sanctuary, they are still more at unity; for the heart and core of all was the Temple—"Honour and majesty are before Him: strength and beauty are in His sanctuary" (Ps. xcvi. 6). And hence the one sentiment filling all hearts—"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem" (Ps. cxxii. 1, 2). And with all this, what intense love for the Church of God filled all hearts! That central spot was their central joy. Hence, again, their national song. "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee. Because of the house of the Lord our God, I will seek thy good" (Ps. cxxi. 6—9).

3. *The ultimate triumph of the Church of God.*—The Church now militant here in earth will yet become the Church triumphant. It will fill every land, it will cover all the earth. The Church now, like her crucified Lord, despised and rejected of men, will, like her risen and ascended Head, be, ere long, glorified. The Bridegroom will come and receive her to Himself; and in the Book of Psalms we have the nuptial song set forth (Ps. xlv.). And what triumph so great as that the communion of earthly members should become the very Spouse of Christ, the Bride of the Lamb! And of that pure bride of Jesus Christ the Psalmist sings, "Thou art fairer than the children of men; grace is poured into thy lips." And what a royal court is that of the Church in her triumph—queen's daughters her attendants; the gold of Ophir her clothing; the wealth of wealthy Tyre poured at her feet; the sweet smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, perfuming all her garments; ivory palaces her pure and spotless dwelling-place; and raiment of needlework her costly decoration! It shall be a full and implicit resignation of herself into the loving bosom of her Lord—her own people forgotten, and her father's house no more remembered, in the higher, nobler, more heavenly, and all-absorbing love that now fills her breast. Indeed, this was the grand topic of the last words of David, when "the prayers of David, the son of Jesse, were ended." This Psalm (lxxii.) is the triumph song of the Church of God. That shall be the day of full conquest, and full conquest ends all strife—"He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth." Kings shall be His worshippers, from Tarshish and the isles, from Arabia and Seba, with gifts and offerings; and "glorious things," more glorious than now, more glorious than ever, "shall be spoken of thee, O city of God!"

"LET US GO ON."

CHAPTER III.

THE shop was re-opened, and the villagers looked at it curiously as they passed. However, there was nothing to be seen yet but a few new-laid eggs, and a card on which were the words "*New milk sold here.*"

Harry had bought two large cans, but he only carried out one as yet, morning and afternoon. But he soon obtained customers, for he was very attentive and obliging; and, as Maggie had said, a second milkman had been really needed.

And Maggie kept the shop. And when the eggs were sold, she bought more. By-and-by she hoped to have plenty of her own; but, meanwhile, her customers must not be sent away empty-handed.

Gradually, but surely, success and triumph advanced, even though it were but to a milkman's shop. Once time had often hung heavily on Maggie's hands, but not now. She had her business as well as her necessary household work to attend to, and then there were her fowls, and two or three large broods of chickens, of which she was very proud. She had learned to make butter too, and that gave her full employment for one morning in the week.

And then there was the garden. Half had been given to the fowls, and in the other half were growing cabbages and potatoes. And Harry had planned for the pleasure as well as the health and well-being of Maggie's fowls, that when the potatoes were dug, and the cabbages all cut, the fowls should change their quarters, and the piece of ground they now occupied should be dug and planted in its turn.

Before the summer had passed away the brother and sister were happy in earning an honest livelihood—a very small one as yet, but still it was sufficient, and then, to their great encouragement, it was increasing almost every day. And the large window with its pats of yellow butter, and pretty baskets of new-laid eggs, began to make quite an inviting appearance.

It was Saturday night. The shop was closed, and the two young shopkeepers were counting their gains for the week.

"Six shillings more than last week!" exclaimed Harry at length. "That is a good step, Maggie! I like to see our little business growing! And who can tell? it may become double and treble what it is now in another half year or so. 'Go on' shall still be our motto! I must say I do like having something to do! I am happier now than ever I was in my life."

Maggie put the shop-books away, and the money also; and then she returned to Harry, who still sat thoughtfully by the table. "We asked God to prosper us, Harry dear," she said, softly, "and He has done so. Let us thank Him again and again; and let us—as the minister said last Sunday—honour Him with our substance."

"I have thought of that," returned her brother. "How shall we do it, Maggie? You with your substance, I with mine?"

Maggie considered a little, then answered: "We will do as Abraham did to Melchizedek; shall we, Harry? He gave him *tithes* of all. And we will give our tithes to God." And now Maggie got her Bible, and, turning to Malachi iii. 8, she read, "'Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed Thee? In *tithes* and *offerings*.'"

Then Harry took the book, and read for himself. "Tithes *and* offerings," repeated he. "So we will give tithes; and when we wish to thank God, especially for any good thing He has given us, we will make our offerings."

"Yes," said Maggie. "And you will give your *tithe*-pints of milk to poor families who cannot afford to buy, or to little sick children. And I will send my *tithe*-fowls to invalids; and then there will be the butter and eggs. We shall have plenty to give."

"Because God has given us plenty," rejoined Harry, thoughtfully. "Suppose we put something in the box at church to-morrow, as a thank-offering, Maggie?"

"So we will," said Maggie, heartily. "And don't you think we might spare a little money to buy pretty coloured texts, and cards, with hymns, to give to people? Because we must not give to their bodies only, and neglect their souls. And we must be ready and willing, as our clergyman says, to speak of our Lord Jesus, and all He *has* done, and all He *will* do, for those who love Him."

* * * * * * *

And so Maggie and Harry went on and prospered, though, as a matter of course, they were not *always* bright and happy; clouds came over their gladness sometimes, as clouds will do. We cannot be always in the sunshine.

"While the earth remaineth," says Scripture, "seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease."

And these words are true for the soul as well as for the material world. And we have cold and heat, and day and night, in our hearts and souls, as well as in the world in which we live.

But through all the two young Christians still pressed onward, and became ever more and more earnest and enthusiastic in their Christianity; more and more ready, and even eager, to recognise the claims of *the love of Jesus*, to be remembered before the things of this transitory life, and to occupy the place of honour and of love in our hearts.

But much as both Maggie and Harry loved to talk

of the beautiful hopes which filled their hearts, they never forced their reminders upon unwilling ears. They strove to win their way, not to take it as of right. But they not seldom found willing and interested listeners; and then, sitting down, they would talk of heaven, and all its glory, and beauty, and peace, and security, and, above all, of its love, and of its Lord who *is* love, and who will, in the great kingdom to come, be one with those who love Him, having also all things put in subjection under Him. And they would talk till they forgot their shop, and their work, and all belonging to this life, for the time being, till perhaps they were recalled by the thought, "*But now we see not yet all things put under Him*" (Heb. ii. 8).

No. Now we are waiting. Renouncing all merits of our own, we have accepted the dear Lord as our Saviour; we seek Him in our hearts hourly, and we strive to win others to seek Him also. And when all whom the Father has given Him have come to Him—and not one of these shall be overlooked or lost—then He will come again, and receive us unto Himself; that where He is there we may be also. And we shall begin a beautiful new life, in a blessed new home, to know sorrow no more for ever. And it is for this we wait.

What matter, then, as to the part we play here in this lower world, so that we have the Lord's blessing on it? Well we may forget it, in looking at what is to come. We ought to forget it oftener than we do; and "press forward" towards the mark, for the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus.

So in heavenly as in earthly things, our motto should still be, "Go on." Nothing is to be gained by standing still. Are we sorrowful? let us go on; and we shall come out on the other side of the cloud. Are we joyful? let us go on; and we shall, if we are real and true Christians, come to still greater joy. Do we doubt? let us go on; we shall see things more clearly farther on, and doubts will flee. Are our changing *feelings* cold and dull? Is there winter in our hearts? let us go on; there is sunshine to come. And all Nature repeats in its continual, unswerving progress, "Let us go on." And the Word of God says, "Let us go on—unto perfection" (Heb. vi. 1).

THE "QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

47. What were the five great divisions of the country of the Philistines ruled each by its own prince, and distinguished by the name of the chief city?

48. What celebrated doctor of the law refused to be a persecutor of the Christians?

49. Who were the messengers of king David, and acted as spies in Absalom's camp in order to carry news of the progress of the rebellion?

50. What incident is mentioned connected with these two?

51. What proof have we of the skill in building during the patriarchal days?

52. Why was it that St. Paul appealed to Cæsar for judgment?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 112.

37. To prevent him eating of the "Tree of Life," and thus perpetuating to himself a life of sin and misery (Gen. iii. 22).

38. He was put into the garden, we are told, "To dress it and to keep it" (Gen. ii. 15).

39. "And Abraham said unto his eldest servant of his house, Put, I pray thee, thy hand under my thigh: and I will make thee swear by the Lord, the God of heaven, and the God of the earth" (Gen. xxiv. 2, 3.)

40. Judah the son of Jacob is mentioned as possessing one carried round the neck by a cord or chain (Gen. xxxviii. 18).

41. "I have no man like-minded, who will naturally care for your state. For all seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's" (Philipp. ii. 20, 21.)

VOICES IN THE WIND.

VOICES rising on the hill,
All its gusty passes fill,
Speaking to the winds, and then
Lost in hollows of the glen.

Voices of an unknown tongue,
Broken speech, with pauses hung,
In the viewless winds go by—
Is it song or is it sigh?

Voices from the past that rise,
Sorrow-laden haunting cries,
Laughter-rippling waves that break
In a tremulous wailing shake.

Voices from the days to come,
Half prophetic, telling some
Dim foreboding, losing breath
In the deep calm vale of death.

'Tis the listening heart that flings
On the wind the song it sings—
Wordless voices of the brain
Borne, like echoes, back again.

Voices sweet, but sad, O earth,
In thy storm-rent bowers have birth—
Bowers that bloom and then decay,
Touched by winds that pass away;

Voices that no sorrows tell,
Winds that bear no sighing swell,
Numbers that no bodings fill,
Only breathe from Zion hill.

J. Huie.

GOOD DEEDS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

MISS ANSTEY'S ORPHANAGE IN MYSORE.

AMONG the many gratifying philanthropic outcomes of the grievous famine which made such havoc among our Indian fellow-subjects, Miss Anstey's work among the poor orphan waifs and strays of the Mysore province deserves specially honourable mention. In a large and convenient orphanage newly erected at Colar, no less than 400 hapless little ones are safely housed and well cared for by a prudently-selected staff of twenty attendants. Writing to her friends and supporters in Great Britain—and they are many—this enterprising lady announces her intention of increasing the number forthwith to 600. Scarcely was her letter written than Major Scott Moncrieff, one of the Famine Commissioners, inspected the establishment. His report is to the effect that nowhere can the orphans be better cared for than with her, and straightway 400 additional children are to be committed to her keeping. It is a noteworthy fact that an increasing number of well-to-do natives are showing a practical sympathy with this Christian work, by sending benches, culinary utensils, &c., for the better equipment of the Home. Miss Anstey is full of hope that, by the good providence of God and the unstinted charity of the British people, she will be enabled successfully to cope with her heavy responsibilities. She needs judicious and effective help, however, and a lady who has studied both medicine and nursing is willing to join her in her voluntary expatriation, should the necessary funds be forthcoming. An army pensioner and his wife, both inspired with a love for useful Christian service, have offered their services to Miss Anstey without fee or reward, and other unsalaried assistance appears to be obtainable. Busy fingers and willing hearts in England, Ireland, and France have followed in the steps of Dorcas, and a large quantity of clothing for the little wards of Providence has already been sent out. Surely no better plan than this can be adopted to impress the observant Hindoos with the true beneficence which is the core and marrow of Christianity; and the Christian training given to thousands of helpless strays by this and kindred institutions can hardly fail to recommend the principles of those who engage in this work for the Master's sake. Let us note that all who are so inclined may aid in this good deed either in money or kind, and that both will be taken charge of by Mrs. James, whose address is 131, Adelaide Road, N.W.

A NEW MISSION TO THE KAFFIRS.

One cannot but admire the self-sacrificing spirit of devotion which leads a Christian evangelist to make his way into the very heart of heathendom, and, trusting solely to God and the barbarous people among whom he dwells for needful supplies, settles down in the moral wilderness to civilise and Christianise his heathen neighbours. At Ikwezi-Lamaci, in Central Kaffraria, Mr. Elbert S. Clarke, who aided in the London Missionary Society's expedition to Central Africa, together with a few companions, has established a mission in the midst of some 20,000 Kaffirs, whose degraded condition is stated to be something singular in its intensity, even in these benighted regions. To these the Gospel had not yet been preached, the missionary and his co-workers have, therefore, taken possession of the land; and it is exceedingly interesting to read of the warmth of welcome given to them by the natives. They eagerly ask "whether their children will be taught to read and write, so as not to be cheated by the white man when they go with the waggons." Here, in this "long-neglected, but most important opening for mission work," quoth Mr. Clarke, "we feel that we are entering on our life-work." When ambassadors to the heathen come to look upon their mission in that way, with the design to "spend, and to be spent" in carrying it out, there is good reason for hope that they will happily reap where they sowed laboriously, and continue to tend the infant churches planted by their zeal. In other portions of Kaffirland Christian missions have been followed by marvellous successes; and one would fain hope that Mr. Clarke and his fellow-labourers may find in their self-chosen and more neglected field that the seed will fall into good ground. Kindly sympathy, hearty prayers, and not a few helpful gifts, will certainly be accorded them; and at "Rock Fountain, Ilopo, Natal, South Africa," from whence the message comes, we trust the men whose "hearts the Lord hath touched," will be able to do manifold good deeds for God and man.

A FREE BREAKFAST MISSION.

For about four years this admirable philanthropic agency has been in operation, and with excellent practical effect among the outcasts of the city of Glasgow. Every Sunday morning—as we have previously noted in these pages—more than 2,000 men and women emerge from the squalor and wretchedness of their surroundings, to partake of the breakfast

which Christian charity provides for them, with a view to the ulterior rescue and reclamation of some, and to the casting of Gospel light and kindly influence over all. At noon a hungry army of 1,300 children are similarly provided with a dinner, that efforts may be made from that vantage ground to introduce the motley waifs to Him who said "Suffer the little children to come unto me." During the past year nearly 1,000 of these orphans and neglected ones have been either sent to "homes," or "training ships," or to remunerative work, or have had acceptable medical treatment. For the 400 girls who apply for the "merciful morsels," industrial, educational, and religious classes are conducted. Special temperance organisations in connection with the same great movement have resulted in the reclamation of many drunkards, and this portion of the work seems to be unusually successful. In several other directions this noble mission is vigorously pursuing its great design, and it may well urge its claims on the philanthropic for sympathy and aid. Its conductors remind us that winter is again at hand, and that the outlook in commercial and industrial directions is of the gloomiest. In pointing their appeal they wisely quote from the Highest Authority, "When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind, and thou shalt be blessed, for they cannot recompense thee, for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just." It needs but to add that the central pivot of the mission is the Evangelical Hall, James Morrison Street, Glasgow.

THE HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN, SOHO.

We are sorry to find that this invaluable institution has been under the necessity of closing several of its wards for lack of funds, and are strongly of opinion that the fact only needs to be made known, in order to repair at once what is little short of a calamity. Established in 1842, and supported absolutely by voluntary subscriptions, it has been an unmixed and unspeakable blessing to thousands of poor women, who, but for the skill and kindness rendered there, must inevitably have died, leaving many orphan children, or have spent weary lives in pain and weakness, from which they have been happily delivered. It is of the first importance that hospitals should be maintained specially adapted for this class of cases, and where clever specialists are always within call in time of need; and we are persuaded that, if the beneficent charities of this establishment and their concomitant circumstances were published, they would form a narrative of the most touching interest. Lord Shaftesbury, who more than most men can measure the intrinsic value of charitable institutions, is the President; and the Treasurer, who makes an earnest appeal for funds to re-open all the free wards again, is Mr. R. C. L. Bevan.

VOITURES BIBLIQUE.

Unquestionably the wisest and surest method of disseminating the principles of pure Christianity in civilised lands is the abundant distribution of the Word of God in the language of the people. Encouraged by the marvellous sale of Bibles and Testaments at the great world's fair in Paris, a movable depôt, ambulance, caravan, one hardly knows what to call it, has been furnished with a supply of Bibles, Testaments, Gospels, and other parts of Scripture. Just when the right sort of man was wanted he was discovered; and as soon as his own private portion of the peripatetic warehouse is fitted up for his needs, he will set out on a tour among the fairs, fêtes, and what not, of French towns and villages; and judging from the experience of a former effort in the same direction, and from the eagerness displayed by rural France to get possession of "The Book," he is very likely to drive a remarkably successful trade. The British and Foreign Bible Society has done much to further this particular experiment.

A HOME FOR FOREIGN GOVERNESSES.

Still another new candidate for public favours and philanthropic support is found in the shape of a Home for Foreign Governesses. It owes its inception and its progress up to the present point to the French Protestant Church in Bayswater, and has for its aim and purpose the providing of a temporary home where these — often young and inexperienced — strangers will be welcomed on their arrival, and cared for when disengaged. Daily governesses, too, will be at liberty to take their meals herein, and to use the reading-room, and so have something like a place of safety and of shelter in this million-peopled city. An eligible house has been taken in Powis Terrace, Kensington Park, and what is now wanted is some £200 to help to furnish it. There is no question that such a place of refuge would be very welcome to those who come from afar into a land of strangers, and into a city where the temptations are both numerous and strong. The modern governess is, as a rule, a hardworking and deserving member of the community. She is often young and unprotected, and in the latter part of her career old and friendless; and we cannot but look with a good degree of satisfaction on a scheme which promises her a bright hearthstone, fitting companionship, and kindly counsel for the future, when she has nowhere else to go. Let us mention, then, that Pastor Du Pontet de la Harpe, B.D., French Parsonage, Kildare Gardens, W., will be glad to receive contributions in aid of the Governesses' Home.

"Baby! What does baby think?"

SAILED TO-NIGHT.

BY MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

OVER the moonlit sea,
Far away from Devon and me,
My lover has sailed to-night!—
And I may lie and weep,
Whilst my kindred are fast asleep,
Such tears as are kept from sight—
Weep, till my eye grows dim
Underneath the reddening rim,

For the love I drove away ;
Weep with an aching brain,
And a heart full of hidden pain,
That must never see the day.

The love I could not tell
Lay deep in my heart as a well,
Where I kept my secret hid ;
And when he came, I know,
Though forehead and cheek were aglow,
My lip was a closed lid.

I could not cry aloud
"I love you," for, oh, I was proud,
As I thought a maid should be ;
So when he came to woo,
I bound up my roses with rue,—
And *now*, he 's off o'er the sea.

No wreck e'er cast ashore
'Mid the wind and the water's roar
Could be such a wreck as I ;
Lost on the reefs of pride,
To be lashed by the chafing tide,
Of memory till I die.

Yet haply, after years,
When I have out-wept youthful tears,
My love may re-sweep the main :
And then, if he come to sue,
He will find me tranquil, but true
And leave me never again.

STEPHEN AKROYD'S GUERDON.

BY THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY, AUTHOR OF "NESTLETON MAGNA," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER V.—A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

IT was not until the midnight hour had struck that Stephen wended his way homeward from his visit to his friends at Volney Villa. As he trudged along through the now almost deserted street, the evening's discussions passed and repassed through his tangled mind. One member of the Club had taken the orthodox side of the question at issue, merely, as he said, for the sake of argument, but though his views were only assumed and his arguments were void of all the force and emphasis which true conviction brings, somehow they troubled him, for he could not get rid of the conviction that they had been rather evaded than answered, and that casuistry and high-sounding sophisms had not demolished the orthodox position as they were supposed to have done.

Thoughtful and pensive, reflecting on the many Christmas Eves he had spent to far better purpose and under far happier auspices by his mother's side, he was passing through Arthur Street, a quiet thoroughfare at some distance from his home. Just as he reached a doctor's residence, distinguished as such by reason of the red lamp which flung its crimson glare across the murky street, and which, in this instance, is the sign of help not danger, he was startled out of his ponderings by a wailing voice of unmistakable distress.

"Oh dear, dear!" said the voice, "what shall I do?"

By the light of a street lamp close by he saw the fragile form of a young and delicate-looking woman, lady it might be, for though her garments were plain enough, there was about her that subtle something that defies analysis or description in her appearance which clearly told of superior birth and breeding. Her pale face was stamped with grief ; and, indeed, was almost ghastly in its hue. Stephen, whose sympathies were as easily excited and as sensitive as a woman's, ready at call on all occasions of distress, at once went to her aid. She was then leaning for support against the iron palisading by the doctor's door.

"What is the matter?" said he. "Can I help you?"

"My mother's dying!" said she, faintly, and gasping the while for breath, "and I cannot make the doctor hear."

Stephen's nervous fingers immediately laid hold of bell and knocker, and soon roused the sleeping man of medicine, and one half the denizens of the street besides. Meanwhile the poor damsel had fainted, and Stephen had to try his 'prentice hand to bring her round. There was something so sweet and attractive about the hapless girl that he began to feel as though there was a hitherto undiscovered pleasure in giving "knightly succour to sorrowful ladies fair."

By-and-by the doctor made his appearance on the scene ; and in a little while the fainting girl had so far recovered as to give them a neighbouring address. By the aid of their strong arms she was half conducted and half carried to the place she indicated, and was at length enabled to climb the stair to the humble chamber where her mother lay moaning in extreme weakness and pain. The doctor administered the requisite aid, and under his kindly and skilful care she ultimately revived. She murmured her thanks while the girl took out her scanty-looking purse and timidly offered him a small fee. Influenced by the refined surroundings—refined amid many indications of sore poverty—the doctor put the extended hand gently aside, and said, "Never mind that at present. I must look in again to-morrow, and see how the case goes on."

"Do you think there is any danger, sir?" said the young lady, in a soft musical voice, and with a touching tremor in the tones, while her eyes were dimmed with tears.

"No; there 's no immediate danger, I think," replied the doctor. "I will just run home and fetch a gentle stimulant, and if your mother should have another attack like the last, you must give her a dose of the medicine, and I will look in again to-morrow. Cheer up! We shall bring her round, by God's blessing."

"By God's blessing!" thought the sympathetic Stephen; and despite his scepticism he felt more than half inclined to ask for it on behalf of the lonely pair on whom such trouble had fallen. "I will stay until the doctor returns," said he, "and brings the help you may possibly require."

The whispered "Thank you" that he received from the fair damsel, smiling through her tears, was more than a sufficient reward. Looking more and more earnestly at the sick lady and her daughter, he felt himself to be strangely familiar with certain features of them both. For some moments he cudgelled his brains in vain, then taxed his memory as to the where and when he had seen the invalid's face before. At last the recollection came, and he said, "Surely you are not Mrs. Hellier!"

"That 's my name!" said the invalid, turning towards him in great surprise. "But your face is quite strange to me. Have we ever met before?"

"Oh yes!" said Stephen, with much feeling. "We have had many meetings, ever to be remembered by me with gratitude and pleasure."

Here the young lady drew near to her mother's side, and fixed her wondering eyes upon their visitor, silently awaiting the impending explanation.

"Don't you remember Mrs. Akroyd?" said Stephen, excitedly, "whom you so kindly aided in her widowhood, and her little boy Stephen, who received so many and so great kindnesses at your hands that he can never forget them as long as he lives?"

"Why, certainly," said Mrs. Hellier, more amazed than ever, "I knew and loved her dearly, and her little son, too. But, if you are he, the boy is indeed lost in the tall strong man I see before me. Are you really Mrs. Akroyd's son?"

"I am really he," said Stephen, smiling; and then added, warmly, "from the day I last saw you until now, I have held you in loving and grateful reverence; and my sorrow at seeing you here and thus is tempered by my joy at meeting you again, and by the hope—which God forbid that you should destroy—that I may in some feeble measure repay something of the great debt I owe!" The tears fairly forced their way, in spite of him, as he added, with energy, "Mrs. Hellier, for my dead mother's sake, permit me to help and succour you all I can!"

"There spoke your mother," said she, as she took his hand, "and there spoke your heart; and I can only praise my God and thank you for your kind proffer in our hour of need. Be sure I understand you; and that God has sent you, and that God will bless you. Both I and Dora will gladly and gratefully accept your aid for the sake of 'auld lang syne.'"

Here the doctor returned, and was surprised to see the strange youth so thoroughly master of the situation.

"Oh, doctor," said Stephen, "I have found my mother's best and dearest friend!" and then quietly and privately handing him his card, he continued, "we thank you for your promise to come again to-morrow; which means, I know, so long as the need exists."

"That 's capital," said the genial doctor. "You have already worked greater wonders than I can hope to do. All will be well, I think. Good-bye."

Stephen prepared to follow him; but first feeling in the pockets of his clothes one after the other, and then doing it a second time, he could not repress an exclamation of surprise.

"What have you lost?" said Miss Hellier, seeing his look of profound dismay.

"Only a hundred pounds," replied Stephen, with a comical attempt at a smile. "I must have left it at home," he added, as he noted their evidences of sympathy with such a serious deficit. "I will come again to-morrow."

Very sincere and very acceptable were the thanks he got, and very pleasant was the assurance of a warm welcome whenever he chose to call. Thoughtfully pondering on this strange and unexpected meeting, Stephen pursued his homeward way; and he smiled as he found himself saying aloud, "A prettier name than Dora I have never heard; and, for the matter of that, I have never seen a sweeter girl to wear it."

Then his mind reverted to that "auld lang syne" of which Mrs. Hellier had spoken, when his mother lived to love and bless and aid him; and when the kind and bountiful lady he had just left was so warm and true a friend to the widow and her orphan son. He remembered how his now sainted parent used to point to Mrs. Hellier as an illustration of the truth and goodness, the sunny happiness and beneficence, which true religion fosters in all who really and truly possess it, and are under the influence of its benign and holy principles. He remembered how his youthful heart and mind endorsed the evidence, and how he resolved that he would be religious too. The same divinely-beautiful inspiration had been his mother's strength and stay; had made her, to him, the foremost, best, and brightest woman in the world; had given her the most perfect peace and triumph in her dying hour. He could not help coming to the conclusion, from what he had just witnessed, that Mrs. Hellier, too, was ripening for as bright a sunset and as glorious an end.

How strange that he should have discovered her so unexpectedly, and just when a friend in need was most of all required! It was a very singular combination of events, an accident of a truly remarkable character. Accident? *was* it? Mr. Hellier had said, "Be sure that God has sent you;" what said Dame Henderson about that "bit o' writin'?" "I tell you it was a Providence an' nivver a accident at all."

Had he really, he who professed to disbelieve in God, he who had spent the evening amongst contemners of God, had he been made, all unknowing to himself, to be the instrument of the Almighty Providence to bring help and succour to one of His suffering hidden ones? All this tended more and more to disconcert and trouble him, and led him to question more and more whether he had not wilfully severed himself by a baseless unbelief from the one sure, restful anchorage for human souls.

By-and-by the recollection of his heavy loss, the liberal Christmas gift of his employers, came back to him. It was all the more annoying and vexing because he had hoped to devote it to the necessities of his new-found friends. This, together with his mental agitation, his twinges of conscience, his tender memories of the season, the fainting girl, the recognition of the mother, the untimely hour, all conspired to make him nervous, sensitive, unmanned, and excited.

It was thoroughly dark—dark as the proverbial hour before the dawning always is—when at last he reached his silent and lightless home. The still night hour was depressing, and it was in no enviable frame of mind that he found himself at last under Dame Henderson's hospitable roof.

CHAPTER VI.—A VISION OF THE NIGHT.

ONCE within the dark and silent passage, with nerves so thoroughly shaken, Stephen's fevered fancy filled the night with airy shapes and weird sounds. It was not until he had turned up his lamp, which good Dame Henderson had trimmed and lighted to his hand, and had broken up the fire which she, with a science all her own, had built up in such a fashion that it should smoulder on, neither dying out nor burning quite away, that he was able even partially to shake off the nervous melancholy which had settled on him.

Drawing his chair to the fire, he sat down a while, to ponder, feeling that he should toss in wakeful unrest if he went at once to bed. Naturally and almost immediately his thoughts gravitated motherward, drawn thither by the sight of an honoured face, only associated with those early days of innocence and home. How long ago it seemed! and what a change since then! For the better? No. Emphatically, his deliverance from the "trammels of superstition," which was the Volney Villa formula for the Christian creed, and his ascent into the "higher regions of thought," which was the Volney Villa euphuism for contemptuous unbelief, had *not* made things better but *worse*. How much worse than when he had a childlike faith in a God of wisdom, power and love, whom he knew then to be his own as well as his mother's God!

That gentle mother, those evening studies in the Book, her unfaltering faith in dark days, her peaceful death which left a glory behind it as mellow as that which floods the sunset sky, all rose up to rebuke his cold and comfortless unfaith. His unbelief had robbed him of all the olden consolations, had robbed him also of a heavenly hope; and in return had given him a dreary, cynical, and still unsatisfied doubt, which had bereft his life-bark of its compass, his sky of its star, and left his soul to drift in darkness, a moral waif and stray, upon the waves of time. "Matter and force," he felt, were but a mean and beggarly exchange for Providence and Jesus, and the dicta of human reason, and the vagaries of human imagination, were contemptible and worthless indeed in the presence of the word of God. At that moment, in all likelihood, Stephen Akroyd was nearer the kingdom of God than he had ever been since the day when he dropped hot tears of grief upon his dead mother's cheek.

His depression deepened, and in the solitude of the lonely night and the silent room he felt as if he heard the whisper of unbodied voices, and the rush of unseen wings!

"What in the world is coming over me?" said he, aloud, and suddenly rising to his feet, "Pshaw! I've got the blues to-night and no mistake! I'll off to bed and sleep away these cobwebs from my brain. Mercy on me! as Dame Henderson would say, how miserable I feel!"

Lighting his candle, he extinguished his lamp, and was putting his foot on the stairs, when a strangely mournful, sobbing sound, low and distressing, broke upon his ear. To say that his hair stood up might probably be an exaggeration, but the cold "creepy-crawly" sensation which often accompanies fear, might well have had that effect, for it is undoubtedly true that Stephen Akroyd was terrified half out of his wits. Nearing his chamber door, he laid his hand upon the latch, opened it incautiously, so that he was met by a gust of imprisoned air, which forthwith extinguished his candle and left him in the dark.

He entered the room, resolved to get between the sheets with all convenient speed, when lo! again, the hollow, fitful moaning was heard, weird and unnatural. Turning towards the bed, on which the faintest of faint moonbeams cast a delusive and uncertain light, he saw that which curdled his blood and half stopped the beating of his heart. Throughout his future lifetime, though he live a hundred years, never will Stephen Akroyd forget that awful apparition, or lose the memory of that dreadful hour.

This was the sight that met his gaze—A dwarfish shape, half human, half devilish, as ideas on that subject run—crooked and ungainly, with long flowing robe thrown loosely round it. A loose tunic of bleared and motley hue, here grimly grey, there ghastly white, enveloped its gaunt shoulders, and above was a hideous head and face black as ebony, yet shimmering with a lurid light; bald, too, as if it had been scalped. Indeed, around its sable brow there was a blood-red scar, as if the wound of the scalping-knife was still unhealed. As Stephen stood with widely-open eyes and mouth, fixed as a statue,

gazing on the midnight ghost, again the dreadful sounds broke upon his ear in stronger, wilder moans, varied by a sharp, gasping scream betokening dire distress. In a perfect paroxysm of terror Stephen darted from the chamber, and shouted, as soon as he could loose his tongue from temporary paralysis, "Dame Henderson! Dame Henderson! for pity's sake come here!" for even then, strange to say, he had greater sense of helpfulness and more of confidence in the power and presence of the godly woman than in that of the more muscular and stalwart husband; or he would, most certainly, have appealed to "oor George."

Dame Henderson was sleeping the sleep of the just when Stephen's cry of terror roused her from her slumbers in alarm. Leaping from her bed, she flung on her gown, lighted a candle, and in a few moments made her appearance on the stairs. "Mercy on us, what's matter?" said she, as she gazed on Stephen's white and terror-stricken face. "Is there robbers aboot?"

"Oh, mother!" quoth Stephen, "no; but there's something unearthly and dreadful in my room!"

"Earthly or unearthly," said the heroine, in a firm, determined voice, "it's gotten no business there, an' it'll hev to budge. What is it?"

With this gage of battle flung before her, she stalked firmly past our nervous and excited unbeliever in the supernatural, and boldly entered the haunted room.

"My gracious me!" said she, in a loud voice, and straightway gave forth such a volley of hearty and even uproarious laughter as spoke volumes alike for the lightness of her conscience, and the power of her lungs.

Emboldened somewhat by this totally unexpected episode, Stephen ventured to follow his landlady into the room, and lo! the ghost, the midnight spectre, the shapeless apparition, stood forth revealed. His own long dressing-gown was negligently flung over the footboard of his bed, his blotched white waistcoat, disfigured with London mud, hung by the arm-hole over the projecting post, on whose big dark mahogany knob he had placed his smoking cap with its bright scarlet band of braiding standing out in bold relief. It was an odd combination, even in the light, and doubtless in the dark was odder still. The awful sounds which had brought Stephen's terror to a climax had arisen from Dame Henderson's pet poodle dog, which, probably because of her lack of children, that good lady had coddled until it had become a trouble to itself and a nuisance to other people. Its rotund obesity superinduced unearthly sounds in breathing, and brought the poor animal a sad succession of apoplectic dreams and spasmodic or long-drawn nightmares, any and all of which were productive of vocal wonders far better imagined than described. Encouraged by the long-continued absence of its rightful owner, the sagacious lump of dog-flesh had appropriated Stephen's bed, and was even now but half aroused from its vocal slumbers on the coverlet, and manifested no disposition to vacate its quarters.

"*There's your ghost!*" said the merry dame, pointing to the articles of apparel on the bed-post; and the ghost certainly was his both as to the garments which had clothed it and the "life and look horrific" with which he had invested it. "*An' there's the noise!*" she continued, pointing to the porpoise-like Ponto, who cared for none of these things. By what clairvoyance she saw the noise history does not say. Stephen stood with a remarkably sheepish look on his handsome face. The keen-witted dame was hardly likely to let such a grand occasion pass.

"Ah, Maister Stephen!" said she, "it's to be feared 'at you hev an uncanny conscience, or you wouldn't be freeted with a muddy westcut an' a dreamin' dog. If your books o' science can gi' you no better sense o' security than that to go to bed wi', you 'd mebbe better get back again to trust and confidence in God, who both night an' day watches ower an' tak's care o' them 'at puts their trust in Him. I 've nivver seen nowt that I need to be freeted on; but folks o' your creed is most superstitious of ony, an' your fears an' your faith is aboot on a level, as far as their worth goes, for you see your fear comes an' your faith goes, i' front of a wooden bed-post an' a poodle in a fit. Be sure o' this, that less o' reason an' more o' faith means less o' fear an' more o' the love 'at casts it out an' fills its spot wi' peace an' joy i' Christ Jesus."

Stephen Akroyd was quite dumbfoundered by Dame Henderson's sharp and convicting home-thrusts; and really was taken so thoroughly aback by the outcome of his night's adventure, that he could make no reply, except to express his regret for having so needlessly disturbed her repose, and given her such useless alarm.

"Alarm? Nay, nay, noo. I did think for just half a minute 'at it might be robbers; but I don't know 'at I should be much alarmed even then. I should want all my wits aboot me to trust i' God an' do the best I could. As for disturbin' me, that stands for nothing. You know 'at there 's little I wouldn't do for you. Noo, then, go to bed; an', whether *you* will or no, I 'll pray that God may hev you in His keepin', an' 'at you may get up i' the mornin' refreshed an' ready for the day."

Lighting his candle for him, Dame Henderson wished him good night, and once more retired to her peaceful couch; and, at last, weary, chagrined, and mortified at the poor figure he had cut with all his philosophy to help him, Stephen himself obtained repose.

(To be continued.)

THE ALARM-BELL OF THE UNIVERSE.

A MIRACLE has been described by a great thinker as the "alarm-bell of the universe." It is a sign, and a sign from heaven, that one order of things has passed away and that another order is beginning. We might overlook this change of plan on God's part, and therefore the Author of all things tolls the bell and sounds an alarm, summoning us to an audience with Himself, and showing by this sign from heaven that a new communication of His will is about to be made.

An accident is, also, an alarm-bell. It is God's way of summoning us into His presence, to hear His holy will, and to attend to His voice. The world is too much with us, it presses in and around us, its din and distraction drowns the heavenly voices that call to prayer and communion with God; its dust and turmoil veil the sight of the everlasting hills. Hence the need of some quick sharp note of pain, the cry of distress on a large scale, the sound of an alarm calling us into God's immediate presence. An ordinary death will not do this; the summoner then steals on us so gently that the sting is soon gone and the lesson forgotten; but when a multitude are swept away as by a flood, and there are whole streets in which there is not some one dead or missing, it is a calamity on this scale which brings home even to the most thoughtless that there are chances in life which are divine appointments, and accidents of which we are fain to say "This is God's hand."

You remember that the popular adage that "accidents never come singly" was mournfully illustrated not many months ago, when there was a loss of life by rail and another by river, following fast the one on the other, as the many messengers came speeding, each one on the heels of the other, to report to Job the tidings of the loss, first of all his fortune, and then of all his family. As in Job's case, so in ours; the last loss was the sorest; it was on such a scale that it almost cast the other into the shade. We had scarcely time to realise the first before we were plunged again into still deeper mourning for a second. Apparently they have no connection with each other; the one is by land, and the other by water; but following as they did within a few days of each other, there is this connection—that by a strange fatality some who were deterred from travelling by rail in consequence of the accident of Saturday, were induced to return home by the river on the following Tuesday, and so met their end by the very means which they had taken to avoid it. It is this accident occurring upon an accident which makes the sorrow so sharp and the mourning so widespread.

Now let us turn to see how our Lord dealt with two incidents of a similar kind which happened in His day, and which were as much the talk of the day and the subject of a general mourning in Galilee as these two accidents by rail and river which have made our metropolis almost as a city of mourning during the last few months. It will heighten our sense of the comparison if we bear in mind that the two accidents—the slaughter of the Galileans and the fall of the tower of Siloam—were connected together, not only as happening at the same time and in the same place, but also as growing the one out of the other. With regard to the first of these two accidents, the massacre of the Galileans, it arose in this way. Pilate had given offence at this time by appropriating part of the treasures of the Temple, derived from the Temple tax, levied on all Jews to defray the cost of the great conduits he had begun for the better supply of Jerusalem with water. Now it is a conjecture, but a probable one, that the tower of Siloam, which fell and buried with its fall eighteen men, was part of one of these aqueducts or pools which Pilate was erecting at this very time, and out of the money which he had sacrilegiously taken from the Temple. If this conjecture be tenable, it certainly throws an unexpected light on the whole incident. It shows us why, in the opinion of the people, this burying of eighteen men beneath the ruins of a tower erected by the Roman governor out of revenues spoiled from the Temple should be regarded as a judgment of God for their having helped in the sacrilegious undertaking.

And this massacre of the Galileans, whose blood Pilate mingled with their sacrifices, it came about in this wise. Resenting such an act of desecration as that of robbing the Temple treasures to construct waterworks, the people rose in sedition, and Pilate wreaked on them a terrible revenge. We are told by Josephus that he disguised his soldiers as peasants, armed them with clubs, and sent them in and out among the defenceless throng, dealing deadly blows. The very precincts of the Temple was invaded by the legionaries; and some pilgrims who were so poor that they were slaying their own sacrifices were struck down while doing so, their blood mingling with that of the beasts they were preparing for the priests, and thus polluting the house of God. As a recent writer remarked, "It was an unprecedented outrage, and filled every heart in Judea and Galilee with the wildest indignation, though such brawls were of frequent occurrence. The excitement had even penetrated the palace of Tiberias, and kindled bitter ill-feeling in Antipas towards Pilate, for the men slain were Galilean subjects."

There is then, as we have seen, a connection between these two incidents. Happening to-

gether there was a sense in which the one grew out of the other, as "blood touches blood" in the language of the prophet. One crime often produces another, and there is also a sense in the expression that misfortunes never come single. We have now to see how our Lord dealt with these two accidents, and the lesson which He drew from them; we cannot be wrong in drawing the same lesson from casualties in our day which our Lord drew from those which occurred in His day. Let us be thankful that He, the unerring truth and the Eternal Wisdom, has given us a thread through the labyrinth of God's dealings. He who by His miracles taught us how to understand one alarm-bell of the universe, has also by his comment on two moving accidents by flood and field, taught us to understand that other alarm-bell of the universe. Our Lord's teaching is explicit, He tells us firstly what lesson we are not to draw, and secondly, what lesson we are to draw.

With regard to the first we are not to suppose that they were sinners above all men. These Galileans had in a sense brought their own fate on themselves, and equally so with those workmen who had taken Pilate's polluted money, the wages of sacrilege, to construct a tower by the pool of Siloam. How natural the inference that they fell under the curse of God. The logic of the Jew was short and simple; where there were special judgments there must have been special sins going before. Our popular saying implies as much—"where there 's smoke there 's fire"—and although the book of Job was inspired and placed in the canon precisely to rebuke this logic of chastisement being always the proof of lurking sin, we find men repeating the mistake of Job's friends, and persisting in the view that men like these Galileans and these eighteen must have been sinners above all men. To logic of this kind our Lord's answer is a peremptory denial of its truth, "I tell you nay." The inference was wrong from first to last, it was also presumptuous, for we are to judge nothing before the time until the Lord come, who will bring to light the secrets of the heart.

But the Lord does not rest with correcting a mistake. He goes on to teach us the true lesson from accidents of this kind—"I tell you that except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish"—so that if it is not a special judgment it is at least a special warning. With regard to those who have perished, their judgment is with their God; but with regard to us there is a loud and emphatic call to repentance. It is in this sense that we speak of accidents as the alarm-bell of the universe. We can thus see that there is wisdom as well as love in the hand which tolls that bell, the first notes of which are as terrible as that trump of God, at the sound of which, as it waxed long and loud, even Moses said, "I exceedingly fear and quake."

Still, it is the will of God, and it is for us to reverently hearken to all the words which the Lord our God shall speak to us. It is the lesson, perhaps, which our age needs to learn more than any other. We are not so much in danger of the one extreme of interpreting God's judgments which the men of our Lord's time had fallen into. But may we not fall into another error in the opposite extreme? Is there not a tendency to escape altogether from the lesson which is borne on us by the news of accidents, under the remark that there is a law of average in these things?

But it is also more than a warning—it is a call to repentance. "Unless ye repent." The expression implies that we are hereby called to repent. Repentance is, in a word, the key-note to the Gospel. It was the preaching of John, but it was also the preaching of One greater than John, who came, saying, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." After He was exalted, and the Holy Ghost given, His apostles went forth everywhere, preaching repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. He is calling us to repentance at all times; but by an accident such as this the call is as that of a trumpet, long and loud. It is the tolling of a bell, summoning not the dead only, but the living, into the presence of God.

Remember, lastly, that this warning is sent in love. If there is judgment to any, on which we dare not pronounce, there is mercy certainly to us. For to us the gates of mercy are still wide open. Christ is waiting to be gracious. He is pleading with us, "Turn you, why will ye die?" Remember, moreover, that He who pleads is the very One who Himself died for us—the just for the unjust—to bring us to God. Was there ever such pleading as this, such entreaties as these of the Prince of sufferers. This call to repentance is more than a cold appeal to our self-interest, it is more than a caution to us that on the lowest ground of the doctrine of chances such a mischance might any day happen to us. It is love entreating, the love which died that we might live, the love which will not accept any less requital than our surrender of ourselves to Him who gave up all for us. Surely we shall not slight such love and pity as this. Hear how He pleaded with Israel of old, "My heart is turned within me, my repentings are kindled together." He has been reconciled to us in order that we may be reconciled to Him. May there be this kindling together of repentings, and as God turned back and appealed to us by these two calamities by rail and river, may we return unto Him. So the lesson will not be lost; and, perhaps, by the repenting of many sinners now turned to God we shall see in the light of eternity the meaning of a calamity which looked at in any lower light has been dark and distressing beyond description.

THE WHITE ROSE OF WHITELAKE.

BY ANNE BEALE, AUTHOR OF THE "PENNANT FAMILY."

CHAPTER XIX.

A VAIN SEARCH FOR EGAIN.

WHEN Llewellen found that Egain had certainly been removed from her couch, he was at a loss what to do. Having witnessed the cruelty of the rioters to her parents, he feared they might have also done some wicked act by her; but if so, he was helpless either to discover or avenge it. He was, besides, anxious about his father and Madoc, not knowing the result of the attempt of the one to rescue the other. He peeped out of the corporal's little observatory; he looked forth from the dismantled doorway, but could hear and see nothing but the silent working and grotesque forms of the Rebeccaites, which were now dimly visible by the light of the torches, now obscured by the smoke from the smouldering gate-posts. He saw that there was a leader in white garments, mounted on a white horse, and that his followers were legion, and absurdly disguised. Indeed, but for the consequences of their strange deeds, the sight would have been laughable; and Llewellen, in his youth and high spirits, felt almost inclined to laugh at the awkward attempts of men to work in petticoats. He asked himself if it would be possible to get at the soldiers, but he had only lately heard they were in another direction; then he bethought himself of the possibility of dispersing the insurgents by a ruse. He again crept out unperceived, and went towards the village. He had the satisfaction of seeing what he expected, which was about a dozen women and boys, whom curiosity had led towards the gate, and who were in hiding at a distance.

"They have got hold of poor Egain, and I fear they must have drowned her," he whispered. "Madoc is also gone. Whether it is right or wrong to pull down the gate, I leave you to decide, but it is diabolical to hurt innocent people. We must save them if we can. Will you all shout as loud as you can, and make a tramping with your feet, while I run in amongst them? Wait till you no longer hear my footsteps."

He was gone up the hill before they could answer. Drawing Pal's cloak and hood close about him, he ran boldly into the midst of the Rebeccaites, and threaded in and out amongst them, whispering, "The soldiers! The soldiers!" As he did so, the distant tramp of the villagers was heard, and such a shout as the soldiers would certainly *not* have given. However, sudden questions passed from one to another of the rioters, of "Where?" "How?" "Who says so?" while Llewellen continued to cry, "The soldiers! Past the bridge. Upon you in a minute!" without betraying himself.

The surprise produced confusion, and the distant sounds fear of consequences. Their work was nearly done, and as they had scouts on all sides, they believed in the warning. At a signal from the figure on the white horse they gathered up their skirts and implements, and followed him through the now gateless turnpike. Llewellen crept into the gate-house, and watched them vanish into the darkness he knew not how or where.

"They must be demons," he said; "yet I could almost be certain about that white horse."

He went outside again, and all was quiet, save the continued tramp and noise of his friends below. The rioters had taken the contrary direction, so were not likely to be undeceived. Llewellen chuckled with delight at having out-manœuvred those who had taken in all the authorities. But he was soon serious again when he perceived that the fire kindled at the bottom of the gate-posts to char them and render them useless was so near the house as to endanger it. He picked up a torch that had been flung down in the *mêlée*, and was still burning, and carried it into the house in order to search for a bucket. He found one, and glancing round the room, discovered that Egain was, too surely, not there. He hallooed at the top of his voice for his allies, who were still shouting and tramping, though he knew very well that they were either too much interested in the destruction of Llansant Gate, or too cowardly to come forward. However, his voice was not without effect, for it reached his father and Madoc in their hiding-place, and was recognised.

"Stay here while I reconnoitre," said Mervyn to the corporal, and in a few moments he and his son were comparing notes.

"I will extinguish the fire, father, while you return and fetch Madoc," said Llewellen.

He knew of poor Letty's path to the river, and stumbled down it by the aid of his torch, filled his bucket, and returned to throw the water on the burning post nearest the house. A few more bucketsful, and the fire was extinguished, so the corporal's small property was saved. But Madoc thought not of this. When he and Mervyn came back, his cry was, "Egain! Egain! my child! My darling! What have they done to thee?" He stood over her bed, then he sat down upon it, and covering his face with his hands, burst into tears. Mervyn lighted a candle, and looked about him.

"I don't think anyone would harm Egain," he said, consolingly. "They have carried her off just to frighten you. They have stolen nothing, not even the old sword and the Waterloo medal."

"'What is the matter?' said he. 'Can I help you?'"—*p.* 146.

At these words the old corporal started up, and approached the mantelpiece. He took down the sword, and drawing it, swore vengeance on all who had harmed his child. Then he also unhung the Waterloo medal, fastened it to his button-hole, and stood erect, crying out, "Attention!" "Round about, face!" "Quick march!" and other such military commands. The poor fellow was, for the moment, beside himself, and his forlorn home was converted into barracks and parade, if not quite into the field of Waterloo. Mervyn looked on, irresolute, his kind heart moved by his words and manner. At last he put his hand on his shoulder, and spoke to him.

"Change your clothes and come and look after Letty. Llewellen will see to Egain."

"I am on duty, and will not leave my post, either for wife or child—God help them!" was the reply he got.

He was standing motionless, like a sentinel. Llewellen came in, and with ready tact, turned his ideas; indeed, restored him to himself.

"Fresh orders have come from head-quarters. This place is no longer tenable," he said, unhesitatingly.

The corporal's rigid limbs and fixed eyes relaxed.

"Ah, you rogue! you 're at your tricks again," he said, when he recognised his favourite Llewellen. "What is it all?" he added, when memory, lost for the moment, returned.

He soon remembered what it was, but submitted to Llewellen's gentle yet firm influence. He took off his dripping clothes, and put on dry, because he was told that he must be ready for Egain. Still, he could not be persuaded to leave his post.

"I will demand toll as long as I have a drop of blood in my body; and every soul that won't pay I will have up before the magistrates."

"I wonder what the rascals wanted with my dog-cart?" asked Mervyn.

"What have they done with my Egain?" said the poor corporal.

As he spoke the first beams of the early rising sun broke in. They were followed by many villagers, whose courage came with daylight, and who were ready to go right and left in search of Egain. Still, there was not one who ventured to give a hint concerning Rebecca, though their curiosity was lively enough as regarded what her ladyship had left behind her.

"Touch you one of those things at your peril!" exclaimed the corporal, looking at the wreck in the dawning.

The sun of a glorious July morning was less shy than his predecessor, the moon of the evening before. He gradually kindled into life and colour the objects so lately obscured. The foam of the river gleamed white, the dew-drops on myriads of leaves and grass-blades glistened, the meadows shone in green and gold, and the mountains, stripped of their dark night-dress, donned their robes of royal purple and red. The performers in the gigantic leafy orchestras began drowsily to tune their instruments, till, by degrees, a mighty chorus of various minstrelsy sounded, as if by magic, on all sides, and Nature awoke to greet the majesty of the Creator, and to welcome His divine work, the risen sun.

At such a moment the words of the poet were verified, "And only man is vile," for the work of the creature belied the merciful intention of his Maker. There, in the holy beauty of the first blush of morn, lay the mutilated gate, the charred and blackened posts, the shattered door. And there also lay several soiled female garments, one or two pickaxes, and even a reaping-hook, left in the sudden panic. But, beyond all, there stood the corporal, ill-used, unjustly despoiled, and driven half mad by the disappearance of his child—and all for what? For that which would have scarcely been considered a wrong, but for the agitators, and which would probably have been righted by patience. It was then as it is now, "Woe to that man by whom the offence cometh!"

The attention of the on-lookers was diverted from this scene of spoliation by the appearance of two figures toiling slowly up the hill. One was that of a tall woman, leaning upon another woman much shorter than herself. As they drew near, they were discovered to be Letty and Pal. The corporal did not perceive them, but Llewellen ran off to meet them, and to help Letty. She was marvellously dressed in clothes too small and short for her, but she could not be prevailed upon to remain in the village, so Pal was accompanying her home. She was so weak that Llewellen's kindly support came opportunely. Again he half carried the poor old woman, but not this time in the wretched plight of his previous effort, and, at least, dry. If there were a Rebeccaite among the gathering throng of peasants, he or she must have been touched by the meeting of the gate-keeper and his wife. At any rate, the details were sure to reach the rioters. Letty fell upon Madoc's neck, crying out, "Egain! Have you found her? Did they drown her as they would have drowned us but for Llewellen Mervyn, Llyngwyn?"

Then they staggered together into the house, and looked upon the child's deserted bed, as if hoping that some good angel had restored her to it. But, alas! she was not there.

While they were weeping silently, Mervyn was urging the bystanders to go off at once and search for Egain. Llewellen was already by the river, dreading lest some torn shred of one of her garments, or even her corpse, should greet him; but if evil had been done to her the leaping waters told no tale. He was joined by Pal the Shop, who, now that Letty was alive again, became anxious about her property.

"What were you doing with my cloak?" she asked.

"It is safe in the gate-house. Where was your son Shonny to-night?" returned Llewellen, for Shonny usually slept at home.

"He was at Nan the Coom's "Bidding," and slept from home," said Pal, with ready lie; for she and

Shonny owned a horse and cart, and secretly desired the destruction of Llansant turnpike.

"I saw him in the morning with Johnnes, Glynglâs," rejoined Llewellen.

"He was doing a job of work for him first," said Pal. "There 's fond Johnnes Glynglâs is of Miss Rose! Advise you her to have him. I am knowing something."

"My sister knows her own affairs best," replied Llewellen, with some of the maternal pride; but Pal was gone, and did not hear him.

The bank of the river was soon dotted with women in scarlet cloaks, and boys, ostensibly looking for Egain; so Llewellen left the search to them, and returned to his father and Madoc, to consult as to what it would be advisable to do next.

CHAPTER XX.

WHAT BECAME OF THE DOG-CART.

It will now be necessary to relate what happened at Llyngwyn during the absence of its master.

Rose returned home at the usual hour, and she was accompanied by Mr. Edwardes and his nephew. She met them accidentally, but it seemed to her that there was some fatality in her so frequently falling in with the few unmarried men of her acquaintance. She certainly did not seek them; and glad as she was at all times to see the vicar, she heartily wished he would keep away from her under her present circumstances. Yet, how was he to know of Rebecca's threats unless she told him? and delicacy forbade that.

Mrs. Mervyn, however, welcomed him and Edgar warmly, and Edwyna with unfeigned delight. They consented to remain to tea, and Edwyna's joyful sallies covered her sister's discomfiture. The conversation turned on Llewellen, as it always did when Mr. Edwardes visited Mrs. Mervyn, and Edgar joined in it more fluently than was his custom, for he was silent and studious, and though possessed of sufficient talent, had not the gift of making the most of it, particularly in Rose's presence, whom he yet desired to please above all others.

"I wish Llewellen could get a commission," he said, heartily. "I don't think he ever took a book down from the shelves of the college library of his own free will that did not turn upon battles and sieges. He never tired of those subjects, but divinity was pain and grief to him."

"He ought to have read about agriculture, and how to rear cattle and till the ground," put in Edwyna, decidedly.

"Your opinion is not asked," said her mother.

"I should never speak at all, mother, if I waited till it was. Nobody ever consults me, but people confide in me all the same, which shows that I am deserving of consideration."

Edwyna glanced at Edgar, who coloured. The fact was that he was in the habit of talking to her of her sister, whenever they chanced to be alone; and as she was shrewd enough, and, at the same time, herself very fond of Edgar, she was, if not exactly jealous, at least suspicious. She had strong affections, and wished to be first in the hearts of those she loved, though she inwardly consented to be second to Rose. She was still but a child, although her decided opinions and extreme vivacity made her appear precocious.

"Major Faithfull seemed to think that Llewellen was a born soldier," remarked Rose. "How hard it seems that nobody quite fills the position for which nature intended him."

"I am sure you do not, Rose. Nature never meant you for a governess, nor mother for a farmer's wife. Now I ——"

"My dear Edwyna," remonstrated Mrs. Mervyn, while Mr. Edwardes looked reproachfully at his favourite.

"Oh! but it is quite true, mother, and you know it. Mr. Edwardes," argued Edwyna, "Edgar is the only one who has just what he likes. And I think it very dull to be a clergyman when you are young, though very proper when you are old, like you, Mr. Edwardes."

"Quite true, in one sense, my dear," said the vicar. "But if we devote ourselves to God when young, we find his service easier than if we enter upon it when old."

"I wish I was good!" sighed Edwyna.

After tea they all went out into the hay-field, and while the youthful trio wandered about, Mrs. Mervyn and the vicar sat down under a tree, and continued their conversation concerning Llewellen. Rose had soon enough of Edgar's sentimentality and Edwyna's boisterous spirits, so she left them, and joined her soberer friends. By doing so she let loose Edgar's tongue and silenced her mother's.

"Rose is not well, I think," began the one. "She looks anxious and absent. I wish she had never gone to Manorsant. She is too delicate and sensitive for that sort of thing. You see, Edwyna, the sensitive plant recoils at a touch, and Rose is a sensitive plant."

Rose had joined Mr. Edwardes and her mother just as the latter had seemed to have come to some sort of resolution, for she heard her say, "I will write, but nothing will come of it." Rose felt inclined to say, "To whom?" but she had neither the courage nor inquisitiveness.

When the vicar and his nephew had departed, Mrs. Mervyn made a great point of Rose's going at once to bed. She obeyed, as she always did, but with reluctance, as she wished to sit up for her father and brother. She was naturally very anxious concerning the result of their expedition, since she felt that it was made partly on her account. However, she perceived that her mother was determined, and she retired with Edwyna.

Mrs. Mervyn always sat up for her husband, in spite of his remonstrances. He was very popular amongst his friends, and although he never transgressed in the matter of inebriating drinks, he always

did in hours. She was not, therefore, surprised that twelve o'clock should strike and he and Llewellen not be returned. She was, besides, occupied at her desk; indeed, so engrossed, as to forget time. The letter she wrote must have been important, for not only did she sit thinking for a long time before she began it, but she meditated between each sentence, and even then she was so dissatisfied with her composition, that she tore up sheet after sheet when she had filled them. She finished her letter, however, at last, and made a copy of it. During its progress she started at every sound, and placed her writing within her desk, as if fearful of being surprised while thus employed. She need, as we know, have had no such fear, since those she expected were occupied in a way she little imagined. Still, although herself singularly courageous, she was not without terror of the Rebeccaites; and when her letter was signed, directed, and cautiously sealed, and locked up in her desk, she began to be anxious concerning her husband and son.

Jim had informed her that his master had ordered him not to wait for him, saying that he or Llewellen would put up Dolly; so she was really watching alone, so far as she knew. But Rose was also a watcher. She lay awake wondering when the wheels of the dog-cart would break upon the stillness of night. It must have been nearly one o'clock when both she and her mother fancied that they heard them at a distance. Their respective windows were open, and while Mrs. Mervyn unclosed the front door and went into the porch to listen, Rose crept out of bed, and went to her window to hearken also. Although the moon was hidden, the night was not absolutely dark, and a moving object could be distinguished. There was no bonfire on Penllynn to illumine either hill or lake, and all Nature slept peacefully.

"Here they are! I hear wheels. I am so thankful," ejaculated Rose, gazing towards the gate that opened on the short drive.

It was certainly the dog-cart, but as it drove rapidly over the gravel and pulled up at the door, Rose was sure that it contained neither her father nor brother. In the place of their tall dark figures was something white. She trembled, and restrained a cry with difficulty, for she felt sure it was Rebecca. She could distinguish neither face nor form; but the white garment was enough. The figure dismounted, and lifted what seemed a white sack from the vehicle, and disappeared within the porch. She heard her mother's voice in decided remonstrance, which raised her courage and indignation, so that she hastened to dress, that she might stand by her in this singular emergency. Hearing again the sound of wheels, she glanced out of the window, and saw Dolly quietly turn round and trot off alone in the direction of his stable.

Mrs. Mervyn meanwhile stood bewildered in the porch, protesting against the entrance of the invader. But Rebecca was not to be repulsed. She pushed roughly past the mistress of the house, carrying the burden she had taken from the dog-cart, and which was undistinguishable in the obscurity. Mrs. Mervyn had left her sitting-room door open, and the light from her candle apparently attracted the unwelcome visitor, who made direct for it through the hall. As this was really a man, though disguised, we must return to the masculine gender.

He was back in the hall before Mrs. Mervyn could follow him to her parlour, but he had left his burden behind. She stood with her back to the doorway, and faced the intruder; being alone, she did not venture to close the door.

"Who are you who dare to force your way into this house?" she said, in her most commanding tones.

She was answered in Welsh; and though the voice was disguised, she fancied she knew it.

"If you are a man you are a coward," she added, as he laid his hand on her shoulder and passed out.

She followed him to the gate, and saw that he disappeared amongst the outbuildings at the back of the house, and not down the lane. She would have pursued him, but she remembered that he had left something behind him, and her imagination suggested combustibles. She ran back to the house, and was met in the hall by Rose.

"It was Rebecca. What did he bring in, mother?" asked Rose.

"Come with me and see," replied Mrs. Mervyn, relieved, despite her natural courage, by the presence of her daughter. They went hand in hand into the sitting-room. There, on the couch, lay the burden Rebecca had brought. They each felt a sudden terror, for they perceived a white hand hanging at the side of the sofa. Rose shrank back with a cry, but her mother went forwards, for she knew that a fellow-creature lay there. No sooner was she by the side of the couch, however, than she, too, shrank back, and clasped her hands in terrified surprise.

"What is it, mother?" whispered Rose.

"It is—it is—it is Egain!" was the whispered reply.

"Egain!" repeated Rose, hurrying to the couch.

Yes, it was Egain, and like her poor mother, she was insensible, if not dead.

"Call Jim! Send at once for Dr. Griffiths!" said Mrs. Mervyn, as soon as she could collect her senses.

Rose was already bending over Egain, to discover if she breathed, but, with customary obedience, she staggered out to the loft where Jim slept. She was too terrified to notice at the moment that he was up, and stabling Dolly, or to perceive that he threw something aside when he came out through the coach-house door; but she remembered it afterwards. She gave her mother's orders.

(*To be continued.*)

SILENT PREACHERS;

OR, NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS USED IN THE TEACHING OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

BRANCH. 1. In the opening verses of the 15th chapter of St. John's Gospel we find our Lord making use of the connection existing between the branches of a vine and the parent stem, for the purpose of illustrating the relation of Christians to Himself. "I am the vine, ye are the branches; he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same beareth much fruit, for without me ye can do nothing." We cannot help pausing again to notice here what an inexhaustible store of spiritual teaching is laid up for us in the natural world. How beautiful is this parable of the vine, and the branches! How wonderful the teaching it contains! From the main stem there passes out to the farthest extremity of the smallest branch the nourishment which is needed to maintain its life, and to enable it to produce its fruit. Sever the connection, and the branch withers and dies, it is useless by itself, it cannot live alone.

So it is in the spiritual world; from Him who is the Life there flows into those who are His members that spiritual nourishment which is needed for the life of their souls; it cannot be had elsewhere; "without me ye can do nothing." There is much comfort for the struggling Christian in this knowledge of the closeness of his union with the living Saviour, and at the same time there is a warning, "If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and withered." Therefore, we must be careful to keep up our union with the true Vine, and we must be careful, too, to use the power of life, which comes to us from Him for "every branch in me that beareth not fruit He (*i.e.*, the Father) taketh away."

But, further, our Lord speaks in this connection a word of comfort to the suffering Christian—"Every branch in me that beareth fruit, He purgeth it that it may bring forth more fruit." The vine-dresser's knife is not used without an object, the shoots on the vine-branch, which would draw away some of the nourishment from the fruit, are cut off, that the branch may be stronger and the fruit richer; and so too, trouble has its use in the Christian life, it is as it were a sharp knife, but it is applied only that there may be a richer produce of fruit. How many Christians, looking back upon their time of sorrow, have been obliged to confess, with the Psalmist, "It is good for me that I have been in trouble?" The knife cut deep, the pain was sharp, but it was the wound of love; the heavenly vine-dresser was "purging" the branch that it might bear more fruit.

2. There is another reference to the growing of a branch in St. Matt. xxiv. 32. "Now learn a parable of the fig-tree: when the branch is tender and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is nigh: so likewise, ye, when ye shall see all these things, know that it" (*i.e.*, the kingdom of God, see St. Luke xxi. 33) "is near, even at the door." There does not appear to be any special significance in the mention of the branch in this passage. Our Lord merely takes an instance of the manner in which those who are acquainted with the operations of nature recognise the approach of the different seasons of the year.

There is some difficulty in explaining the application of this parable, but it has been generally believed to refer, in the first place, to the signs which would precede the destruction of Jerusalem, and in the second place to those immediately before the second coming of Christ. Our Lord's intention, then, would seem to have been to give to the Jews who should believe His prophecy an opportunity of escape when their city was about to be destroyed (see vers. 15—18); and also to teach Christians that those who are faithfully watching for His second advent will, by the fulfilment of the signs which He has given them, be able to know that the time is *near*, although the precise day of His return is known only to the Father. "Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."

BREAD. The necessity of bread as an article of food for the body was made the foundation of much spiritual teaching by our Lord. Indeed, in considering the references which He makes to bread, we may regard it as being taken by Him to include all *necessary* bodily food, of which it is in fact the most important element. The general lesson intended to be conveyed under this head is, no doubt, that nourishment for the soul is as necessary as food for the body. When man finds that without food the body becomes weak and sickly, our Lord would have him remember that there is something analogous to this in the spiritual life, namely, that without constant supplies of the grace of God the soul becomes feeble and helpless. We may note four special instances in which this lesson is directly or indirectly taught us.

1. The petition in the Lord's Prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," while in the first place it reminds us of our dependence upon the Providence of God for the supply of our necessary bodily food, it suggests to us, in the second place, that it is to Him also we must look to sustain the life of the soul. Christians in all ages have thus used this petition as a prayer that "God will send us all things that be needful both for our souls and bodies." So must we also use it, coming each day to Him to receive our daily food, and also the strength which the soul requires to promote its growth in holiness.

2. In St. Matt. vii. 9, the willingness of an earthly father to supply the bodily wants of his children is referred to as a proof that our Heavenly Father will supply the spiritual need of those who ask Him—"What man is there of you, whom, if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? . . . . . .

How much more will your Father which is in heaven give good things (the Holy Spirit, Luke xi. 13) to them that ask Him." "How much more," our Lord says; because although no loving father would willingly allow his son to remain in need of food, yet, on the one hand, he might not always have the means to give when asked, and on the other hand his love *might* fail, and he *might* become indifferent to his children; but the power of God is without limit, and the love of God can never fail, therefore, we can trust Him without any risk of disappointment. What an encouragement there is here to earnest prayer! Surely, after such a promise it must be altogether our own fault if we "fail of the grace of God" (Heb. xii. 15).

It will be well for us, however, to remember, in connection with this promise, another saying of our Lord in this same Sermon on the Mount, that, namely, in St. Matt. v. 6, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled." It is the feeling of want that sends a son to his father to ask bread; and there must be an analogous feeling in the soul before a man is likely to ask his heavenly Father for "His good things." The soul must "*hunger* after righteousness" before it can hope to be filled.

3. In the parable of the Prodigal Son (St. Luke xv.) we find the prodigal in the "far country" to which he had journeyed, going back in thought to his father's home, where the hired servants had "bread enough and to spare," while he was perishing with hunger. Thus we are reminded that what can really satisfy man's wants can be had from God alone. Away from God we sometimes persuade ourselves that we can have all we want. But it is a delusion of the devil, as the experience of many has convinced them. A Christian is too noble a being, he belongs to too high a family, to be capable of being satisfied by what he finds in this world. It is in his father's home alone that he can have all that he requires. We must not, then, try to get away from God, but keep, by His help, close to Him, lest, being separated from Him, we lose what most we need, and find out (perhaps too late) that our souls are "perishing with hunger."

4. The last and most important reference to bread which we are to notice is that contained in the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel, where our Lord speaks of Himself as the Bread of Life. We have seen already (see above under "BRANCH") that it is from union with our Lord that the Christian derives his spiritual life. It is this truth that is again impressed upon us when our Lord says, "I am the bread of life." It is a mysterious saying, the full meaning of which we can scarcely understand; but this much we can see to be plainly taught, that our Lord Himself is, in some mysterious way, to the soul of the faithful Christian all that bread is to the body; just as the children of Israel in their journey through the wilderness were fed by manna given them from heaven, so are Christians in the journey through the world sustained by the "bread which came down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof and not die" (St. John vi. 49, 50). Christ, therefore, gives *Himself* to be the Christian's spiritual food, and with Himself He gives His strength to the Christian soul, by which it will have power to resist the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil. We must seek continual supplies of this strength in all the means of grace, we must pray earnestly that Christ will be with us, nay (they are His own words), that he will be *in* us in the fight.

Such is the teaching which our constant receiving of food for our bodies should suggest to us. Let us endeavour to remember it, that, henceforth, our daily bread may be a frequent "silent preacher" of most instructive sermons.

BURDEN. In the gracious invitation which in St. Matt. xi. 30 our Lord issues to all who are willing to receive it, He draws a contrast between a load under which those to whom He speaks are supposed to be labouring and one which He will give them in its place. The one load is heavy, the other is light, Those who are heavy laden are asked to come to Him to get rest from the toil of carrying their heavy load, and to receive from His hands a burden which is light.

The words are too familiar to us, and their meaning too simple, to require any lengthened explanation. The heavy load first mentioned is the load of sin—it bows a man down to earth, it hinders his progress, it wearies him. Yet all who bear this burden do not feel it heavy. We might almost say that it is as if they were stupefied, so as to be unable to perceive their hardships. But our Lord is talking of sin as it appears to Him, and as it appears also to a man who becomes for the first time convinced of his own sins, a heavy weight under which the sinner toils; it is only when a man begins to make efforts after holiness that he feels how true it is that he is weighed down and cannot rise in his own strength, just as a man lying under a weight upon the ground, might not know that it was heavy, until he made an effort to rise up, but then he might discover that he required help in order to be able to lift the weight which lay upon him. So it is only those who *feel* their sins to be a weight who are likely to come to Christ to have that weight removed. But to those who come He promises another burden, one which they can carry easily. "My burden is light." And yet it does not always seem so, men do not find it easy to live a really Christian life. But the difficulty is not in the burden, but in him who bears it. A very light weight may be very heavy to the man whose body is diseased and whose muscles are feeble, and unequal to a strain which a strong and healthy man would scarcely feel. So in spiritual things. It is only the man who gives himself up to God with his whole heart, who has a strong faith and a deep love, who will find the full meaning of the words of our Lord "My burden is light."

HER ONLY FAULT.—I.

A TRUE STORY.

"I SAY, Mollie darling, this is the last time we 'ill ever meet *this* way. To-morrow evening, please goodness, we 'ill be sitting by our own cosy fireside. No more stolen meetings, no more hurried good-byes, just as if we was ashamed of seeing each other. This is the very last night you 'ill have to steal out to see me—think of that, my lass!"

"Yes, Ted!"

"I 've finished the house inside and out, my girl, painted Woodbine Cottage on the gate-posts, so there 's nothing wanted but the pretty little missis. To-morrow morning at ten o'clock Mollie Brady will be Mrs. Edward Willis, please heaven!"

"You stop now, Ted, will you," Mollie whispers, with a delicious Connaught brogue; "how do you know I 'll be there afther all?"

"How do I know? Why, I don't know, lass. I 'm sure on 't," Ted replied, softly. "Come, look up, my girl. You 're not sorry to leave Knocklofty for Woodbine Cottage, are you?"

"Sorry, Ted. Oh no, shure it 's heartily glad I am to get away from them, for it 's cross intirely my aunt Ellen is; an' as for cousin Julia"—a most expressive shrug of her pretty shoulders and a deprecating shake of her golden head, spoke volumes as to the terms Mollie was on with her cousin Julia O'Brien. "Suppose we walk down the lane a bit, Ted, for fear any of them might come out and see us," she whispered, glancing round.

"With all my heart, my lass," and vaulting over a low fence Ted Willis put his arm round Mollie Brady's waist, and together they sauntered down a narrow lane, where the grass on each side of the path grew a foot high, and the blackthorn hedges were matted with wild honeysuckle and wild clematis. Mollie Brady was an orphan, and dwelt with her uncle and aunt on Knocklofty farm. They were rough, honest, unsympathetic people; kind enough in their way to the lonely little orphan, but they had few ideas beyond giving her enough to eat, and a good stuff gown once a year, and for that Mollie worked all the year round, after the fashion of Irish peasant girls. She milked the cows, fed the pigs and chickens, helped to sow the potatoes in the spring, to make the hay in summer, did her share of the "binding" when the wheat and oats were cut in harvest, and during the winter scutched the flax and spun it. Summer and winter her feet were bare, except on Sundays and holidays. Winter and summer her golden hair was simply coiled round her head, her naturally fair neck and arms exposed till they were a ruddy brown. A straight, slender girl, lithe as a willow-rod, with merry blue eyes, a saucy little nose, and short upper lip, a coquette by nature, as every young man in the village knew to his grief. Mollie was the beauty, the tease, and the darling of Ballymore. She had more lovers than all her cousins (and in an Irish country village everybody is cousin in some degree to every one else) put together; but till Edward Willis came no one had made any impression on her heart. He was a painter and decorator, and came from England to work at Glenloe Castle, where his mother was housekeeper. Ted was fine specimen of a stalwart, healthy, young Englishman, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, with eyes not so blue nor so sunny as Mollie's, but still very blue and very honest, hair more flaxen than golden, and white, even teeth; his voice was a deep bass, his laugh very musical, and his whole appearance that of a healthy, happy, honest, good-tempered, and, still more important, good-looking young man. He fell in love with Mollie Brady the first moment he saw her, proposed for her, and was refused by her uncle, who resolved to marry her to his own son, in order that her twenty pounds fortune might not go out of the family. But Ted Willis was not to be put off so easily, and Mollie was a rather obstinate young person. She had no notion to give up the handsome, well-dressed, well-mannered young painter for her clownish cousin, and it did not require much persuasion to induce her to run away with her chosen lover.

Ted took a cottage close to the park gates of Glenloe, furnished it neatly and cosily, decorated it in wonderful style, and finally carried Mollie off one sunny morning, and brought her back to Woodbine Cottage his wife. Old Mrs. Willis was waiting to receive them; and after tea she pointed out to Mollie all the beauties and conveniences of her new home—the drawers and shelves and closets, and cosy little nooks, the young husband looking on proudly, the young wife in open-mouthed astonishment, marvelling much what all the droll little places were meant for, and feeling satisfied in her own mind that if she put things in such out-of-the-way corners she would never find them again. When she came in with Ted she had placed her bonnet on one chair in the neat little sitting-room, and her shawl on another, and left them there while she examined the cottage. When every corner had been inspected, and they all returned to the sitting-room, old Mrs. Willis took up the shawl and bonnet with a smile. "Mollie, my lass," she said, gently, "I 'm an old woman, and you 're a young 'un, and such, I know, rarely take advice kindly, but I venture to offer one piece, and chance its being followed. Be tidy, always; there 's a place for everything in this little cottage, keep everything in its place, my lass;" and entering the adjoining bed-room she hung the bonnet and shawl in a little closet. "I know my lad longer than you do, Mollie, and if there 's one thing beyond another he can't abear it is untidiness."

"Yes, mother!" Mollie replied, glancing round with secret dismay at the scrupulous neatness and cleanliness of everything. How the floor, chairs, tables, walls, windows, were ever brought to that state of perfection, puzzled her; how they were to be kept so was a mystery. However, she was a willing, hard-working little woman, and determined to do her best.

"You just keep the place spick and span, and have his meals ready to the moment, and you 'ill find my Ted as good a husband as ever lived. He 's sober, good-tempered, helpful; he 'ill do anything for you; but always remember he hates a mess, an', I say with sorrow, you are just the other way!"

"Not so, mother," Ted cried, "just look at Mollie; you couldn't find a neater, trimmer lass anywhere," and the tears that had commenced to darken the young wife's eyes changed to smiles. "I know I'm a bit of a fidget," the young man continued; "I love to have every thing neat and trim within and without, you brought me up to that, mother; and, besides, how could I be neat and nice in my work if I warn't, but Mollie will meet me half-way, I know; and glancing round with pride on her new home, so different from the wild and constant disorder at Knocklofty farm, Molly declared energetically that she would.

For the benefit of those who may be ignorant of what an Irish farmer's home sometimes is we will describe Knocklofty. A long, low, thatched house, with two windows on each side of the door—which opens into the kitchen, a large apartment, usually the whole breadth of the house—with another door on the opposite side; a wide fireplace, with a seat on each side of the chimney; a large dresser, loaded with crockery; a deal table; a large chest containing the Sunday clothes of the family, another containing the spring meal; a chair or two; an array of stools; and a large assortment of miscellaneous articles, pots, pans, cans, pails, baskets, lying in every direction. The kitchen usually swarms with animal life; pigs, ducks, geese, chickens, wander in and out all day, and there is a perpetual boiling going on, either for the family or the animals. True, the earthen floor is swept occasionally with a bunch of heather tied into a broom, the chairs and dresser dusted now and again, but the muddle goes on for ever, the work, the litter, the confusion, are unceasing; from dawn till dusk the door is open, and whosoever will may enter freely; added to all, the kitchen is the dining and sitting room, as well as hospital of the family. They have no idea of life or comfort or refinement beyond it. Such was the home Mollie left behind her, yet her uncle O'Brien was one of the most comfortable farmers in Ballymore, and Knocklofty an exceptionally snug house. So at least the neighbours thought, as they saw seven cows waiting patiently outside the door to be milked, and heard the unmelodious grunting of a formidable army of pigs about the barn door. Woodbine Cottage was a complete contrast to the farm, and for a little while Mollie was very proud of her new home. Its shiny kitchen stove and fender, and snowy table, won her unbounded admiration, the bright tins and candlesticks on the chimney-piece were daily admired, but, unfortunately, stoves and tins, no matter how thoroughly they have been cleaned, can't keep bright for ever. There were saucepan marks on the fender and rust on the grate; but, though Mollie shed some very genuine tears over the dilapidations, she had not the least notion of how to set about repairing them. She could and did scrub the floors and tables, but even that was unusual work, and left its marks and tokens on her print dress and apron. Before he was a fortnight married Ted noticed a change in his home; before a month he had to call in his mother to his own and Mollie's assistance. Poor Ted! poor Mollie! we fear old Mrs. Willis did not make it too easy for either of you. She put on a great apron, tucked up her sleeves, tied a handkerchief over her head, packed the young people out of the way, and proceeded to turn the house out of the window. In a very few hours everything had regained its state of pristine splendour, the tea-table was set just as gaily as on the day of her marriage, but poor Mollie had not the faintest idea of how so wonderful a change was effected. She could milk a dozen cows before her breakfast, or make twice as many pounds of butter, but she did not know how to set about "tidying up the place."

"This looks better," Ted said, with a smile, as he came in from his work. "You must try and keep the place like this, my lass. It 's a deal pleasanter."

"Shure I do thry, Ted dear, but I don't seem to have the knack at all at all," Mollie said, sadly. "I 'm strong enough, shure, if I was only handy."

"You 'll learn, lass, if you try," Ted said, quietly; and Mollie drank her tea in silence, and pondered on the possibility of keeping Woodbine Cottage as her husband wanted it.

(*To be concluded.*)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

53. What cargo was carried by the vessel in which St. Paul sailed for Rome?

54. Who is it speaks of Abraham's father Terah as being a worshipper of false gods? Quote passage.

55. How many years does the history of the Book of Genesis occupy?

56. What restriction was put by God upon the eating of flesh?

57. At whose prayer did God send a terrible drought upon the land of Israel?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 128.

42. It was the place in the king's dale where Absalom set him up a pillar whereby to keep his name in remembrance (2 Sam. xviii. 18).

43. John vii. 31.

44. By sending out spies, who feigned themselves to be just men (Luke xx. 20).

45. From Egypt (Gen. xlix. 17, and l. 9).

46. Micah, who had a Levite dwelling in his house, who acted for him as a priest (Judges xvii. 1—12).

SNOW ON THE HILL.

HERE is the village on the hill ;
The city is below ;
And here men's hearts and homes are still,
And there they are not so.
The snow is truth-white on the hill,
And it is black below.

Here joy and health come home to rest,
And there great sorrows go ;
And here the life we love the best,
Where winds untainted blow ;
And here is peace, and here is rest
For some who toil below. GUY ROSLYN.

ELIJAH'S CHALLENGE TO UNDECIDED ISRAEL.

BY THE REV. C. J. ELLIOTT, M.A., VICAR OF WINKFIELD, BERKS; AND HON. CANON OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

THE erection of the golden calves at Bethel and at Dan as objects of idolatrous worship marks one of the most eventful epochs in the history of the Israelites; and, as the result of this transgression of the Divine law, not only was "the remnant of the house of Jeroboam" cut off from the earth, but the very name of "Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, which made Israel to sin, became thence forth a proverb and a by-word in Israel. Anarchy and bloodshed characterised the period which followed. The worship invented and instituted by Jeroboam seems to have been continued throughout the short reigns of his six successors, until in the time of Ahab and his wife Jezebel, who was the daughter of Ethbaal, a descendant of the old corrupt Canaanite race, idolatry, in its grosser forms, seems to have reached its climax, and the vestiges of the true worship, perpetuated in the institutions of Jeroboam, appear to have been well nigh obliterated. The covenant of the Lord with His chosen people Israel was profaned; the worship of Baal and of Ashtaroth was openly established; and so few in number and of such light esteem were the known worshippers of the one true God, that Elijah verily thought that he stood alone in Israel—the one prophet of Jehovah in a land wholly given to idolatry. There were some, indeed—as it was afterwards revealed to Elijah—who, though unknown to him, persistently refused to bow the knee to Baal; and there were, doubtless, many who, whilst outwardly complying with the requirements of Ahab and of Jezebel, and ashamed or afraid to profess themselves the servants of the Lord, were yet unable to stifle the inward convictions of conscience, or to forget the mighty works which Jehovah had done of old for their fathers.

It was in these days of open apostacy on the one hand, and of secret or disguised worship on the other, that Elijah suddenly appeared upon the scene; and, like a messenger from the unseen world, confronted Ahab with the startling announcement, "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word" (1 Kings xvii. 1).

We should rightly judge—had no distinct intimation been given—that an announcement such as this implied a direct communication from heaven. But it is from St. James, and not from the historian of the Old Testament, that we learn that both the three years' drought, and also the abundant rain which fell at the expiration of the time appointed, were sent in answer to the effectual and fervent prayer of Elijah.

"Elias," we read, "was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain: and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months. And he prayed again, and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit" (St. James v. 17, 18).

Throughout the long protracted period of scarcity, which the sins of the nation had provoked, Elijah was sustained by the hand of God; and alike by the bread and the flesh which were brought by the ravens, and by the meal and oil of the widow of Sarepta, miraculously multiplied, God's people, in all succeding ages, have been taught to cast all their care upon Him, believing that He careth for them; and in the provision made for the support of Elijah they have been supplied with a sure pledge and earnest that the promise shall be fulfilled in their own experience. "Bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure" (Is. xxxiii. 16).

The appointed time of judgment upon the nation at large, and of patient expectation for God's faithful people, had now expired; and "the troubler of Israel," who had in vain been pursued by Ahab from kingdom to kingdom, and from nation to nation, presents himself unsought before the face of the king, and having first boldly and unsparingly rebuked him for his sins, calls upon him to convene a solemn assembly, and there, in the face of the idolatrous prophets and the deluded multitude, to witness the decision of the all-momentous question at issue between Jehovah and Baal.

Whether subdued and humbled by the judgment already inflicted upon himself and upon his people, as at a later period of his life by the judgments announced by the same prophet as about to overtake his posterity (1 Kings xxi. 29), or whether appalled by the dauntless courage and the unshrinking resolution of Elijah, Ahab passively submits himself to the bidding of the prophet, and forthwith addresses himself to the execution of his commands.

The day of assembly is fixed, and upon the wooded slopes of Carmel the solitary prophet of Jehovah is confronted by the 450 prophets of Baal, and by the 400 prophets of Asherah. But the prophet's message was not for them. Their time for "deceiving and being deceived" was now past; and it was to the wavering multitudes who had been seduced from the worship of the true God, "halting"—a word which must be here under-

stood not in the sense of standing still, but of alternately moving from one side to another—that the startling inquiry was addressed, "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him. And the people answered him not a word" (1 Kings xviii. 21).

From the time of Joshua, when he summoned the Israelites to choose whom they would serve, down to that of Malachi, when the people professed to seek the Lord, but said in their hearts and by their lives, "It is vain to serve God," these words of Elijah were never devoid of application. And in the history of Christ's Church, from the time when a Judas was found amongst the apostles, and a Simon Magus amongst their converts, there has never ceased to be occasion for the same earnest inquiry and for the same urgent exhortation, "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him."

But there probably never was a time when a larger number was found than at the present of those who halt, like Israel, between divers opinions, or when there were stronger and more numerous inducements to the professed followers of Christ to cast in their lot with those to whom this description belongs. At no period, probably, in the history of Christ's Church was the Bible the subject of more general interest, or was the religion which the Bible teaches more widely diffused and more generally professed. On the other hand, there probably never was a time when the seeds of infidelity were so widely scattered, and when the facts and the doctrines of Christianity were so commonly regarded, not as matters of faith, but of reason, to be accepted or rejected, not on the ground of their Divine authority, but as they may or may not approve themselves to our finite and imperfect understanding.

And if, as regards the creed of professed Christians, we find them divided, not indeed between *two*, but *many* opinions, "tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine," it can scarcely admit of denial, that the divergence of their lives from the standard of God's Word is even greater and more universal than that of their creeds. Whatever be the outward test employed, the existence of this divergence cannot fail to appear; and the greatness of the inconsistency between the model proposed and the professed imitation of it cannot fail to be apparent. One of the tests of discipleship laid down by our Lord Himself, and one by which we are told that the early followers of Christ were actually distinguished, is contained in these words, as recorded by one whose life most closely corresponded to his creed, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another" (St. John xiii. 35). It needs not, in order to point out the prevailing shortcomings of professed Christians in this respect, that we should dwell upon those "wars and fightings" between contending nations, which owe their origin, as St. James teaches us, to "the lusts that war in our members" (iv. 1). Neither is it needful to refer to those acts of fraud and of oppression by which baptised Christians too often seek to promote their own ends by inflicting loss and suffering upon their brethren. It will suffice to refer, not to sins of commission but only to sins of omission, and to ask how many of those who would deem themselves grievously wronged if denied the name of Christians could endure the scrutiny of their daily lives if tried by that standard which Christ Himself has erected, and which we find recorded in the twenty-fifth chapter of the Gospel by St. Matthew in these words, "I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me" (ver. 35). Nor are we left in ignorance as to the application of these words. Our Lord has Himself taught us that kindness and sympathy shown to His members on the earth are now regarded, and will be hereafter rewarded, as shown to Himself. It surely behoves all Christians, then, to inquire diligently of themselves how far their lives and actions will endure this test. The particular forms of sympathy expressed by our Lord are manifestly designed to be understood, not by way of limitation, but as so many examples of the different ways in which practical expression may be given to that principle which lies at the very foundation of the Christian life that "we are members one of another" (Rom. xii. 5).

But alas! how inadequate is the practical recognition of this fundamental law of Christianity! The disposition to seek their own wealth rather than that of another is the universal heritage of man's fallen nature; and it was amongst the most convincing proofs of the triumph of grace over nature, when St. Paul was enabled to declare concerning himself that he sought not his "own profit, but the profit of many, that they might be saved" (1 Cor. x. 33). But could the voice of St. Paul be heard again upon the earth, as he witnessed the prevailing luxury, prodigality, and self-indulgence of the rich, and the squalid misery, the unalleviated sufferings, and the abject degradation of the poor—more especially in our great towns and cities, but, alas! not confined to these limits—that voice would surely be raised in the same tones of condemnation in which St. James rebuked the rich men of his own day, and in regard alike to their creed and to their practice the same words of reproof which were addressed to the churches of Galatia would be found equally applicable to a large number of those who are now called by the name of Christ—"I marvel that ye are so soon removed from Him that called you into

the grace of Christ unto another gospel" (Gal. i. 6). And if we extend our survey beyond the surface of the outward life, and of those deeds of kindness and sympathy which are open to the view of others, and if we inquire into the daily habits, the words, the temper, the prevailing spirit and disposition of the greater part of professing Christians, the inquiry of Elijah to the vacillating Israelites of his own time will be found equally applicable to the many who are now treading in their steps, "How long halt ye between two opinions?"

The time would fail me were I to attempt to adduce the abundant evidence which is found, alike in the Old and in the New Testament, of the veneration and the love with which the saints of old cherished every word which proceeded out of the mouth of God. And there are few signs of the present time which are calculated to fill the reflecting mind with greater apprehension for the future than is the light esteem in which the Bible is held by some, and the utter indifference with which it is regarded by others.

If we examine carefully the 119th Psalm, we shall find nothing which will more deeply impress us than the love and the reverence which the writer of that psalm had for every word which proceeded out of the mouth of God. The same love and the same reverence have been the distinctive characteristics of the true servants of God in every age. It is much to be feared, however, that in proportion as the Bible has been more widely circulated, in the same proportion it has been less highly valued. If there are comparatively few houses in which a Bible is not found, there are many in which it is a neglected book; and there are many in which it is read, not for the daily food of the soul, but in order to minister to the pride of the human intellect, to afford matter for vain speculation, and, alas! even for cavil and for ridicule. And, as the natural and inevitable result of this neglect of a book of which a small portion was deemed by the saints of old as better than gold and silver, and more needful to them than their daily food, there has arisen amongst professed Christians greater laxity of life, and a closer conformity to the spirit and temper of the world. They are no longer, as they were of old, a separate people. The words in which our blessed Lord and Master described the character and conversation of His own followers, have almost lost their application to many of those who now call themselves by His name, "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world" (St. John xvii. 16); and they have well-nigh ceased to attach any meaning to the apostle's exhortation as addressed to themselves, "Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean" (2 Cor. vi. 17).

It is urged, indeed, that the cirumstances under which we are placed differ so widely from those of the early followers of Christ that there is neither the obligation resting upon us nor the opportunity given to us of making the same sacrifices which they made. It is true that Christians living in a country in which they enjoy both civil and religious liberty are not required to make their choice, with the three children of the Captivity, between the worship of the golden image and the seven-times-heated furnace, or with Daniel, between the abandonment of prayer and the fury of the lions! But it is equally true that all who will live godly in Christ Jesus must still be content to endure persecution when called thereto, and must be willing to make those sacrifices of their own will and desires which are still required at their hands.

Many and grievous are the results of indecision in things pertaining to this life; but in things pertaining to eternity indecision is not dangerous, but fatal. To be undecided for Christ is to be decided for the world, and to be neither cold nor hot in those things which belong to our peace is the most fatal form of indifference, inasmuch as it is an indifference of which the victims are too commonly insensible, and a lethargy, which is too often protracted until its subjects are beyond the reach of recovery.

To all such, Elijah's challenge to the undecided hosts of Israel is as fraught with the same solemn warning which it was designed to convey to them, "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him."

"EYE HATH NOT SEEN, NOR EAR HEARD."

THE land of uncreated light,
The glories of the Infinite,
The crystal sea, the sapphire throne,
The face of Him who sits thereon,
Encircled by the rainbow sheen,
Eye hath not seen.

The ceaseless harpings of the skies,
The strains of angel minstrelsies,
The chords which wake the seraph lyre
With lays of love and sacred fire—
These, the things hoped for but deferred,
Ear hath not heard.

Yet oft to Faith's entrancèd gaze
Dawn visions of those cloudless days,
And to the listening ear of Love
Are borne faint echoes from above;
And when the Spirit giveth these,
Man hears and sees.

RAGGED CHILDREN CLOTHED.

LIKE the bursting of spring upon winter and the chorus of song-birds that heralds its march, are the clothing and laughter of the young who were once naked and sad. Hopeful as the budding of the leaves and flowers, and joyous as the bleatings of the lambs in the meadows, are the five hundred and seventy youths and maidens that crowd the platform of Exeter Hall to celebrate the thirty-fourth anniversary of a Union that has brought them nothing but good. They are "an army with banners," for on either side the contingent hangs the ensign of each company, and they are all standards of the Cross. We look on them with admiration and gratitude, for all are prize-winners, and these are but a small portion of the tens of thousands of offspring of the Ragged School Union aforesaid, at this moment in active vitality.

Ragged children clothed is truly a refreshing sight. We have only to carry our imagination backwards a very few years, to behold this clean, smart, bright assembly, dirty, half-clad, and forlorn. Poor they are still, but hopeful. No longer city Arabs or gutter children, they make the best of themselves and of the garments they have mended or helped to purchase by means of the penny or farthing banks provided for their savings. Cheerful faces beam beneath many-hued ribbons, and the so-lately withering flowers blossom into a garden of various colours.

It may almost be called a flower show, since no less than fifty-five Nurseries are represented. Their names are suggestive, for scarcely could the distribution of prizes have a better commencement than in "Amicable Row," or proceed more smoothly than in "Dove Row," or continue its course more agreeably than through "Field Lane," "Grotto Passage," and "Hope Street," until at last it reaches "Victory Place." It is said that riches grow, so we have no less than twenty prizes in "Golden Lane," while only two find their way into "Johnson's Court." What would the worthy Doctor have said to this? However, applause follows each teacher as the books and illuminated certificates disappear amongst the taught; and if the shade of John Bunyan chance to hover near, it would see some hundred illustrated copies of "The Pilgrim's Progress" eagerly opened by the delighted recipients. And amongst these are respectable young men and women who, having received the impetus for good in the Ragged School, have obtained and kept various situations for periods varying from two to five years. Rich fruit, this, from the tree of religious knowledge.

After the prizes are distributed our flower show is suddenly transformed into a kaleidoscope. Each school is distinguished by a pendant as well as flag, varying in colour and shade. This is the programme. At the magic touch of some invisible wand, this programme performs marvellous evolutions. Nearly six hundred of every conceivable colour are held in every possible position, and finally waved simultaneously above the heads of the joyous gathering. The effect is as novel as picturesque, and, like the singing, shows an amount of training almost as remarkable in the "minute as the vast."

The platform before us is often filled with picked musicians who perform the work of some celebrated master; but scarcely could their finished execution of a grand oratorio create more interest than does the chorus of youthful voices that rises in jubilant hymns or innocent songs to-night. Never did trained orchestra elicit more resolute and rapturous encores than do these once "ragged" choirs, and the hall is as full as full can be. If the schools had done nothing else but teach the children to sing exultantly the praises of the Lord, or "Oh, let me live a noble life," "Let's dare and do for the pure and true," and the like, instead of the low songs of their class, they would have done a noble work. And the singing is artistic, the conductor having succeeded in producing the crescendo and diminuendo effects, as well as the sustained notes which distinguish more celebrated choirs.

Possibly from among the hundreds of thousands of children thus rescued from degradation the *maestro* or *prima donna* may arise, as the artist has already arisen. The portrait of Lord Shaftesbury, now presented to his daughter, has been executed by one who, it is said, himself stood on that platform to receive the award for good conduct; and who says himself, in the inscription, that "he owes all his success in life to the kind instruction and encouragement received at the King Edward Street School, Spitalfields, of which his lordship has been the president since its opening in November, 1846." This school maintains its character, for we remark that thirty-three prizes are carried off by its pupils. We are not surprised at the deafening cheers and waving of variegated leaves that succeed the presentation, and can well imagine how many young hearts beat with emulation of the success of *him* who stole half-hours from his allotted meals to labour at the art he loved, and receive the thanks of the philanthropic nobleman who is honoured by the title of "king of the costermongers," and "father of the ragged."

"We are Lord Shaftesbury's boys," said a party of young emigrants, to an officer, who, when travelling in Australia, was struck by their good conduct.

And members of this large and remarkable family may be found all over the world; rescued from destitution, clothed and in their right mind. Numbers, drafted from training ships to the royal navy or merchant service, make good sailors; many rise from the rank of drummer-boy in the army to that of corporal or sergeant, and become efficient soldiers. There are instances of young men who return from foreign lands with money sufficient to enable them to enter the ministry, and who devote themselves to the rescue of souls degraded as theirs had once been. Others

come home, and may-be bring a wife with them, just to revisit the Ragged School and the friends who helped to raise them "from darkness to light," and then return to the distant clime where they have laid the foundation of fortune and respectability.

Many such have sprung from the shoeblack brigade, some scarlet-coated scions of which are at this moment threading the mazes of spectators and auditors, carrying piles of the before-mentioned programmes for sale. There is no more interesting sight in London than this little army of busy workers, together with their coadjutors the messenger brigade. When we go back in imagination, to the Great Exhibition of 1851, and remember that, previously, a meeting of friends of Ragged Schools was held, to consider how to utilise some of the pupils in the Exhibition, and that the result was an attempt to teach the juvenile criminal to earn an honest penny by blacking the shoes of the foreigners, we are amazed at the results. We use the word "criminal" advisedly, for the first specimen worker had been an expert thief. Since that year the boys of the Shoeblack Brigade, to the number of 7,780, have earned the sum of £182,625. But for the Ragged Schools more than that large amount would probably have been paid by Government for their maintenance in prison or reformatory. Now they not only support themselves, but save money; and many an enterprising young red-coat emigrates, or apprentices himself, or otherwise rises in the world by his own exertions, aided by the committee of the Home. It is said that "Facts are stubborn things," and these cannot be gainsayed.

How the hearts of the voluntary teachers must burn with thankfulness as they survey the fruit of their persevering labour in this once barren field. They, too, are an army, for 2,600 of them work zealously week by week, almost day by day, in maintaining Sunday and evening schools, Ragged churches, Bible and singing classes, children's special services, lending libraries, clothing and shoe clubs, penny banks, mothers' meetings, Dorcas societies, relief associations, bands of hope, destitute children's dinners, and—crowning delights—lectures, entertainments, and "days in the country." Oh, to be so cared for goes far towards softening hard hearts and turning the sinner from his sin! We cannot wonder at the affection that arises between teacher and taught, which is probably more ardent in the class before us than in any other, because it is the result of hope springing from despair.

> "And thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
> What was thy delighted measure?
> Still it whispered promised pleasure,
> And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail."

Yes, it is this-many hued, enchanting hope, and the "promised pleasure," that cheer these young hearts, and help to keep them true to the right. The Christmas-tree or magic-lantern, with the accompanying delightful tea, rouses the spirits and maintains them in something like buoyancy until the smartening of attenuated garments floats them on with visions of the coming summer treat. Help them, O ye Christian men and women, to this one blissful day of park-land, heath, or may-be ocean. You will elevate and perhaps save many a soul, for no one who had once seen the pale faces of the children kindled into faint colour by the eager hope of a ticket for this one bright day, would say, "Oh, they have too many treats."

If hope's sunny wings support them, so we may suppose, from the sight before us, do the more exalted pinions of ambition. To be a unit in this great whole is something; but to enjoy the ample tea provided below, to receive the prize, to listen to the speeches, to survey the crowd assembled to do them honour from their more elevated point of view, to be cheered and encored, to be, in short, "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes"—is vastly more—it is, for the moment, ambition satisfied.

Let the Ragged School Union take courage, and pursue its glorious work. While the Board Schools have diminished its day pupils, the Sunday and evening classes have increased in numbers since their establishment. Religious instruction will effect what secular education never has and never will. An example is not wanting at this very moment. While these children, numbers of whom are teetotallers, are thus innocently occupied, one of their teachers has fallen in with a crowd of people surrounding a girl of fifteen carrying in her arms a boy of about ten years of age.

"He had some money given him, and has got drunk," was the girl's answer to a question put to her.

No better "Plea for Ragged Schools" could be put forward than this.

But we return, to bid farewell to our "ragged children clothed." Heartily and loyally they sing "God save the Queen." In most concerts portions of our English audiences display their breeding, and disturb the performance, by leaving before the conclusion, but we are surprised to observe that almost the whole of this mighty gathering keep their seats until the end. We are also surprised at the order and quiet of the mass of young people that file out of the hall. As we watch them we wish them and their teachers God-speed, and pray for the Divine blessing on the continuance of this labour of love.

THE WHITE ROSE OF WHITELAKE.

BY ANNE BEALE, AUTHOR OF "THE PENNANT FAMILY."

CHAPTER XXI.

RESULTS.

BY the time Rose returned to the house Mrs. Mervyn had succeeded in bringing back Egain's departing life. The sweet smile on the poor girl's face reassured Rose, who put her arms round her and kissed her. At first she was slightly bewildered, but she soon recovered her usual calm, and was able to recount briefly what had happened to her. She did not know what had befallen her parents, for the Rebeccaites had filled the gate-house, and one of them had taken her in his arms, and carried her gently to the dog-cart, in which a companion was already seated. "Take care of her," he had said, and then returned to the rest. As she repeated this, her face flushed, and she trembled.

"We will hear no more to-night," said Mrs. Mervyn, decidedly. "Rose, call up the servants, and tell Jim I want him; but do not rouse Edwyna."

The servants were soon astir, and the small apartment in which Egain had nursed Rose through her fever was quickly prepared for her. Rose and the astonished maidens transported her thither, and laid her in bed; and Rose fancied that Egain assisted them and herself more than she had suspected.

"You will get well now you have come to us to be nursed, dear Egain; and so God will bring good out of evil, as He always does," said Rose.

"He does all things well," returned the poor girl. "But if only I could hear that my parents were safe!"

She clasped her hands and uplifted her eyes, and Rose was glad to perceive that tears came, as if to relieve her; for the rigid calm was unnatural. She wept copiously, while Rose held her hand, and tried to comfort her by assurances that Jim was despatched to make inquiries concerning her parents, and to report of her to them.

Mrs. Mervyn was, in fact, parleying with that self-willed domestic at the moment, and giving him orders to go in search of his master and Llewellen.

"What for I look, mistress? They are safe, and so, be you sure, are them old fools Madoc and Letty. There 's kind Rebecca was to Egain! She hurt not peoples, she only want the pikes. Make you Miss Rose marry Johnnes, Glynglâs, and I am thinking she 'll be letting us alone, she is knowing everything."

"So are you, apparently, Jim. Take care you don't know too much," rejoined shrewd Mrs. Mervyn, in whose silence was wisdom. "I advise you to mind your own affairs, and obey orders."

"I am minding affairs enough," said Jim, offended. "I was watering your 'larias and 'zaleas this very evening, and what between the little mare and the cows and pigs——"

"That will do, Jim. Go at once, if you please, and look for your master, and tell poor old Madoc that Egain is safe."

"Old fool!" muttered Jim, in Welsh, leaving his mistress with a jerk that she understood.

"One side of your face is quite black, Jim," she said, just as he was disappearing.

This took effect, for he hastened to his loft, lighted his lantern, and began to lather his unwhiskered cheeks with a will, muttering that there was nothing his mistress didn't know, though she was so close. "She can see right through into one's mind," was his ultimatum. As he did not dare to disobey her, he wandered off, lantern in hand, in the direction of Llansant. But he so ordered his going that he did not reach the turnpike until Rebecca had disappeared, and Madoc and Letty had returned. He found them, his master and the rest, as we last left them, and feeling the importance of what he had to communicate, he began at the very beginning, lengthening out the chain of his story for the benefit of the audience that gathered round him. "I did hear the wheels of the dog-cart and the little mare in the yard. They know every inch of the way——" he began.

"They are safe then, anyhow," said Mervyn.

"Yes, master. Then, before I had put up Dolly Miss Rose did come and order me to go for the doctor."

"The doctor! is your mistress ill?" asked Mervyn, alarmed.

"Not 'xactly, but just frightened out of her wits; for who do you think the little mare brought to Llyngwyn?" Jim looked inquiringly round, and his eyes rested finally on Madoc and Letty, who were sitting in utter despondency on the edge of their daughter's bed. "Madoc, Letty! guess you who the little mare brought to Llyngwyn as safe as if she 'd been Queen Victoria?" he continued, with importance.

They looked up hopelessly.

"Why, Egain!" he exclaimed, after a proper pause.

"Egain!" cried the old couple simultaneously. "Egain!" echoed Mervyn and his son, and "Egain!" re-echoed the villagers.

"You oaf! why didn't you say so at once!" said Mervyn, pushing his way towards Madoc and Letty, who rose with some difficulty.

The remainder of Jim's story was soon told.

"The Lord be praised!" was all Madoc could say, while Letty sat down again, covered her face, and burst into tears.

All they had themselves suffered was instantly forgotten in the consciousness that their darling was safe; and they needed no assurances from Mr. Mervyn that she should be cared for, knowing that where his wife and daughters were Egain was happy and protected.

"You had better both come home with us," said Llewellen, "Jim shall fetch the dog-cart."

But Jim had already disappeared, having delivered his message, and being really anxious to carry news of his master to Llyngwyn. The corporal, however, had no intention of leaving his post.

"Go you home quickly for your poor old friend's sake," he said to Llewellen, "and tell you Egain that we are safe, and praying for her. Say nothing of the water. Tell her we will stop here and do our duty, whatever may happen. Miss Rose will bring us news to-morrow, no, this morning, for it is broad daylight. We will hammer up the door. And give our duty to Mrs. Mervyn and Miss Rose, and tell them we thank them from our hearts."

Here Madoc broke down, and Letty sobbed audibly.

"All right!" broke in Mervyn. "It is time we were at home, if not in bed. Be easy about Egain. At any rate the rascally rioters knew that we should take care of her, and they had some pity for her helplessness."

He shook hands with Madoc, and left the gate-house. Llewellen lingered a moment, to assure the old people that he would see that they should have at once the protection of the soldiers, and then followed.

When they were gone, Pal the Shop set to work to make them some tea, and to restore order to their room. Letty was roused to assist, and being naturally a hearty and wiry woman, forgot the rheumatism that her friends foreboded, and carefully made Egain's bed and replaced the screen, saying, "Against she comes back." Meanwhile the corporal and a few loiterers removed just enough of the remnants of the gate to allow of a passage through the wreck.

"Not a splinter more. The rest shall bide till the justices come," he said, surveying the ruins of his gate. "'Tis a fine morning enough, and we can do without a door till they arrive. I hope a Waterloo soldier knows his duty."

His resolution and cheerfulness had returned, and he seated himself in his doorway, a cup of tea in his hand, prepared to recount the adventures of the previous night to the first passer-by.

This chanced to be Alfred Johnnes on his white horse, riding towards his home.

"So Rebecca has done for you at last," he said, galloping through the vacant space. "Now, you don't think I am green enough to pay toll when there is no turnpike? Make my compliments to the clerk of the roads, and say I positively decline. What did they do to you? How's Egain?"

Madoc told his story, at which Johnnes laughed heartily, but took no heed of his remonstrances concerning the toll, which he did not pay.

He was soon succeeded by Rose, who had passed him with a nod and a hurried "good morning." She went into the house, where Letty was anxiously awaiting her. Madoc followed.

"Egain is wonderfully well," she began at once, putting her hand affectionately on Letty's shoulder. "As soon as she heard that you were both safe she fell asleep."

"God bless her! God bless you all!" cried Madoc, taking Rose's other hand, while his wife began to sob.

"She sends her fondest love to you, and hopes that you will not fret about her," continued Rose. "Mother bids me say that we will keep her and nurse her until we know exactly what is best for you all. I must not stay, for I am late already."

Rose was not only late for her duties, but suffering from nervous excitement, caused by her sleepless and adventurous night. News of its events had preceded her to Manorsant, and when she reached it she was at once surrounded by its inmates, all brimming over with curiosity. First the domestics, then the children, and finally the family-party, met her with inquiries. The latter left the breakfast-table for the school-room to make them, and thus Rose was introduced formally to Miss Marcia Pryse Pryse, whom she had hitherto only seen at a distance. She greatly admired the personal appearance of that vivacious young lady, who managed to interrupt her narrative at least a dozen times by irrelevant questions, as if to turn her attention to herself. Marcia was very inquisitive concerning Rose, having been incited to curiosity by Virginie's jealous insinuations. But for Mrs. Mervyn's distant and somewhat haughty manner, these young girls might have met before, but she had resolutely avoided all intercourse with the Manor ever since she had been in the neighbourhood, not caring to make acquaintances, and caring still less to be patronised by people whose social position was superior to her own. In this her husband, for a wonder, agreed with her; and so, during their tenancy of Llyngwyn they had never improved their slight acquaintance with their landlord and his family. Mr. Wynne held them his equals, but not so his daughter-in-law, who resented Mrs. Mervyn's seclusion, and did her best to make her feel that she was lady of the Manor while Mrs. Mervyn was only lady of the Manor Farm.

Therefore Rose and Marcia met as strangers.

While Rose was undergoing a cross-examination from Mr. Philipps Wynne, the ladies, and Teddy, old Mr. Wynne made his appearance, to the general astonishment.

"Here's grandpapa! Hold your tongues! Don't make a noise! He was never in the school-room before," said the children, in alarmed whispers.

"My dear young lady, what is this I hear?" began Mr. Wynne, with a voice and manner betraying not only trepidation, but temporary loss of control. "Have they really murdered the corporal and Egain?"

"'What did you do with grandpapa?' she asked."—*p.* 170.

"My dear sir, who has told you such trash?" began Mrs. Wynne.

"Let Miss Mervyn speak," said Mr. Wynne, authoritatively. "I came to see her, she is always sensible, and speaks without confusion. I have ordered the carriage to be ready to take us to—to Aberystwith. I cannot, indeed I will not, submit, to—to be murdered."

"No one has been murdered, sir," said Rose, quietly, standing near the chair into which Mr. Wynne sank. "The Rebeccaites ducked Madoc and Letty, and brought Egain to Llyngwyn, because they would not open the gate. They are all well now, and my father thinks that the rioters will have finished with this neighbourhood if Llansant turnpike is not restored."

"Of course no one would think of restoring it," said Mr. Wynne, much relieved. "It ought never to have been there, nor the salmon-weir either. Thank you, my dear young lady; you have quite encouraged me to remain for the present, and un-order the carriage. Say so, Philipps. Send the children—I beg your pardon, my dears, but go out with your maid for an hour, while your mother and aunt breakfast. I will remain here quietly with Miss Mervyn, for she says just what is right, and I am nervous this morning. Marcia, my dear, do me the favour to tell Owens to bring my cocoa here."

It would be difficult to say who was most perplexed and annoyed by these orders—Rose, or the members of Mr. Wynne's family. But they were obeyed reluctantly, and Rose was left *tête à tête* with the squire, while her pupils went to inform Virginie that "Grandpapa was so fond of Miss Mervyn that he was going to breakfast with her."

"*Encore un autre!*" exclaimed Virginie.

"This will never do," remarked Mrs. Wynne to Marcia, when they reached the breakfast-room.

"It is too delightful! You will be dispossessed by a mother-in-law!" laughed Marcia.

"What shall we have next?" asked Mr. Philipps Wynne.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CORPORAL MADE A HERO.

ALL that day the corporal was a hero, and treated as such. He had his triumph. His tongue and his wooden leg never ceased moving; for the more he talked the more vigorously he stumped about, in order to explain and illustrate the siege of his fortress. People came, as people will, at the trumpet-call of rumour, to see and hear for themselves what had happened, and Llansant gate-house was a gay scene. Some paid toll, many refused; and a stranger would never have supposed that really wicked work had so lately been done there, since jests and gibes circulated as freely as the air.

The afternoon brought the party from Manorsant, accompanied by Major Faithfull and one or two other officers. Mr. Philipps Wynne had been before; but he, as well as Llewellen Mervyn, had informed the soldiers of what had happened, and the officers had come to reconnoitre the scene, having previously made their warlike arrangements. It was impossible to help being amused with Rebecca's proceedings, because she contrived so cunningly to mislead the military; and Miss Marcia was not slow to banter the major and his friends.

"You are all Don Quixotes and Sancho Panzas, fighting with windmills," she said, as they stood about the charred posts. "And perhaps that is braver than fighting with women. But Rebecca is too many for you."

"Lady-like. You conquer us whether we will or no," returned Major Faithfull.

"Yes, old and young!" laughed Marcia. "Mr. Wynne senior has just fallen a victim to the charms of his grandchildren's governess; and here she comes!"

Rose appeared at the moment in the distance, on one side of the gate; and almost simultaneously, Mr. Edwardes, his nephew, and Llewellen, came up from the village on the other. Rose loitered when she saw so large a party, for there were other people, besides those named standing about. Mr. Edwardes and his nephew joined the Wynnes, while Llewellen merely raised his hat, and walked towards the house. Major Faithfull followed him, while Marcia exclaimed, "Now I call that a handsome young man."

"I have written about the commission," said the Major, shaking hands warmly with Llewellen. "You must be a soldier. The old man has told me how you dispersed the rioters by a ruse."

"Did you ask my father?" inquired Llewellen, anxiously; but he received no answer, for the Major was looking afar.

Rose was advancing slowly. She could not avoid passing the gate, but she hoped some of the party might disperse before she reached it. She was disappointed. Recognising Llewellen, however, she took courage, and joined him. In doing so she also joined Major Faithfull. The inquisitive bright eyes of Marcia watched the meeting, which did not, however, tend to substantiate certain inuendoes of Virginie's; for Rose merely bowed, and, saying something to her brother, went into the house. But Miss Marcia perceived that the Major's eyes followed her, and she, with genuine feminine curiosity, followed also, and joined Rose in Letty's small domain.

"What did you do with grandpapa?" she asked, with a merry laugh.

"I sat with him all the morning," replied Rose, timidly.

"Or rather he sat with you. Did you twirl your thumbs while he 'washed his hands in invisible soap?'"

"No. He asked me to read the paper, and when I suggested that the children had not done their lessons, he insisted on their having a holiday, because he knew they were alarmed and nervous about Rebecca."

Marcia looked at Rose, and was charmed to perceive that although she spoke gravely, there was an

amused smile about her mouth. Indeed, Rose could not fail to see the ludicrousness of the position; for Mr. Wynne had installed her as a sort of protection against Rebecca, and would admit of no interlopers. Virginie was indignant, the children delighted.

'Did he also dine with you?" asked Marcia.

"No; but he was kind enough to say that as I had been so much alarmed by Rebecca, I must leave immediately after dinner, which accounts for my being so early. I hope Mr. Wynne will not be annoyed; but Owens said his master would be obeyed, and those were his orders. I had no opportunity of seeing Mrs. Wynne, but I left a message with Virginie."

"Which she will adorn with many flowers; but I will tell my sister how it happened, and that you are to be grandpapa's governess henceforth. You will find him more tractable than his grandchildren. How old is your brother?"

"He is in his twenty-first year."

"He looks older. Major Faithfull thinks he ought to be in the army, but I suppose your father could not purchase, and has no influence."

This was not meant unkindly, still it was said so thoughtlessly, and by a comparative stranger, that it offended Rose's sense of propriety if not her pride, and she made no answer. Marcia was not aware of the omission, for she was contemplating the figures of Major Faithfull and Llewellen as they stood in front of the house.

"I don't think the Major half as good-looking as your brother, do you?" she said, fixing her eyes on Rose with a strangely inquisitive glance.

"I never thought about it," replied Rose, as truthfully as cautiously, for she was not accustomed to communicate her opinions to new acquaintances, and felt that her manners were stiff on a first introduction.

"Just look at them, then, and think about it," persisted Marcia. "What is your opinion of Major Faithfull?"

"I have not seen enough of him to form an opinion," replied Rose.

"Oh, I mean personally. But I thought you knew him better than I do, since he seems so interested in your brother."

"He is very kind, but his knowledge of us is slight and accidental, and the result of the riots."

Marcia fancied that Rose was too wise to commit herself, whereas Rose was merely speaking the truth. Virginie had aroused the suspicions of the one, while the other had nothing to say which could either keep them awake or put them to sleep again. She found Major Faithfull a gentleman, and one who was courteous without being complimentary; grand, but not vain. She connected him in her mind with King Arthur and his knights, and thought he would make a suitable hero for one of the romances she sometimes wove.

"I suppose you are very reserved," remarked Marcia, after a little consideration. "I am fond of studying reserved people. May I come and take a lesson sometimes with the children?"

"My own education would scarcely be sufficiently advanced," replied Rose, smiling. "But I think it would be very pleasant to see you in the school-room, if only you did not make the children noisy."

"All right!" exclaimed Miss Pryse Pryse, suddenly leaving Rose, and darting out, like a young butterfly as she was, upon the Major and Llewellen.

Rose turned to Letty to ask for messages for Egain, and as the poor woman had many to give, she remained some time longer in the gate-house. When she had received the messages and made Letty promise to pay her daughter a visit on the morrow, she took her leave. The party outside were about to do the same; but when she appeared there was a general movement towards her, and instead of slipping away unperceived, as she intended, she found herself surrounded by Mr. Philipps Wynne, the vicar, Llewellen, Major Faithfull, and Marcia. Mrs. Wynne remained at a distance with her other friends. Philipps Wynne had a message to her father to the effect that Llynhafod was to be protected at all costs, and that a troop of soldiers was to be billeted in the village and round about to preserve order, while Major Faithfull and other officers would make Manorsant their headquarters.

"And we shall all be shot down like rabbits between them," exclaimed the lively Marcia, who would have her say on all occasions and under all circumstances. She had managed to scrape acquaintance with Llewellen, who had readily responded to some remark she had made to him, and who was equal to the occasion. None the less her bright roving eyes were on the Major and Rose, for she could not fail to perceive there was an attraction in Rose's quiet grace and peculiar beauty that drew men towards her.

"I have no patience with those still waters," she thought, as they all stood a few moments to watch Rose and her brother hurry down the hill, cross the stile, and proceed, arm-in-arm, through the hay-fields.

"A handsome pair. Mervyn may well be proud of them," said Philipps Wynne; but the Major made no comment.

"What a bright pretty girl Miss Pryse is! I wish we knew more of her," sighed Llewellen, as Rose and he wandered on. "But mother rejects all advances."

Rose's thoughts were with Egain. No sooner did she reach home than she was at her bed-side, telling her that her parents were well, and that her mother, at least, would be with her on the morrow. Egain was certainly better. Strange as it seemed, the forced journey and consequent exhaustion had done her rather good than harm. Mrs. Mervyn was inclined to think that the excitement had roused her for a time only, and that the reaction would come; but the sudden change had, at least, been temporarily beneficial, and Rose found her sitting up in her bed with less difficulty than usual. To be sure her

present appliances were superior. She was in a pretty, quiet room, which, though small, was in all respects comfortable ; and she had slept heavily until mid-day on a delicious bed. Still, her desire was to return to her parents.

"Impossible at present, dear Egain," argued Rose. "They are more likely to come to you ; for if the Llansant gate is put down, as father says it must be eventually, we must find another home for you all. The rioters will not be satisfied until they have their way, and their leader must be as resolute as he is wicked."

"Father says the general cannot always answer for the excesses of his troops. Perhaps Rebecca may wish to do the country a service, and be unable to control her followers," returned Egain, her eyes cast down upon her folded hands.

"I should have thought that even so good a Christian as you could scarcely make excuses for such a set of mean cowards!" cried Rose, indignantly; for she forgot for the moment that Egain was unacquainted with the treatment her parents had received.

"I think they meant kindly when they brought me here out of danger," rejoined the sick girl, still looking down. "They pitied my weakness, and did not know that I should grow faint by the way. The one who placed me in the carriage was very gentle, and whispered that no harm should come to me."

Rose was surprised to see that Egain's long black eyelashes were wet, and her cheeks flushed as she spoke. "Your Rebecca was kinder than mine ; for mine only threatened me," she said, with a slight shudder.

"In what way ?" asked Egain, suddenly fixing her lustrous black eyes on Rose.

"I can venture to tell you, because you are disinterested," replied Rose. "You will never betray me, I know. He threatened that if I did not accept the first offer of marriage made to me, those I loved would suffer. And his words are coming true. Still, as you know, Egain, I could not obey them."

"No—I suppose—I hope not," said Egain, slowly, the long lashes again shading the liquid eyes. "We must still pray that evil may be overcome by good."

(*To be continued.*)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. New Series. No. 4. Saul Anointed.

Chapter to be read—1 *Sam. x.*

INTRODUCTION. In last lesson left Saul at Samuel's house ; had risen early in the morning to depart home. Shall now see Saul solemnly anointed and set apart as king.

I. Saul Anointed. (Read ix. 27, x. 1—8). This a solemn day in Saul's life. Picture him leaving the house with his servant and Samuel. Where do they stop? Thus, no one will see them, for, at present, Saul's anointing is to be kept secret even from his servant. For what was he told to do ? Now, in the street, at break of day (ix. 26), the solemn act takes place. The aged prophet anoints the young soldier in the name of God. What else does he do ? This kiss a common Eastern salutation even amongst men, in token of peace. Then he tells him three things which will happen to him. What was the first ? this news of his father's anxiety would quicken his steps homewards. What was the second thing which would happen? Bethel, the place where Jacob saw the vision (Gen. xxviii. 19), still one of the sacred cities where prayer was made. Where would he come next ? Whom would he meet ? Where would the prophets be coming from ? Seems as if Samuel had set up schools for sons of the prophets in various places. What would Saul do when he met these prophets ? What would come upon him ? and what would the Spirit of God do to him ? For what would Saul want a new heart ? Was going to do a great work, rule over a great people, would want wisdom and understanding. Where alone could these come from ? (James i. 17.) the same God who called him to be king would fit him for the office, give grace according to his need. What did Samuel tell him there ? Was to go to Gilgal for a public sacrifice. How long was he to wait there ? then, after seven days, Samuel would come. Now Samuel leaves him, and Saul goes his way.

II. Saul Prophesying. (Read 9—16). Did these things come to pass ? Nothing said about the first thing, but may be sure Saul *did* meet the two men, and hear of the asses being found. Now they reach the hill. Who are these descending ? What have with them ? What are they doing? singing and praying. See what does Saul do ? this young soldier begins to do the same ! not ashamed to be *seen* openly amongst the prophets. Thought very strange by those who had known him before. What do they say to each other ? so it became a proverb. What brought about this wonderful change ? Nothing is too hard for the Lord. His Spirit had changed Saul and he, now, was not ashamed to confess Him before man.

III. Saul Chosen by the People. (Read 17—25). Where did Samuel assemble the people ? Mizpeh seems to have been the regular place for such gatherings (see Judg. xi. 11, xx. 1). What does Samuel say ? God has delivered them, but what have they done to him ? Still, God has heard their wish, and given them a king. He is now to be chosen by lot. First the tribes come near. Which one is chosen ? Benjamin's, the smallest of all !

What a surprise it must have been! Then the families are chosen, and, lastly, Saul himself; but where is he? they cannot find him! once more they consult God, who tells them Saul's hiding-place. So they run and fetch him. Samuel shows him to the people. What an exciting moment! their long wished for king is seen at last! See them all crowding near to get a good sight! are they disappointed? No, he is just the sort of man they would like—tall, strong, brave. How does Samuel describe him? Points him out with approval to the people; does him honour. How do they receive him? Shouts of welcome. What does Samuel do next? Tells people their duty to the new king, writes it down in a book; places the book "before the Lord," probably in the Tabernacle. Now the exciting day over, people depart.

IV. SAUL'S CHARACTER. So far Saul does well. He seems (1) *Humble*, not seeking the great honour to himself, not putting himself forward, not even telling his uncle he was to be king. This the right spirit (Luke xiv. 11). (2) *Obedient.* He listened to Samuel, and did all he told him without questioning. This the spirit for children to cultivate, obey those over them without arguing (Eph. vi. 1). And the secret of it all was that God's Spirit was with him. God alone could change his heart and make him "another man." So it is still, those who are led by God's Spirit are God's children (Rom. viii. 18), they will be humble, docile, obedient, living as His children. Let each child pray, "Lord, give me Thy Spirit.

Questions to be answered.

1. Describe Saul's anointing?
2. What was to come upon him?
3. What were the three signs?
4. How was he chosen by the people?
5. What sacred cities are mentioned in this chapter?
6. What was Saul's character at this time?

NEW LIGHT FROM AN OLD LAMP; OR, MODERN READINGS OF ANCIENT FABLES.

III. THE THREE NEIGHBOURS; OR, SLANDER LEAVES A SORE BEHIND.

"ILL words hurt more than swords," says the old adage, and of all swords an ill tongue makes the most havoc. A lie is at all times a base business; but a slander is a lie with a sting in it, and of those who utter them it may well be said that "the poison of asps is under their tongue." The unlovely attributes and disastrous doings of the sower of discord are effectively hit off by quaint old Æsop in this fable.

An eagle had built her eyrie on the summit of an old and pollard oak, a wild cat had made her lair in a hole in the middle, and in a hollow part at the bottom was a sow with a family of young ones. It was a happy neighbourhood, and might long have continued so but for the slanderous insinuations of the cat. "Good neighbour," quoth she to the eagle, "that old sow yonder does nothing but lie rooting at the foot of the tree. I suspect she has a notion of grubbing it up that she may more easily come by your young ones." This mischief accomplished, away went the cat to the sow at the foot. "If I were you," said she, "I wouldn't venture far from home." "For why?" said the sow. "Nay, you can do as you choose. It is not for me to make mischief, but I heard that rapacious bird at the top of the tree promise her brood a supper off one of your young ones. Good morrow, neighbour; she may take a fancy to one of my kittens, so I had better be on the watch." From that day there was fear and anger both above and below, until at last the fledglings and the litter were all starved for lack of supplies, neither parent daring to leave in search of food, because of the mischief-maker's unneighbourly doings.

There is a little less attention to the "unities," and a little more of the improbable in this fable than in most others; but the "moral" stands out so forcibly that he who runs may read it.

> "A false tale in a willing ear
> Brings much bale and many a tear."

The cat in the fable did not say much, but it was more than enough to work more damage than could ever be cured. Insinuations are the eggs out of which libels are hatched, and slanderous whisperings roll like thunder ere they die, accompanied, alas, with much destructive lightning in their course. There is many a half-whispered conversation over a cup of tea, which multiplies into cups of poison, fatal to character, credit, and peace. "A small wound may be mortal;" and a word, like a spark, may explode, and blacken somebody's fair fame. "Evil is soon believed," more's the pity; so "if you can say no good, say nothing," for that at any rate can sow no sorrow and work no woe. The rapidly accumulating ills attending the besmirching of character is emphatically intimated in the well-worn proverb, "Give a dog an ill name, and he will soon be hanged;" and he who recklessly gives the same ill-omened thing to a neighbour goes far to merit the same fate. Of some people it is said that "their bark is worse than their bite;" but of the slanderer it may well be said that *his* bark *is* a bite "sharper than a serpent's tooth." Much of the social injury, personal pain, and grievous wrong done by this sad misuse of the tongue, is unintentional, and arises simply from not keeping

that unruly member under due restraint. In this respect, as in others, Hood's lines are too true, that

> "Evil is wrought for want of thought,
> As well as want of heart."

But, surely, Christian charity, and even simple neighbourly kindness, demands that a steady and constant guard should be kept on the tongue, which all too glibly reels off what may wound the feelings, harm the interests, or sully the names of others. "If anybody speir at you for the gude man's faults, tell them you dinna ken," and you may tell them also that, if ae body mended his ain faults, all would be mended. It is a pity that evil speakers cannot be taxed, for then honest men need pay no rates, and honest tongues might have "a free breakfast table." "They say" is generally a poisoned arrow, and is usually drawn from the "long bow." On the other hand do not be ready to believe all you hear, any more than to eat all you see, for "a false report rides post, and the nimblest footman is an idle tale." It is a pity that the sow and eagle in the fable were so fatally willing to believe the slander about each other. Scandal would soon starve and die out of itself if nobody took it in and gave it lodging. Open mouths would cease to be mischievous if there were fewer open ears. When any one spoke ill of another in the presence of Peter the Great, he would interrupt him with, "Well, what can you say in his favour? It is easy to splash mud. I would rather help to keep his coat clean." "Believe the best and leave the rest," for a child may light a fire that a giant can't put out.

> "Believe not each aspersing word,
> As most weak persons do;
> But ever hold that story false
> That ought not to be true."

To the calumniator I dedicate the old proverb—"For the gossip a horsewhip; for the liar a briar; and for the backbiter a back smiter."

THE DISCONTENTED ASS; OR, "A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS."

"It is better to bear the ills we have than to fly to others that we know not of." So says Shakspeare, and the philosophy of it is so good and wise, that the quotation has passed into a proverb. Discontent generally leads to worse discomfort; for "a fool that's aye ganging is likely to be aye getting—either a thorn or a broken tae." "A rolling stone gathers no moss," and a restless man is as little likely to mend his fortunes. This wise and prudent lesson is well taught in the following fable.

An ass that belonged to a gardener, and had little to eat, and much to do, besought Jupiter to release him from the gardener's service, and to give him another master. Jupiter, angry at his discontent, made him over to a potter. He had now heavier burdens to carry than before, and again appealed to Jupiter to release him. Again his petition was heard, and he fell into the hands of a tanner. The ass having now fallen into worse hands than ever, and daily observing how his master was employed, groaned in bitterness of spirit. "Alas, wretch that I am!" quoth he, "it had been better for me to have remained with my first master, for the tanner not only works me harder while living, but will not even spare my hide when I 'm dead!"

"A standing sack fills best," and he who would make the best of life had better settle down, and give his mind to the duties that lie next him. "A wee bush is better than nae beild," it is better therefore to make the most of its shelter rather than run the risk of being blown away. He who will for pleasure rove, shall never hap on treasure trove; that kind of thing, as Abraham Lincoln used to say, comes by pegging away. He lacks most that longs most, while he who keeps his longings within bounds has a fortune in his own right. If the ass in the fable had carried the gardener's panniers without murmuring, he might have picked up a stray carrot now and then to sweeten his fodder, but neither the potter's field nor the tanner's yard could yield a morsel that was worth the picking. The man who goes round the world to seek a place that has no trials will only get his labour for his pains. "He is worth nae weel that can bide nae woe;" and the better he bides the latter the more he 'll get of the former, for "he who weel bides, weel betides." Those who are given to change will do well to remember that prospect is always better than possession. The highest jargonelle upon the tree always looks the mellowest, but he who climbs for it is sadly apt to find that the wasps have been there before him, and left little but the golden rind. Contentment is the true philosopher's stone, and can turn a cottage into a palace, an affliction into a blessing, and poverty into much fine gold. The proverbial philosophy of the Scotch is remarkably severe on this restless hankering after something other and better than the place and fortune of to-day. "Changes are lightsome, and fools are fond o' them." Again, "Fools are aye fond o' flitting, an' wise men o' sitting;" the former vainly think, "the further the better fare," the latter wisely know "they may go further and fare worse." There is no garden without weeds; it is better therefore to go to work with the hoe than to keep changing your landlord.

> "There 's a crook in every lot;
> There 's never a tree without a knot."

But the former may prove a goodly heritage, and the latter capital timber for all that. Depend upon it, that in all human experience cares and disappointments have to be coped with; but depend upon it also,

> "That if the evening's burden 's borne
> There 's less to carry the morrow morn."

and "blow the wind ne'er so fast, a calm is sure to come at last." On the whole, then, make the

best of things that are; they are likely to be less troublesome in the long run than a restless race for things afar. From bad to worse is a poor exchange. Many unsatisfied mortals instead of steadily trying to get well fixed are for ever getting into a fix; and because they will not settle down, get settled at last very low down indeed. "East or west, home is best;" so let us be content to stop there, and do our utmost to keep a cosy hearthstone; and if now and again trouble should darken the doorway, and care should cross the threshold, a hopeful heart, and honest effort, and the grace of God, will enable us to bear it bravely until the "day dawn and the shadows flee away." Then shall we be at *Home* indeed, and go out no more for ever.

"Both north and south I wandered;
I wandered east and west,
In hopes to find Dame Fortune,
And bring her to my nest.

"My search the jade eluded,
Though eagerly I sped;
Misfortune aye intruded
Herself on me instead.

"Till tired of this beguiling,
No longer would I roam;
And lo! Dame Fortune, smiling,
Awaited me at home!"

HER ONLY FAULT.—II.

A TRUE STORY.

FROM that day forth Mollie worked very hard, rubbed and scrubbed and polished late and early, but the result was not satisfactory. When Ted came to dinner he found the house clean, but his wife was usually unfit to be seen. Her face, hands, and arms were grimy; her beautiful golden hair dull with ashes, her dress questionable, and the damp dirty apron hurriedly torn off as he appeared, thrown carelessly on a chair. All this was very hard on a man so neat, orderly, and tasteful as Ted Willis, and it troubled him; evidently there was no use in hoping to have Mollie tidy and the house too. And she was not happy either; she had always been used to animals, and missed the calves, pigs, and chickens, which it had been her daily task to feed. So Ted stocked the back yard with pets, on condition they were to be kept there, and for a time Mollie was happier, but the chickens would come and leave their marks and tokens on the floor; and when a dear little white piggie took sick, Mollie could not resist the temptation of making it a bed by the kitchen fire, to Ted's horror and indignation. The four-footed pets were banished forthwith, the feathered favourites followed speedily, but matters did not mend, but rather grew worse. Old Mrs. Willis had to be called in for a periodical clean up; Ted grew cross and Mollie sulky, and more than once the young husband, instead of coming into his tea, sauntered past his own garden-gate and down to the village with some of his fellow-workmen. It was usually late when he returned on such occasions, and, though always sober, he was very gloomy and snappish with his wife. Then the family went to England from Glenloe, Mrs. Willis with them, and a few weeks after Mollie's cares, anxieties, and muddles were fearfully increased by the birth of a baby boy. He was a fine, sturdy, healthy fellow, but the young mother, strong though she was, suffered a great deal, and it was many weeks before she was able to do more than attend to the little Eddie. When able to go about again, poor Mollie found disorder so firmly established that it seemed idle to attempt to restore the original neatness and cleanliness. The kitchen stove and fender were hopelessly rusty, the window dusty, the table once so white a muddy yellow, the floor—Mollie scarcely cared to look at the floor, but of one thing she felt sure—it would never be clean again. But, strange to say, Ted didn't seem to mind, he found no fault, passed no comment, asked for no promises of reformation, came in to his tea every evening, but went out again directly, and it was bed-time ere he returned. Mollie, wrapped up in her beautiful baby, took little notice of this at first, but after a time she observed a change in Ted. He was not so steady when he came in at night, nor so particular when he went out in the morning; and though he no longer daily reproached his young wife with her only fault, untidiness, he allowed it to separate them effectually. He earned high wages at the Castle, for he was an excellent and steady workman, and gave his wife a fair share of his earnings, but he saved none, and Woodbine Cottage was his home no longer. He slept there, had his meals there, but his pride, his interest in it were gone. He no longer carried cuttings from the Castle to make his garden pretty, no longer painted the flower-pots fresh every fortnight, nor touched up the green gate with its white letters; even about his own appearance he grew careless; and as for his wife, he never praised nor blamed her, he was simply indifferent about her. Poor Mollie! It was not her fault, she was anxious to improve; she loved him dearly, she longed to please him, but she didn't know how; and her warm, faithful heart ached to find how he was drifting, drifting away out of her reach, and how she had slipped out of his heart. Years passed slowly enough. There were two more babies born at the Cottage, but they did not draw Ted Willis's heart back to his home. He was oftener to be found in the public-house than anywhere else. His hand had lost its cunning, his eye its accuracy, and from one of the best and most respected workmen in the

vicinity, he became one of the very worst, doing odd cheap jobs when and where he could get them, and spending his money in drink. Poor Mollie, her sunny blue eyes red with weeping, her golden hair fast turning to silver before she was thirty, and her once lithe graceful form bent and nerveless, had but a hard time. Her cottage wanted little of being in ruins, herself and her children were in rags, and often hungry, for their only means of support was what she earned by working in the fields for her daily hire. One autumn evening, just ten years after her marriage, as she walked home wearily after a hard day's work in the wheat-field, her eldest boy lagging behind her, she saw a crowd outside the door of Woodbine Cottage; there were men and women, and they were gathered round some object of interest. Her two youngest children she was in the habit of shutting up in the house when she went to work in the fields, and fearing lest anything should have happened to them, she hurried forward.

"Ah, Mrs. Willis, give us the key," a neighbour said, running to meet her. "Your good man had an accident, fell out of the window of a house he was painting."

"My Ted! Where is he? Let me see him!" Mollie cried, rushing forward. "Out of the way! Let me to him!" and she pushed back the red handkerchief which was knotted loosely over head so that her hair fell in confusion over her sunken eyes and about her wild white face.

"He 's badly hurt, missis, let 's take him in," one of the men said; but Molly pushed him aside, and lifting the shawl with which he was covered, bent down to kiss the pale lips of her husband.

For a moment Ted Willis opened his eyes, and glanced sadly but tenderly at his wife; lifting his hand, he feebly stroked her tangled hair.

"Untidy as usual, lass," he whispered. "'Twas her only fault, mother, her only fault," and then his eyes closed wearily, his hand fell nervelessly, and those who watched beside him knew that Edward Willis would never speak nor move in this world again.

For many weeks after her husband's death poor Mollie lay very ill; she had fallen into a kind of stupor from which nothing could rouse her, and the parish doctor who attended her despaired for days of her life and reason. At length she showed signs of recovery, but her health was so shattered by her suffering, mental and physical, her strength so completely gone, that it was quite clear she was unfit for any sort of work, and Mollie Willis, whose beauty had been the praise, whose good fortune had been the envy of half her native village, had absolutely to go into the poor-house!

I happened to be present when she came to ask for the necessary ticket of admission. I saw her stand, all her fresh beauty faded, all her gay spirits fled, her sunny blue eyes dull and sunken, her once golden head bowed with woe and want, and humbly ask for a pauper's ticket. I had known her a bright, light-hearted girl; I had seen her tripping merrily through the meadows, heard her singing like a lark as she went milking in the early morning; I had known her in the first happy days of her married life; and could not suppress an exclamation of sorrowful surprise as I looked at her.

"Why, Mollie, what has brought you to *this*?" my friend said, preparing to write out the required ticket.

"Sorra 'thing wrong anyways, sir," she replied, holding up her head with something of the old easy grace. "It 's misfortune entirely; I wasn't born handy like, nor, what 's worse, wasn't brought up to it, an' shure, I couldn't keep things nate and swate wid them that was; but I done my best for poor Ted and the children, and it seems hard I should come to this just because I was a thrifle untidy; he said himself, sir, wid his last words, it was me only fault."

"Poor Mollie! and what 's to become of the children?"

"My uncle 'ill take the eldest boy, sir, and the poor little girls must come with myself."

"That 's too bad, Mollie!"

"It 's hard enough, sir; but maybe they 'll learn more regular ways in the house than at Knocklofty, they can't learn worse, anyways. It 's a mortal bad thing, yer honour, to be brought up the other side of the pigs and geese; them that was can't lose their likin' for them, any more than them that wasn't can't warm to them," and with this piece of crude philosophy Mollie Willis folded her ragged shawl close round her, took her ticket, and left the room; and I cannot help thinking that it 's no harm to show what the fault or misfortune of untidiness *may* bring people to.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

58. For what three great acts of faith has Abraham been called "The father of the faithful?"

59. For how long time did the household of Jacob continue to worship false gods?

60. When was Moses commanded to build the tabernacle in the wilderness?

61. When was the building of the tabernacle completed?

62. Quote a passage from which we should infer that St. Paul's infirmity of the flesh was one known to and visible to other people.

63. By what other name is the feast of the Passover known?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 142.

47. Ashdod, Gaza, Askelon, Gath, and Ekron (1 Sam. vi. 17, 18).

48. Gamaliel, a Pharisee, by whom St. Paul himself was instructed (Acts v. 34—40).

49. Ahimaar and Jonathan, the sons of Zadok and Abiathar the priests (2 Sam. xv. 36).

50. 2 Sam. xvii. 18, 19.

51. The building of the tower of Babel (Gen. xi. 4).

52. Acts xxviii. 18, 19.

SOLITARY.

I SIT beneath a spreading tree,
Shut in by blooming briar and rose,
With twittering bird and humming bee,
And at my feet the river goes—
The babbling waters pour along;
The woods are all a bower of song.

Peace is the spirit here that reigns,
  Amid the busy life of ease;
And cares and toils and griefs and pains
  Are hushed in boundless thoughts that please,
Or only sounding far away,
Dull echoes round the mountains grey.

And is it so, or only seems
  This rosy peace without a thorn?
In tuneful vales by rippling streams
  Do pain and sorrow sit forlorn?
Or peace, where every living thing
The fulness of its life can sing?

Above me in the branches sits
  A mateless bird with broken wing;
While every other sings and flits,
  He has not any heart to sing;
But silent mourns his lone desire,
A mute among the vocal choir.

And this is as the world I left—
  The many build their nests and sing,
While some are weary and bereft,
  And silent sit with broken wing—
So peace and joy go everywhere,
And pain and sorrow here as there.

J. HUIE.

STEPHEN AKROYD'S GUERDON.

BY THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY, AUTHOR OF "NESTLETON MAGNA," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—DAME HENDERSON'S PHILOSOPHY.

CHRISTMAS morning dawned bright and beautiful, and Stephen, who had slept long and peacefully into the anniversary of the advent of the world's Redeemer, rose refreshed, and quite ready for the matutinal repast which Dame Henderson had prepared for him with her accustomed skill. Strange to say, this young philosopher, who, by the teaching of the scientific new-lights of the nineteenth century had become wise above what is written, and who had learned to entertain a lofty superiority to any belief in the supernatural, felt some degree of unwillingness to meet the honest face of his plain-spoken landlady. He felt that he had fairly placed himself in a false position, and had laid himself open to caustic remarks which he knew she would not be slow to make. He could not manage to prevent a recurrence of the sheepish look which followed the unmasking of the ghost, as she said, with a meaning twinkle in her eye, "Good morning, Maister Stephen. Hev you seen any more ghosts?"

"No," said Stephen, laughing. "They have left me alone. One per night is quite enough in all conscience. But I must say I did not think that I could have been so easily befooled."

"Excuse me, Maister Stephen," said Dame Henderson, "but the foolin' was all done before. When you went back on the broad dayleet o' your mother's Bible, an' went blunderin' an' stumblin' after the miserable Jack o' Lantern o' human reason, you oppen'd the way for all sorts o' fancies. The fact is, you've gotten into a bog, an' there's no wonder 'at even a snorin' dog can upset your spirits, an' mak' your flutterin' heart an' your uneasy conscience contradict what you speak so unadvisedly wi' your lips."

"Oh, nonsense, Mrs. Henderson!" said Stephen, brusquely, putting on an authoritative tone. "I was a good deal depressed and troubled when I went to bed last night, and that, I suppose affected my nerves and my judgment too."

"Oh, Maister Stephen! Wasn't the spot you went to the varry place to mak' you depressed? When I woke up this mornin', my first thoughts were those of happy thankfulness to God for sendin' His great Christmas Gift to be to me a Saviour an' a Friend; an' I couldn't help prayin' that you may be led to find oot how much that precious Gift is worth."

"Nonsense," repeated Stephen, his pride showing him the necessity of making fight. "With the return of daylight comes common sense, and though you know I respect your simple faith, I am not to be dislodged from the decisions to which I have come after careful thought and study. These are days, you see, in which things are not to be taken for granted, and we must have proof positive for everything we venture to believe."

"Proof positive! Why you had proof positive, as you call it 'at there was a ghost i' your own chamber, for you saw it with your own eyes, an' heard it wi' your own ears, an' so you believe in it wi' all your heart. That 's what 'proof positive' does wi' poor ignorant human bein's. Wi' dayleet comes common sense, does it? Cowards an' ghosts at neet an' common sense an' bravado i' the day! For my part, I wad rather hev a simple faith in a lovin' an' gracious God all the time. Ivvery ghost i' the world 'll drop into the Red Sea when ivverybody loves an' trusts their Heavenly Father; an' if you wad turn this blessed Christmas day to good account, an' give your trustin' heart to the Holy Child Jesus, you wad hev proof positive i' your own soul that the religion o' Jesus is just the best thing i' the whole world."

"I 'm glad enough," said Stephen, willing to end the conversation, "to keep Christmas day as an acceptable holiday, or even as the birthday of a great reformer, but I cannot and I will not pin my faith to the sleeve of a parson or the sentences of an unreasonable creed."

"A Great Reformer! Aye, marry is He!" said Dame Henderson, with much warmth, and a little wrath too at the dishonour done to her Lord, "an' the devil is a great Deformer; an', mor e's the pity, he has turned you away from the truth and love which made

your own mother a saint on earth, an' then a saint i' glory. What you want is the Great Reformer, who will set you downside up again wi' your feet on the world an' your eyes to heaven. I don't want you to pin your faith to anybody's sleeve, nor to any creed neither, but I *do* want you, wi' all my heart, to pin your faith to your mother's Bible, an' to your mother's God. Maister Stephen, tell me this," she continued, as she stood at the door with her hand on the handle, "are you on this Christmas mornin' as contented an' happy, is your heart as faithful an' true to what is right and good, as you were in the old times when you knelt night an' mornin' in prayer to God?"

Stephen heaved an unconscious sigh, and then suddenly awaking to sense of the force of that unsyllabled admission, blushed before his best friend's searching eye, and sat in silence with a bended head.

"God bless you, Maister Stephen!" said she, her eyes filling with tears. "You needn't say no more. but look you, don't be vexed wi' me. You know I wad lay my life down for you. Your mother's Saviour and your *own* wants you back. Come back! On this sacred Christmas mornin' I tell you 'at there's neither rest, nor peace, nor wisdom oot o' Jesus Christ!"

With this Parthian arrow aimed by the Spirit and barbed with truth and love, Dame Henderson retired from the scene, and left him to discuss his breakfast alone.

Having duly attended to the wants of his inner man, Stephen prepared to visit the Helliers, when the remembrance of his lost bank-notes, driven from his mind by the exciting incidents of the previous night, and the dread apparition that disturbed him later on, became again the subject of perplexing wonder, and real annoyance.

A sudden thought quick as a lightning-flash made him leap to his feat.

"What a fool I am!" said he, and almost upsetting Dame Henderson's crockery in his haste, he flew upstairs, seized the once white and spotless vest whose blurred beauties had so curdled his blood a few brief hours before, and plunging his hand into the pocket, he brought forth the crisp and precious papers with a vigorous exclamation of satisfaction and delight.

Up to that moment he had utterly lost sight of his compulsory change of attire through the splashing he got in Waltham Road; and that in his haste to reach the genial circle assembled at Volney Villa he had neglected to transfer the contents of the pockets of the discarded vest to those of its hastily-donned substitute.

His gratification at the recovery of what was to him a very serious loss was naturally great; but it may be safely averred that his satisfaction was much intensified because of the power he now possessed to give aid and comfort to those who were in such grievous straits, and who in the dear old times, never to be forgotten, had done so many and so highly valued kindnesses to himself, and the mother whom he loved far more dearly than his own life.

"Now," said Stephen to himself, with that unselfish impulse which was native to his character, "I shall be able to relieve my friends in their great necessity, and to repay in some degree their well-remembered bounty." Straightway, buttoned up to the chin to face the sharp and biting Christmas air, he bent his steps to Arthur Street, thinking all the way of Mrs. Hellier and of Dora.

Yes, of Dora; for the vision of the fair girl whom he had first met under the pitiful circumstances already recorded had become photographed on his heart, nor did he strive to hide from himself the fact that in that hour he had met with one who more than any other had exercised a strong attractive influence on his hitherto unfixed affections. In the after hours spent by her sick mother's bed he had not failed to note the graceful gentleness of her behaviour, the winsomeness of her voice and smile, and especially the tender and loving care with which she anticipated and supplied all the requirements of her afflicted mother.

CHAPTER VIII.—"IS THIS YOUR MOTHER'S SON?"

ARRIVED at the humble domicile in Arthur Street where the Helliers had their temporary home, Stephen Akroyd was greeted by a welcoming and a welcome smile from Dora, who looked as though she had confidently expected, and blushed as though she had anxiously hoped for his coming. Mrs. Hellier, though weak and feeble, and evidently suffering great pain, had nevertheless left her bed for Stephen's sake, and, propped with pillows, sat near the too-scanty fire that flickered in the grate. Seen by daylight, the room looked even more the home of poverty than on the evening when Stephen had first seen it, but even more and greater also were the evidences of refinement which had succeeded in vanquishing the meanness of the surroundings, and in giving to it the air and atmosphere of home.

It was a beautiful and winsome face that smiled on him as he respectfully took the poor thin wrinkled hand, and earnestly inquired whether she was feeling stronger.

"Just a little, thank you," said she, but I am not expecting to make any great improvement. My case is not of a kind to warrant that. That, however, would be no cause of regret to me, if it were not for my darling Dora. All is well with me either for life or death."

Stephen couldn't help thinking that he could make a suggestion as to the future bestowment of "darling Dora," but for the present he held his peace.

Mrs. Hellier's was a noble and somewhat aristocratic-looking face, surrounded by a cosy old-fashioned cap, with spotlessly white full frills, and fastened with a big bow of white ribbon underneath the chin. It was what the Scotch call a "sonsy" face, and maintained its gleam of humour, its amiable dimples and its cheerful smile, in spite of the pain and sorrow which had done their best to rub them out. Her hair was silvery white, with one small curl on either

side ; her dress was a neat though somewhat faded black silk, trimmed to a slight extent with crape, which she had never wholly discarded since her noble husband, Colonel Hellier, had been taken from her, long, long years before. It was in truth a very beautiful and attractive picture which met Stephen Akroyd's gaze; and he could not help thinking that had his own dear mother lived she would have ripened into some such charming picture of peaceful and pious age.

Dora, relieved from the dreadful pressure of her fears of immediate danger to her mother's life, had, with the wondrous elasticity of youth, largely lost the look of sadness which had melted Stephen Akroyd's heart beneath the shadow of the doctor's door. She was of somewhat short but graceful form, and had dark well-regulated features, with charming accompaniments in the shape of a pair of lustrous eyes as black as sloes. Her hair was raven-black, and was loosely gathered behind in a tasteful and abundant coil, while in front it was brushed a little low over the brow, and gave a gipsy aspect to the face. Perhaps the most notable thing about her appearance was the smile, which, to Stephen Akroyd at any rate, was simply magical ; and if steady and constant observation goes for anything in these matters, he certainly ought to know. Dora was an admirable companion picture to her mother ; and an artist might travel a weary way before he came in presence of so captivating an opportunity of depicting youth and age.

With deep feeling and tones of unmistakable genuineness, Mrs. Hellier expressed her gratitude for his timely kindness to Dora and herself, and once again declared her high delight at meeting with the little son of her beloved friend.

"Not another word, if you please, on the subject of my kindness as you call it, Mrs. Hellier," said Stephen. "I shall never repay my debt to you, and if you only knew how glad I am for half a chance to try, you would see that the obligation is altogether on the other side. Let us talk about yourself, and believe me when I say that neither you nor anybody else could afford me so great a pleasure, nor can you confer on me a greater favour, than to permit me to place my services and my purse at your disposal for my mother's sake."

"With all my heart I believe you," said Mrs. Hellier; "and as I trust our need will be but temporary, I will not grieve you by refusal. But what about the large sum of money you lost the other night?"

Stephen could not help a deep red blush commingling with his smile as he called up the incident and all that followed, and straightway he gave them a full, true, and particular account of all the circumstances—blotched waistcoat, ghost and all ; no, not all, for he did not introduce the keen and weighty utterances of Dame Henderson. Indeed, why should he? He had not mentioned his own unfaith that called them forth. Sceptics are not called upon to be forward with a "reason for the hope that is in them" whatever it may be, and it may be supposed that he thought his poor negative confession of faith had little business there.

Both his hearers laughed heartily at his recital ; and though it was a real gratification to him to see the invalid's dear face lighted up with honest mirth, it was of course Miss Dora's unrestrained merriment that struck him as being "rippling harmonies unexcelled."

Stephen's Christmas-box was produced, and he handed the whole packet to Mrs. Hellier, and wished that it was more. This, however, Mrs. Hellier would in no wise permit. She took one five-pound note, and returned the rest, saying, "I hope to repay you this ; but if not, I have long learnt to know that God is my banker, and he will not suffer your disinterested goodness to lose its reward."

It cannot possibly be affirmed that Stephen's attention was even chiefly concentrated on the mother and his wish to serve her, though that was real enough ; ever and anon his eyes strayed after Dora, as she moved around the chamber, and when in response to his earnest words "for my mother's sake," he saw the tears in her sympathetic eyes, he felt as though five thousand five-pound notes, a fortune, or an empire, was not too much to pay for the thrill of pleasure and satisfaction he then felt.

In the course of conversation Mrs. Hellier found a familiar and joyful theme in recounting to her hearer the story of her spiritual life. She was one of those, of whom there are too few, whose statement of religious experience had as genuine a ring in it as any coin of minted gold. As she told the story of her sad bereavement, of the cruel and heartless treatment of fraudulent trustees, who had deprived her of all but a small remnant of her means of subsistence, of the undeserved coolness and comparative desertion of her by her husband's relatives, of the growing weakness and pain she felt arising from an incurable affliction, she uttered no word either of fretting or complaint. The introduction of these painful matters seemed only for the purpose of thereby illustrating the resultant goodness and care of God, and all the while with touching pathos and artless simplicity she told him how the presence and comfort of her Saviour had ever sustained and rejoiced her trusting soul.

Whether she saw in Stephen's clouded brow and somewhat restless movements a disinclination for religious converse, or whether she sought with godly purpose to probe his mind, cannot be said, but, suddenly checking herself, she said, as she looked him steadily in the face, "Stephen! Let me call you so as in the olden time. Your mother was a real Christian, and if I remember right, you also knew something of like precious faith. Have you held fast the beginning of your confidence steadfast in your mother's God?"

The question had never been thus straightly and definitely put to him before, and for some seconds he was so dumbfoundered as to be unable to reply. But Stephen Akroyd was nothing if not honest, that, indeed, was the one stay left him to lean upon. He

was incapable of deceit, and felt that the manly thing to do was to speak the sober truth. Dora stood, he felt it somehow, in still suspense behind him, as if the answer was of deepest interest to her. At length he confessed that he had long ago accepted the modern theories, which scouted the idea of revelation and all the special doctrines of the Christian faith therein contained.

"I am afraid I shall lose caste with you," said he, strangely unwilling to make his confession *there*. "But the truth is that I have come to the conclusion that all things are under the control of fixed laws, which cannot possibly be influenced out of their stern and steadfast march by any power whatsoever. I do not, therefore, retain my old notions about religion, but I trust that I am not the less a lover of truth and virtue for that, for virtue is the one wise rule of life. I do not——"

He could proceed no further. Mrs. Hellier's hands were uplifted as she looked on him in shocked amaze, and she broke in upon his confession of faith with the pregnant words, "And is this your mother's son?"

At this point Dora intervened, and with admirable tact turned the conversation, which was becoming very embarrassing, into more general channels, though Mrs. Hellier made an effort now and then to lead him back to what was to her the most worthy subject of converse in the world. Stephen could not fail to perceive, however, that a change had come over Dora, and that both by look and tone she evinced the regret with which she had listened to his unwelcome avowal. Eventually Stephen retired, with a promise to repeat his visit whenever inclination and opportunity enabled him so to do.

The Christmas bells were ringing as he bent his steps to his lodgings, but to him they bore no tidings of great joy, no message of salvation, no comforting thought of Heaven's high interest in the eternal well-being of the human soul. Not that they had no such gracious embassage, but that like the deaf adder he had stopped his ear, and all was mournful silence or a discord that harassed the mind and perplexed the heart. He could not help but feel how rich and blessed Mrs. Hellier with all her trials was as compared to him.

"Her faith is fixed and cannot move,
She darkly feels him great and wise,
She dwells on him with faithful eyes,
'I cannot understand; I love.'"

(*To be continued.*)

THE MANY-STRINGED LUTE:

THOUGHTS ON THE SPIRIT AND TEACHING OF THE PSALMS.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, D.D., RECTOR OF ST. OLAVE'S, SOUTHWARK.

III.—PSALMS OF THE HOME AND FAMILY.

"Home, home, name how endearing;
Home, home, shrined in my breast;
Home, home, to my heart cheering,
Home, in thy bosom I 'll rest."

WE now enter upon the third of our concentric circles, with God the centre of *it*, as of all the rest. And a pleasing and grateful subject it is—that of home, family, and domestic life, sanctified by true religion, and with God in the midst to bless. This is, also, a nearer and more homely view of our general topic; we may feel ourselves lost in the magnitude of the *Nation;* and even the vast constituency of the *Church* might dwarf our individual membership; but in the home and family we are few—numbered, named, and loved; every little want attended to, and every member is a somebody. In the family circle we are loved, counted, treasured, and if missing we are sorely missed.

The bond that binds the family circle is unknown in any other relationship in life, no other association reproduces it. The only thing like it is the family of God—His flock, His fold; He, the great Father over all, and Christ, His son, our Elder Brother; and all we His sons and daughters. This sacred illustration of the Church of God is taken from your family or from mine. It would, therefore, be a relationship easily understood, and, as such, more edifying to those that do so understand it.

There are Psalms which speak of the Jewish home and family circle. The religion of the Nation, and the yet more intense religious feeling of the *Church*, of Israel, would be the total, made up of the wide-spread and deeply-rooted religion of the *Homes* of the land. All great results are made up of parts; and thus all the God-fearing families throughout the land make up the God-fearing Church and the God-honouring Nation. The organisation of Israel was as that of a family. They were all sprung from one common father, and the seed of Abraham was all one family; and, until the curse, by reason of their disobedience, scattered them, they never lost their cohesion as a family circle. As a family, they grew and multiplied; they shared their fortunes and misfortunes; they emigrated to Egypt, and abode there in their own portion of the land; they suffered together; they departed as one body; they held together all through the wilderness; they entered their new home of Canaan together; and abode there in their fatherland. And even since their dispersion they have still

continued as one family—with a family language, and family habits, and even with a strongly-marked family likeness.

Much of the religion of the Jews was domestic. Their two great sacraments were intimately associated with Home—(1) circumcision was performed in the house on the eighth day; and (2) the passover, at least at its first institution, was a purely domestic service—the father of the family, the priest of his own house, sprinkling the blood upon the house, and keeping the feast within the house to the Lord. And although the passover was afterwards celebrated at Jerusalem, yet it was commanded that all the men of Israel should go up to Jerusalem to keep it there. Thus, all the homes and families of the people were represented; and from all the houses of the land, as from ten thousand springs, the waters flowed and met and mingled in the Church's one communion, and rose to the level of full tide of a truly national religion. And, added to all this, was the glorious temple as the national cathedral; and (subsequently) the synagogues, like parish churches, were interspersed throughout the land for the more convenient assembling of families and neighbourhoods. Truly, this national recognition of religion, through the individual homes and families of Israel, was an eloquent theme for the psalmist's harp and psaltery; and, accordingly, this phase of the national religion is not without its copious measure of mention in the Book of Psalms.

The expression of a domestic religion in the Book of Psalms may be said to begin at a very early and elementary stage, even in the matter of the building of the house itself. Thus, the prefix to Psalm xxx. is, "A Psalm and Song at the Dedication of the house of David." Such psalms of dedication would seem to be a general following of the commandment of the law, spoken of in the Book of Deuteronomy—"What man is there that hath built a new house, and hath not dedicated it? let him go and return to his house, lest he die in the battle, and another man dedicate it" (Deut. xx. 5). This dedicatory psalm (xxx.), though bearing no direct allusion to house-building, yet gives expression to feelings very suitable for such an occasion. For example, it speaks of the great privilege of establishment, settlement, and perpetuity of abode; and thus supplies the true motives and reasons for joy, and praise, and thanksgiving, and dependence upon God. The Psalmist had evidently been in danger of his life, nigh unto death and the grave; and on his recovery he renders his thanks to God—"Thou hast made my mountain to stand strong" (v. 7.) In our language we are accustomed to call a man's home his "castle;" David calls it his "mountain." And so great was the blessing thus conferred, that the Psalmist awakes both his heart and his harp—"To the end that my glory may sing praise to thee, and not be silent" (ver. 12.) By the word "glory" he meant his harp as the exponent of his heart, as in another Psalm he says, "Awake up, my glory; awake psaltery and harp; I myself will awake early" (Ps. lvii. 8.)

More direct allusion to the domestic religion of the Jewish nation is made in other psalms, such as the 127th and 128th. Thus (as in Ps. cxxvii.) we are led back to the elementary principle again —"Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it," &c. The true foundation of the home and family is God; for a family dedicated to God is the Church of God in miniature. A large family then meant not so many mouths to feed, but so many members of the Church of God; and even in an earthly sense "children and the fruit of the womb" were accounted as a God-given heritage, a help, a comfort, and a joy; and a physical defence, too—"Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them: they shall not be ashamed, but they shall speak with the enemies in the gate." This would be better understood and appreciated then and there than here and now; for, in a scattered population, with no defence from a standing army or an organised police, and exposed to the incursions of the surrounding tribes of the wilderness, every house had to stand on its own defence. Thus, the more sons in the house the better would the land be tilled, and the flocks tended, and the harvests gathered; and if a foe appeared, the head of that house had but to deliver his "quiver-full" of his brave defenders against the invader at his gates. And so the more sons there are in the family of God, the stronger and the safer is His Church against the assaults of Satan. God will not be served by strangers or by mercenaries; He wants His own *sons* to carry on His work—not as hirelings but as children; not as work, and toil, and task, but as a labour of love, in the direction of their own best interests, and for the glory of God, their great and loving Father. Against such a family, against such a Church, "the gates of hell shall not prevail."

And as in that Psalm the external prosperity of the Church is spoken of, so in Psalm cxxviii. the Church's internal order, and peace, and glory, and beauty of holiness, are the subjects of the Psalmist's song. Thus, the joyful and happy home is described; every member is on his or her appointed duty, and the discharge of that duty is helpful, and brings a blessing to all the rest. The wife as the fruitful vine—the vine-clad house for ornament, and the fruit for cheerfulness and plenty. The house that is embowered, and embosomed, and embroidered in the vine-clad tracery and trellis-work of a true mother's love, may well be said to be a home next door to heaven. The picture continues: The children of that house are as the "olive plants"—the young and growing trees—round the vine, for protection

and defence. Ah, well may the promise be trusted, "Thus shall the man be blessed that feareth the Lord" (cxxviii. 4.)

We may well say it is worth while to bestow all this care, if only for the blessing promised. There is no investment so profitable as the love and prayer and attention bestowed on home. Outside there may be many discouragements, false friends, and disappointments; even in the Church's work you may make enemies, and things may seem as though you served God for nought; but in the Christian home all is well—the irritations outside are soothed within its holy sanctuary.

"The sighs without, the songs within,
The hours of joy to home belong."

One more feature of the domestic religion of the people of Israel was in the matter of the home education of their children, a bright example of which is supplied to us in the history of Timothy, who "from a child had known the Holy Scriptures" (2 Tim. iii. 15); and this knowledge had been communicated by the faithful instructions of a fond mother, who, in her turn, had been likewise instructed by her own mother's faithful teaching in the sacred lore of their fathers (2 Tim. i. 5). And this was but a specimen of the national education of which the Psalmist speaks—"I will open my mouth in a parable: I will utter dark sayings of old: which we have heard and known, and our fathers have told us. We will not hide them from their children, showing to the generations to come the praises of the Lord, and His strength, and His wonderful works that He hath done. For He established a testimony in Jacob, and appointed a law in Israel, which He commanded our fathers, that they should make them known to their children: that the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be born; who should arise and declare them to their children," &c. (Ps. lxxviii. 2—6). It would be hard to say how many generations are represented in these directions of the Psalmist. Thus far-reaching was the testimony of God in those days. The work of education was conducted at home, and especially the religious education and up-bringing of the children. When will England rise to this level, or return again to that edifying and commanding "unity of the Spirit, in the bond of peace," that characterised the religion of those early days? Let us not fall back from the home religion that once edified and built up the Church of God in its widespread families and relationships.

What a Church, what a nation, would ours be, if all the fathers and mothers of the land could say of their children what the father of the Wesleys said of his large family, "God has shown me that I should have all my nineteen children about me in heaven. They will all be saved, for God has given them all to my prayers!" It is only in proportion as the Church is recruited thus from the families of the land that we can ever hope to realise the concluding words of the Psalmist's home song, "Yea, thou shalt see thy children's children, and peace upon Israel" (Ps. cxxviii. 6).

THE WHITE ROSE OF WHITELAKE.

BY ANNE BEALE, AUTHOR OF "THE PENNANT FAMILY."

CHAPTER XXIII.

MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

THE letter which Mrs. Mervyn wrote with so much care and thought on the evening of the attack upon Llansant gate remained in her desk several days. She was alone when she wrote it, and she waited for solitude to take it from its hiding-place. The excitement of her household was gradually subsiding, and as yet, no new complications in connection with the riots had arisen. Mr. Mervyn and her two younger children were in the hay-field, and Rose at Manorsant, when she cautiously abstracted the letter, and put it in her pocket. She chose that no one but herself should know to whom it was addressed, and we will not intrude upon her privacy. She had her walking things on, and left word with Mally that she was going to the village—an event of such rare occurrence on week-days, that it set that silent domestic wondering, for Mally, unlike her admirer Jim, was renowned for reticence.

Returning homeward she was met by Major Faithfull. She did not recognise him, and would have passed him, had he not raised his cap, and said, "Mrs. Mervyn, I believe." She paused a moment, and he approached with an apology for detaining her. He had seen her once at church, besides their introduction on Midsummer eve, but he had not realised what sort of woman she was.

"I have had the pleasure of meeting you before, though you do not perhaps remember me," he began. "I am Major Faithfull."

She bowed a sort of haughty acknowledgment, almost as much as to say that she did not care to improve the acquaintance; which, in truth, she did not, on Rose's account. She owed him a grudge for

carrying off Llewellen, and so leaving her daughter unprotected by the lake. He was embarrassed by her manner, still he did not care to let her pass without speaking of her son, to whom he had taken the sort of fancy that a soldier and man of the world might take to an enthusiastic youth bent on military service and well suited to it.

"Would you excuse my inquiring whether it would be possible to get your son into the army?" he said.

"I think not. He is too old for Sandhurst, even if his father could send him, which he could not; and, probably, would not, as he wants him at home. Mr. Mervyn could not purchase a commission, so there is no prospect."

"I have some influence at the Horse Guards. I should be so glad to use it for one who seems born a soldier ——"

"Thank you. I fear it would be of no avail."

"Yet he gives up the Church on principle?"

"Yes."

"It is a pity that so gallant a young man should be lost to the service when his heart is set upon it."

"But not the hearts of his parents."

During this brief colloquy Mrs. Mervyn had avoided looking Major Faithfull in the face; she now glanced up at him. She saw before her what seemed, at least, a frank, straightforward soldier, the expression of whose countenance was grave, if not melancholy, while his words and manner were cheerful and open. Still she mistrusted him, and he felt it. Insensibly he became conscious that she was thinking of her daughter and his encounter with her. He, also, was thinking of her; for how could he avoid it in the presence of her mother? Whether the mesmeric, or electric, or psychic force, enlightened each concerning the mind of the other, it is impossible to say; but certain it is that Mrs. Mervyn bade him a hasty good morning, after having thanked him for his interest in her son with a certain hauteur that gave him the impression that she considered his interest impertinent. He had not, indeed, quite understood Llewellen's position; and after he parted from his mother he said to himself that he supposed the father was a man in an inferior position, as Mr. Wynne had hinted. Still, the mother and her children were superior; for even the unconventional, hoydenish Edwyna had the stamp of ladyhood.

"What can it matter to me?" he muttered. "I almost wish I could get rid of my ardour for being of use to my fellow-creatures. It certainly burns less fiercely than it did, thanks to disappointments. What can it be to me if I see the fire of the soldier in a handsome young farmer—for I suppose that is what the youth really is—or delicate grace and breeding in a daily governess, his sister?"

While these and many similar reflections were passing through the Major's mind, Mrs. Mervyn was indulging in speculations, or rather condemnations of him and his class.

Having reached home, she had just set aside her walking things, and taken up her work, when her husband came in. She glanced at his shoes as usual; for she was essentially neat, he careless and untidy. He had changed them, for a wonder, which suggested a desire to please unusual in him, whose motto was, "Please yourself, and let other people alone."

"Yes, I have actually changed them, Mrs. Mervyn," he began—they never called each other by the Christian name—"and I have come to ask you to change, not your shoes, but your tactics. Here is a letter from Johnnes, Glynglâs, containing a formal proposal for Rose. Will you advise her to accept it?"

"I cannot, Mr. Mervyn," she replied, decidedly.

"Why? He is what the world would call eligible."

"But he is not suited to Rose, and she does not care for him. You must acknowledge that she is superior to him, both in education and position."

"On the female side, perhaps, but not on the male; and unfortunately we poor sinners of the masculine gender are supposed to be lords of the creation. Ha, ha! But, seriously, Mrs. Mervyn, it is important that Rose should be provided for when I die, and I am not as strong as I look; there will not be a hundred pounds for you all; and now Llewellen has thrown up such chances as he might have had, and will be a burden upon us—upon you, I mean, for I don't think I shall live long."

Strange as it may sound, Mervyn was a nervous man, and his wife knew it. Whenever he had a fit of indigestion he was going to die; and if palpitation accompanied it, the death was to be immediate. She, on the contrary, did not know what nerves meant, and did not believe in his. She saw before her a tall, powerfully-built man, who yet could sympathise with old Mr. Wynne in his troubles; but with this difference, that Mervyn was brave as a lion when once driven into action, whereas the squire was always timid. No one had discovered, however, that Mervyn was physically nervous except his wife; and she had no sympathy with him in this real affliction, as he had none with her in her exclusiveness. He had been in good health of late, and had shown no symptoms of this infirmity; but Rebecca, her threatening letters, and, above all, the accompanying night work, had wholly disagreed with him, and the result was apparent in the present conversation.

"May I prepare you a dose of Jeremy's powder, Mr. Mervyn?" said his wife, striving not to be sarcastic.

"I do not want Jeremy's powder; but I *do* want a wife with common sense, and not a fine lady who teaches her daughter disobedience. I believe, if Rose persists in refusing Alfred Johnnes, we shall be ruined; for he is in favour with Rebecca, and these threats of hers all mean that she is to marry him or brook the consequences."

Mervyn struck the table roughly and spoke loudly, thereby showing that his temper was rising. His wife knew the symptoms, but not how to treat them. Instead of soothing, she was silent; and he hated silence. He would rather, as he sometimes said,

"He inquired whether she was feeling stronger."—*p.* 179.

clear the air with a good quarrel, than see his adversary hold his tongue. He could not understand that reserved people have not the power to speak out, and little knew that his wife often longed to allay his irritation; but not knowing how, took refuge in what he was pleased to call her "confounded aristocratic pride." On the present occasion, however, she was alarmed; for she fancied he showed a resolution that he did not often display, since, like many loud-spoken people, "his bark was worse than his bite."

After a moment's consideration she said, quietly, "I think any degree of poverty would be preferable to making Rose miserable for life. And, besides, you are not dangerously ill. But I will speak to Rose, and point out your wishes, and her duty as a daughter. She is very obedient, and will, I am sure, consider them. She has been a good deal frightened of late, so we must deal gently with her, and give her time for consideration."

This speech was so conciliatory that it took immediate effect, much to Mrs. Mervyn's surprise.

"Of course, I don't want to make her miserable, Mrs. Mervyn, only sensible. *You* have had experience enough of the mistake, sentiment, and romance, and that sort of rubbish is. I should be sorry to see Rose's life overcast as yours has been for want of a little judgment."

Mrs. Mervyn looked at her husband, but he was gazing absently out of the window, and could not see her pained yet almost tender expression of face. He who was angry in one minute and good-tempered the next, and who rarely acted from reflection, little knew how deeply his inconsiderate words often cut into his wife's heart; while she did not fully realise how irritating her reserve and apparent indifference were to him. Misunderstanding is at the root of half the misery of the world.

She, however, took the earliest opportunity to speak to Rose on this subject so near all their hearts. To Rose's astonishment and dismay, her mother had, as Mervyn expressed it, "changed her tactics." Instead of strengthening her resolution to refuse Alfred Johnnes, she placed before her the advantages which her father considered would result from their marriage. She had schooled herself to do this; and Rose could not discover whether or not she desired what she calmly placed before her.

"Do you really wish me to marry this man, mother?" asked Rose, in great agitation.

"Your father does, Rose. He seems to have set his heart upon it, being anxious to see you provided for. He pleads coming poverty and his own uncertain health as his reasons. And I fear he has had cause to regret, personally, the effects of a daughter's disobedience."

Mrs. Mervyn's face flushed. She had never before alluded to her own history, and went no farther on the present occasion. Rose waited for enlightenment in vain.

"Dearest mother, I would work for father and starve with him, if needful, but not do this thing. Could you advise me to it?" she said at last.

"Do not ask me, Rose. I know that in other circles of life to ours parents often marry their daughters to men they do not love, for rank, fortune, or, may-be, to get them off their hands. Sometimes these matches turn out well, sometimes ill. On the other hand, girls will now and again disobey their parents, and make imprudent marriages with men either poor or below them in social position; and the results of these are equally various. This we know, that God bids us obey our parents, and disgrace or misery generally follows the breaking of this commandment."

Rose perceived that her mother's voice shook, and her lips quivered as she said these words. She put her arms round her, and kissed her affectionately, which brought a flood of unexpected and rare tears.

"Dear mother, do not grieve for me. I will ask God to direct me in this. I have forgotten Him of late in my terrors; but Egain reads me a lesson of remembrance. I think she is an angel-guest, and always administers the most refreshing draughts when one is sad or weary."

"She is indeed, Rose. I wish I had been taught to pray when the hour of my temptation came," said Mrs. Mervyn, putting her daughter gently aside, and leaving the room for the privacy of her own apartment.

Rose fell on her knees, and asked for the guidance she so much needed.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DECISION.

MADOC and Letty came up to Llynhafod that same evening, to see Egain. It was the corporal's first visit to his daughter, though Letty had been to see her almost daily. They were shown at once to her room, and left alone with her. The meeting between the father and child was truly affecting, and it was some time before either could find composure sufficient to speak; for it seemed as if the old man would never release his darling from his embrace. When he did so, he seated himself on one side of her bed, Letty on the other.

"You didn't think your old father unkind, Egain, because he didn't come at once?" were his first words. "You know I wouldn't leave my post. As long as there was toll to take, duty kept me there to take it. "England—and Wales too—expects every man to do his duty. But we're giving in, Egain; I am sorry to say, we're giving in. You, a soldier's daughter, are ashamed of us, I know."

"It may be wiser under the circumstances, father."

"Not a bit of it. But I 've had a hint from headquarters to let the toll alone, as it is likely the gate will not be replaced. Cowards! 'tis running away in sight of the enemy."

"It is not your fault, father. You must obey orders."

"We are too old for new barracks, Egain. And

then our pretty house, and your corner behind the screen, and the old woman's big chimney, and my garden, and the pictures."

Letty began to cry.

"Perhaps they will let us rent the house, mother, when the times are better. We can all work for a living."

"What's a man with a wooden leg good for but to keep a gate or sweep a crossing? Waterloo did for me!"

"You have your pension and your medal, dear father; and all the glory of a great victory."

"To be sure! but I was forgetting that! On my deed you look twice the girl you were when Rebecca carried you off. And there's good they are to give you this pretty room. Talk of pictures! Why, the walls are covered with them!"

"Yes, and they are all done by Mrs. Mervyn and Miss Rose. Indeed, dear father and mother, every one is so good to me, and I am so constantly fed, that I think I am much better than I was. Miss Edwyna not only brings me milk three times a day, but insists on my drinking it. We have much to be thankful for still in spite of the riots."

Egain's manner changed as she said this. It had been gay and encouraging, it became grave. But her parents were not aware of it. They saw that she was really better, and were thankful. She was, indeed, so much stronger, that Mrs. Mervyn meditated getting her down-stairs; and the corporal was beginning to wonder how they could best convey her home again, when there was a tap at the door. It was Edwyna, who had a table-cloth across her arm.

"Now, you are all to sup together just as you do at home," she said, authoritatively, spreading her cloth over a round table that stood near Egain's bed.

She then went in search of Rose, whom she found in their room vigorously sponging her face, and giving a smothered sob at intervals. She could not stand this.

"Rose, don't be silly!" she exclaimed, putting her arms round her sister's waist, and forcibly seating her on her lap in their old arm-chair. "It is all that nasty Alfred Johnnes! There is father striding about below stairs as if he was bewitched, and mother shut up above stairs as if she was being punished; and you crying your eyes out. I promise you to pay him out for it all. Leave it to me. He is afraid of me because I speak out."

"Do let me go, Edwyna; I assure you you know nothing about it," ejaculated the struggling Rose.

"You shall see!" returned Edwyna, drawing her sister's pale face towards her own rosy one, and kissing her.

But Rose had conquered her emotion, and soon offended Edwyna because she would not communicate its source. Much as she loved the warm-hearted child, she knew her open nature too well to confide in her.

It was not so with Egain. When her parents were gone, Rose had a long conversation with her, which was painful, but beneficial to both. She considered it just towards Egain to make her acquainted with this renewed proposal, since she was cognisant of what had preceded it, as well as with her father's wishes, which were almost commands. Rose little knew what it cost Egain to give her counsel.

"Miss Rose," she said, "of one thing I am sure. Rebecca is no demon but a man. I discovered this when he lifted me into the dog-cart. I know it was the leader who did this; and he was gentle! most gentle!" here she paused. "You can keep your pretty fancies about the White Lady, but she did not assume Rebecca's form on Midsummer Eve. Had you not been terrified, you would not yourself credit so silly a superstition, which has been merely spread by the rioters themselves, to make the weak peasantry believe there is only one chief, when there are many."

"Yes, Egain, I am convinced of this now, and am ashamed of my folly," returned Rose. "But what interest can the Rebeccaites have in my marrying Alfred Johnnes?"

"That is a question I cannot answer," replied Egain, her face suddenly flushing. "Are you quite sure that you cannot, at least, *try* to love him, and so obey your father? Do not think of me, or of any words that passed between him and me years ago. When they slipped from me to you, I little thought he would have set his heart so much upon you. He has ceased to care for me; and yet—but our positions are so different—and, besides, he is not a good man. Perhaps you may help to make him so, though we must not do evil that good may come. It is greatly complicated."

"The question with me is, whether threats ought to have the force to make me do what I know to be wrong," said Rose. "I desire to obey my father; but should I not be disobeying a higher power if I promised what my heart knows to be false?"

"I think so," answered Egain, reflectively. "But, oh, dear Miss Rose, I am not the person to ask. I fancied I had crushed out self during my long illness; but since I have been here, and feel so much better, the old enemy returns. And I have prayed, and struggled, and fought against it, as surely never woman did before."

Egain clasped her hands; and, as if with some sudden thought of the past, memory brought a flood of recollections, she cried out with a voice half passion, half tenderness, "And, oh, how he loved me! how he loved me!"

Rose had never heard thus much before, never seen her so excited, so handsome. Her fine face kindled into youth and health, and a wonderful smile spread over it. But this ecstasy of memory soon subsided; and, covering her gleaming eyes with her hands, she said, excitedly, "May he repent and be forgiven! Pray for him—for me!"

"Did you quarrel, Egain?"

"Aye, we were always quarrelling and making up. Father and mother used to laugh at us, not knowing all. I am thankful that, in their innocence, and

looking on us as almost children, they never knew."

"You were engaged, Egain?"

"Yes. He promised, and meant to marry me. But first one girl, then another, came in our way. Now it was some one in his own rank, or even superior to him; and now in a position inferior to mine. The last was the French nurse-maid at Manorsant—Virginie they call her. I don't think any one but myself suspected this, but I am afraid my wits were sharpened by jealousy. She was about my age, and handsomer than I, and I saw them together more than once. I offered to break off with him, but he refused. Afterwards he was sometimes kind, sometimes cold; and then came my long illness. Thanks to that and dear Mr. Edwardes, and, above all, the workings of the divine love in my soul, I hope I saw myself and him in the true light. I wrote to him, and freed him; but, oh, Miss Rose, the prayers, the agony, the tears it cost me! I have never spoken to him since. But he has often caused me great pain of mind by asking for me of my parents, and even glancing in upon me. I need not say what it has cost me to see him pursuing you; and to feel certain that now, at least, his affections are fixed, and that on one who by repulsing him is sure to retain him."

Egain paused, and Rose, whose sympathy and indignation were equally aroused, said, "What did Silly Shanno mean by asking him what he had done with you after he pushed you into the lake?"

Egain started and turned pale as she answered. "That was our last meeting. I was reproaching him, perhaps too violently, for his conduct. I had a ready tongue in those days. He was irritated into passion, and vowed he would throw me into the lake if I exasperated him any more. We have all much to answer for in the way of words, Miss Rose. Had I been less excited he would have been less violent. He seized me by the arm when I asked him some mocking question about the Frenchwoman, and at that moment Silly Shanno appeared. I fled, and I dare say she fancied he had actually pushed me into the lake, for we stood on its brink. It was nearly dark, and my terror and agitation were so great, that when I reached home I fainted. This was the beginning of my illness, and he knew it. I think it steadied him for a time. At any rate, as you know, he afterwards went away to see the world, as he said; and when he returned you were grown up, and he took this fancy for you. I do not wonder; and if only he were worthy of you, I might—but, oh, darling Miss Rose, ask me no more! For pity's sake, ask me no more!"

Egain gave way to an uncontrollable fit of weeping. This was so unusual that Rose was frightened. She stood silently by her side for a few moments, then said, quietly, but decidedly, "Be comforted, dear Egain. Knowing what I do, neither threats nor entreaties shall induce me to accept Mr. Alfred Johnnes." *(To be continued.)*

LES ASILES DE LAFORCE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS SCOTT, M.A., VICAR OF WEST HAM.

WHEN an old friend asked me to go with him, last Easter, for a fortnight's run in the south of France, it was impossible for a tired clergyman like me to say no.

He proposed making for Bordeaux, as he was anxious to see M. Bost's Asiles de Laforce, at no great distance from that city. In my heart I should have preferred some other route which would promise greater variety of objects of interest, and I am not sure that I fully shared my friend's eagerness to visit Laforce. Yet, after all, the trip proved unusually interesting, and the sight of Les Asiles alone was worth a journey twice as long. We saw the cathedrals of Amiens and Beauvais on our way to Paris, with those of Chartres and Orleans (a strange contrast), and of Tours and Bordeaux afterwards. The peaceful beauty of a Sunday at Versailles, in all the freshest green of spring, where we had everything almost to ourselves, is a thing not to be forgotten. And as to the châteaux which abound in the neighbourhood of Tours, they drove us nearly wild with delight—Chambord, and Blois, and Amboise, and Chenonceaux, and Loches, redolent of Francis I., and Catharine de Medicis, and the Guises, and Louis XI. How is it that they are so little known? Yet, after all, still more interesting was Mettray, where 800 lads, convicted prisoners once, are now learning honest trades, without a hedge or a policeman to keep them in—as happy and busy as the day is long. Past Poitiers and Angoulême, our way led through the finest vineyards in Europe (once all in the possession of the English), to the capital of the wine district, and the chief port of western France—Bordeaux.

We had written to M. Bost (to whom we had letters of introduction), and proposed to spend the Thursday in seeing Les Asiles. He could not receive us till two days later, and then insisted on our taking up our quarters at his house from Saturday till Tuesday. We could not decline his kind invitation, but had seen all we cared to see at Bordeaux; so to Arcachon, on the edge of Les Landes, we went, to while away the time. Arcachon is a French Bournemouth—all villas and pines—on an almost landlocked inlet from the Bay of Biscay, seventy miles round, famous for its oyster nurseries. As pretty a place as need be

Les Asiles de Laforce.

seen is Arcachon; and in summer it is gay with an amphibious population of 15,000 bathers, who spend at least half their time in the water.

But now it was Saturday afternoon; and the slowest of trains (it is wonderful how slow a French train *can* be if it try), carried us by Libourne (built by our Edward I.), up the pleasant valley of the Dordogne, to a station with the unpronounceable name, Prigourieux. A carriage was waiting for us, and took us to M. Bost's pretty house.

The next day was Sunday, and after service in the little church where M. Bost's assistant, a nephew of Adolph Monod, preached, we went to the first of Les Asiles, La Famille. A large, pleasant white house it is, standing in a pretty garden. Here were ninety girls, most of them orphans, though a few had one parent surviving. They looked the very picture of happiness. Some were reading under the shady trees in the garden; others were walking, two or three together, with their arms round each other, as girls love to do. But all came running up at the first sight of M. Bost, "to share the good man's smile." At our next visit we saw them at school and in their work-room. Every care is taken to fit them for earning their own living. Many of the former inmates are now in England as servants, and some even as nursery governesses. One poor girl, who had *lost an arm*, had been taught needlework so well that she could make her own clothes, and was just about to leave the Home to help support her mother by dressmaking.

A quarter of a mile away we came to another house, as home-like in its appearance as *La Famille*, and with an equally pleasant garden. Under a large tree—such as I had never seen before—all covered with pink blossoms growing along the branches with almost no stalks, were a number of wheel-chairs. We soon found why these were needed. The name of this house was *Bethesda*. It was rightly named, for it contained "a great number of impotent folk." They were all "incurables." There were imbeciles, too, and idiots. In all there were 102 women and girls.

Some were quite bed-ridden, some blind, nearly all more or less deformed in limb or in head, and, as old Fuller says, "their heads sometimes so little that there was no room for wit, sometimes so long that there was no wit for so much room." Here was a girl from among the Waldenses. Here was a pretty child of 13, the daughter of a Hungarian countess, once rich, but suddenly left a

widow through her husband committing suicide in consequence of bankruptcy. The dear child was blind, imbecile, and scarcely able to say a single word articulately.

In this same room we saw next day a sweet little girl of nine or ten who had had some strange and horrible disease, through which both her hands had dropped off at the wrists. She had nothing left but the bare stumps, and yet with these she was making a pair of worsted-work slippers of a rather intricate pattern. Though I stood and watched her, I could not make out how she persuaded the needle to go into the right holes in the canvas, but she did. The presence of M. Bost acted on them like a charm. They came crowding up to him to shake hands, and to greet him with their very best attempts at a smile. And when he proposed that they should sing, and himself sat down at the harmonium, I thought that I could understand how at the sound of David's harp the evil spirit departed from Saul.

But it is time that we go a little further on, to *Eben-ezer*. Far, very far more distressing was the sight here than at *Bethesda*. Here are fifty patients, young and old, who, besides other misfortunes, are epileptic. It wanted some strength of nerve to stay in the rooms with them, for one and another would fall on the ground, and almost "wallow, foaming." Poor things! Here was a child of fourteen, the daughter of an excellent French missionary among the Basutos, quite blind, almost dumb, paralysed, and epileptic. Near her stood an imbecile woman, who spends her whole time, entirely of her own accord, in looking after her. Her affection was most touching. A few days before, the poor woman had had some cakes given her, every one of which she at once brought to her poor blind friend. And when M. Bost once gave her a *sou*, she fell down three times in her hurry to reach her friend, to give it her. I was much touched by happening to observe a poor woman, epileptic, blind, and with only a ray of intellect left, lift up her hands, and say, with the greatest earnestness, "*O mon père, je te vois.*"

Near to *Eben-ezer* was a new home, *La Miséricorde*, destined to receive the very worst of the imbecile and epileptic cases. It was opened a few days after our visit.

On Monday morning we drove with M. and Madame Bost a couple of miles further away, to yet another asylum. This was for imbecile men and boys, and was called *Siloam*. There were 81 inmates, some of them mere parodies on human nature. Here was a poor creature wandering about the garden, looking almost like a wild beast. The only way to keep him quiet was by letting him have his mouth always filled with bread. Here was a young man, son of one of the first officers in the French army, once clever and just about to take his degree, when typhus fever brought him to almost complete idiocy. Here was a most touching case: it was a man, such a creature! all his limbs twisted and deformed, not able to keep arms or legs quiet for a moment, unable to speak articulately, and, to all appearance a confirmed idiot. He is an idiot on most points, but he has been made to understand that Jesus died for him. By the most uncouth gestures and sounds he made us comprehend that he knew that his Lord wore a crown of thorns, and that His hands and feet were pierced, and that he hoped himself to go to heaven.

Monday morning is the time when M. and Madame Bost meet the directeurs and directrices, and receive a report from each Asile. We were present at the meeting. After a prayer had been offered and a chapter read, and a few kind words spoken, in which "les deux amis Anglais" were not forgotten, business was proceeded with. "*La Famille* had been visited by the Government inspector." "At *Eben-ezer* they had had a sad week. One of their best loved inmates had suddenly died during a *crise*. In the course of the week the patients had had 119 fits in the day, and 109 at night." And so on.

A short visit to *Bethel*, the home for epileptic boys, followed. They do nearly all the work in the large garden and in the laundry. They also make beautiful baskets, which the girls in *La Famille* line with silk, and which meet, as they deserve, with a ready sale.

It was here that in going through the "dortoirs" (the sleeping-rooms)—which are models of cleanliness and good ventilation—we noticed a small bedroom very prettily, and even expensively furnished. M. Bost noticed our look of surprise, and explained all. A gentleman and lady had put their idiot son, whom they tenderly loved, under his care. They wished to visit him from time to time, and obtained permission to fit up a room for their own use. They came for the first time, and that very night the poor lad died. The room had not yet been unfurnished.

From *Bethel* we returned to the neighbourhood of *Bethesda*, to see *Le Repos*. This is a charming house, with a fine view over the valley of the Dordogne. It is a home for worn-out governesses. Not far off is another home, of a humbler kind, *La Retraite*, for old women-servants. This completes the series of Les Asiles de Laforce.

All these wonderful institutions—which I should state are for Protestants only—have gradually grown up in the course of years around M. Bost. He is himself the very model of a philanthropist; full of common sense, an admirable man of business, genial in manner, overflowing with a manly sympathy, which attracts not only every patient to him, but also every dog and cat about the place. The directrices and nurses would, I believe, die for him, if called on

to do so. Yet the most striking feature in his character is the bright religious tone which pervades all he says and does. I dare say no more of Madame Bost than that she is worthy of her husband, and is almost as much idolised in Les Asiles as M. Bost himself.

It is always satisfactory to have outside testimony to the character and value of any charitable institution. The world is a severe critic; and if its judgment be favourable, friends and supporters may rest assured that the management is good. Not long ago the French Government offered a prize to the best work of philanthropy in France. The prize was awarded to Les Asiles de Laforce, though it was at a manifest disadvantage, from not being a Roman Catholic institution.

BOBBY'S BERTH.

THE wind blew fresh across the low sandy plain, and the waves rolled on with a deep mournful sound over the rough shingly beach, as two little girls climbed hand in hand down a rugged path which led to the sea-shore.

"I wonder why Charlie is so late?" said Constance; "he promised to meet us here. But perhaps he has forgotten all about it."

"Oh, don't let us wait for him any longer, Connie!" cried little Inda; "the wind is howling frightfully, and the waves moaning so dismally. Do come home!"

It was not an easy matter, however, to make way against the storm, as they turned to ascend the steep path leading towards the cliffs, and Inda had to stop several times and take breath.

"Might we not rest a few minutes at the Prices' cottage?" she gasped. "I'm so tired."

"Yes, and we can ask for the sick man too. Mamma would like to hear how he is this evening."

As they neared the fisherman's cottage, a girl appeared at the door, looking with an anxious face up and down the pathway.

"Annie, how is your father?" asked Constance.

"Oh, miss, he's very bad this evening. Mother's gone to the village for medicine, and she told me to mind everything while she was away. Father called me to get him a drink. I left little Bobby out here playing, and when I came back to see after him he was nowhere to be found. Oh, what will mother say when she comes home! and I can't leave father to search for the poor child!"

"Couldn't we go and look for him, Inda, and bring him back to Annie?"

"I'd like to find Bobby," replied the child, gazing up with frightened eyes into her sister's face, "and I'll try not to mind the storm."

"Oh, Miss Constance!" cried Annie, "it's very good of you indeed, miss, and I hope Bobby'll be here safe before mother comes home. She'd be so fretted if she missed him."

"Yes, yes, we'll do our best," shouted Constance, as they turned into the cliff path. "Now then, Inda, let us search well behind these rocks and great stones; he might be hiding somewhere about here."

But though the two girls spent a long time hunting every nook and corner within a short distance of the the cottage, Bobby was nowhere to be found.

"Perhaps he has gone down to the shore, Inda," said Constance, when, weary of their unavailing search, they stood still under the shelter of a rock to talk the matter over. "I often saw him playing there near his father's fishing-boat. Let us climb to the top of this rock, and we'll have a good view of the entire beach. Yes, there's the boat hauled up on the strand high and dry. It's turned upside down, too. I suppose they've been mending it while Ned Price was ill. Bobby may be hiding at the other side, or he may have crept under for shelter."

"Oh no, Connie, I can see all round the boat, and it's lying quite flat down on the strand; there would be no room for any one to creep under." Again they strained their eyes over the wide stretch of rough sea-beach, but all was lonely and desolate; no object to be seen but the up-turned boat, no sound to be heard but the roar of wind and waves.

"Come home, Connie," said Inda, as she clung closer to her sister's side. "The storm is growing worse every moment. We can't find poor little Bobby, and mamma will be uneasy at our being out so late."

"No, no, she will suppose we are with Charlie all this time; but think how unhappy poor Bobby's mother will be when she comes back and finds him gone. Inda, I'll go down to the boat by myself, and you can stay under shelter of this rock."

"Oh, Connie, please don't leave me alone! I'm so afraid!"

"Nothing will happen to you. I won't be long away; but indeed I cannot go home without making sure about the poor little fellow." And without waiting for a reply Constance set off quickly towards the beach. Wild indeed, and very lonesome it was, as she battled bravely against the wind, while the waves dashed furiously in, making rapid strides across the strand. Inda's first feeling was anger as she stood beside the sheltering rock, watching her sister descend the steep path which led to the sandy plain beneath. It seemed so cruel to leave her alone in this desolate place, and in such a dreadful storm; but at length, crouching under a projecting shelf of rock, she gave way to her feelings in a burst of sobs and tears. After a while the child grew calmer, and ventured to look out from her refuge. Time passed on, and the child became very anxious for her sister's return, when, during a sudden lull of the storm, her ear

caught the sound of an approaching footstep. Inda's heart bounded with joy, and peeping from her hiding-place, she saw—not Constance, as she had at first hoped, but a tall manly figure rapidly descending the cliff-path.

"Charlie! oh, dear Charlie! I'm so glad you have come!" she exclaimed, as, darting from her refuge, she laid her hand on her brother's arm.

"Where have you dropped from, little one? Mother's uneasy at your being out so late this stormy evening. She sent me to look for you."

"Have you been at home, Charlie?"

"Oh yes; when I did not find you at the appointed place, I was sure, as the sky looked so stormy, that you had not ventured out, and went home as fast as I could. But where's Connie?"

Then Inda gave an account of all their adventures, and told how her sister had gone to the beach in search of Bobby.

"Perhaps the child has taken refuge under that old boat I saw lying bottom upward on the strand," suggested Charlie.

"That's his father's fishing-boat; but there was no room for him to creep in."

"Oh yes, plenty for such a little fellow. As I passed a couple of hours ago I observed it was propped up at one end for repairs."

"If you stand on this height, Charlie, you will see it is quite flat down on the strand."

"Well, the storm may have blown away the supports, and if the child is there he must be caught in a trap."

"Oh, run then, and see what you can do! Connie will not be able to raise that heavy boat. I'd like to go too, but it would only delay you."

"Won't you be afraid to stay here alone, now when it's growing dark?"

"No, I'll go back to my rock, nothing will harm me there."

"No time to be lost indeed," cried the boy, as, turning the corner of a cliff, he saw the great waves dashing steadily on towards the stranded boat.

At this moment Constance came rushing up, breathless and excited, her hat hanging behind, and her long hair streaming in the wind. "Charlie," she gasped, "surely God has sent you at this moment! I was running to look for help. Come, or it may be too late. He is under the boat."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I heard him cry, and the waves are dashing in so fast!"

Charlie ran on, followed by his sister, and soon they could distinguish the piteous cries of the frightened child, as wave after wave forced their way into his refuge, formed, alas! only on the "sinking sand." Exerting all his strength, Charlie at length succeeded in raising one end of the boat sufficiently to allow Constance to draw out the trembling Bobby from his dark prison; then, hurrying up the path, they found Inda standing beside her rock, waiting in anxious expectation for their return. As soon as they could prevail upon the little fellow to answer questions, he said, between his sobs—"Bobby ran away from the wind, and found a berth for himself under father's boat. He was looking for little fish among the sand and stones, when the roof fell down over his head, and it was very dark. Then Bobby was frightened, and he cried loud, and called to mother or Annie to let him out; but no one minded, and after a long while the water came in and nearly covered him up."

"Let us take the poor child home at once," said Constance; his friends will be very unhappy about him."

Presently the party arrived at the Prices' cottage, and Bobby, who had been carried up the hill in Charlie's strong arms, was restored to his mother, whose anxiety was the greater that she could not leave her husband's bed-side to join in the search for her missing darling. Annie had been out making inquiries amongst the neighbours ever since her mother's return, but had now come back disappointed and weary, having heard no tidings of her little brother. Great indeed was the joy at his safe return; and when the story of his wonderful escape was related, the mother could only clasp him closer to her breast, and thank God for his preservation from such a terrible danger.

"Look!" said Inda, when they had left the cottage, and were making their way home along the high cliff-path, "the strand is quite covered with water, and there, drifting out to sea, goes the very boat under which Bobby had made his berth." S. T. A. R.

THE "QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

64. What four things were required to be observed by every Nazarite?

65. St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Hebrews, speaks of "Aaron's rod that budded." To what event does he refer?

66. Of what king is it recorded that "There was none unto him for wickedness?"

67. Simon, a Cyrenian, is mentioned as bearing the cross after Jesus. Of what members of his family have we any record afterwards in the Epistles?

68. On what mountain did our blessed Lord's transfiguration take place?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 160.

53. A cargo of wheat (Acts xxvii. 38).

54. Joshua, where he says, "Your fathers dwelt on the other side of the flood in old time, even Terah the father of Abraham and the father of Nahor, and they served other gods (Josh. xxiv. 2).

55. From the Creation till the death of Joseph, a period of about 2,369 years.

56. It was not to be eaten with the blood (Gen. ix. 4.)

57. At the prayer of the prophet Elijah, for we read, "He prayed that it might not rain, and it rained not upon the earth for the space of three years and six months" (James v. 17).

UNDER THE SNOW.

UNDER the snow, under the snow,
Slumber the blossoms we love so well,
Primrose and kingcup, and bonny blue-bell,
Under the snow, under the snow.

Under the snow, under the snow,
Daisy and violet have found a retreat,
Old winter may buffet, old winter may beat,
They feel not his cruelest blow.

Under the snow, under the snow,
Jenny and Johnny have gone to their rest;
Aching eyes look on a tenantless nest,
And picture the not long ago.

Over the snow, over the snow,
The sweet voice of spring shall echo again;
And gladness awake by hill and by plain
The western wind murmuring low,

Murmuring musical, low;
The primrose and daisy their summons shall bear,
And clad in new glories once more re-appear
From under the snow, under the snow.

From under the snow, under the snow,
In beauty and brightness upspringing once more,
Wooing the love of the rich and the poor
And setting the whole earth aglow.

But Jenny and Johnny—ah, no!
They will never return, dear blossoms of love,
Their sweet souls now flower in regions above,
Where heavenly asphodels grow.

JOHN G. WATTS.

IN THESE LAST DAYS.

A SERMON PREACHED ON BOARD H.M.S. "EURYDICE," AT BARBADOS, ON CHRISTMAS DAY, 1877, BY THE REV. JOHN LOVELL ROBINSON, B.A., CHAPLAIN H.M.S. "ROVER."

BEING THE LAST SERMON HEARD BY THE CREW.

"God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His *Son*."—HEB. i. 1, 2.

THE festival of Christmas is the first in the Christian year; it places in the fore-front the fact on which the whole of Christianity depends—the fact that once in the history of the human race God deigned to humble Himself and take upon Him our humanity, and that, *not* to appease His Father's fury, *not* to ward off any vindictiveness or retaliation due to man, *not* to be merely a "penalty paid," for sin committed, but to enable us men to present ourselves a living sacrifice holy and acceptable unto God.

The sacrifices of old time were an expression of the feeling of unworthiness. But prophets and psalmists had themselves felt that no sacrifice was perfect which did not reach the conscience: "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" "The sacrifices of God are a troubled spirit; a broken and contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise." "Lo, I come to do Thy will . . . by the which will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all." No language could show more clearly that entire surrender to God's will is the only perfect sacrifice, *that* is the sacrifice that God wishes us to give. Now God sent His Son to be both a sacrifice for sin and also an example of godly life. Since the Incarnation of the Son of God a new life and a new spirit have come into our human life. Once, the Christian Church teaches, and has always taught, the space between the Almighty and All-pure God and poor and sinful men has been bridged over in the sacred person of Jesus Christ, Immanuel, God with us. Humanity had then an honour bestowed on it which it can never again lose, and we, as units of that humanity, are called year by year, on this Christmas Day, to behold the wonders of God's grace, and, having realised them, we are to go forth to our daily lives with the sense that God loves us, that Christ was born for us, and that there is good-will towards us for evermore.

This day, brethren in Christ, many a one has gathered round the Babe in Bethlehem—some honestly unable to believe that which to others as clear-headed and honest-hearted is the source of all happiness of spirit; some with the most utter unbelief, and with the spirit of the wildest ridicule, laughing to scorn those who yield assent to the sacred lessons of Christmas Day; some believing indeed those lessons, because they have been taught them, but perhaps not heeding them much, acknowledging their truth with their lips but careless of their practical bearing; while others, too, also comparatively few in number, gather there with adoring worship in their souls, and from this day and its sacred truths they derive a strength which only those like-minded can at all understand the meaning of, and a passionate love to Jesus Christ which controls their hearts.

The festival of Christmas, if it teaches anything, teaches this, that God loves us, and that therefore we ought to love Him in return, and our brother man, who is loved by the same God; that Jesus Christ suffered for us, therefore we ought to be ready to suffer for Him in return; that Jesus our Saviour has forgiven us, therefore we ought to forgive those who have injured us; and, finally, that since the gladness of to-day is due to the sacred fact which the Church of Christ has associated with it, therefore gladness ought to find an echo in our hearts, and in our daily lives too—a real giving of glory to God in the highest, and on earth a harmless, consistent, useful, generous walk towards and among our shipmates and messmates. If we believe in our Lord with the faith that He asks from us, our lives shall be changed—it may

be gradually, but no less surely—in their objects and motives, and will become conformed to His, for we shall never be satisfied with our present growth, but shall strive to go from strength to strength, from glory to glory, ever reaching after perfection.

Do any of you cherish anger against another? forgive him on this Christmas Day from your heart. Have you injured any one? ask his forgiveness. Are you careless in your manner of life, or negligent of plain every-day duties? turn over a new leaf, my brother, and strive henceforward to live in the spirit of the God-man, who pleased not Himself.

I know that there are some among you to whom Christmas is a very real season of holy joy.* Think of God's love, and return to Him the sacrifice of a thankful heart. Remember that this day represents to us the beginning of the life of humiliation of the Divine Redeemer. The life which He led was full of a sorrow and sadness which have had no parallel; and, surely, those can be no right feelings of joy which would allow us to exult in the riches of God's grace, but would lead us to forget the trials which He, our Lord, endured. You and I must take up our cross patiently, and follow after Him in humility now, because it is not now, but by-and-by, that we shall share His glory.

Brethren in Christ, the power which works so mightily in us is not the mere memory of the past, nor is it the natural force of feeling, nor mere strength of will, but it is the living transforming influence irwrought by a living personal Christ. He, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, is the same to us now that He was eighteen centuries ago; all that He has been to our fathers, all that He will be to our children; the same tender sympathising friend, the same consoler, guide, strength, and Saviour. He indeed is the same, but we are passing onwards, the present only can we call our own. Let us then live as men who do not strive to please ourselves. Oh, brethren, you shall not repent it if you give your hearts to Christ, and strive to live in newness of life! When life's burdens press upon you, and especially when you are called on to lay down your lives, you shall then be enabled to lean with strong confidence on the strength and love of that Son by whom God has been speaking to the world for so many centuries, by whom He has been speaking to you to-day in your strong manhood, calling you by Him to your noble destiny. He asks you to give your best offering, that is yourselves, to your Lord, who will safely keep what you commit to Him. May that Son, of whom in old time the fathers had only dim intimations, but who is brought very near to us by His Incarnation, be evermore your support and the acknowledged source of all your spiritual strength, your confidence, and joy, and peace, alike in the days of youth and manhood (when so many other things tend to draw aside your hearts from the unseen world), and in old age, when life is something to be looked back on; and when too you pass into the presence of God, who so loved the world that He gave His own only and well-beloved Son, that whoever believeth in Him—in a real, practical, personal, loving, adoring sense, should not perish, but should have everlasting life. "I came," our Lord said, "that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly;" and yet He had occasion to add, sorrowfully, "Ye will not come *unto me* that ye may have life." Brethren in Christ, would He not have the same also to say of some in this ship, that they are *unwilling* to come to Him?

* Captain Hare and one of his officers came to the administration of Holy Communion on board H.M.S. *Rover* on Christmas morning.

LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD.

III.—ORPHAN HOMES.

THE claim of orphan or entirely helpless children to the compassion and succour of others was one of the first which charity fully recognised. To the Roman emperor Trajan, who sullied his many great qualities by permitting a persecution of the early Christians, must be conceded the honour of first organising this succour. Pliny's panegyric recites as one of his good deeds that he had caused upwards of 5,000 free born children to be sought out and educated. Orphan houses are first mentioned in the famous laws of Justinian, emperor of the East; and in his capital, Byzantium, these institutions were held of such importance that members of the imperial family held offices in their inspection and management.

Through the middle ages few Continental cities were entirely without some establishment for the shelter of destitute children. Such children were not necessarily orphans; they were sometimes foundlings, or else merely homeless and friendless, often probably made so by the great wars which continually desolated Europe during those ages.

Of many of these houses, their organisation and management, we know but little. One, however, stands conspicuous, and, doubtless, its history is typical of that of many more.

It was founded by one Gerhard Groot, the son of a wealthy merchant and burgomaster of De-

venter, in Holland. He was born in 1340; and, as in the days of his youth there was no university in the Netherlands, he was sent to complete his education at the University of Paris. From there he passed to Cologne, whose theological school was then famous, and at Cologne he entered the Church, and became a canon. But his health, delicate from childhood, failed now, and he was obliged to seek his home and native air. It was during this period of repose that a strong religious impulse filled his soul, and he resolved to devote his life to the active service of God. His first endeavour was to rouse the zeal of his brother clergy, and among his younger brethren he met with much success. But the dignitaries of the Church strenuously opposed what they considered a disturbing influence, and every year it was the more borne in upon him that the only hope of effecting any real reformation among the people lay in the care of the young.

It is pleasant to know that Groot's old father entered heartily into his son's plans; supplied him with money, and placed the family mansion at his disposal.

Gradually the number of children increased, and the work grew heavier. The good men and women who were engaged in it formed themselves, after the custom of the times, into a religious society. They did not commit the folly of retiring to monasteries and convents, but lived in the school-house with their children,and made them homes. Groot himself lived to see his work prospering, but died in early middle age, and left all his fortune to its uses. A widow lady also bequeathed a large mansion to the brotherhood. The brethren did not confine their work to Deventer—one or two would go to another town, and then another, and in each would form a nucleus for a similar establishment. The tone of education in their schools became so high, that at last rich parents asked that their children might share its benefits.

Few among the many who have drawn strength and consolation from the beautiful "Imitation of Christ" know that its author, Thomas à Kempis, was once a little forlorn child, rescued from misery by these good brothers, and afterwards becoming the greatest ornament of their body. Many other famous men are to be found among their pupils. Nearly all of these were churchmen, which was only natural, since we have to remember that the Church was then the only equivalent for what might now be a literary or scientific career. It is remarkable that these ecclesiastical pupils of the Brothers of the Common Life nearly always took the reforming side on every question; thus justifying the homely practical teaching they had received and the Biblical knowledge they had imbibed from constantly copying the Scriptures.

In time the order was gradually dissolved, and its school broken up. There were many reasons for this. Printing put a stop to their manuscript copying; and though they tried to adapt themselves to the new work, they were not very successful. The Reformation, too, with its lively consciousness of the corruptions of monasteries, became a force adverse to all associated religious life. The work of Groot's life seemed destroyed, but in reality its spirit had spread abroad. For who can doubt that the orphan houses which were established in many of the free cities of Germany in the course of the sixteenth century, derived their inspiration from Gerhard Groot's noble brotherhood.

The first orphan house, properly so called, was founded by Auguste Hermann Francke at Halle, in 1698. In less than thirty years it contained two thousand children, and more than one hundred and thirty teachers. Francke was a divine, and the author of many theological and educational books. In England his example was not followed till 1758, when twenty orphan boys were received into a house at Hoxton. This was the humble beginning of the great Orphan Working School at Haverstock Hill, now numbering three hundred and fifty children, boys and girls, and having only last year further enlarged the borders of its responsibility and usefulness by taking under its wing the more modern Alexandra Orphanage at Hornsey, with its one hundred and thirty infants.

This century has been fruitful in the foundation of orphan houses. There are now in England many large institutions of the sort, all springing from the recognition of some want, and the desire to supply it. The National Orphan Home at Ham Common, near Richmond—to which a wing was recently added by the generous subscriptions of the readers of the QUIVER—was opened some years ago after a cholera epidemic had suddenly deprived so many children of their parents. The Infant Orphan Asylum at Wanstead receives children at a very tender age. Other asylums have been founded to receive the orphans of particular bodies of men. Such is the Seamen's Orphanage at Liverpool. Most of these institutions, like that for fatherless children at Reedham, accept a fatherless child as an orphan, and in most cases the children are elected to receive their benefits by the votes of subscribers to their funds. There are, however, some notable exceptions to both rules. In the orphanage at Stockwell, founded by Mr. Charles Spurgeon, and supported mainly by his congregation, and by the readers of his sermons, the voting system is dispensed with, much to the gain of the poor applicants, for it must be remembered that for every candidate who succeeds in gaining admission, at least half a score are disappointed. Under Mr. Spurgeon's system, as he says, "No widow ever goes away lamenting over time, labour, and money spent in vain. The worst that can happen to her

is to be refused because there is no room, or her case is not so bad as that of others; not a shilling will have been drained from her to print cards, to post applications, or to purchase votes; not a day spent in securing influence or cringing for patronage. . . By our system the cases are really inquired into, and, as a rule, the most destitute obtain the benefits of the school. This entails great labour, and frequently necessitates delay, for the investigations are carried on by gentlemen in business, whose time is much occupied, and no person is paid to do the work." Such a plan, doubtless, works admirably in any institution with a living leader to represent its conscience, though it might be very difficult to introduce into old-established charities.

Mr. Spurgeon goes on to state that "women with two or three children are advised not to apply, for while there are others with 5, 6, or 7 dependent upon them, they stand but little chance." His orphanage is entirely unsectarian. Out of the 200 boys in it in 1873, only 51 belonged to his own, the Baptist communion. Their numbers are constantly and rapidly on the increase. The boys are received between the ages of six and ten, and leave the school at fourteen.

The orphanage originated in Mr. Spurgeon's writing on the various channels for Christian effort, and mentioning an orphanage. Within a few days afterwards he received a note from a lady, offering to put £20,000 at his disposal for this purpose. The houses were built as gifts; a couple celebrated their twentieth wedding day by building one; a builder gave materials for another, and his men volunteered to build it. The foundation stone was laid in September, 1867, and the institution is free from debt, as it has remained, but none the less eagerly looking for help, as its work is only limited by its means.

If Mr. Spurgeon has abolished one practice of many of the older asylums, Mr. George Müller of Bristol has laid down a condition which, while it turns away many applicants, certainly provides for the most forlornly destitute. In his orphan houses at Ashley Down, near Bristol, he receives only those children who have lost both father and mother.

Mr. Müller is a German by birth, and he began his orphanage about 1838. He took but a very few at first, having neither wealth nor influential friends. Unlike Mr. Spurgeon's case, help first came to him in small sums from poor people, and, though this served to keep his faith and love alive, it made his struggle very hard. One or two worthy people joined him, bringing him their furniture, and volunteering to join the work for mere maintenance without salary. There is something very pathetic in the lists of early offerings to the orphanage. Sums of money seldom exceeded half-a-crown, and the gifts in kind were of such small matters as basins, flat irons, or tablecloths. At last, a gentleman came to Mr. Müller and announced that somebody had resolved to give the orphanage one hundred pounds. This somebody proved to be a poor sempstress in Bristol, living by her handiwork, and of weak and failing health. But she had suddenly inherited a small sum of money, and after carefully discharging sundry obligations which she conceived had descended to her with it, she resolved to give this great gift to the orphanage, out of the tiny balance. She continued an interested and watchful friend to the orphans till her death, which happened five years after her gift. She was herself the daughter of a profligate drunkard, and thus, perhaps, had learned a true sympathy with the friendless and neglected.

Mr. Müller's orphanage now contains upwards of 2,000 children. He receives orphans of the tenderest age. The boys leave him at fifteen, the girls at seventeen; but, as he says, "we consider the welfare of the individual orphan, without having any fixed rule respecting these matters." He receives contributions from all parts of the world, both in cash and in kind. But beyond a yearly history of his work, he publishes no appeal for help. If it once came in driblets it now comes in showers. In his account of the year 1876, we read such announcements as—"Received £500 from a donor, whose first donation to the Institution was 5s.;" "Received £40 as 'God's tenth' from Torquay;" "received legacy of the late Miss P., of Ireland, £2,000 new three per cent. Government stock, less legacy duty. I had not even heard the name of this lady till I received the information about this legacy being left."

But these huge stones in the house of charity still need the mortar of loving-kindness to weld them together, and we must never forget who valued the widow's mite MORE than the rich men's offerings. Therefore we may note such other announcements, "From one of the former orphans, £1;" "Received £1 10s., saved on a journey by travelling third class;" "Received 5s. from a former orphan, now in service;" "Received from Helensburgh, 5s., with the words, 'The produce of my apple-tree, for the orphans.'"

The yearly expenses of a child in Mr. Müller's orphanage amount to about £13, and many people contribute this, and so maintain one orphan. Mr. Müller narrates that "one gentleman sent, about eight or nine years since, as his first donation, the average expenses for the support of three orphans, according to the number of children he then had; after some time he sent to me the expenses for four orphans, as the Lord had given to him another child. Thus, as the number of his children increased, he sent accordingly the expenses for as many orphans as he had children, and as his children have now increased to nine he sends the expenses for nine orphans."

Orphan homes, particularly of the simple, informal sort, where the responsibility gathers round some fatherly head, seem to have always found favour with the Germans. In 1819, when Germany was plunged in great distress after the great wars, Count von der Recke opened such a house at Düsselthal. The good count had by nature a tender heart. For more than thirty years the count continued personally at his work; then, as he grew old and infirm, it became too much for him, and he surrendered it into the hands of a M. Georgi, whose own history is interesting and peculiar.

He had himself been a poor orphan, and he had lived with a married sister who used to spin far into the night, that her brother, hard at work by day, might study by her lamp, while her labour defrayed its cost. He was, at last, fitted to be a schoolmaster, but toil and privation had told on him so heavily that his ill health made everybody blame or pity his young wife for marrying him. They prophesied she would be a widow within a year. "Very well," she replied, "then I will at least enjoy the happiness of nursing him to his last breath."

M. Georgi died in 1861, at the age of sixty-one, having, in spite of evil prophecies, survived his brave wife herself for the space of three years.

Another German orphan school which well deserves mention is that founded in 1820 by Pastor Zeller at Beuggen.

Zeller was one of the first to recognise a truth, which has since been widely recognised, and is now gradually growing into practice. As early as 1829 he wrote:—"The rescuing of neglected children must become a concern of the Christian family, and their education must be carried on in the Christian family circle. If in each community only two or three of the poorest children were trained by a Christian schoolmaster, or some other head of a family, something good would be effected. A married couple could easily, and without much expense, take two or three children, for their support would not cost so much as the indulgence of a besetting sin. Only a few voluntary subscribers would be required to enable a poor head of a family to share his bread with the miserable. . . . Thus gradually all existing establishments for training poor children would be superseded."

Zeller died in 1860, at the advanced age of eighty-one. His children and servants remembered many of his golden sayings, and gathered them together after his death. From them we may quote the following.

"Doubt everything round about you, except the love of God."

"We ought to be startled every time we are praised."

"A sermon is only instruction in religion, not religion itself. Not until you leave the church does religion truly commence."

Other people who have interested themselves in helpless children have fully agreed with Zeller's opinions as to the further progress before the work. Dr. Guthrie writes, "God never made man to be reared in flocks, but in families. Born as he is with domestic affections, whatever interferes with their free play is an evil to be shunned, and in its moral and physical results to be dreaded. God framed and fitted man to grow up, not under the hospital (the Scotch name for any charitable institution) but the domestic roof."

This brings us to the latest development of Christian love in dealing with children who have lost their homes and natural protectors. About 1845 the German Pastor Bräm organised a "Society for the Education of Friendless Children in Christian Families." His fellow-workers make it a labour of love to find fit homes for the homeless. They are ladies and gentlemen who have opportunities of knowing much of humble life. They do not wait to receive offers of homes for their children, but seek out appropriate families, and explain their work to them, without persuading them to join in it. These ladies and gentlemen give their services freely, and the funds of the Society are entirely devoted to pay the board of the children.

A similar movement is now being set on foot in behalf of the helpless little ones prisoned in the wards of our workhouses. Some of the orphan asylums refuse to receive any child who has resided as a pauper in a parish poorhouse, or whose parents have received parish relief. And these unfortunates are doomed to a life of which an eloquent writer reports, "There is no childhood within the walls of a workhouse." But to carry out such a project as this, so as to secure just treatment and healthy conditions of existence for the "three hundred thousand little souls" thus left among us, requires a vast army of volunteer agents able and willing to work for their interests with energy, perseverance, and tact. But we need not fear lest these should not be forthcoming, as they always have been, to carry through any good work when the time for it is ripe.

It must be always remembered that the good Pastor Bräm in his work consulted the interest of the families in which he placed children as well as that of the children themselves. He recorded his conviction that children who had lived for years in neglect and misery, surrounded by sights and sounds of vice, must not be introduced among the innocent children of Christian households. For them the Institution must be retained; the home was for the helpless orphan, or the infant, too young to remember aught of its past.

A work somewhat of this sort has been for some time carried on by Miss MacPherson, founder of the Home of Industry, Spitalfields. She receives and shelters the poor Arabs of London

streets—the little match-box makers, infants of four, and hopeless cripples, toiling to earn a few farthings a week by endless hours of labour. From these children she selects the healthiest and most promising, and sends them, carefully protected, to her other Home in Canada, whence they are placed out in good situations among Canadian farmers, who, between apple-gathering, wood-cutting, and the like, have plenty of wholesome work for youngsters. They even eagerly adopt quite little children, both boys and girls, to bring up with their own; or, as often happens, in the place which death has emptied. Many families take two, and some have three, and even four.

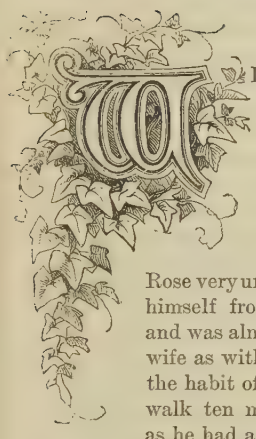
All these new developments of charity serve to show us that no good work is ever done, it is always doing. The same law of progress which carries us on in every other direction, mental, moral, and physical, must also carry us on in our labours of love. We need not fear lest the new discountenance the old; it is the best pledge of its vitality. If the day shall dawn when every orphan or forsaken child shall find a place in a stranger's household nest, and share the pettings and the lectures, the treats and the penances, which make up family life, it will not be because such men as Gerhard Groot or Auguste Francke are forgotten, but because their spirit is yet living in us. We fulfil the works of yesterday when we walk in the best wisdom of to-day.

THE WHITE ROSE OF WHITELAKE.

BY ANNE BEALE, AUTHOR OF "THE PENNANT FAMILY."

CHAPTER XXV.

POSITIVELY REFUSED.



WHEN Mr. Mervyn was at last fully convinced that Rose was decided in her refusal of Alfred Johnnes, he was so angry with her that he did not speak to her for several days. It is unnecessary to say that this made Rose very unhappy. Mr. Mervyn absented himself from home as much as possible, and was almost as much offended with his wife as with his daughter. As he was in the habit of saying that he would rather walk ten miles than write a letter, and as he had a rooted dislike to all kinds of penmanship, he sought an interview with Johnnes, in order to communicate to him Rose's decision. He rode to Glynglâs for this purpose. It was a small, secluded, comfortable country house, well kept, and displaying all the appliances of ample means. His displeasure was at its height when he rang the bell.

Alfred was not in, but he was shown into the dining-room where Mrs. Johnnes was sitting. She was a little spare woman, with a shrewd but peevish face. She welcomed Mervyn cordially, and anticipated what he meant to say to her son, but certainly not to her, by beginning the subject herself. She was a great talker. "It is good for sore eyes to see you, Mr. Mervyn, and as for your wife and daughter, they never come near me. I called on them last, and have been expecting the return visit ever since. I suppose you see a great deal more of my son than I do, since he tells me he has proposed for your daughter; though I never before understood you were so intimate. As he has been falling in and out of love ever since he was a boy, it took me by surprise; though I dare say Miss Mervyn would make a better wife and daughter-in-law than most girls. At one time I was afraid he would bring home Egain, the corporal's daughter; for, as you know, I never said him nay in my life, and she is really a superior girl for her station in life; and a man can raise a woman, though a woman sinks to her husband's level; however, that passed off. I am beginning to wish him to marry, as a wife would, perhaps, keep him more at home than a mother, and he is constantly absent. Your daughter is used to a lonely life, and she would only have a change of mothers to put up with, for she would come here, of course. When is it to take place?"

This question produced a momentary pause. Mrs. Johnnes had spoken in a peevish irritable way which was not altogether pleasing to her visitor. Neither was her allusion to unequal marriages, nor her cool acceptance of Rose as daughter-in-law, nor her taking it for granted that she had accepted the proposal. Mervyn had his pride, though it was not quite of his wife's sort. Moreover, he believed that there was not another such a girl as Rose in the world. Mrs. Johnnes' speech had done Rose good service.

"My daughter has not accepted your son," said Mervyn, more cheerfully than he had spoken of late. "On the contrary, I came to tell Alfred that nothing I can say will induce her to have him."

"Not have him! Refuse my son, who might marry any girl, and he so handsome and well off! I don't believe it, Mr. Mervyn!"

The little lady rose from her chair, and came towards Mervyn, and at this moment Alfred Johnnes entered. He looked much as if he had been up all night, and, from his mother's greeting, Mervyn imagined that he had.

"So, you have come home at last, Alfred. I waited up till two o'clock, and never got a wink of sleep afterwards. And now Mr. Mervyn has brought

you a pretty piece of news, which I don't believe. He says that his daughter won't marry you. But I 'm sure you won't care, since there are girls enough, and too many. It would be more for my peace if there were less; but there is no end of them. As soon as we get rid of one another turns up, and I see no difference between 'em, except that some are dark and some fair. They are like those figures upon the top of the barrel-organs that hop up and down and in and out, until one cannot tell which is which."

"So they are, I declare!" exclaimed Mervyn, laughing heartily. "And it doesn't matter who grinds or what tune it is; they hop about all the same."

"That 's just it. Puppets! puppets! nothing else," responded Mrs. Johnnes, peevishly, who had, certainly some cause to be bitter against her younger sisters. "But I dare say Alfred is longing to talk about the last that he has fancied, and I only hope you may come to some agreement; for if he is pleased, I am."

"Perhaps you would not mind leaving us, mother," said Alfred, with an ominous frown on his handsome face.

"I see no necessity, for I have heard enough about it, and I may as well hear how you settle it," she replied.

"There is nothing more to say," put in Mervyn, who was glad to avoid a private interview with Johnnes. "Rose is such an obstinate puppet that I cannot get her off her wire. I assure you, Alfred, that I have done my best to persuade her to change her mind, but no argument of mine will avail; she is generally the most obedient and yielding girl in the world; but she resists me in this, and she says that you already know her determination."

Alfred Johnnes bit his lip, and the frown deepened; but he restrained his rising passion, and said, with consummate coolness, "Miss Mervyn should know her own mind best. Mother, have we anything for dinner? Mr. Mervyn will stay and dine with us."

"I dare say she will change her mind, Alfred," said Mrs. Johnnes, coaxingly, for she knew her son's moods. "Tell her she can make herself at home here, and——"

"Have you heard of Rebecca 's last feat?" broke in Alfred, with a warning glance at his mother.

"No, I am sick of her and her nonsense," replied Mervyn, assuming a brave manner. "Cowards that can persecute an aged couple and carry off their infirm daughter are beneath one's contempt, to say nothing of one's interest."

"Yet one must be glad to have a toll less to pay oneself, and that the poor should be able to come and go without a tax; that you must acknowledge to be shameful," returned Johnnes, with a keen look at Mervyn.

"It was doubtless a gate too many; but why should they threaten me, who am neither squire nor guardian?" asked the latter.

"Ah! that certainly is strange, unless, as report says, both Miss Mervyn and Llewellen are after the soldiers."

This inuendo roused Mervyn's temper, and a dispute might have ensued, had not Mrs. Johnnes said something about dinner, which caused him to decline remaining, and to say that his own would be waiting for him. He accordingly took his departure, leaving the mother and son to a not very amicable *tête à tête*.

During his absence visitors had arrived at Llynhafod. They were Mr. Philipps Wynne and Major Faithfull, who had called to make some private inquiries concerning the anonymous letters, and the Rebeccaites generally. They were received by Mrs. Mervyn, who sent for Llewellen in the absence of his father. It seemed that intelligence had been given to Major Faithfull that the insurgents did actually mean mischief at Llynhafod, and that they were likely to concentrate their forces on Penllyn. He had reason to believe that this was from a reliable source. Of course he was too wise to alarm Mrs. Mervyn, who was quite ready to attribute his visit to a desire to improve his acquaintance with her on Rose's account, and who, therefore, was as cool and distant as politeness would allow. Her manner was much the same to Mr. Philipps Wynne, as she had always kept aloof from him and his wife. Their actual business, however, oozed out when Llewellen came in, and she became alive to the necessity of caution, though she was not permitted to hear all that Major Faithfull had to say. He and Mr. Wynne asked to be allowed to inspect certain portions of the farm that might be turned to account in case of danger, and Llewellen volunteered to pioneer them. While he and Philipps Wynne were discussing the capabilities of the covers and outbuildings, Major Faithfull did his best to overcome Mrs. Mervyn's reserve; but in vain. He remarked on the cleverness of one or two of the water-colour drawings on the walls, and inquired the name of the artist. It was with difficulty that he elicited that they were all done by herself and her daughter. He looked surprised, but was too well-bred to express astonishment. Then he remarked on the exceeding beauty of the situation; and wound up with the flowers. He longed to make some allusion to their midnight introduction, and to her and his "white rose," but he, soldier and man of the world though he was, dared not venture. He indemnified himself for this restraint by a quiet inquisition of Mrs. Mervyn, who, while seeming unconscious of his inspection, was yet disagreeably aware of it.

"Have you lived long in this lovely country!" he ventured to ask.

"Since my marriage," was the reply.

"I suppose bracing air and wild scenery strengthen both mind and nerves, for your daughters are, apparently, fearless. They brave equally the water, the mountain, and the night."

"Yes, they find their pleasures in their surroundings."

"He gazed at it bewildered."—*p.* 203.

"And they are pure, healthful, and inspiriting. What a happy life it is!"

As Major Faithfull said this he sighed. He longed for the sort of life that was not his. Probably, had he been born to it, he would have pined, like Llewellen, for the more active and public career he had chosen. Mrs. Mervyn suspected even the sigh as insidious, in her resolution to misdoubt him, and merely signified her appreciation of the said life by a cool affirmative.

"You manage to have finer roses than we have, Mrs. Mervyn," said Mr. Philipps Wynne, as he prepared to accompany Llewellen round the place. "I hope Rebecca will let them alone when she pays you this visit."

"We are indebted to you originally for our grafts and seedlings," replied Mrs. Mervyn. "Our man and your gardener interchange plants, I am assured, by your father's permission."

"That is taken for granted," laughed Philipps Wynne. "But you are welcome to any of our flowers. I wish you would sometimes come and choose for yourself."

Mrs. Mervyn bowed her thanks, and the gentlemen went on their errand, leaving her to speculate on Major Faithfull, and to hope she might never see him again.

She was still speculating and hoping when her husband came in. She was thankful to see that he looked more cheerful than when he left home. She did not know whither he had gone, and was surprised when he said, "Well, you have it your own way as usual, Mrs. Mervyn. I have given Johnnes his quietus, and I don't know which looked the blankest, he or the old lady. Ha, ha, ha! She said that Rose might make herself quite at home at Glynglâs. I must confess that I should not envy Rose under the circumstances."

"Have you really refused him?" asked Mrs. Mervyn, surprised out of her quietude into actually rising from her seat. "I am indeed grateful!"

"Grateful! grateful!" repeated Mervyn, emphatically. "That word *to me*—again *to me*! You said it once before, I remember, and it did for me."

"Yes, when you saved my life, and his. Now you have saved our child's," she replied.

She held out her hand, but he affected not to see it. Although he had done his paternal duty, he had not recovered his temper. It is easier to manage reason than temper, and reason had suggested that he could not drag Rose to the altar against her will, while temper still maintained that she, and her mother through her, must be punished for her not going there willingly.

"I am glad you are satisfied, Mrs. Mervyn," he said, with an uneasy turn of the voice.

"Thank you," she returned, repressing other words, as she sat down again. Then, after a pause, she added, "Mr. Philipps Wynne and one of the officers are with Llewellen on some business connected with the riots. I believe they have gone up Penllyn."

"Philipps Wynne is an idiot!" ejaculated Mervyn, thankful to let off the imprisoned steam of the aforesaid temper. "His father is worth a hundred of him. If you had not subjected Rose to this absurd governess scheme Johnnes would not have waylaid her. I say the sooner she is taken away the better."

"Yet you wish her to make herself useful?" suggested Mrs. Mervyn. "What would you have her do?"

He had no answer ready, so he said, irritably, that he supposed he must go after Philipps Wynne, and he went accordingly, in spite of his wife's assurance that dinner had been kept waiting for him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE.

SOME weeks passed, and there was no appearance of Rebecca. Mr. Mervyn recovered such equanimity as had fallen to his share, which was not much, and Rose was again in favour. Alfred Johnnes had, apparently, given her up, and she was permitted to walk to and from Manorsant, or to paddle across the lake, unmolested. The soldiers were here, there, and everywhere after Rebecca, and she had not fallen in with Major Faithfull. Egain was still at Llynhafod, and her parents lived at the gate-house, pending certain arrangements concerning them. Edgar Edwardes had returned to college without Llewellen, who was throwing his energy into striving to improve his father's circumstances.

It was a wet autumn, as is too often the case in mountainous Wales, and the crops promised badly. However, as Edwyna said, "it was always a wet autumn;" in other words, a good deal of rain fell. Still, "St. Michael's Little Summer" is ever more or less delightful, and sunshine kindled up the golden browns and reds of the trees and hills as often as the moisture saddened them.

Our friends at Llynhafod were at breakfast, and it was Sunday. As they sat round the table in their small but comfortable dining-room, dressed in "their Sunday best," a handsomer family could nowhere have been seen. We all know that "beauty is but skin deep," yet we acknowledge its influence; and the sort of good looks of this family party must have been remarked anywhere. Indeed, they were remarked everywhere, creating not a little jealousy in many quarters, where jealousy was ridiculous, since we cannot make our looks though we may make our fortunes.

"All ready for church!" said Mr. Mervyn, who was a regular church-goer, and even, while grumbling at a wet Sunday, never failed to be twice at church. "This is *your* Sunday," he added, looking at his wife; by which he meant that Mr. Edwardes would preach an English as well as a Welsh sermon. "Tell Mally not to make the oven too hot, or the dinner will be burnt up, for Mr. Edwardes is sure to give us an hour and a half."

Mrs. Mervyn had so arranged that the Sunday

dinner should be either cold or baked, in order that her maids should have no excuse for remaining at home.

"I have promised Mr. Edwardes to take his class of boys," said Llewellen.

"And the lesson is the fall of Jericho. He is going to take it because it is about a siege," exclaimed Edwyna.

"Don't be irreverent," said her mother. "I hope you are prepared for your children."

Both sisters were regular teachers in the Sunday-school.

Edwyna's reply was interrupted by the sudden entrance of Jim, who was in a flurry of excitement. He was not in the habit of appearing at the breakfast-table, though as a rule he did much as he liked, therefore he created the sensation that unexpected trifles always do in the country.

"Dolly had a fit, Jim?" asked Edwyna.

"Anything the matter with the corporal or Letty?" said Rose, whose mind ran much upon Egain.

"Rebecca at our gates at last, Jim?" inquired Llewellen.

"On her Majesty's service!" replied Jim to these various questions, unfolding a newspaper that he held.

All eyes were fixed on him, as he drew forth from this envelope a long and large letter, and making the tour of the table, presented it with a certain awe to Llewellen.

"Shon, the post, Brynmaen, brought it. He ran all the way not to lose time. She came by last night's mail, and see her so big, he thought you must have her quickly, so he forgot 'twas Sunday," cried breathless Jim, looking over Llewellen's shoulder.

Edwyna was soon at the other shoulder, exclaiming as if in imitation of Jim, "On her Majesty's Service." "Open it, Llewellen, it is directed to you."

But Llewellen laid the missive before him, and gazed at it as if he feared to break the seal. Then he turned it over and over, as one does some extraordinary communication, examining the post-marks and general effects of the envelope.

"It do come straight from London. You won't be seeing her inside till you do open her," said Jim, excitedly.

"No hurry. We have never any good news," remarked Mr. Mervyn, who was, nevertheless, leaning across the table to look at the envelope.

Rose stood up, and laying her hand on her father's shoulder, also stretched across to examine it. Mrs. Mervyn alone remained unmoved by curiosity. She merely leaned back on her chair to contemplate the excited group; though probably no pulses were so much quickened as hers.

"The letter is mine. See! 'Llewellen Mervyn, Esq.'" cried Llewellen, laying his hand upon it, as Edwyna tried to seize it.

"Then why don't you open it!" said Mr. Mervyn.

"Cut you round the big seal," whispered oracular Jim. "Shon, the post, do say that Morris, post-master, do say that the Queen did seal it herself, and that you are having a letter from her Royal Majesty."

"Here are some scissors. How awkward you are!" cried Edwyna, as Llewellen once more examined the big seal.

"It is certainly the royal arms," he said, as he carefully cut the paper round the seal, and drew forth the contents. Unfolding what was, evidently, some sort of government document, he gazed at it bewildered, understanding nothing. His eyes were fixed as in a dream.

"Why, you look like a stuck pig!" said Mr. Mervyn, snatching the paper from his son, and glancing through it. "A commission! In her Majesty's service! Appointed to a vacant cornetcy in the —— Dragoon Guards!" he read aloud.

"That is Major Faithfull's regiment!" interrupted Edwyna.

"What does it mean?" asked Mervyn, looking at his wife.

"It seems clear that Llewellen has actually a commission in the army," said Rose, who was quietly reading what her father barely understood. "Dearest brother, I am thankful! You have the wish of your life."

She went to Llewellen, who had risen in the excitement of the moment, and embraced him. He turned towards his mother, who was struggling to overcome some great emotion, and knelt down by her chair, as he often did. "I do not understand it! It cannot be true. Mother, what does it all mean?"

"As Rose says, my son, I think you have the desire of your heart," she said, laying her hand on his head, while tears rolled down her cheeks.

Her other children gathered round her, and Mervyn was not unmoved; while Jim began to rub his eyes violently.

"I believe it is some hoax of Rebecca; and, if it is not who is to pay the piper?" said Mervyn, contemplating the group opposite him with a sort of wonder, since he had rarely seen his wife display so much natural emotion. Then he pushed aside his tea-cup, spread the missive on the table-cloth before him, and began to read it with more enlightened mind. It was, unquestionably, a formal communication to his son, to the effect that a commission had been obtained for him, and that he was appointed to Major Faithfull's regiment. Of course, it was by purchase, since Llewellen was too old to enter the army by other means; but whence came the money and the interest? Again he looked at his wife, but scarcely believed that she either would or could have managed it; and as to Major Faithfull, his rank in the army was not high enough, nor his knowledge of Llewellen sufficient, to make it probable that he had effected it. Conjecture was useless, so he again suggested, in spite of his better judgment, that it was a hoax. Jim, understanding only in part, must have his say, which was not consolatory.

"If Master Llewellen is going for a soldier he will be fighting Rebecca, and she will be awful angry."

"Never mind, Jim! Let's say hurrah!" cried Llewellen, starting up. "I am the luckiest and happiest fellow in the world!"

Then followed a shaking of hands and a kissing that even Mervyn joined in heartily, though he was already beginning to wonder how the uniform was to be bought and paid for, where an allowance was to be procured, and finally, who would purchase future "steps."

Quiet was restored at length, and it was found that school was out of the question. Such an omission had never occurred before; for letters were not delivered at Llynhafod on Sunday, therefore had never given cause for delay. This was certainly an exceptional case, and Mrs. Mervyn was of opinion that the vicar would condone the offence.

"We shall only just be in time for church," she said.

"I like a scramble of all things. Mr. Cornet, give me your arm," said Edwyna.

But Rose hastened to Egain.

"We have grand news, Egain," she said. "You, a soldier's daughter, will rejoice even more than I, for I shall lose a brother." Her voice faltered. "Providence has strangely ordered Llewellen's future, and he is to be a soldier after all."

"Father always said so," returned Egain.

"You will pray for him at home, as I shall at church," said Rose. "They say the army is the tempter's vantage ground. But your father is a good man, and Major Faithfull seems a Christian soldier. Do you not think that those who protect the crown may also be soldiers of the cross?"

"Certainly, dear Miss Rose," replied Egain, gazing at Rose's animated, yet slightly troubled face.

"How beautiful she is! I do not wonder that he loves her," she sighed, as Rose hastened away to prepare for church.

The family walked to church by the lane, which was now hedged by honeysuckles and wild roses. Llewellen gave his arm to his mother, while Mervyn and his daughters sauntered on in front. All were naturally discussing the unexpected event.

"It must be Major Faithfull's doing, mother," said Llewellen, whose step seemed firmer than ever. "Can you account for such a wonderful stroke of fortune in any other way?"

"Time may show; but, meanwhile, you must believe that it comes from the divine hand, and strive to show that you believe it by your future conduct."

"I will, dear mother, God helping me. I will live upon my pay, and lose no opportunity of distinguishing myself."

Mrs. Mervyn sighed, for she knew that it was next to impossible for a cornet to do this, and she asked herself whence could come the means of maintaining her son in an expensive and extravagant cavalry regiment. Had the commission been in the infantry she would have been more hopeful. She knew him to be a bold rider, first in all athletic sports, and well-informed in military matters. She had, herself, helped to instruct him in the latter. But all this would not pay for his mess; and she dreaded the moment when his father would announce his inability to assist him. However, she had learnt to put her trust in God; and she prayed that her boy's path might be made clear, since he was a dutiful son, and had shown no wilfulness in his aspirations after so-called glory.

The service had begun when they reached the church; and, to their surprise, they found it filled with soldiers. They were of Major Faithfull's troop, and he and some other officers were also there, in full uniform. The major had privately asked Mr. Edwardes to prepare a suitable sermon; but they had agreed not to name it beforehand, so that the church should not be more crowded than was necessary. This was why the vicar had asked Llewellen to take his class; and it was strange that he should have been prevented by a military occurrence. It also appeared, both to him and his relations, a singular coincidence, that the ancient country church in which he had been baptised, and where he had received his first communion, should be the place where he should first worship God with the regiment of which he had so unexpectedly become a member. *(To be continued.)*

BABY'S FIRST SNOW.

BABY! What does Baby see,
Looking at the falling snow?
Baby sees with all his eyes,
Opening wide in bright surprise,
Jewels falling from the skies.

Baby! What does Baby think,
Looking at the drifting snow?
Baby thinks with all his might,
Thinking till his fists grow tight,
How he loves to see the sight.

Baby! What does Baby say,
Looking at the smoothed-out snow?
Baby says, with coo and crow,
"How I'd like to jump and go,
And be cradled on the snow!"

Baby! What does Baby know,
Looking at the cushioned snow?
Baby knows a softer lair,
Thinks and sees it's sweet and fair,
Says he'd rather cushion there.

H. H.

OUR LORD'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

BY THE REV. HENRY ALLON, D.D.

I.—ESTIMATES—MATERIAL AND SPIRITUAL, TRUE AND FALSE.

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal.

"For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."—MATT. vi. 19—21.

THIS is a notable teaching of our Lord. In its entireness the passage is a profound and comprehensive doctrine of human life. It fairly recognises the two great interests of life—the material and the spiritual. It puts upon each a true estimate, appraises each at its real worth; and then adjusts their comparative claims and influences. It is a complete Christian philosophy of human life. The passage is made up of terse maxims and of the statement of great principles, each of which might suffice for a lengthened exposition. There is scarcely a sentence that does not touch some great religious principle, either in relation to human life and character, or to God's government and claims.

Let us try, however, to grasp the teaching as a whole. We shall understand each saying the best when we see its place and relation in the entire passage. The Bible suffers, as no other book does, from separated sentences and texts. Out of these no doubt we get great and precious truths, but we do not always get the precise truths they were intended to teach. In studying other books our first care is to understand the aim of the author's teaching, and the scope of his argument. We should deem it unjust to separate and interpret sentences regardless of the writer's general purpose and of their relation to his argument.

The whole passage is intended to set forth certain estimates of life in the two great domains which comprise it—the material and the spiritual—men's erroneous estimates and our Lord's true estimates.

I. In both domains of life a man has treasures. He has treasures on earth and he has treasures in heaven. These are of various kinds, and have various characteristics: these our Lord fully recognises.

II. He next gives judgment concerning their relative values, and shows us how, in different ways, they affect the feeling and the character of men.

III. Then He points out how, through false and carnal estimates, they become antagonistic; and how, through true spiritual estimates, they are harmonised in the feeling and pursuit of men.

IV. And finally He insists upon the practical claims which both have upon true Christian disciples.

First, then, we have to look at what is the underlying idea of the whole representation—what are the true treasures of a man, treasures upon earth and treasures in heaven, both of which he naturally desires to possess.

One preliminary remark should, however, be made.

We must not regard these estimates of our Lord as in any way artificial or arbitrary; they are not new values constituted by His peculiar Christian doctrine, or His demand of a peculiar religious life. He did not, that is, demand of men an unnatural asceticism, an artificial spirituality, and then say, Because my religious system demands this it is necessary to appraise afresh the true interests of life. If the spirituality which our Lord requires of us were an unreal spirituality—if the piety, purity, and righteousness which He requires were contrary to the natural moral instincts of men, or were in any way incongruous with human nature, it would be a grave presumption against the Divine origin and the truth of Christianity. No religion can be true that contradicts or does violence to human nature.

We are bold to say that our Lord never uttered a teaching or made a demand, that was opposed to any true instinct or interest of our nature, either of body, mind, or soul. His doctrine of human life is fundamentally and universally true. It would be every whit as true if Christ had never taught at all. By the very constitution of his nature, body, and soul, man needs a fitting good for both. It is not the teaching of Christianity that gives man a soul, or that makes his soul desire religious life and truth, or that makes it impossible that any material good can satisfy his soul or make him happy.

Christ takes human nature as He finds it, and provides for it a good that will satisfy its spiritual and religious cravings. He does not create the need, He simply provides for the need that exists—the need that neither riches, nor sensuous pleasures, nor mere philosophy, nor any false religious teaching, can satisfy.

It is true that the high spiritual teaching and training of Christ make men feel their need the more, give keenness and delicacy to the desires of the soul; but this is the uniform effect of high teaching. If you seek to liberate a slave you kindle in him a higher appreciation of liberty, you regenerate his slave's heart; for the direst wrong that slavery or sin can do to a man is to debase his soul into contentedness with it. The more highly you educate a man religiously the greater the capacity for

spiritual good, and the greater the desire and need for it you produce within him. In this sense Christ does produce in a man spiritual desire that he had not before, but it is because fundamentally he is a being of spiritual capacity and desire; he has a soul as well as a body, and the soul is simply taught its capabilities.

We must start, therefore, with the assumption that Christ's estimates of human life are radically and universally true; they are based upon the constituents of human nature, not upon any peculiar teachings of Christianity.

Man, then, has his treasures—treasures upon earth, and treasures in heaven, two forms of good that he may legitimately pursue. To both our Lord applies this designation; both have their value. In their proper place and use both are the treasures of a man. Both, that is, are necessary to us, constituted as our nature is. No sensible man would adopt the old Manichæan fanaticism, and proclaim remorseless war against his physical nature, denying its claims, mortifying its senses, and damaging it in the ministry of life in all possible ways, as being the natural and necessary enemy of the soul.

And yet much of this feeling still exists. Men fancy that they can make the soul strong by making the body weak; the soul healthy by making the body sickly; the soul happy by making the body uncomfortable. But it is one thing to pamper the appetites of the body, it is a another to mortify and macerate them. The most favourable condition for the religious life is when the body is made the strong contented minister of the soul, when it is so ministered to and satisfied, as that it does not distract attention from the soul by its own pains and cravings. A man cannot concentrate attention upon his spiritual life when he is struggling with the gnawings of hunger, when his bones are sore from a flagellation, when he is tormented by a hair-shirt, or by a painful attitude. If the soul is to pray, or to soar, or to be absorbed in communion with God, clearly there should be nothing to distract it, the body should be its unhampered minister. The soul does best when the body has no conscious necessities to trouble it.

Others think that the soul is best ministered to by denying to the body its natural and proper satisfactions: they stint its food or make it coarse in quality, they deny it comforts and forbid it pleasures, they regard art as unspiritual, amusement as godless, eating and drinking as sensuous, the ease and the ministries of wealth as carnal; they do not inflict pain upon the body, but they deny it legitimate gratifications.

This is not our Lord's meaning; it is not the Christian doctrine concerning the body. Our Lord was no ascetic, He "came eating and drinking." He did not correct abuse by disuse. He vindicated the proper use of all things—a much higher religious conception and attainment.

Much is said in Scripture about the evil of lust and of sensuous excess, not a word against proper satisfaction of the senses, not a word in requirement of bodily mortification for its own sake. For the body is as much the creation of God as the soul, and is as much entitled to its proper good. God has made it dependent upon material ministries, God has given it natural appetites, and has made bountiful provision for their satisfaction. Body and soul are alike essential constituents of our human nature; each craves its fitting satisfactions; neither is intended to war with the other. As God intended it, the economy of our nature is a harmony, not a schism.

From this ground, then, we start. Each part of our nature needs its proper good; the one cannot be ministered to at the expense of the other; neither may be wronged under the plea of service to the other.

For both there is a good to be gained—a good to be valued, enjoyed, rejoiced in. Both have their ministry, both their influence, and the proper ministry of both is the true problem of life.

Hence Christianity makes it a religious duty of life to attend to both. Industry, carefulness, wise saving, are as much part of the religious economy of life as singing and praying. A man is to "work with his hands," he is to learn lessons of industrious providence from the ant, he is to "provide for his own," else he "denies the faith, and is worse than an infidel."

Of course there is a wrong pursuit of good for the body, a wrong use and acquisition of material things, to which men are naturally prone, and against this our Lord utters his warning; of this we will speak by-and-by, but we shall understand the wrong use all the better by first distinctly recognising the right use.

II. How is it, then, that the pursuit of these two kinds of treasure comes practically to be antagonistic, so that often the man who pursues the one does it at the cost of the other?

Two reasons may be suggested:—

1. What, generally speaking, we may call unspirituality, the loss or lack of religious life in the soul, the absence of the sense of God, of care, even of thought about the soul.

I am not going here either to prove or to explain this characteristic unspiritualness; it is the most indisputable and most sorrowful fact of our human history and consciousness. Whatever our theories about the origin of sin, the fact remains that all men sin, and that in a very true sense all men are spiritually dormant, spiritually dead, and need the quickening of God's spirit.

This absence of spiritual consciousness, of care about the spiritual element of our nature, is a curious phenomenon of human life. How strange it would be if men were all to become unconscious of their bodies, or if they felt no craving of physical appetite, if they were indifferent to all

gratifications of sense, or if they lived in unconsciousness of their intellectual nature, and were indifferent to sound reason and to useful knowledge.

And yet this is what has befallen their spiritual nature. They have lost practical, realising consciousness of it; they can live for long periods without thinking about it; without seeking satisfaction for it. They are "without God, and without hope in the world," "dead in trespasses and sin." There is no religious life within them, no pulse or craving of life. The soul is there, but torpid; not without heavings and moanings, but without intelligent desire for spiritual things.

Therefore men pursue material good for the body inordinately and wrongly. No inward spiritual life or solicitude controls or directs their pursuit, they set no measure to their eager quest; sometimes they scruple at no means likely to be successful. Were men as conscious of spiritual life as they are of bodily life, did they but as clearly discern its interests, they would put the things of the spiritual life first, as being infinitely the more momentous. Assuredly they would not sacrifice them for the other: they would not seek good for the body at any price; they would not sacrifice integrity to effect a good bargain; nor moral virtue for the indulgence of the passions. If material good demanded the compromise of right or purity they would refuse it, as a man refuses to gratify his desire for possession by theft.

This, then, is one reason why men pursue wrongly material good, they have lost spiritual desire and life. This of course is true of men in different degrees—some men are not merely unspiritual, destitute of religious life, they are immoral, destitute of natural virtue, they make no scruple of being dishonest, and cruel, and selfish, to gain wealth, to gratify ambition, to indulge passion. Other men are only keen, hard, intense, over-eager over-anxious, over-absorbed, they will not violate integrity by untruth, or fraud, or vice, but they will sacrifice spiritual interests by utterly disregarding them; they are simply unspiritual men, of the earth, earthy. The great sense of God, of religious life and desire, is lost out of their consciousness.

(*To be continued.*)

OSCAR'S WISH.

PART I.

ON the borders of the beautiful Traun lake, in Upper Austria, is a small village called Traun Kirchen. Seen from the water it looks very charming, the little church of Johannisberg rising through a mass of foliage, and the village clustering in the background. Opposite are the mountains, some dark with pine trees, others stony and bare, except for the few tufts of mosses or the yellow colouring of the lichens.

Oscar Anthal was a boy of fifteen, who lived with his father in a small cottage in Traun Kirchen. His mother had died some years ago, when he was quite a baby, and all his life he had spent in this little village, going on Sundays into Gmunden for church; and once a year, as a holiday, his father took him to Ischl.

He was a happy boy, going to school, and learning his lessons well, having his father to watch over him, and no cares to trouble him. Lovely scenery surrounding him influenced his life very consciously. Some natures are more sensitive to beauty than others; and Oscar's was one of these. The lights and shadows on the lake, the still moonlight, or the waters glistening in the sunshine, were all sources of enjoyment to him, and they helped to raise his heart to his God. Oscar and his father were most truly Christian people, having a simple faith and an earnest desire to do right; because, redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, they felt they were not their own, but His. Oscar wished very much indeed to do some great thing for God, but he had never expressed this wish to his father until one Sunday, when they were walking home from church.

Oscar's father, I must tell you, was a *führer*, which means a guide to show people the way up the mountains, and that was his occupation winter and summer. In summer he went generally with excursionists and visitors, who wanted to explore the mountains that rose up so grandly from the lake borders. Either they wished to climb as high as they could for the honour and glory of the ascent, or else so as to catch a glimpse of the distant glaciers, which on clear days you could see glistening with a pale green hue away against the horizon; or else they wished to botanise; and for whatever purpose it might be, Friedrich Anthal was well known to be a good guide.

After leaving Gmunden they passed through Alt Münster and other little villages that are on the borders of the lake, and all the way Friedrich talked to Oscar, and told him stories of his adventures. The boy listened eagerly, as his father, in his quiet way, told him of different things that had happened to himself and people he had known—mountain adventures most of them—and the boy enjoyed hearing them extremely. But in all the stories there was a second meaning. Although Friedrich did not say, "Now comes the moral," or, "My story is intended to teach you so and so," yet Oscar felt that in each was a lesson taught of bravery or self-sacrifice or heroism for another's sake. Oscar had been brought up on stories of courage and high purpose, and they had

awakened in him a great desire to take part himself in scenes of the kind, and that morning he told his father so.

"I should *so* wish to do something, father!"

"To do what?" asked Friedrich, who did not see the connection between his stories and Oscar's wish.

"Oh, to risk my life for some one or to do some great thing!" said the boy, wistfully.

"Why, my son?" asked the father, looking at his boy, whose firm step was keeping time with his own, and whose dark eyes were kindled by a light he had never seen in them before.

"*Why?* oh, father!" said Oscar, "you know it must be grand to do something really great for the *lieber Gott!* See how wonderfully He loved us—as the *Herr Pastor* told us this morning—giving the Christ to die for us!"

"Yes, yes, my son, He is good, very good to us. Good in giving the dear Christ to die; good in sending us the Holy Spirit to help us and all; good in hundreds of ways!"

"Yes; and, father, then don't you understand that one longs to do something?"

"Yes, my son, I do. And I trust that your wish is really to do something *for God*, and not to risk your life for another, or to rescue a fellow-creature from death, only to satisfy yourself that you are really courageous and brave."

Oscar coloured, and, looking up, met his father's eyes bent searchingly upon him.

"But, father, can't one do an heroic action for God?"

"Yes, truly you can, my son. And the bravest ventures, I say, can be done for Him better than they can be by one who does not love God. For to face death calmly one must have the fear of God in the heart, and those who have not that are simply carried on by an enthusiasm and daring excitement, which is like some wines, which go to the head and leave you none the better afterwards, though they give strength for the time."

No more was said at the moment. They soon reached home, and had dinner in the pleasant kitchen, which had a vine growing over the window, a quaint clock on a bracket in the corner, and a stand of guns, alpenstocks, and fishing-tackle facing the *fourneau*, above this stand being some antlers. In the centre of the ceiling was a ring and chain, holding a hanging lamp, which Friedrich with great pride valued, as having been given him by an *Herr Engländer* the winter before.

Oscar thought over his father's words as they sat in the evening by the lake, and watched the lovely *Alpen glühen*, or rose-coloured sunset light, come over the mountains, making them glow for a few moments in a wonderful way.

Oscar's wish that night was turned into a prayer, and he asked God to let him do some great thing for Him, if it was His will.

The summer passed on very uneventfully. The visitors who came from Ischl, Gmunden, or other parts, engaged Herr Anthal for long excursions, and sometimes Oscar went with them, as he had left off school at Midsummer. Greatly did he enjoy those days in the mountains in that strange wild scenery, which was every now and then varied by some small sweet bit of homelier loveliness, or views from the heights of wide-spreading country, waving on to the horizon for miles and miles.

Then the autumn came, and the leaves changed colour rapidly; the air was cold, and on one day, late in September, snow fell on the mountains, and they looked grander than ever with their summits clad in the pure white snow. Oscar never forgot his wish all this time, and his daily life became different to him when he kept that wish in view; for he knew that one must be trained to a great work and made fit, and just as a little child left to wander in the mountains alone would lose itself, and would need guiding before it would know its way, so any worker must be prepared.

(To be concluded.)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

69. What is known as the "Book of Jasher?"

70. What other book is also referred to of which nothing is now known?

71. What gave rise to the feuds between the Jews and the Samaritans?

72. Quote some words which show the value of self-control?

73. What Church is spoken of by St. Paul as being the first to help him with contributions and alms for the furtherance of the Gospel?

74. On what occasion do we find St. Paul praying for those who were taking him prisoners?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 176.

58. First, for leaving his father's home at the call of God. Second, believing the promises of God as to the future greatness of his posterity, when he had as yet no child, and both he and his wife Sarah were very old. Third, offering up his only son Isaac at God's bidding (Heb. xi. 8—19; Rom. iv. 11).

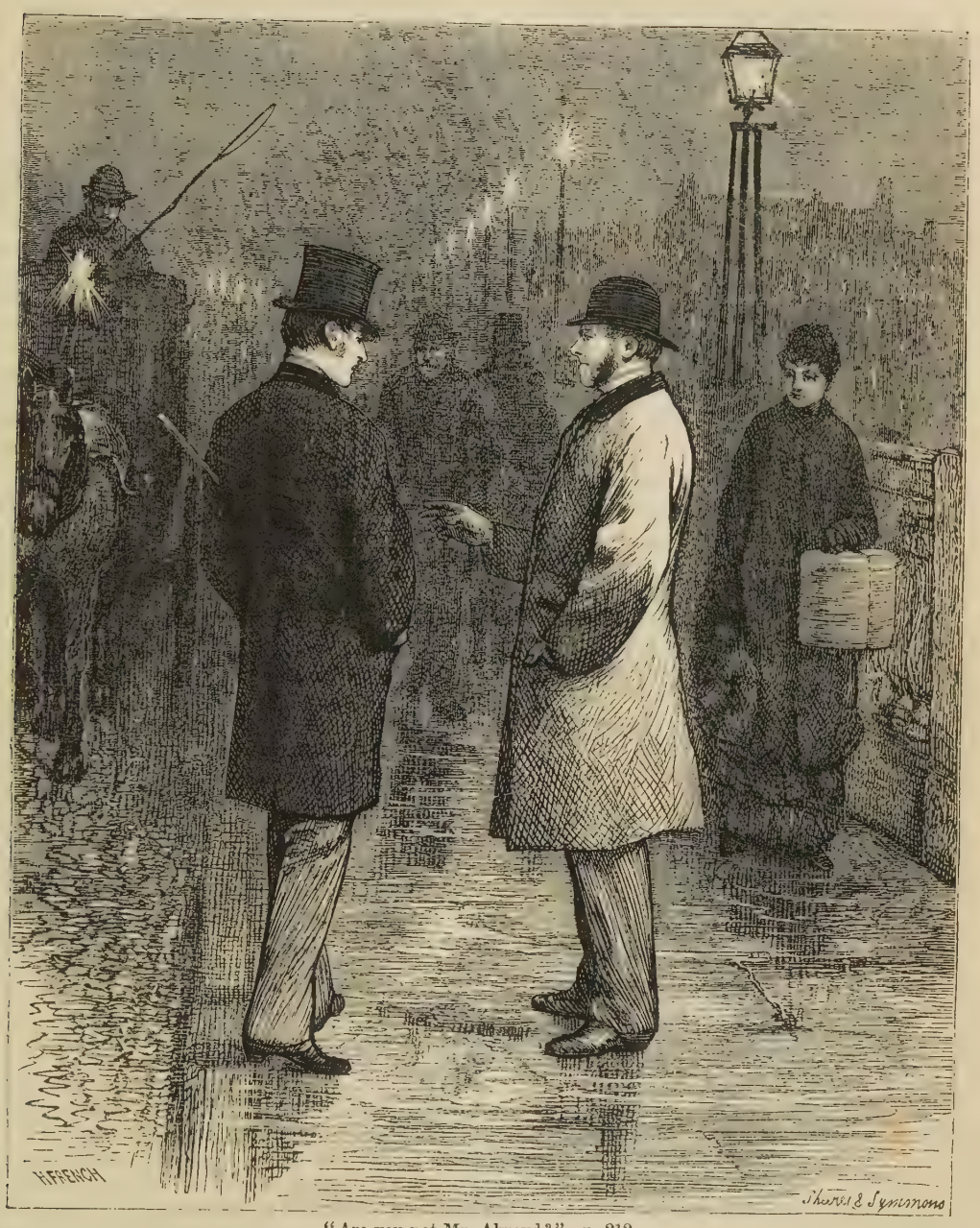
59. Until Jacob's return to Bethel, just before the birth of Benjamin (Gen. xxxv. 1—6).

60. He received the command from God when he went up into Mount Sinai the first time, but the building was not commenced until after his return the second time from the mount (Exodus xxv. 1—9.)

61. On the first day of the first month of the second year after the Israelites left Egypt, a period of about twenty months from its commencement (Exodus xl. 17).

62. Gal. iv. 13, 14.

63. Lev. xxiii. 5, 6.



"Are you not Mr. Akroyd?"—*p.* 212.

STEPHEN AKROYD'S GUERDON.

BY THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY, AUTHOR OF "NESTLETON MAGNA," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—VOLNEY VILLA AND ITS RIVALS.

THE heart of honest Dame Henderson had been gladdened by Stephen Akroyd's consent to eat his Christmas dinner with herself and "Oor George," and it may be safely said that though served up in plain and simple fashion, no more palatable and toothsome meal was discussed that day in Belgravian mansions than that which graced the humble but

plenteous table of this shrewd and thrifty housewife, crowned as it was with the savoury goose and time-honoured Christmas pudding. Stephen, with all the courtesy and kindness natural to him, laid himself out to please the motherly woman and her quiet spouse whose guest he was, and this he accomplished with excellent success.

Dame Henderson, too, was quite able in return, by lively story and smart repartee, to keep the time from hanging heavily on his hands, and even "Oor George," as free from all conceivable sign of his usually dingy labour as if he had never seen a coal-shed in his life, was able in a quiet way to increase the Christmas cheer.

In the course of the afternoon Dame Henderson brought out the big family Bible, and placing it on the table, she said, "Maister Stephen, me an' oor George has been married thirty-two years this varry day! He gav' me this Bible on oor weddin'-day," and then, turning to the fly-leaf, she said, "an' that's what the parson wrote in it, at oor George's request."

Stephen read—

> Presented to my dear wife on our wedding-day. From this day forward, may God give wisdom to husband and wife to make this Book the guide of their united lives, that they may one day see Him who gave the Book, in heaven.—GEORGE HENDERSON.
>
> "Search the scriptures, for in them ye have eternal life."

"Noo," said Dame Henderson, "from that day to this we 've been readers o' that book; an' every Christmas day that 's come round, we 've read togither the story of Bethlehem an' Jesus. I 'm sure you wouldn't hev us to break through oor thirty years' custom just because o' you bein' here; an' as my eyes is gettin' sadly dim for readin', mebbe, you wouldn't mind readin' it for us."

"With the greatest pleasure in life, mother," said Stephen, readily, as he turned to the well-remembered page, which contains the sweetest and most touching narrative in the world.

When he had finished reading, his hostess said, "Me an' oor George always joins i' prayer on a Christmas Day when the chapter's read, an' we wadn't like to leave it oot;" then, without waiting for permission, perhaps half fearing an objection, though she need not to have done that; her husband of course did the same, and Stephen also bowed in the attitude of prayer.

In a strain of simple-hearted earnestness and true devotion, expressed in her usual vigorous dialect, Dame Henderson talked with God as a man talketh with his friend. Gratitude for God's goodness, confession of unworthiness and need, simple, saving faith in the merits of the Saviour, a confident outlook on the unknown future, and an earnest pleading that the Light of the World might shine on Stephen's prejudiced and unbelieving mind, all were inwoven in her earnest and powerful petitions.

Stephen retired early, having another engagement, and as he rose to leave the room, Dame Henderson said, "I wish you oot o' my heart, Maister Stephen, a merry Christmas an' a happy new year. But you know it 's a merry *heart* 'at you want; an' nobody but Him you 've been readin' aboot can give you that. As for a happy new year, it 'll come if you remember that unto *you* is born a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."

Stephen had told his landlady the story of the Helliers, and now, pausing at the door, he asked her, with a smile, to carry out the injunction of the Bible she believed in, and visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction. Dame Henderson promised to go that very evening; and from that time her hearty sympathy, her cheerful piety, and her valuable aid as helpful nurse and housewife, made her a constant and most welcome visitor at Arthur Street.

Stephen resolved to get "rid of the blues" as he called his discontented frame of mind, by a visit to Volney Villa, and in the company of his fascinating friend, Mr. Seymour the cashier, to give a blither and lighter turn to his Christmas experiences. He knew that at that attractive and pleasant bachelor's abode he should be sure to meet with a hearty welcome and with congenial friends—

> "Well-chosen friendship, the most noble
> Of virtues, all our joys makes double,
> And into halves divides our trouble."

So says Hannah More; but, as in this instance, the friendship was not well-chosen, it may be doubted whether Stephen was likely to find any true specific for the heartache at Volney Villa. In one respect his expectations were realised, for, in addition to the usual party, there were two literary guests from Edinburgh, keen, witty, and clever, who added largely to the "feast of reason and the flow of soul."

Time will not admit of any lengthened reference to this period of Stephen Akroyd's history. His responsibilities in the office of Redfern and Reece increased with his promotion to a higher position and salary. He was a very constant visitor at Volney Villa, and there and at home made himself thoroughly acquainted with all that was said and written about natural development, protoplasm, spontaneous generation, and the "something without us that makes for righteousness." His visits to Arthur Street, too, were numerous, and his liberal Christmas-box, and his help and succour in a variety of ways were very precious to Mrs. Hellier and her daughter. The former was a chronic sufferer, but patient and cheerful in it all, the latter was ever a diligent and loving nurse, hovering by her mother's couch and chair. Stephen's wordy tussles with Dame Henderson were as numerous as ever, and as that good woman was able to add many an arrow from Mrs. Hellier's conduct, testimony, and experience, to her quiver, she succeeded in piercing the gaping joints of Stephen's unproven armour with many a rankling barb of truth, which exercised a salutary influence even greater than she knew.

During the early months of spring Mrs. Hellier's painful disease took a sudden and a fatal turn.

Stephen, full of affectionate sympathy for her, and taken thoroughly captive by a tenderer love for Dora, was almost continually there. The greater his intimacy became and the closer was his observation, the more he felt compelled to admire and to reverence the steadfast faith, the indomitable courage, the unfailing patience, and the high-toned moral heroism evinced by his mother's honoured and sorely afflicted friend.

"Stephen," said Mrs. Hellier, one evening, as he was seated by her bed, "Do you believe true happiness to be a possible attainment?"

"Knowing you," said he, with energy, "I cannot doubt that its attainment is possible."

"Have you found it, Stephen?" was softly asked by her, who had vowed in her heart that if it were possible she would bring him back to his mother's God and Saviour.

Stephen, unable to restrain a sigh, replied, "No; we men mortals must be content to catch a gleam of the angel's wing, and to live on memories when the gleam is gone."

"And yet," said she, "it were better to have the angel in the heart, with wings folded as one who means to stay, that he may give abundant and exceeding joy."

"Ah!" said Stephen, with a dubious shake of the head, "that's a picture too good to be true."

"Oh no!" was the smiling answer. "If you would but believe the Book, you would know it to be true, for you would know of Him who said, 'Ask and receive, that your joy may be full.' Here, upon this sick bed, with my hand in yours, I bear witness to the faithfulness of my Lord."

CHAPTER X.—DAME HENDERSON'S PROPOSAL.

DAME HENDERSON was a woman gifted, not only with an unusual share of plain, strong common sense, but with a ready perception too. She very soon discovered the existence of Stephen Akroyd's love for Dora, and was thoroughly agreed that such a yoke-fellow might be of permanent value to the higher interests of her young and sceptical favourite. She shrewdly guessed that his evident liking for the girl might be made a powerful ally in securing his extrication from the "deep Serbonian bog" of infidelity, and in directing his wandering feet once more into religion's ways of pleasantness and paths of peace. Hence she took every fitting opportunity to particularise and praise the manifold excellences of her new but highly-appreciated acquaintance.

"Aye, Maister Stephen!" said she, one evening, as she laid the cloth for his frugal supper. "Aye, Maister Stephen, that Miss Dora is a glorious lassie! Them that gets yon jewel 'll get a treasure an' no mistake! She's a precious an' a pretty little packet o' beauty an' goodness. She's well-nigh as good a housewife as I am myself, an' yet she's a lady every inch of her. She can sing like a nightingale, an' plays that piano as well as any great player, a'most. An' the way 'at she tends that dear mother o' hers," she proceeded, "is something wonderful; an' she's just as pretty as she's good, an' that's sayin' an uncommon deal, for a better little maiden isn't to be foond from London to Land's End i' Cornwall."

"You are right there, mother, at any rate," said Stephen, warmly, well pleased to have her so spoken of who filled so large a place in his own admiring thoughts. "A sweeter soul enshrined in a fairer body would be very difficult to find. Dora Hellier is a gem of the first water."

"I'm so glad you like her," said his merciless host. "But there's one thing aboot her that's a sad failin', an' tak's the shine off all the rest o' her good properties."

"Indeed!" said Stephen, half curious, half indignant; "then your eyes are sharper than mine, for I protest that I think the girl is nothing less than perfect."

"Well, I don't deny that she is, with the exception of the one thing I'm talking about, an' I dare say 'at you may mebbe cure her o' that. You see, more's the pity, she's as religious as her mother, an' she can sit an' talk for an hour together aboot what she calls the help o' the Holy Spirit an' the conscious love o' God. Of course she isn't to be blamed for it, poor thing, for she doesn't seem ivver to hev known any better. If she would only give up prayin', noo, an' not listen to her mother's maunderins aboot pardonin' peace an' that sort o' thing; an' just set up for a reasonin' sort o' body, that knows a great deal more than her mother can tell her, she 'd be aboot perfect, wouldn't she?"

"Nay, never mind all that," said Stephen, shortly; for, somehow or other, Dame Henderson's suggestions grated harshly on his ear. "Dora Hellier's too good to be spoiled by whatever she may believe."

"Spoiled! I isn't talkin' aboot her bein' spoiled, bless her; but aboot gettin' her into a higher an' nobler an' more independent state o' mind. I'm sure she's uncommonly clever, an' if she was once put into the way on't, she could mak' something oot i' philosiphy; an' its a thoosand pities 'at the poor little thing should go on gropin' aboot blind an' deluded for want o' light. If you could only induce her to deny her God, noo, an' turn her back on her Saviour, an' contradict all the history of her mother's godly life, she might mak' something oot."

Stephen felt the rough and ready sarcasm, and was silent.

On another and a later occasion, when Stephen had returned from his daily labour, Dame Henderson told him that she had just been to see the Helliers.

"And how did you find them?" said he, for despite the rubs he got in swift succession from his plain-spoken landlady, it was ever a pleasure to him to make them the subject of conversation.

Dame Henderson's voice was somewhat husky and uncertain, as she informed him of the gradual but certain change for the worse in Mrs. Hellier. "The young lady, God bless her! is well enough," said she. "Well enough i' body, but she's vastly troubled

an' anxious in her mind. Her mother 's fadin' away, poor thing! an' the poor lassie 's gotten more sorrow than she could carry, if she hadn't the grace o' God to help her How she bears up is wonderful, an' can only be accoonted for by her hevin' a wonderful supply of heavenly grace."

"Is Mrs. Hellier seriously worse, think you?" inquired Stephen, earnestly.

"She isn't long for this world isn't Mrs. Hellier," said Dame Henderson, decidedly. "She 's growin' vastly feebler, poor thing! An' yet it 's none right to say 'poor thing' aboot such a saint as yon. I would hev to travel a long day to see onybody so rich as she is. Unless, indeed, it is yourself or Mr. Seymour. *You 've* gotten at the truth, you see, an' that 's no small riches i' this blunderin' world. I can't mak' it oot why you don't try to bring her to a better state o' mind. She goes maunderin' on all the day long in a way as fairly mak's you wonder, aboot her peace o' mind, an' the love o' Jesus, an' the hope o' heaven. I can't listen to it withoot cryin' like a bairn! But it does seem a pity for onybody to go down to the grave like that, deceivin' herself and deceivin' that precious Miss Dora. Did you ever talk to her aboot the error of her ways. Mebbe, if you were to tak' Mr. Seymour to see her he might minister a bit o' comfort an' consolation of a higher an' a better sort than the deludin' fancies that she 's hugging to her heart."

It is not at all improbable that this sharp and drastic method of dealing with Stephen's mental disease, though it chafed his spirit and even angered him at times, furnished him, nevertheless, with very salutary food for thought; and, by driving him to make comparisons, and to self-examination, aided largely in promoting his spiritual recovery of health and soundness, and to a better, because a more self-deprecating state of mind.

Whenever Stephen paid a visit to the failing invalid in Arthur Street, both she and her sweet daughter were ready enough to speak in unmeasured terms of praise and gratitude concerning Dame Henderson herself. To Mrs. Hellier she was as one sent of God, so much of faith and comfort did she impart, and so deft and skilful, so diligent and perpetual in the domestic services which she rendered with such a willing heart. Both visitor and invalid knew the "secret of the Lord" which is with them that fear Him, and their godly exchange of experiences was as a green pasture to their souls. Dora, too, felt the presence of this good Samaritan to be a sort of perpetual benediction. On her strong will, warm heart, and vigorous arm she leaned more and more, and daily thanked her God who had raised up in her heavy need a friend so true and faithful as Dame Henderson.

As Stephen was walking over Waterloo Bridge that night a passer-by paused, looked earnestly at him, passed on, and then paused again; and then, as if he had come to a definite conclusion, turned, and followed him. "Excuse me," said the stranger, laying his hand on Stephen's arm, "are you not Mr. Akroyd?"

"Halloa, Mr. Rutter!" said Stephen, well-pleased to greet the detective who had come to his aid in the nick of time on board the *City of Baltimore*. "I 'm glad to see you. Where do *you* come from?"

"Oh, as usual, mine 's a roving commission, and leads me east, west, north, and south. And how does the world use *you?*"

"Oh, well enough," said Stephen, "as things go. After daily labour, nightly rest."

"Happy mortal!" quoth the detective. "It seems as though my daily labour absorbs the night too. I 'm in a quandary, and my wild-goose errand threatens never to have an end. Well, I want to obtain tidings of a certain Mrs. Hellier——"

"What!" shouted Stephen, in great surprise.

"Hallo!" said the detective. "Is there light in the horizon? Do you know a lady who bears the magic name?"

"But *is* it *good* news that you would carry, if you found her?" said Stephen, seriously; "for, otherwise, no information can you gain from me."

"Well, listen!" said the detective. "I seek a Mrs. Hellier, the widow of the late Colonel Henry Hellier, whose name came to the front with honour in the Indian mutiny. A certain niece of hers, residing at Halston Hall, in Norfolk, who has lately succeeded to her father's estates, desires to find her aunt, who has long been estranged from the family, in order that she may heal the breach and make her partner in her plentiful inheritance. But, tell me, can you throw any light upon the subject?"

"Indeed I can!" said Stephen, in jubilant tones and with a gleaming eye, and straightway he gave the detective the address in Arthur Street which had become so familiar and so dear to him.

"Thank you heartily," said Mr. Rutter. "Now, let me ask you, as a personal favour, to say nothing of this to the party concerned; but in due time, I have no doubt, as the advertisements say, that she will 'hear of something to her advantage.' Again, I thank you. Good night!"

"Good night," said Stephen, and he resumed his journey homeward, pondering and wondering as to whereunto this new thing might grow.

(To be continued.)

HOME.

WHAT joys are lost, what hopes are given,
As through this death-struck world we roam!
We think awhile that Home is Heaven;
We learn at length that Heaven is Home.

H. C. G. M.

OUR LORD'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

BY THE REV. HENRY ALLON, D.D.

I.—ESTIMATES—MATERIAL AND SPIRITUAL, TRUE AND FALSE (2).

ANOTHER cause of antagonism between material good for the body and spiritual good for the soul is false spirituality. And it is this which our Lord chiefly denounces here. He is directing His warning against wrong uses of life, against Pharisaic teachings concerning life. These men professed great religiousness, transcendant spirituality, but they were really very worldly-minded, and made use of spiritual things for securing material things. Our Lord calls them "hypocrites," men who wore a mask: they were not merely mistaken, they were consciously false; they laid burdens upon men which they themselves would not touch with one of their fingers. Their spirituality was a false spirituality, not a true one. It appeared to be very exalted, it really was very base; they were hypocrites in their alms, in their prayers, in their fastings, doing them all not from a genuine religious prompting towards God, but "to be seen of men." When religious feeling is genuine, when it thinks only of God, and feels towards Him, it is simple, natural, unexaggerated. It does not care for mere doing—for less or more of show or observance—it labours only to express itself to God. But when religious feeling is counterfeit it overdoes things. Its eye is upon men, and what they will think. It multiplies prayers, parades alms and fastings, it becomes rigid and exacting, it makes demonstrations. It is not enough that God sees, men must see as well. These men exaggerated all their religious doings: they did not use life naturally, they made a parade of piety, and became ostentatious and artificial.

This was really worldly-mindedness in the garb of asceticism. They found a new way of serving mammon in a pretended service of God. The very light in them became darkness.

This is one of the commonest phenomena of human history, the co-existence of intense worldly-mindedness, and utter unspiritualness of heart. So soon as religious doings become to be calculated and constrained they become false; so soon as pious feeling passes into fanaticism it becomes perilous. Let a man conceive that religion is at war with human nature instead of being the right moral control of human nature, and he ceases to distinguish between right satisfactions and wrong uses, he confuses good and evil, injuring his moral sense, disordering his moral perceptions; he is really in imminent peril of what is sinful; through lack of discrimination, he may indulge in satisfactions that are wrong.

He is the strongest and stands the most safely who is true to all parts of his nature, not he who denies the body its legitimate satisfactions on the plea of ministering to the soul, but he who religiously ministers to the body its own proper good. Artificial abstinence, ascetic mortification, are much more enfeebling and imperilling than legitimate uses. They disconnect the material life and God, they revolt from God's order of life, and make natural gratifications sin. And often a false worldliness works its revenge upon a false spirituality. As God intends it, life is holy in all its departments. All natural appetites of the body as well as of the soul are holy, and to array the soul against the body is to make a schism in the life that God has made one. The true religious idea is not to deny or mortify, but religiously to control, all natural gratifications.

The treasures of a man's life are not equally precious. Material and spiritual good have different values. "The life is more than meat, the body than raiment," the soul than the body.

1. Their contrast is that between *the material and the spiritual*—the hoarded "*things*" which moths spoil, and corruption wastes, and thieves steal—things which are outside the man; and noble feelings, virtuous character, godly sympathies, holy satisfaction—things which are within the man, and which are spiritual, incorruptible, inexhaustible, inalienable—for they are constituents of the man himself. It is the contrast between the possessions of the man and his essential qualities. "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesses."

2. It is the contrast between the *transient and the permanent*—things that in their very nature can be possessed only so long as the body lives, and qualities of character that are inherent in the soul which lives for ever.

So that whenever, as is sometimes the case, it becomes an alternative, and the thing cannot be possessed without sacrificing the character—whenever we have to choose between the pursuit of things for the body and the attainment of holiness by the soul—we may not hesitate. We must so restrain our pursuit of the one as to subordinate them to the interests of the other. And, if all possessions of the bodily life, yea, and the life itself, have to be sacrificed, in order to maintain the fidelity and holiness of the soul, it must be done.

Our Lord's meaning is that we may not treasure up for ourselves treasures upon earth, so as to make bodily satisfaction our supreme good; good for the material life is not to be pursued at

the cost of good for the spiritual life. Treasure upon earth is not equal in value to treasure in heaven.

Of course our Lord speaks largely, and broadly, and in his usual apothegmatic way; He does not mean to interdict all treasuring up of treasures on earth so as to prohibit all frugality, and saving, and even getting rich: this would do violence to the first principles of prudence, the first obligations of social life, as well as to the explicit teachings of Scripture, and especially of Christianity. It is a great apothegm—as when he says, "take no thought for the morrow," as when Paul says, "Be careful for nothing." It is to be interpreted and applied by common sense, and in harmony with other great principles and injunctions to be industrious and to provide for our own.

Nor is it an injunction addressed specially to rich men, urging them to be moderate in their accumulations, while the injunction to "consider the lilies" is addressed specially to poor men, urging them to be trustful.

The warning is to all men alike; it cautions them against a worldly spirit in every condition of life. The poor man may be as eager and grasping in accumulating his pennies as the rich man in accumulating his pounds. It is not the amount of money that makes the miser, it is the covetousness of his heart. The beggar who miserably hoards his halfpennies, who lives a pauper, and hides his few pounds in the thatch of his hovel, is as much a miser as the millionaire who multiplies his thousands, avaricious of all that he can scrape together. Our Lord, as everywhere, deals not with quantities, but with the spirit, the principles of things. The man who is richest may be freest from a worldly spirit, the man who is poorest may be the most given up to it.

How rich a man may become without sin is a question that can be answered only by the rich man for himself. We cannot escape from the responsibility of our own conscience; and it is a question to be answered in different ways, according to our different circumstances. In agricultural Palestine the standard of wealth would be very different from that of commercial England. A couple of centuries ago the proportions of things was very different from what they are now, the poor man was much poorer, the rich man less rich. What in the boyhood of some now living would be a large fortune would now be deemed only a moderate competence. There is no absolute standard of accumulation, there can be no rigid law of quantity—the changing relations of society, the altering conditions of enterprise, are ever altering the standards of wealth. Generally, we may say that rich men are a necessity, an inspiration and a manifold blessing of social life; if, that is, their riches be rightly used. The duke, the baron, the wealthy feudal lord, was in manifold ways the strength and the blessing of social life in former times; the large-acred noble, the wealthy merchant, the extensive contractor, are in many ways its strength and blessing yet. No benefit would come to society generally, nor to commerce, nor to individual institutions in particular, by an equal distribution of wealth, none being rich and none being poor. The analogies of natural heritage and of providential distribution are otherwise. You cannot so contravene natural laws of ability, diligence, thrift, and circumstance. It would demand prohibition of the strong and virtuous, and protection of the weak and vicious, which would be as disastrous in operation as they are false in principle. The law of nature, of righteousness, and of expediency, is for each man to realise the natural rewards of his own ability, industry, and circumstances. The evil, again, is not in the normal operation of the law, but in its abuse, in the extremes of riches and poverty through unscrupulous selfishness and reckless vice—the selfish way in which riches are acquired, the thriftless way in which poverty is incurred, and the consequent ill-feeling and discontent engendered. The true remedy is not by artificial law to prohibit riches, and to protect against poverty; it is by individual virtue and self-control to ensure a righteous and benevolent use of riches, and a prudent and moral avoidance of poverty. Make the individual man holy, and throw upon him the religious responsibility of rightly using all things.

In a commercial society such as ours rich men are a special necessity; without accumulated property great enterprise would be impossible, and much of the culture of civilisation. In a thousand ways of commerce, education, benevolent enterprise, and ministry, rich men are the mainsprings of our social life. Let men get rich by all means, if God's blessing attends their honest industry. Let the labourer become an artisan, the artisan a tradesman, the tradesman a merchant, the merchant a millionaire, and a peer of the realm, if it be possible for him, so long as he does not sacrifice his integrity, his liberality, his human kindliness, in its realisation. There is no law of God or of human expediency to forbid. There are evils enough in the relations of rich and poor—God knows—in their ill feelings, their selfishness, their injustice; but the true remedy is not to forbid the conditions, but to improve the feelings. Men reject God's great law of redressing all social wrongs, viz., by making each individual man a religious man, virtuous, unselfish, and brotherly; and they make other laws directed against social order, they seek to prohibit things, not to improve persons. God's method is to regenerate the individual, make him free of all things, and in this way effectually and radically to reform institutions. All the communism in the world is impotent against the simple law of the individual life. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so to them." "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

It is in the process of getting rich that the man chiefly suffers. He may be niggardly while he is saving, when he has become rich he will be liberal. Nay, but liberality is a spiritual growth. He must be liberal in the process, or he will not be liberal in the result; liberal in that which is little, or he will not be liberal in that which is much. He must keep his heart generous by a liberal proportion of what he is accumulating—of the first sovereign he saves—else he will in the process of saving acquire a parsimonious habit, which by the time he has accumulated will be too fixed and too strong to be reversed. No man begins to be generous after realising riches by parsimony.

What is it but false hoarding to be scraping together money, when every added sovereign does damage to what is best and noblest in a man? He seems to be gaining, he is irreparably losing. According to worldly estimates of prosperity he is "doing well," according to God's moral estimates he is doing very ill. He is gaining money, but it is at the cost of all that is noble in character and feeling—not of spirituality only, but of generosity, sympathy, human brotherhood, and noble unselfishness. Gold, ministered to him, is like drink put to the lips of a drunkard, it only inflames and brutalises the more. For the sake of the inferior treasure, the hoarded goods (which was the Eastern way of accumulating) which the moth might waste, the rust corrupt, and thieves might steal, which might perish in his very possession, or be altogether taken out of it, he sacrifices all nobility of character, all the blessed consciousness of goodness and benevolence. He takes these material hoards into the sacred sanctuary of his heart, and they become to it as the moth and the rust. Would he but use it rightly, his money would be to him a true treasure, it would make him a better man, teach him to be faithful in applying, generous in giving it. For money is a talent to be used for the glory of God and the good of men, and so used it is a blessing to the man himself. But he uses it wrongly, and it disorders and corrupts his moral nature. Right things wrongly used are the most destructive of all forces. There can be no blessing in hoarded money. Accumulation is not use, any more than an armoury of weapons is a battle. Expenditure is the proper use of money. Treasure at a banker's can call into exercise no gracious feeling.

The true end and use of all other treasures is "treasure in heaven:" such an employment of all gifts and possessions of life as shall build up generous, spiritual, noble character, as shall make a man a Christlike, Godlike citizen of heaven.

A man may be laying up the treasure of a great character, even when he is sacrificing money, and by means of the sacrifice of his money. All gifts, all possessions, all experiences, all uses of the things of life, may make us good and great.

A man may set himself to hoard money, and succeed, but how rarely he gets out of it the satisfaction that he sought! His heart's hunger is in no degree appeased by it.

Few men are capable of truly enjoying wealth. Much more than money is necessary for the enjoyment of money. The book of a man's life is a great deal more than his banker's account. Its chief entries are under the headings, Righteousness, Honour, Trust, Sympathy, Love. Money cannot bring these, and yet money cannot be truly enjoyed without them. The richest man may starve to death in all the true satisfaction of manhood.

And then there is the future condition of life to which no riches of mere possession can be taken, only riches of character; where, stripped of his wealth, a man may be utterly bankrupt in all things else; his property left behind, and he destitute of soul treasures, "*then* whose shall these things be which thou hast provided."

Let a man treasure up treasures in heaven—a noble self, a nature that is not dependent upon material things, that is in itself a fountain of satisfaction springing up to everlasting life; capabilities, capacities, sympathies for spiritual things, for enjoying God, for living in His blessedness, for a life where no treasure chests, no broad acres count, but only noble character; where there is communion of spirit with all holy beings, with the blessed angels, with the eternal Father, with the lofty, loving, self-sacrificing Christ—treasures of holiness and faith, treasures of spiritual sympathy, treasures of restful love, and exulting praise, and he will be rich.

Let a man treasure up treasures in heaven where those to whom his money has ministered much more than money gather round him to bless him—poor men whose poverty he has relieved of both physical necessities and moral perils; heathen men, and men "ignorant and out of the way," whom his wealth has taught concerning Christ; children and friends to whom in the use of his wealth he set a potent example of holy simplicity and religious fidelity, and responsive brotherhood, teaching them where the true treasure is to be found, and showing them how simply and religiously wealth may be used in securing it, and his will be the true riches. He "chooses the better part, which shall not be taken from him." Nay, however scant a man's store of gold, he may be rich in all the best possessions of a man, rich in faith, in goodness, in God; God's angels ministering to him in his holy poverty, and the chariots of God conveying him to the riches of the Father's house.

THE WHITE ROSE OF WHITELAKE.

BY ANNE BEALE, AUTHOR OF THE "PENNANT FAMILY."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SOLDIERS AT CHURCH.

THIS day on which Llewellen's commission arrived was a happy day to Mrs. Mervyn. Never before, since her marriage, had she been privileged to attend a full English service. Hitherto it had naturally been in Welsh, with a portion, and that only occasionally, in her own tongue. For the benefit of the soldiers, not only the sermon, but the prayers, were in English; and the Holy Communion was also administered afterwards in that language, so that all who would might partake of that blessed feast.

To compensate to his own flock for this irregularity, Mr. Edwardes announced that he would have an additional evening service.

A sprinkling of red-coats, amongst whom was Major Faithfull, remained to the second service, and a holy peace hovered over the time-worn edifice, as the pastor gave the bread of life. There were tears in Rose's eyes when she returned to her seat; and Llewellen's were scarcely dry.

Mrs. Mervyn was generally the first to leave the church, as Mrs. Wynne was always the last. Accordingly, when she and her family reached the churchyard, the squire's pew was still occupied.

"Mother, I should like to tell Major Faithfull," said Llewellen. "Would you mind waiting?"

"I certainly should. He will hear in good time," replied Mrs. Mervyn, hastening through the worn and crumbling gravestones, followed by Rose and her son.

Rose, not unnaturally, glanced back when Llewellen asked his mother to stay, and fancied she saw Major Faithfull attempting to follow them. If so, he was detained by old Mr. Wynne, who engaged him in conversation at the church door. She, like Llewellen, felt a sudden regret; but her mother only quickened her steps as they descended the steep path that led from the church to the village.

The family at Lynhafod had resolved to take advantage of the evening service in the church, and had remained at home during the afternoon. They were thankful for the rest which enabled them to discuss the wonderful event of the morning. They were, therefore, all together when Major Faithfull arrived at about four o'clock, and were startled by the unexpected sound of a double knock at the door; for they—especially Mrs. Mervyn—discouraged Sunday visitors. As the servants were out, Edwyna answered it, and welcomed Major Faithfull with unconcealed pleasure. "I knew you would come some day all of your own accord," she said, as she ushered him pompously into the little drawing-room.

He and Mr. Mervyn had never met before, and the Major was rather surprised at being introduced to one who had the appearance of a gentleman, having heard disparaging remarks and comparisons made concerning him. Mrs. Mervyn received him with stately politeness, the others with evident pleasure, while Mr. Mervyn expressed his regret in an off-hand manner at having missed him and Philipps Wynne when they called to "overhaul his poor estate," as he expressed it. It must be confessed that Mervyn's rough careless manner, together with an obstinate determination to make the worst of himself and all that he possessed, somewhat belied his handsome person, even when he was well dressed, as on the present occasion However, the Major began at once the business which Llewellen was longing to commence. Addressing him particularly, he said, "I have pleasant news for you. I received a letter this morning from Colonel Marston to the effect that a commission has been procured for you, and, to my sincere satisfaction, in my regiment;" then turning to Mervyn, he added, "Your son may be considered fortunate, since hundreds of young men are waiting for appointments."

"Have we to thank you for this miracle?" asked Mervyn. "Llewellen had a paper as long as my arm this morning, apprising him of it, and I almost doubt the reality of it still."

"Of course it was Major Faithfull!" broke in Edwyna. "I knew it was."

"You are mistaken," said the Major, laughing. "I have no personal influence, but I asked our Lieutenant-Colonel to use his, and we know the result. Still, he is as much astonished as I am at our speedy success. It is, as you say, Mr. Mervyn, little short of a miracle. Of course I made the most of my young friend's talents, and of the skill he displayed on more than one occasion, but this would not account for his becoming a special *protégé* of the Horse Guards; for what is the most marvellous part of the affair is that not only his commission, but all other attendant expenses are to be defrayed for him, at least so says Colonel Marston. I think it must be the White Lady," added the Major, glancing at Rose.

"Then I am glad I was so foolish," she rejoined, returning the glance by one of grateful pleasure.

"I scarcely know what to do or say," exclaimed Llewellen, whose face was flushed with excitement, and who rose involuntarily and offered his hand to Major Faithfull. "I will do my best to repay your kindness by attending to your commands when I am under you."

"And keeping your good vicar's words in mind," said the Major, grasping the offered hand. "We

"It will not be long, dear, before our home is won."—*p.* 220.

may thus work together for the good of the souls as well as the bodies of the men under our charge."

These words brought Mrs. Mervyn's eyes upon the speaker. They expressed surprise so plainly that he smiled.

"I see you are among the sceptics," he said. "People persist either in ridiculing or disbelieving military religion in these days. Yet are there soldiers as pious as other men, even now."

"Why do they not make their profession of faith as they used to do?" asked enthusiastic Rose. "The Knights of the Temple and the Knights Hospitallers were Christian soldiers. I think Llewellen will be one."

At the same moment the clock on the chimney-piece struck five. Edwyna jumped up, exclaiming, "It is tea-time, and I have to get it, for Mally is milking and Catto is at church. If you will stay to tea I will put out the very best china, and give you some of the cake I made yesterday, and we will partake in honour of my brother the cornet."

She addressed Major Faithfull, who laughed, but did not venture to reply, till Mr. Mervyn seconded the invitation. "We should be very glad if you would join us," he said, and his manner seemed to the Major that of a finished gentleman. "You will still be in time for late dinner. Our hours are those of a farm-house."

The hearts of the young people beat anxiously, and they looked at their mother, who was graciously pleased to add her few words of encouragement; after which the Major expressed himself delighted to be permitted to share in the pleasure of a genuine tea-table once more. Edwyna danced out of the room, followed by Rose, and the glances of their welcome but unexpected guest.

"I think he is just as much in love with you as Alfred Johnnes," said Edwyna, placing a gilded tray on the kitchen table.

"Dear Edwyna, do not talk so much nonsense," replied Rose, laying some white-and-gold tea-things on the said tray.

They were joined by Llewellen, whose heart was so full of thankfulness that he could not control himself, and who longed for the sympathy of his sisters. He had it in the shape of many warm embraces.

His joyous laugh was soon heard in the hall; and, simultaneously, Edwyna appeared with a flourish, announcing "The cornet-footman of the tea company," and he came in, bearing the tray.

"Edwyna's spirits carry her away," remarked Mrs. Mervyn, apologetically.

"She is quite charming," said the Major, watching for Rose.

"So I tell Mrs. Mervyn, who is always checking her," remarked Mr. Mervyn, irritably.

Major Faithfull was a man of penetration, but he failed to unwind the secrets of this pair. However, he had not long to try, for he was soon engaged in an animated conversation with his new acquaintances, during which he discovered that Mrs. Mervyn must have seen more of the world and society than her present secluded condition implied. His admiration of Rose was apparent, though not obtrusive. He sought to draw her out, and so ingratiate himself, a fact which Mrs. Mervyn was well aware of.

"We must not forget Egain," she said, looking at Rose.

"I have taken her tea up, mother; but I will see if she wants anything more," replied Rose, leaving the room.

"Egain is the young person brought to us by Rebecca—the gate-keeper's daughter," Mrs. Mervyn explained; but the Major was absent of mind until Rose reappeared.

The mother knew too well that the distinction of her daughter's manner and appearance, together with her rare simplicity and talent, were sure to impress such a man; and she feared for Rose. Nevertheless, she made herself so agreeable to her guest, that her husband asked her, subsequently, why she could not be always so pleasant.

When tea was over, Major Faithfull inquired if his new friends were going to evening service, and asked to be allowed to accompany them. Of course he received permission; and he and Rose walked side by side beneath the flowery hedgerows that had witnessed the proposal and rejection of Alfred Johnnes.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GOSSIP.

Gossip is always dangerous, and frequently gathers until it mounts up to slander. Country gossip is necessarily personal, and a light word suffices to start it, just as a dandelion seed, borne on the breeze, takes root and becomes a plant. Mrs. Mervyn was justified in her anxious care for Rose, though not even a mother's supervision, however constant, can stay the silly tongues of jealous rivals, and Rose had already two at least. One was Miss Pryse Pryse, the other Virginie. It is said that one jealous woman is enough to set the world aflame; therefore, two should suffice to burn it up. That "unruly member" the tongue is equal in kindling power to a dozen boxes of lucifer-matches; and one half-spent lucifer-match, cast aside by some inveterate smoker, has set fire to a woman's dress and caused her death thereby. So will the smouldering flame of a slanderous word burn up a reputation.

Virginie, like Egain, had been once the object of Alfred Johnnes' attention, though it is due to him to declare that he had never led her to suppose that he would either marry her, or proceed beyond the foolish compliments that a wild, thoughtless, young man thinks himself justified in paying a handsome nursery-maid. Still, handsome nursery-maids have hearts to guard, and he who trifles with them is as much if not more to blame than if he dallied with the affections of his equals. In trifling with Virginie, however, he had wounded a different nature from

Egain's, one that was impetuous, jealous, and not generous and forgiving.

From the first Virginie had disliked Rose; and since the report had spread that she was likely to marry Alfred Johnnes, she had hated her, and taken every opportunity of prejudicing not only her pupils, but their mother and aunt against her. She had been more successful with the old than with the young; for the children gradually attached themselves to Rose, and Teddy, especially, who had been the first to resist her authority, became her particular champion. Virginie's insidious remarks took most effect on Marcia; and when it was publicly known that Llewellen had a commission, and was about to join Major Faithfull's regiment, she found full scope for her malice. Marcia was not malicious; indeed, her nature was scarcely deep enough for strong feelings, whether good or evil, but she had been accustomed to be petted and admired, and chose to consider herself first in the estimation of those who surrounded her. Both she and her sister had taken it into their heads that Major Faithfull was to be subdued by her, and, cost what it would, she was resolved to conquer him. Whether she really cared much for him or not she did not pause to consider; but he was reputed rich and of a good family, was in what is called a "crack" regiment, and was highest in rank of all the unmarried officers of her acquaintance. Civilians were quite beneath her notice so long as the military were near.

"So, mademoiselle, that young Mr. Mairvyn is in the major's regiment," said Virginie to Marcia one day, after Llewellen had actually joined. "He was to have been pasteur, then farmer, and then Monsieur the major he got him commission for the *beaux yeux* of Mees Mairvyn. Oh, but she is sly!"

"What do you mean, Virginie?" asked Marcia.

"That Mees Mairvyn, she is engaged to Mr. Johnnes, but that she flirts with Monsieur the major. I have seen them meet often, and she make *les yeux doux*, and he, who cares only for the beautiful Mees Marcia, amuses himself with her, the *gouvernante* and the farmer's daughter of Monsieur Wynne. He has been often to her house, and has walked with her to church, and has made the fortune of the young Mairvyn. But he is handsome, that young man!"

"He certainly is; and will make a splendid officer," returned Marcia. "But how do you know that Miss Mervyn is engaged to Mr. Johnnes?"

"Everybody knows it," replied Virginie, knitting her dark brows, and giving a malicious look from her black eyes. "But she is engaged to all the world. There is Mr. Edwardes and his nephew, and the Johnnes, and now the *beau majeur;* she is marry them all."

"At any rate that must be put a stop to," laughed Marcia, who yet felt jealous of this admired Rose.

"I think so, indeed! She is not a proper *gouvernante* for my young ladies! She never walks home alone, but has always some cavalier by her side. For why? She is white as milk, and not half so beautiful as our demoiselle; so I say to all who speak of her."

"Who speaks of her? I should have fancied her too insignificant to be talked of."

"Ha, ha! You know not the world, mademoiselle. It is the quiet people that are sly and get on; not the lively like you and me. It is like the fire in your cottages. It is hidden by the white clay balls, but it is hot! It is always there, and never goes out. But you and I, we burn, we flame, we show where the light is."

"It is of very little consequence to me, Virginie," said Marcia, who, though interested in the gossip, did not choose to be brought into comparison with Virginie. "Of course, Miss Mervyn can walk with whomsoever she pleases."

"Not when she is *gouvernante*, mademoiselle," rejoined Virginie, with an injured air. "What if she manœuvre to take away the lovers of other girls?"

Marcia took this as a hint to herself, little thinking that the offended *bonne* had any personal feeling in the matter. She did not care to encourage the notion that she was interested in the subject, so she left Virginie to her machinations—but left only to seek her sister, and repeat what she had heard. Mrs. Wynne was more annoyed by it than Marcia, and contrived to aggravate her by making it a personal offence.

"Why on earth did you have her here?" asked Marcia.

"What else was I to do? Mr. Wynne vowed he would not endure a resident governess, though I promised to keep her out of his sight. 'Any young lady who comes here must be treated as one of the family, and I am really too unwell for that,' he said; and now he proposes of his own accord to secure Miss Mervyn. It was quite by chance that she came originally. Mr. Edwardes said it was just possible Mrs. Mervyn might spare her, and I bearded the lion in his den, for I would almost as soon encounter a royal personage as Mrs. Mervyn—sooner, indeed, for there would be éclat in that, whereas there is only polite coolness in the other, which provokes one past endurance. However, I put the subject before her much as if I were asking a favour of a queen. She condescended to say she would consider it—showed me her daughter's drawings and her flowers, and bowed me away. When the girl came I felt triumphant; and now I wish she was at the top of Ap Shenkin's 'mountain hoary,' and we had never made her acquaintance. Seriously, Marcia, do you think she would marry Mr. Wynne? Fancy what that would be for me!"

(*To be continued.*)

NEARLY HOME.

IT was many a year ago, dear, yet it seems but yesterday,
That we set our feet on the primrose path, and began the life-long way ;
And the April wind blew freshly sweet, and the sky was clear o'erhead,
As my steps kept pace with your eager feet, and I heard the words you said.
We had felt no sorrow then, dear, for we never had known a care,
And the trees were budding about the land, the sun shone everywhere.
The spring went by like a dream, love, and the summer roses came,
And we left behind a little grave, with a stone that bore our name ;
Then we whispered, "The Lord hath given ; the Lord hath taken away ;"
And the hearts that with grief had striven, grew quiet and learnt to pray ;
And oft in the dim October days, when dead leaves round us fell,
We looked in each other's eyes, and said, "He doeth all things well."
And now it will not be long, dear, before our home is won,
For the troubles are well-nigh ended, the travelling days are done ;
And angels chant in the winter wind, and gather around our way,
They sing of the shadows far behind, and the light of the coming day ;
And our hearts go forth to meet the song that floats from the city blest,
Where the mourners' tears are wiped away, and the weary have found a rest.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

OSCAR'S WISH.

PART II.

ONE lovely day, just at the beginning of October, Oscar went out on the lake, intending to row as far as Gmunden, where Friedrich wanted to have a gun mended. But when he was within a couple of miles of Gmunden a storm suddenly came on.

The scene changed rapidly. The sky darkened, and became of a deep grey, with inky clouds hanging heavily over the mountains. The breeze soon changed to a wind, the wind to what almost amounted to a tempest, blowing up the dead leaves into whirlwinds on the shore, and turning the ripples of the lake into waves which beat furiously against the little boat.

Oscar was alarmed, as he had only once before been on the lake during a storm, and then his father was with him, who had managed the boat wonderfully, and brought them safely to the shore. But Oscar had little time to think, for suddenly the wind seemed to change, and to drive the boat to the right, and then in an instant, as it caught the sails in a strange way, the boat was capsized, and Oscar found himself struggling in the icy-cold waters. Most providentially he was near the land, and, being a good swimmer, he was able to strike out and try and make for the shore. He was very nearly in when he struck his foot against a large piece of wood that was floating on the water, and then indeed he would have been lost had not a boat that had put out, seeing him in danger, picked him up.

The events of that day I need not dwell upon. A messenger was sent to Friedrich, who really thought that his son had perished in the storm, and who was overjoyed to find him safe, and later in the day they went home in a cart lent them by the boatman who had rescued Oscar. They stopped at Gmunden, and saw a doctor, who examined Oscar's foot, looked very grave, and bid him be careful of it. He had, he said, a patient at Traun Kirchen, and he would call in the next day, and see how Oscar was getting on.

Doctor Randel was as good as his word, as whenever he came in to see his patient at Traun Kirchen —an English gentleman who was staying at the hotel—he called to see Oscar. He was a silent, grave little man, with large spectacles, long grey hair, and very shabby clothes. He was a widower, and his wife and one little baby were dead long ago. He had the kindest heart in the world, and though his exterior was rough, no one could be more gentle and patient than Doctor Randel when occasion demanded.

"I must go out, *mein Herr*," said Friedrich, one day, as he met Doctor Randel coming to see Oscar ; "I have urgent business in Alt Munster ; but Oscar is within."

The doctor nodded, and, entering the house, he was soon by Oscar's side, looking at his foot, and muttering to himself as he did so.

Oscar's face was thin, and he looked worn and pale from the suffering. That day he was very anxious indeed. He wanted to ask the doctor something, and he hardly dared do it. He tried to reason and persuade himself that his fears were groundless, but still it was safer to ask the doctor, so, when Doctor Randel had bandaged up his foot, he asked him if he should soon be able to walk well again.

Doctor Randel pretended not to hear, and began examining the antlers that were over the stand of rods and fishing-tackle.

"Those are fine *sehr schön!* where did——" he began.

"Excuse my interrupting you, Herr Doctor, but shall I soon walk again?"

The doctor turned sharply round, and looked at the eager face and the questioning eyes. His usually rough voice sounded wonderfully soft as he asked, "Do you really want to know, my boy?"

Something in the doctor's face answered Oscar's question. Still it was not so decisive as completely to extinguish all hope.

"Yes, really," he said, faintly; "I really wish to know."

"Then, Oscar, my boy, I can't waste words or sheath my hand in a silken glove; it 's no kindness; better know the truth," jerked out the doctor, his voice sounding shrill and hard, though really he was very sorry for what he had to say. "You will always be lame. *Guten morgen.*"

So saying, the doctor hurried away, and Oscar, had he thought of anything besides this terrible news, might have called him abrupt. So he was. But all the same the little doctor had to stop and wipe his spectacles as he went down the road out into the clear frosty air, and as he took them off to do so you could see that his kindly grey eyes were full of tears.

Used as he was to scenes of suffering and woe, he felt keenly having to tell this boy that he would always be lame. Oscar, whom he had known all his life, whose desire he knew was to be a *führer*, like his father, who was fleet as a young chamois springing up the mountains, whose steady step kept even time, and was firm and almost tireless! He to be lame! Ah, poor Oscar was thinking the same thing as he lay back in the high old chair, and heard the ticking of the clock, and the bells of the neighbouring church as if in a dream.

Never again to scale the stony heights of the *Traunstein*, or to wander through the difficult paths of the pine-clad *Grünberg*. Never again to feel his heart beat high at having reached some great height or achieved some difficult climbing feat, and to hear his father's words of encouragement, and to see his eyes light up with pleasure at his son's courage. No, he was lame for life! and to Oscar those words sounded as a knell to all his hopes, and as the shutting of a great impenetrable door between him and those pleasures which to him were so dear. But there was no help for it; and when Friedrich came home Oscar told him. Friedrich knew how sad it must be for his boy, and he sympathised deeply with him.

Then Oscar whispered—for he felt very tired and spent—"My wish, father; you see it was no use my wishing."

Then Friedrich remembered the sunny summer morning when he and Oscar had walked home from church in Gmunden, and the boy had told him how he wished to do something great for God.

"*Ach!* my son," said Friedrich, "I can only tell you that your wish can yet be granted."

"How, father?"

"You want to do something for God. Then remember what I told you then, that 'a small thing done to please Him is far better in His sight than a great work done with a wrong or imperfect motive.' You know the apostle tells us whether we eat or drink, or *whatsoever* we do, to do all to the glory of God. But besides this, my son, there may be a special work for you yet to do for God."

Oscar hoped there was, but at that moment he did not feel very sanguine. His wish remained as the weeks flew by—that wish was purer and better than ever it had been before. For now he saw that he must really do whatever he did for God only, for that human praise and applause could not come to him.

Months passed, and in spring the Englishman, who had been ill all the winter at the hotel, recovered, and he and Oscar became acquainted. This Mr. Hayward spoke German as fluently as English. He was an artist, and had come to Traun Kirchen to sketch, when one day he fell ill, and even under his good friend Doctor Randel's care he did not get better for months. It was a lonely place to spend the winter in, but he did not care to move on to Gmunden; and as he had plenty of books he made the best of it. As Friedrich was out constantly with the chamois hunters and on the lake, Oscar was left very much alone, and he was glad to see the *Herr Engländer*, and liked him. Mr. Hayward was young, and he took a great fancy to Oscar, and a curious kind of friendship sprang up between them. He tried to teach Oscar a little English, and he found the boy a willing pupil. But Oscar soon found out that, with all his learning, Mr. Hayward had not the knowledge of God, and was almost an infidel.

God uses very humble instruments sometimes; and that spring He let Oscar's influence and his simple trustful faith be the means of leading Mr. Hayward to Himself. Mr. Hayward was rich, and occupied an influential position in England, and he, going back to his own country, as he did in June, a changed man, would certainly make a vast difference. It was strange that as for some years he had held out and battled against receiving the truths of Christianity, he should now be led to a firm faith in them simply through the instrumentality of an Austrian peasant boy's life and words. But so it was.

Oscar knew his friend was changed, but he did not guess that it was through himself. He had wished to do a great work for God. And he had his wish after all.

Although lame, he is content, and, having caught a little of the love of books from his English friend, he is rarely dull. He never thinks now of doing great works; he is content to take every opportunity that offers, and also to make small ways of serving God; and some day I doubt not that he will, as having turned one to righteousness, have God's own reward for that good work. L. E. D.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

75. What port on the Red Sea is mentioned as being one of the naval harbours of king Solomon?

76. Quote a passage which shows the terrible effect on Job of the sickness with which he was afflicted.

77. What king of Judah caused all his brethren to be slain; and what punishment came upon him for his wickedness?

78. What name is given to the country in which Babylon was situated?

79. Who was the first king of Babylon?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 192.

64. To drink no wine or strong drink. To eat neither grapes nor any produce of the vine. To let the hair grow without being cut. Not to touch the dead nor mourn for them (Numb. vi. 3—8).

65. To the budding of the rod chosen by Aaron (Numb. xvii. 8—10).

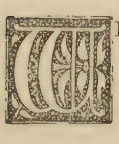
66. 1 Kings xvi. 30, and xxi. 25.

67. The wife of Simon is mentioned, as also one of his sons named Rufus (Rom. xvi. 13).

68. On Mount Tabor in South Galilee.

GOOD DEEDS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL IN THE EAST OF LONDON.



E have received an interesting and touching letter from the Viscountess Enfield, descriptive of a personal visit paid to this eminently useful institution, and containing a warm-hearted appeal for an increased measure of public sympathy and support. From this welcome communication we gather the following facts. The nucleus of this beneficent House of Mercy was formed by a kind-hearted young surgeon, whose experience among this thickly populated and poverty-stricken district of East London led him, in a noble spirit of self-sacrifice, to give his all, eventually, as it proved, even his life itself, to the succour and healing of the numberless poor and pitiful little victims of disease, whose whole life was being blighted for want of medical aid and generous tending, such as only could be given by first removing them from the terribly squalid surroundings, which could only perpetuate their misery and pain. Dr. Heckford's first essay in this direction was in a disused sail-loft at Ratcliffe Cross, about ten years ago! and this refuge a late eminent writer described with characteristic kindliness and skill, as "an ark by the river side." So godly and so grand a work prospered and expanded as true Christian charity might hope it would; and three years ago the present substantial building was opened by H.R.H. the Duchess of Teck. There are three wards—the "Princess Mary," the "Heckford," and the "Enfield." These contain eighty beds, which, alas! are always filled with little children stricken with disease, and whose sad case must be helpless and hopeless but for the Angel of Pity that gives them welcome here. Lady Enfield tells of her interviews with several of these small sufferers, and bears emphatic witness to the assiduous love and gentle tenderness with which, from the most youthful nurse to the most skilled physician, the "helpers of the helpless" do their noble work.

At present this most merciful movement is being sorely hindered and hampered for lack of funds; so much so that the idea is being seriously entertained *of closing one ward if not two*, because of the pressure of financial straits. And this amid a crowded population of the poorest and neediest, in which are comprised not less than 92,000 children under thirteen years of age. We cannot believe that so dire a calamity will be permitted to befall them. True philanthropy and a genuine and discriminating Christian charity will never permit such a palpably precious and increasingly-needed boon to be withdrawn. In the name of the hundreds of pinched and pain-smitten little ones, and the sobbing mothers who bear them in their arms, and besiege the gates of this Bethesda with strong crying and tears, we plead that the Children's Hospital may be thoroughly and liberally sustained. We find that during the past ten years no less than 68,552 cases have been under treatment, and still the necessities are more numerous and the needs more stern. The annual cost per bed has been reduced to £50. Need we say more? Only this, that contributions may be sent to the Secretary, East London Hospital for Children, Shadwell.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES FOR THE PEOPLE.

"How to reach the masses," so as to bring them fairly within hearing of the simple Gospel message, is a question which all the Churches have long been asking, a problem which has long been waiting a solution. It is an indisputable fact that the multitude of practically heathens who are massed together in our large towns and cities do not and cannot be induced to attend the ordinary services of the sanctuary; and it is estimated that in London alone, even were all the churches and chapels fitly filled, fully a million would be left unprovided for, and this after having calculated liberally for a percentage who could not legitimately attend. It must be acknowledged, we think, that the nearest approach to a solution of this important question is supplied by the Association to which we now call attention. Nineteen years ago this movement was inaugurated, and for some length of time was prosecuted with a vigour that left little to be desired, and with a measure of success that gave abundant warrant, not only for its continuance, but for its expansion over a far wider area. Like most other good things, however, the more's the pity!

with the passing away of the novelty of the venture a large proportion of public interest in it passed away too. Now, we are glad to find a vigorous effort is being made to infuse new life into the movement, and to open a vigorous campaign, to be conducted throughout the winter season. Those who have taken part in the religious services conducted in the London theatres, testify that there are always hundreds, and in some cases thousands, of people present of whom it might most safely have been predicted that, had they not heard the Gospel there, they would not have heard it at all. At a garden party held a short time ago in the grounds of the Duke of Devonshire, presided over by that veteran philanthropist, Lord Shaftesbury, the most distinct and convincing testimony was volunteered, both by ministers and laymen, of the good results of this method of seeking to preach the Gospel to every creature. The secretary bore witness to the fact that perpetual applications were being made, alike from all branches of the Church of Christ, for aid in renting and supplying mission-halls, in which their very success, with its consequent demands, was increasing the need for help. As a rule, the mission-room services are conducted under the auspices of the London City Mission.

THE "HOMEWARD BOUND."

Two ladies, anxious to carry out a beneficent mission among the sailors and dockyard labourers of Devonport, have been enabled, by securing the co-operation of "The Sailor's Rest," to obtain an admirable site just opposite the gates of the steam yard, and on this spot was opened, a few weeks ago, amid much rejoicing, The "Homeward Bound," a spacious and convenient building, wherein numberless appreciative tars and 'long shore toilers will find help and comfort for body and soul, away from all the manifold moral dangers to which this class is too commonly exposed. This admirable ark of refuge is so situated as to be immediately available for artisans, boiler-makers, machinists, and the large body of sailors whose ships lie in the "Yard" close by. It is refreshing to read that "the company," at the opening, "adjourned to the brilliantly-lighted bar, the taps being turned on for them, and the first shot dropped into the locker;" and to know that, however suspiciously it reads, neither bar nor tap provided them with anything stronger than the "cup which cheers but not inebriates." "A young sailor was the first to enter; on his cap he bore the name, H.M.S. *Atalanta*, which has just been commissioned in place of the *Eurydice*." Surely these are "good deeds" done for that long-neglected but eminently deserving character the British tar.

AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

An International Sunday-school Convention, held at Atlanta, in Georgia, U.S., has just published its report. From this comprehensive and interesting document it appears that in the United States and Canada there are no fewer than 83,441 Sunday-schools, containing the vast number of 6,843,997 scholars. A noble army of 894,793 teachers and officers are engaged in Sabbath-school tuition; and every succeeding year, without exception, witnesses a rapid growth in all these statistics. The most encouraging testimony is given as to the good work done by this mighty agency, and the result of the convention was to elicit some exceedingly valuable hints as to methods of operation, and new and promising lines of action for giving continuance and consistency to the work which is being accomplished. With such an army of recruits as this, the various churches of America may well look hopefully to the future.

HOME FOR WORKING GIRLS.

The first Home established by this new and deserving Association has just been opened in St. John Street, Clerkenwell. It is designed to provide on reasonable terms a comfortable and pleasant "Home" for the poorer class of working girls whose days are passed in work-room, laundry, warehouse or factory, and whose evenings, taking into considera tion the character of their surroundings, are only too likely to be spent under circumstances sadly prejudicial alike to their physical, moral, and social well-being. Here they have fire-side comforts, genial society, means of amusement, reading, or facilities for the light employments in which female fingers find both pleasure and rest, and have altogether a happy refuge from the thousand and one dangers to which this numerous class of toilers is exposed. As yet the plan is quite an experiment, but we would fain hope that the kindly and prudential designs of its promoters will fully succeed. About 140 young girls were present at the opening tea-meeting, and the advantages of the Home were fully explained. We shall watch the progress of this movement with great interest.

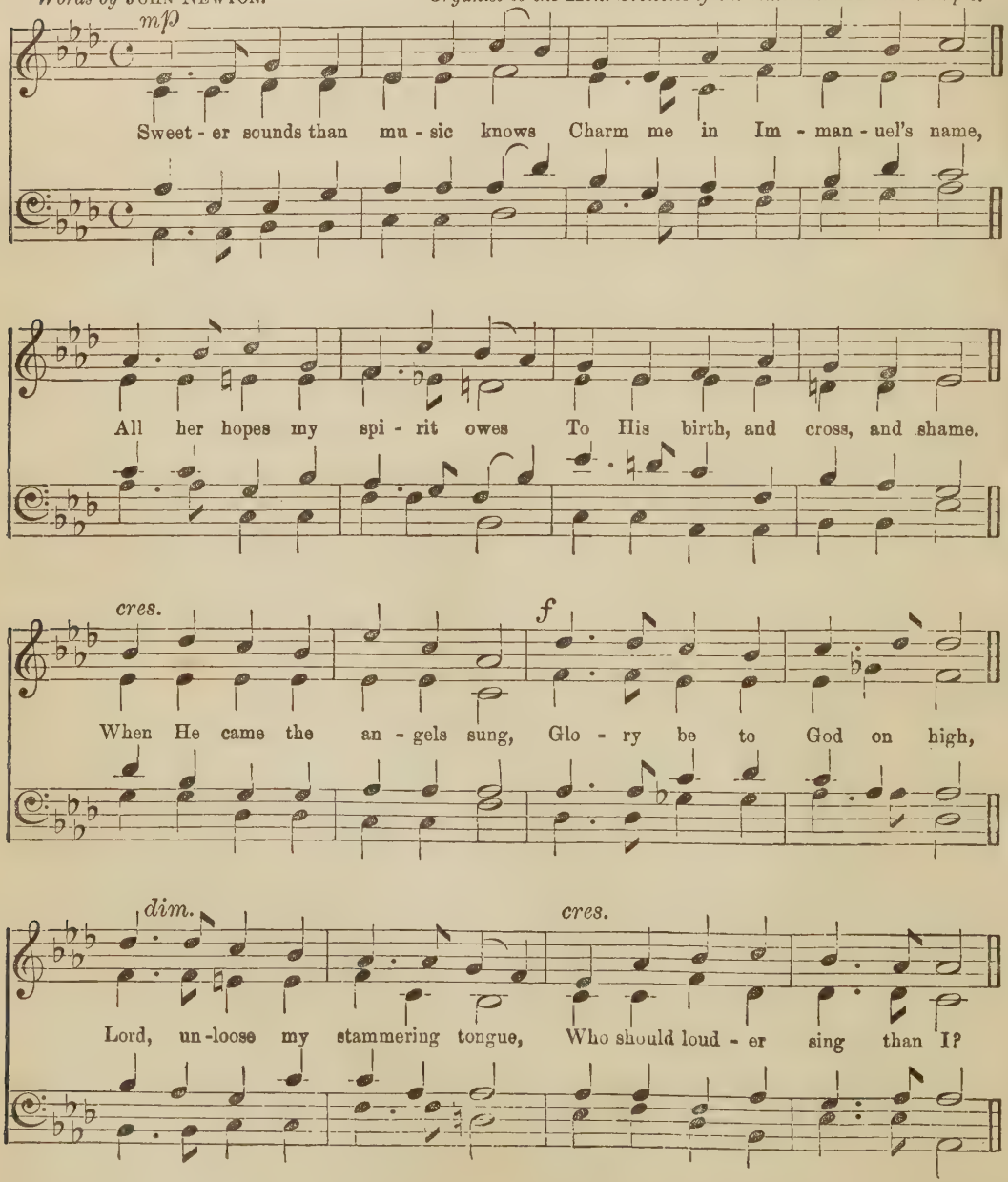
SEAMEN'S CHRISTIAN FRIEND SOCIETY.

From the thirty-second annual report of this unostentatious but active and useful association, we find that, as the lease of the present buildings in Commercial Road, wherein the central operations are conducted, is nearly expired, it has been determined to purchase the freehold, and to build such an establishment as shall effectively serve the social, religious and physical interests of the sailors. It would be difficult to imagine the amount of good service rendered to the mariners of all nations by the quiet but energetic agency of the Seaman's Society. There are manifold departments of labour—missions to foreign seamen, Bible classes, temperance meetings, Sunday-school Band of Hope, Bible depôt, Bethel meetings afloat, district visitations, &c. &c.; and all these, as we can testify from personal observation, are conducted with an amount of heartiness and moral force which leaves little room for surprise that the simple-hearted and easily impressible Jack tars, by hundreds and thousands, are thus being con-

stantly and effectively influenced for good. An appeal is made for the Building Fund of the contemplated Seaman's Mission Hall, and the Secretary, at 237, Commercial Road, E., is authorised to receive the free-will offerings of those who sympathise with these good deeds among the sailors.

Immanuel.

Words by JOHN NEWTON.

Music by EDWARD J. HOPKINS,
Organist to the Hon. Societies of the Inner and Middle Temple.

mp
Sweet - er sounds than mu - sic knows Charm me in Im - man - uel's name,
All her hopes my spi - rit owes To His birth, and cross, and shame.
cres.
f
When He came the an - gels sung, Glo - ry be to God on high,
dim.
cres.
Lord, un - loose my stammering tongue, Who should loud - er sing than I?

(*Drawn by* ROBERT BARNES.)

"She takes the extended hand, and grasps it kindly."

A DOUBLE TRIAL.

"DOES it ever occur to you, Grace, that this unwearying patience and waiting may be little better than a fond folly?"

"Never, mother," I said, calmly, as I turned from the pretty landscape, with the wooded lane winding far away, the quaint arrowy spire of the old church pointing heavenward, and the trees around, now in their glories of gold and red and russet-brown—for the year was waning fast, and the only relic of the budding spring was my primrose in its pot upon the sill—a modest flower, which as faithfully in autumn as in spring put forth its pale, sweet blossoms.

"But, my child, think of the time that has elapsed without a word; and, besides, he was almost a stranger."

I smiled as I thought of how our friendship had ripened into a warmer feeling, and, as the result of so many months of thought, told myself that he was too manly and sterling in his nature to play me false.

So I replied to my mother's words with a gentle deprecating look, and tried to speak, but the words would not then come.

"I know it has been very hard to bear, my child," she said, as she came to my side, passed her arm round me, and caressed my cheek; "but I cannot help thinking at times that you are acting foolishly."

"Mother," I replied, "when in the woods that day we dug up that simple flower he told me that he would come back, and he will come."

"But why are you so sanguine, my poor child?" she said, affectionately.

"Because I have a strange feeling—a fancy, perhaps, but a very strong belief—that if he had changed towards me that little flower would have withered away."

She shook her head sadly.

"I have faith in him, mother—the faith that a woman should have in the man she believes will be her husband. I watch and tend that little flower in the full faith that at the appointed time its buds will appear. Why should I not, then, have faith in Harry's words, and look forward to the blossoming of my hopes?"

"But two years, Grace!—two years, and not one word!"

"I have his promise, mother, even as I have the unspoken promise of this little plant. How do we know where he may be, or what may have tended to prevent his writing?"

"I'm afraid I was foolish to let matters proceed so far," sighed my mother, "and he such a stranger."

"Do not say that, mother," I cried, appealingly. "Look at me; did I not fully believe that ere long he would come, by this time I should have been pale and sad."

"Or have torn his words from your memory."

"No, mother," I said, sadly, "I could not have done that. But look, mother; do I seem like one who is weary of her watching and waiting?"

"No, my child, no," she replied; and she sighed deeply as she left the room, while I went to the window again to gaze down the road as it sloped beside the hill, and wound in and out, so that I could have seen him pretty well a mile away: and so I waited for his coming.

At first, many months before, it used to vex me that people gazed up, and made, as I knew, remarks about my being so often watching there; but of late it had not troubled me in the least, for my thoughts were far away. I had ceased to wonder why he did not write, and to speculate on the day of his coming back. All I thought of now was that each day was bringing me nearer to the time of his return, and so I used to stand at the window to watch and wait, comforting myself with a quiet read at his last letter from the table at my side, or by tending the one flower of my window-sill, the little pale primrose which he had obtained for me from the woody bank that sloped down, spangled with sulphur-tinted stars burning with lambent light in a bed of green.

I had had a severe illness some months before, and my struggle back to life and strength was a harder fight than even I knew, while ever since my first coming out to breathe once more the soft sweet air of the lanes, I noticed a curious kind of sympathy amongst the people who passed me by. There was always a gentle word from our friends, and a respectful salute and kindly look from the labouring men returning from their day's work.

It was quite by accident that I heard how I was credited with having sunk into a kind of melancholy, from which the simple country people settled that I should never recover; but I could afford to smile, and at the same time wait.

I cannot explain how it was, but I had a kind of conscious feeling that if Harry were dead, or if he would not return, I should have known it; and so I waited watching from my window, and tending the little plant.

Pray do not imagine that this is how I spent my whole time. Far from it, for mine was a busy life. There were the home duties, and the poor in the village to visit, besides needlework. The moments at the window formed my recreation, and there was a deep feeling of joy in patiently watching there for him who I felt sure would come at last.

The time glided on, and still my old faith in him burned brightly as ever, but yet there was no letter. I accounted for this by telling my sad heart that in his capacity of agent for a large trading company, for whom he travelled in various directions, he might be detained in the interior of some out-of-the way place in one or other of the four quarters of the globe. But at last came indirect rumours, how set about I cannot tell, that he had been married for quite a year and a half.

For one day only did the news bear me down, and then the old feelings came back stronger than ever, and I had perfect faith that the report was false.

My mother shook her head, but refrained from speaking on the subject; and that same day I carefully examined every leaf of the primrose, to find no speck of blight, but all vigorous, and healthier than ever.

"He will come back to me," I moaned, as I pressed my hand to my aching heart; and then came the hopeful feelings once again.

The next day—a golden autumn time of sunshine—one of those last few glorious days of the departing year, I wandered off through the paths in the old wood where we used to stray together three years before. Perhaps it was to strengthen my faith in him—at all events, I sought the place where the

primrose bank rose high, telling myself that I could, I was sure, find the very spot between the moss-grown hazel stumps whence that plant of my window-sill was taken.

My heart beat wildly with a sense of joy to which it had long been a stranger, as I wandered on, crossed the stile, and was soon where the ruddy leaves lay in golden waves on the rich, green moss, while over them—now grown crisp and hard, and with the silvery-green tint that erst reflected the sheaves of golden arrows showered down through leafy tangles by the sun—hung the bracken, dyed by October, brown and crimson and russet-gold.

The moss was greener than ever, and from it peered the ephemeral fungi—fruits of the autumn damp—here livid, blackened, and repulsive, there pearly-white or gay with every tint of rose and lavender and blue; while now and then the last acorns loosened by the birds came pattering down to disturb the silence of the forest, falling on the earth with a heavy pat.

I had eyes for everything that day, for it was as if my senses were keener; and I watched the grey rabbits rush into the banks, the pheasants hurry away, and the grey-red squirrels dart up the lichen-creamed oak boles, to stop high up, and peer down with their little bright black eyes at the intruder on their domain.

As I advanced deeper into the wood, and near the place I sought, the soft fragrance of the moist earth was suddenly made more sweet by a well-known scent, and, peering carefully amidst the dead leaves, I found two late purple violets.

I was in the act of picking them when voices fell upon my ear, and then all the blood in my body seemed to rush to my heart, leaving me deadly pale, as I started up, to stand motionless, while two figures slowly passed me—the one being Harry, brown and bearded, and looking sadly older; the other one—which I was fain to confess as I gazed with starting eyes—a very beautiful woman.

They passed close to where I stood, hidden from them by a leafy screen of glistening holly; and then Harry spoke.

"Yes," he said, stopping by where the bank rose steep, close by where I stood, with my heart beating painfully and a sensation as of a cold hand crushing out the bright light of my faith—"Yes, dear, here is the very place where I dug up the primrose. I could almost find the hole. A good thought: let us find it."

"Oh, Harry, how foolish!" said his companion; "what good can it do?"

"What, jealous of the old idea?" he said, patting her cheek. "There, indulge me this once, and I'll never mention her name again, poor weak little thing. I thought I should like to see the old place once more, with its glamour of my old boyish fancy. Ah, it has often been in my mind's eye in my distant wanderings."

"You have no business to dwell upon it, Harry," she said, affectionately, as she laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"No, pet!" he said, drawing her to him, and kissing her cheek; "I have not, but, there—a good thought—I'll bury the old love here, for it's dead and gone. Here: where are you, little woman?" he said, taking out his pocket-book from his breast, and drawing therefrom the little photograph I had given him years before. "Come and be buried, little silly fancy. Ah, here you are then. Look at her: the portrait of a woman without faith."

My head was swimming. I could not speak; and had I not clung to the tree by which I stood I must have fallen.

"There, that will do," he said, with a bitter laugh. "Now we 'll bury her beneath the primroses. I have said her epitaph already; shall I cut it in the bark of the nearest tree—'A woman without faith?'"

"She is not worthy of a thought," was the cold reply, as Harry bent down, laughing cynically, and, dragging out a primrose root, proceeded to lay my photograph in the hole he had made.

What did this mean—was it a mystery? Was there some mistake? Or was this the reward of my long years of waiting? I, a woman without faith. I could bear no more—the figures, the trees, all became blurred together, and I fell heavily amidst the rustling leaves.

When I came to with a deathly feeling of sickness at my heart, my head was resting in the handsome woman's lap, and as I shuddered and turned my piteous gaze on Harry, his face worked and lip trembled, as with a cynical laugh but a husky voice he said, "I am sorry you were present, Mrs. Wilson."

"Mrs. Wilson!" I faltered.

"Yes, my compliments to your husband. Come, sis, let us go."

"Are you Harry's sister Jenny?" I asked his companion.

"Yes," she replied, coldly; but her word was balm to my soul.

"Tell me what he means," I said, wildly.

"What do I mean?" he cried, holding out the photograph, which was now crumpled in his strong grasp—"That!"

I gazed on the back, to read a newspaper cutting, pasted upon it, old and frayed with being carried so long, and on it the words—

14th. At St. Lawrence's, Ellsley—Edward Wilson to Grace Morrison. No cards.

"Yes," I faltered, wonderingly, "my cousin Grace's wedding."

I was in his arms as I uttered the last words, and he was praying my forgiveness for his misconception. The paper had been forwarded to him by a busy friend, and he had misjudged me. Perhaps if I had seen such a notice, I too might have been as wanting in faith.

G. M. Fenn.

SERMONS PREACHED BEFORE THE QUEEN.

BY THE REV. F. PIGOU, D.D., VICAR OF HALIFAX, AND CHAPLAIN IN ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN.

"The King shall rejoice in Thy strength, O Lord; exceeding glad shall he be of Thy salvation.
"Thou hast given him his heart's desire, and hast not denied him the request of his lips.
"For thou shall present him with the blessings of goodness, and shalt set a crown of pure gold upon his head.
"He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest him a long life, even for ever and ever."—PSALM xxi. 1—4.

THE primary reference to the Messiah contained in these remarkable words is too evident to make any lengthened explanation of them necessary. Both in the Targum and the Talmud it is applied by Jewish writers to the Messiah. Christian expositors are alike agreed in the same interpretation of it. The words, apart from their primary reference, suggest a topic on which, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, we may profitably dwell. There is an evident distinction drawn here between what we may term *natural life* and *life eternal*, between that life which we are now living outwardly in the flesh, and that life which is of inward consciousness, of spiritual experience; between that mode or condition of existence which has its east and west, its rise above and its sinking below the horizon of this visible world, which finds its most fitting emblems in the fleeting shadow and "post that hasteth by," and that life which knows no limit, no ending, and, coeval with eternity, finds its fitting emblems in space above and sea below and the rounded circle.

We cannot read the Word of God and be ignorant of this distinction, clearly taught throughout its pages. We cannot but know and confess that it is uniformly insisted upon as real and true. In the light of that Word no one would affirm that *life* and *life eternal* are one and the same. No man who studies the subject in all its bearings, scientific, psychological, physical, Scriptural, would contend that by *life eternal* is meant the indefinite extension and prolonging of this present mode of existence, which is shared in common with lower orders of creation, dependent, humanly speaking, on familiar sources for its support, most uncertain in its brief tenure, variously meted out, lived sometimes by the new-born babe for a few fluttering minutes, by the aged for a century of years, falling as blossom falls from the tree or clinging tenaciously to naked branches when all other leaves are fallen. *Life eternal* is not thus meted out or variously apportioned. It is not precarious and uncertain. It knows no decay or death. The very term or condition *eternal* precludes the idea of transitoriness and uncertainty. The distinction between *life* and *life eternal* is a very marked distinction.

In what does the distinction consist? What are we to understand by *life*, what by *life eternal*? *Must* we who enjoy the one by any necessary law enjoy the other also? Are the two in any sense so akin and affiliated the one to the other that it is enough for a man to "live and move, and have his being" to be assured that *eternal life* is his? Is *life eternal* so much, and so only in prospect, of future bestowal and experience, not to be entered on except beyond the grave, that it cannot be matter of *present* endowment, *present* consciousness, *present* experience? Is *life eternal* in its relation to life natural no more than as the ocean to the river into which the river flows? no more than as the sun to the ray which proceeds from it and is at eventide recalled? Again, are the two lives such that they must be lived apart and separately—first the one with its vicissitudes and brevity, then the other in its changeless and indefinite extension, first, the one on this side of the grave to be lived out, done with, laid aside as a garment faded and worn, then the other of new experience in worlds unseen? Or, distinguished as they are the one from the other, may natural life and life eternal be lived together at one and the same time, in one and the same man?

Questions such as these admit of a plain and explicit reply when we consider what is understood by natural life and what by life eternal. The origin of life is, in a philosophic point of view, involved in inscrutable mystery. Every one who has given thought to the problem is well aware how various are the solutions of the enigma which have from time to time been proposed, how many the theories broached and tenaciously asserted, how many the attempts of elaborate research and of unsuccessful scientific experiment to designate, demonstrate, detect, that which we call *Life*. We fall back on the simple statement of God's own word —as the finite mind, for its own satisfaction, must, in such questions, always do—that that which the surgeon's knife does not dissever with the amputated limb, is essentially blended with the physical organism, animating the whole, and at the same time distinct and separate from the body; breathed into us by the breath of God; of His inspiration, of His quickening, of His gift; sustained by Him at every fleeting moment; recalled at His supreme resistless will. Life is that invisible, inscrutable, mysterious, subtle essence, which not only animates solid matter, but from the moment of our birth to the day of our death is definitely apportioned us by God. We have,

each one of us, a life-rent of this world, and no more. Our natural existence is the measure of that life, granted for a terminable period, within whose limits all our opportunities are crowded, within which our work for time and for eternity is to be done, and the great end of the bestowal of life attained.

And this life is very dear to us. It is very precious because of its fond affections, close friendships, many interests, enjoyments, opportunities, and, to some minds, *certainties*. Say what men will of life in their more sad and desponding moods, we do cling tenaciously to life. The passion for life is the strongest of all our instincts. "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life." Who has not heard of hair-breadth escapes for dear life, of sufferings the most acute and prolonged, endured rather than part with life? Who, when sickness is upon him, does not hope that the sickness may not be unto death? Who does not pray that, if it be God's will, he may be spared, and not be cut down as a flower of the field in the midst of his years? Who does not wrestle in agony of supplication for one, dear to us as our own life, that means may be blessed to his or her recovery, and strive by all that skill and love can do to fan the feeble flame into brightness lest it go out in darkness? We who have ourselves been laid upon a bed of sickness know by experience how strong and deep the love of life is. We who have watched by another's bed have heard the earnest prayer for recovery from sickness. This is no more than natural. There is nothing wrong in such prayers and wishes. Life had never been given us were it wrong to supplicate for its continuance. As we never know the value of anything until we have lost or are in danger of losing it, so sometimes men are brought to the very brink of the grave that they may set a higher value on the life restored. We are bidden to look into Eternity; the curtain which screens it from our view is for a moment lifted up, and then let down again; and we are sent back to life, having almost seen God face to face. To ask to die is unnatural. Elijah-like, men ask to die in moments of deep depression, when all the world seems going against them, or else it is the request of a soul ripe for glory, as autumn fruit is ripe for its fall, and in this sense unnatural, as contrary to the natural man. But to pray for the continuance of life where its continuance may contribute to God's glory, or for the sake of those whose love intermingles with our love as rivers with the deep, as ivy intertwines with the tree, or where we feel that much depends on its continuance, this is as natural and right as the praise and thanksgiving, the rejoicing and outburst of grateful feeling, where earnest prayer for recovery from dangerous sickness is answered, and the dear one given back to us when all hope seemed past and fled.

But for all this, interrupted or not by sharp and dangerous illness, be it sunny or chequered, of unbroken happiness, or of April sunshine and shower, brief or long, life must come to an end. The time will come, is coming to each and every one, when medicine, skill, love, prayers can be of no avail, when the physician will pay his last visit, and to tell the truth that nothing more can be done.

For we must succumb to the inevitable law. Death, so far as we can see, is a universal law of creation. Viewing life as it really is, immortality here on earth, and an immortality of this life present, would be a curse and not a boon. Death is a benevolent provision. Nowhere does the New Testament teach that natural death is the fruit of sin, that if man had not sinned he would have lived for ever on this earth. The translation of Enoch shows that the duration of natural life was originally limited. The sting of death is not dying, but *sin*. The penalty of death is rather in the manner of dying than in death itself. The heathen mind, unenlightened by revelation could understand and feel that the termination of this present mode of existence was something to be desired. Every form in which literary genius has set forth the conception of an earthly immortality represents it as an evil. The prolongation of life was considered inconsistent with the conviction which philosophers of old shared, viz., that by death we should be introduced to some higher and improved condition of being. When, therefore, we ask for life that it may be spared or prolonged, no man, knowing what life is, asks that it may be indefinitely extended. Valuable in its interests and grand opportunities, it is to be desired, while it lasts, for the earnest, wise, and faithful use we may make of it. Its hours are to be prized for what may be done in those hours. Every moment has its value. And if we feel that our work is not yet done, our calling and election not made sure, our soul not safe for eternity, oh! who would not fall low on his knees and pray that his life might be prolonged until all this should be assured, and that "he might not see death until he had seen the Lord Christ?" But as life must come to its end, reach its further bourne, and stop, as the watch whose main-spring is uncoiled runs down, you would not say that life such as that is *life eternal*.

"What," you ask, "is *life eternal*, and how obtained?"

I answer that it is that hidden, inward, spiritual reality which, as in the case of natural life, finds its best definition in the language of Scripture: "This is life eternal, that they may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou has sent" (St. John xvii. 3). And this is the reply to the natural question, How is this eternal life obtained? "God so loved the world, that He

gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (St. John iii. 16). Again—"This is the record, that God has given to us eternal life, and this life is in His son. *He* that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life" (1 John v. 11, 12). This is the definition the Word of God gives of life eternal. Eternal life is to believe in Jesus, and that eternal life is given us so soon as we do believe. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word and believeth on Him that sent me, *hath* everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life." Eternal life is the gift of God in Christ, given for the asking, as much, as truly, as consciously as natural life is given or restored. It does not come to us by reason, by imagination, by study, by any of the ordinary processes or means by which knowledge is acquired. It comes by faith, and that faith is a *spiritual* gift. To believe in Jesus so as to "have eternal life," is not the assent of the understanding; it is not merely the persuasion of the reality of things unseen, nor the confident expectation of future good, but it is in answer to long, earnest, waiting, prayer for it, the blessed, peace-giving, joy-inspiring gift of God. There must be the "hunger and thirst," there must be the preceding *desire*, there must be the soil prepared to receive the heavenly seed. And where this is there is always more or less uneasiness within the man, a dissatisfaction which words can poorly express, a sense of insecurity and unsafeness for eternity, that aching void which nothing of or in this world can fill, the want of peace, the dread of death, the fear to front all that lies beyond the grave. These are the premonitory symptoms which, as dawn heralds day, and light kisses sky, speak of the stirring and striving of that Spirit who first convinces us of sin, unsettles the whole man, and then, with a light, in some cases gradual, in other cases more sudden, reveals the Saviour. The shadow passes off the soul as shadows pass off from the face of Nature, and the light of life breaks in. The seed dried up with winds of March bursts into life with April showers. In that moment the soul *apprehends* Christ; it *appropriates* the great salvation, so that it can say, "My Lord and my God"; it realises His wondrous love; it casts itself wholly and unreservedly upon Him, and enters into life. I do not know that language can describe what *eternal life* is any more than it can define natural life. In either case it is a matter of vivid consciousness, not of verbal definition and analysis. But as well might you persuade a man that he is not living, but dead, when he puts his hand to his heart and feels it beat, or finger to pulse and feels it throb, and is conscious of life animating his whole being, as you might try to persuade him that eternal life, where bestowed, does not thrill throughout every movement of his spiritual being. It is too much of intense, real, rejoicing, thanksgiving experience, to admit of even so much as a doubt. The experience of all, who through conflict and agony, or by a path less thorny, have at last attained their heart's desire, is to the same effect. That uniform experience confirms what Scripture warrants and declares, viz., that eternal life is of *present* experience. "He that *hath* the Son *hath* life." Observe, it is not *may have*. It is not *shall have*, but it is "*hath*." It is not to be realised or bestowed *hereafter*. It may be, is to be realised *now*. It is not left in doubt and uncertainty as to whether or not it be ours. We cannot have it and not be conscious of it, no more than you can have natural life and be in doubt whether you be dead or no. There is a *present* pardon of sin; there is a *present* sense of forgiveness; there is a *present* joy and peace in believing; there is a *present* enjoyment of life eternal, as really, as truly, as consciously felt as when, danger past, the crisis over, the spark of life is revived, and the man brought down to the verge of the grave feels, knows, rejoices in the conviction and consciousness that the tide of life that had ebbed out to its almost last ripple is flowing back again through artery and vein, lifting him from the sick bed on which he was stranded, that he may unfurl his sail for a new voyage to some sunnier and better clime. Do not doubt this. Do not say in your heart "Is this possible?" "Is this really so?" Rather believe the testimony of experience, which, like the stern lights of a ship, illumines the path we have ourselves passed over. Without this eternal life—which, as of present experience, may be lived together with our natural life in one and the same man as intimately and consciously as that soul and body co-exist in one and the same frame—without this the soul is in an unsafe state.

Is this, of which I have so inadequately and imperfectly been speaking, your own experience? You say, "No. Would to God it were! I believe there is such an experience, even though it is not mine. But I do desire it, I do yearn for it." It is the high, the blessed privilege of the minister of the Gospel of Christ to say to you it may be yours. Seek it, as thousands of souls, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, have sought, and sought until they found. This was the one prayer of St. Augustine, at one time the most frequent on his lips, and often overheard, "Oh, that I might know Him! Oh, that I might know Him!" Persevere in prayer. The answer does not come to you, it may be, because you do not *persevere* in prayer. As you wrestle in prayer, say, "I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me." It is a gift worth praying for, worth persevering for in prayer, until you obtain. I have before me now, and often in my mind, an instance of the success of persevering prayer. During my

ministry in Paris I had occasion to visit, day by day, one of high intellectual gifts and attainments, whom it pleased God to lay on a bed of distressing and mortal sickness. He had all his life believed in the *historic* Christ, but, when it came to the last, he found that mere intellectual belief, the mere assent of the mind to the facts of Christianity, did not bring with it that which he wanted, and for which he craved. It did not bring him *peace*. Christ was not *in him* the hope of glory. Jesus had not been revealed *in* him. All this he felt, and Eternity was to his mind an awful blank. Never, never shall I forget the agony of prayer of which his death-bed was the scene. Day by day the same bitter cry was his, "Oh, that I might know Him! Oh, that I believed in Him! Oh, that He would manifest Himself to me!" The only word that God put into my mouth to speak to this poor sufferer was day by day the same, that word was, "*Persevere.*" At last the answer came, to his great rejoicing, to his unutterable peace. When I saw him for the last time on earth he feebly took my hand in his, and pressing it, said, "Thank God, thank God for that word 'persevere.' The answer has come. Ah, now is joy and peace!" Shortly after he fell asleep in Jesus, and entered into rest.

It is good, it is well, to tell one another of instances such as these of the power of prayer, that the weak in faith may be strengthened, that the believing may be confirmed. Sooner or later the answer must come to every earnest soul, as showers fall on the earth cracked and seamed with summer drought, as day breaks upon a world long waiting for the morning light.

Possessed of this eternal life, enjoyed, as it may be, together with your natural life, it will sweeten its bitter waters with its own healing. It will ennoble, it will sanctify it. It will make it a life consecrate to God. As perfume imparts its fragrance to all with which it comes in contact, so your happiness will be sunnier, your sorrows lighter, your earthly life, with all its changes, better understood. That life will be seen, as the child's puzzle is seen, when each separate piece finds at last its proper place, as something overruled, ordered, directed by God for our eternal good. It will be as the deep under-current of the sea which no surface wave can reach; the stay of the soul amidst outward change and inward trial. It is, moreover, the secret of the Christian life, the secret of all influence for good that is to endure, the secret of heaven-born peace when the natural life draws to its close. More than this. It is the earnest of re-union with those who have gone before us full of faith in Jesus. It is the pledge of your own resurrection with them if you and they have died in Him; because death no more interrupts the abiding union of Christ with the believer than the surgeon's knife interrupts natural life with the amputated limb.

And wherever now that eternal life is given it cannot but be a cause of humble and great rejoicing. It is the pearl of great price for which the merchantman sold all that he had that he might buy that pearl. You cannot but thank God for it, speak of it, testify to it, yearn with all your soul, by the testimony of your own experience to bring others to a like experience. This is the Christian man's cause of rejoicing, thanksgiving, and praise! If we thank God daily for his bounteous temporal blessings; if we thank Him for special proofs of His providential care; if, as a nation or a family, we take public or private opportunity of solemnly returning thanks for late mercies vouchsafed unto us in the restoration of that life which must inevitably come to its close, oh, how much more cause for thanksgiving and praise when we have been given to know Him, whom truly to know is life eternal, and have life through His name! Then all acts of devotion become the expression of praise. The tone of the spiritual life is loftier. We pray less than we praise. We feel that He who has given us His son will with Him also freely give us all things. Our worship is more of adoration than supplication. We get beyond what is formal, misty, or unintelligible. We see in the Holy Communion the symbols of a Saviour's love, and "we praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee, for Thy great glory" is the Christian's pæan of praise. This is the earnest on earth of the blessedness of heaven. What is this but to prevent with the blessings of goodness, and is not this goodness the pledge of the crown of pure gold?

QUIS SEPARABIT?

"Neither death, nor life, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus."—Rom. viii. 38.

IF life be flying
From birth to dying,
More tears and sighing
Than smiles or joy;
And Strength and Power
Be like the flower
That sun and shower
Alike destroy.

If Fame and Glory
Be but a story
That 's writ in gory
Or gorgeous dye;
And Wit and Learning
And Poet's yearning
Are Wisp-lights burning
That mock and fly.

If Beauty paleth,
If Pleasure faileth,
And Age bewaileth
Youth fresh and brave;
What 's best of human
In man or woman
Death casts his gloom on,
And gives the grave.

If Hope shall perish,
And all we cherish,
Like sunsets garish,
Die out with day;
If Faith be broken,
And deep vows spoken,
Like fairy-token,
Shall fade away.

If all things sweetest
Be still the fleetest,
O Life! thou cheatest
With idle dreams,
Like phantoms ever
That haunt the raver
On bed of fever
Till morning beams.

"O God, who gave us
Thy Christ to save us,
Shall Death still brave us
For evermore?
Shall soul and spirit
No life inherit?
Hath Christ no merit
For man in store?"

To my strong crying
A voice, replying,
Came soft as sighing
Of woodland dove,
Like Angels singing
While earthward winging
God's message bringing,
And that was—LOVE.

No longer fearing
I heard, and hearing
That message cheering
My soul did move;
I cried, "Death never
Nor Life shall sever
My spirit ever,
Lord, from Thy Love."

Though Faith shall leave us,
Though Hope deceive us,
And death bereave us
Of all we 're given;
Love still remaineth,
Love still sustaineth,
Love ever reigneth
With God in heaven.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

THE WHITE ROSE OF WHITELAKE.

BY ANNE BEALE, AUTHOR OF "THE PENNANT FAMILY."

CHAPTER XXIX.

MR. WYNNE MAKES AN ENIGMATICAL PROPOSAL.

It soon became apparent that Llynhafod and its inmates had mortally offended Rebecca and her myrmidons. The fulfilment of Llewellen's life-long aspirations acted ill on his father. He had scarcely joined his regiment when another rick was sacrificed to the jealousy or revenge of the rioters. This was done so stealthily that the fact was not known until Jim brought his master the news in the morning; and Mervyn saw his so lately-made hay a smoking wreck. The iniquity of such acts is so apparent, that no comment of the moralist is required. The effect on the injured man was to make him recklessly outspoken concerning the injury outside of his home, and depressed and nervous within. It had, nevertheless, one good result, for it roused his wife's sympathy, and even her indignation.

Nothing is more cutting than injustice. Mervyn was conscious of being a thoroughly patriotic man, and of seeing both sides of the question of the riots impartially. It was well known that he would have put down all the obnoxious turnpikes if he had possessed the power, and that, to a certain extent, he sympathised with the Rebeccaites; therefore he was all the more hurt at being singled out as a victim. It would have seemed, judging as man judges by outward circumstances, that Llewellen's good fortune had come inopportunely after all, since it helped on his father's misfortune. But Rose laid the whole trouble at her own door, and began to imagine herself the cause of some wicked plot, the originators of which she did not know; but who must be, in some way, connected with Alfred Johnnes. This consciousness made her, if possible, more tender than ever to her father; who, strangely enough, began to lean upon his wife and daughters, even while he grew morose and bitter with them and every one else.

"I shouldn't mind if I deserved it," was his cry.

It is the cry of numbers who take their troubles superficially. It might have been Rose's, only her

"They left the Manor laden with flowers."—*p.* 236.

deeper nature, aided by Egain's clear faith, sought to discover the providence beneath.

The morning after this destruction of the second rick, she expected a summons from Mr. Wynne, and she received it.

"Mamma says grandpapa can't live without you," was Teddy's comment. "Are you going to be our grandmother?"

"Then we shouldn't do no more lessons," said Maggie.

"You must not say those foolish things again. How can you have imagined them?" asked perplexed Rose.

"I heard auntie and Virginie say you wanted to marry all the gentlemen at once; and I said it was a big story, for you were going to wait for me," replied Teddy, pompously.

Rose smiled, in spite of her annoyance, but understood nothing of the under-current of malice and jealousy. Still, she was clear-sighted enough to comprehend that the fancy taken for her by Mr. Wynne was misconstrued for the amusement of his family. This roused her pride and independence, and slightly influenced her manner when she found herself *tête à tête* with him.

After the usual questions concerning the offence committed, accompanied by much nervous agitation, he began, doubtfully, the subject that he had been discussing with his daughter-in-law and Marcia at luncheon some weeks before. He had found no suitable opportunity until now.

"Excuse my apparent impertinence, my dear Miss Mervyn. Hem! but, hem! you know, or perhaps you do not know in your innocence, how gossipy country people are. There is nothing too small or too insignificant for them."

"We have lived so much to ourselves that we have not heard much gossip," returned Rose. "Indeed, my mother always discourages it."

"A very wise woman. I wish she would have permitted us to be better acquainted with her. But such having been her principle, you are probably—hem! none of you aware, excuse my freedom—that eschewing gossip yourselves, you may yet be the subjects of it."

"My own experience has taught me this," said Rose, slowly, wondering what was to come next.

"Just so. It has also, I am sure—pray pardon my freedom—taught you that it is better to avoid it if possible. I say if possible, because I have discovered that it is often impossible, since people will talk of their neighbours' affairs, and if there is nothing worth talking about, they invent it. This introduces what—hem!—I wished to say. Allow me the privilege of an old man, one *almost* old enough—well, not quite; but almost—to be your grandfather."

Rose felt much relieved; for, in spite of her common sense, Teddy's words were influencing her judgment, and she was beginning to wonder whither this long preamble tended. Certainly not the way hinted at by the boy, or Mr. Wynne would not have admitted that he was so old.

"I shall be very much obliged for any advice you are good enough to give me," she rejoined.

"It is scarcely advice, it is a question. I am much interested in you, as every unprejudiced person must be. I am told that you are—well—that you are engaged to be married to Mr. Alfred Johnnes—a, a well-connected young man, well-off, and so forth; but ——"

"You have been misinformed, sir," replied Rose, rather haughtily; for she was, in truth, tired of the name.

"Then I may contradict it on your authority?" asked Mr. Wynne, with unusual animation.

"Yes; no; I would rather it were not mentioned, and that the subject should be allowed to drop."

Rose's indecision in this answer was caused by fear. In spite of her higher feelings she was yet terrified at her recollections of her encounters with Rebecca, and the threats both she and her father had received concerning Alfred Johnnes. She assumed, that if the parade of contradicting the report were publicly made, it might irritate her unknown and incomprehensible foes against her and her father.

"But, my dear young lady," resumed Mr. Wynne, "I, as—once at least—a man of the world, know that decision is best when people gossip. If you would allow it to be made known publicly that there is nothing between you and Johnnes ——"

"There is nothing between us, Mr. Wynne," interrupted Rose. "He knows it, and that should suffice. It seems to me more delicate not to speak of such things."

Mr. Wynne appropriated this remark as a reproof to himself, though it was not meant as such.

"Pray forgive me. Believe me that I only wished to consult your own best interests. I consider you very superior to him in every way—equal, in short, to any one—and I view with distress your daily walks for the incalculable benefit of my grandchildren, since they tend to these silly reports. I am sure I can never be sufficiently grateful to you for their increased quietude. They are endurable now; and this, my dear young lady, leads to the second part of my discourse. I am satisfied as to the first."

Mr. Wynne smiled almost affectionately at Rose, and she began to wonder whether Teddy's words were to come true, and she was about to be asked to be a grandmother. She was not without some of the paternal sense of humour, and the position amused while it annoyed her. She took courage to say, however, "I am afraid the children's lessons will be neglected. I will go to them if you will allow me."

"One moment more. I have a little proposition to make," he said, his nervous manner returning.

She had risen, and remained standing. He also rose, and approached her. She literally trembled at a thought that never could have occurred to her, but for Teddy's repetition of what had fallen,

unadvisedly, from the tongues of envious women. Such is gossip.

"Winter is approaching," he resumed. "What has been possible during the three previous seasons would be actually dangerous for you during the inclement weather. It had occurred to me that you might be induced—that your mother might be induced to spare you—in short, that you would not object to taking up your abode here altogether. You have such influence over the children, you read so well, you are so accomplished and lady-like, that you would be a charming addition to our family party, as I remarked to my daughter-in-law. Then you play backgammon and chess. What do you think of it? What do you think your mother would say to it?"

Rose was bewildered. What did it all mean? Was it possible that Teddy's words were coming true? She knew not what answer to make, so was silent.

"Think it over, my dear; talk it over with your family. I feel that it would be terrible for them to lose you; still, we are so near that you can have constant intercourse."

Here Mrs. Philipps Wynne entered in a great fuss. She came to complain of the children, who were getting riotous.

"Indeed, my dear sir, I am sorry to interrupt so agreeable an interview," she said, restraining her temper; "but I wonder you haven't heard the noise. Virginie says it is not her affair, and that the children will not obey her when Miss Mervyn is away from her post. Of course, they know, little dears, that she is no longer their mistress; and if they annoy you, it really is not their fault."

"Certainly not," answered Mr. Wynne. "Neither is it Miss Mervyn's. I take it on myself entirely. She has been kindly giving me an account of this latest incendiarism; and I sympathise most heartily with her good father, and wonder what will come next. I have taken the opportunity, my dear Harriette, of broaching that little matter we talked over the other day. You remember?"

"Perfectly. Then you have spared me all trouble," said Mrs. Wynne, irritably. "Do you want Miss Mervyn any longer; for, indeed, my dear sir, if she is with you she cannot be with her pupils?"

"A self-evident proposition, my dear Harriette," said Mr. Wynne. "Consult your parents, my dear young lady," he continued, turning to Rose; "and pray return to the children, for, now the door is ajar, I certainly hear an excruciating noise."

CHAPTER XXX.

"THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER."

Rose repeated to her mother, as nearly as she could remember, all that passed between Mr. Wynne and herself. Mrs. Mervyn was of opinion that had he intended to make Rose any serious proposal he would not have mentioned it to his daughter-in-law previously, since it would greatly militate against her interests. Still, something was meant that she could not understand; and she resolved to call on Mrs. Wynne herself, and inquire what it was, as soon as her husband was restored to his equilibrium. When this was to be, however, she could not tell, as he seemed to grow more and more irritable and excitable the more he discussed the injustice of his neighbours and countrymen.

Llynhafod now became an object of curiosity; and, much to the annoyance of its inmates, people flocked to see the remains of a burnt rick, just as they had flocked to view the charred posts of Llansant gate. Little aliment is needed to feed a nine days' wonder in the country. What was, however, of more importance to our friends, was, that the soldiers, both cavalry and infantry, hovered about the Lake Farm by way of protection from further injuries. Of course, Major Faithfull called, and Mr. Mervyn attached himself to him as to a protector and benefactor; and so Mrs. Mervyn's complications increased. She alone saw the danger to her daughter of an intercourse with a man of refinement and good breeding, such as she was not in the habit of meeting. But in spite of her maternal watchfulness, meet him she frequently did—now in her own house, and again accidentally. These encounters did not escape the attention of Virginie, and were duly communicated to Marcia and her sister.

They one day attacked Major Faithfull with covert inquisitiveness, concerning his recent acquaintance with the Mervyns. His straightforward manner baffled them.

"I have had occasion to call at Llynhafod two or three times on business connected with the riots or young Mervyn's commission," he said. "They seem very superior people the Mervyns, and I find Mr. Mervyn much more of a gentleman than he is reported to be. He has rough, jocular manners, certainly, but, then, so have many of the Welsh country squires I have had the pleasure of being introduced to."

"Not a word against the Welsh, sir!" exclaimed Marcia, shaking her pretty little white be-ringed hand at him. "May I be permitted to ask what you think of Miss Mervyn—the White Rose, as our poetical people call her."

"They have hit upon the right name. She is simply a White Rose," replied the Major.

"Do you admire those pale, colourless people?" asked Mrs. Wynne. "I cannot say I do. They lack animation."

"I admire them when they have dark hair and thoughtful blue-grey eyes," he answered.

"You are describing Miss Mervyn," said Marcia, pettishly.

"Am I? I did not intend to be personal. I have known other ladies of her peculiar style of beauty."

"Beauty!" cried Marcia, whose little jealousies and vanities were transparent enough. "Interesting she may be, but not beautiful. Do you know that she is going to be married?"

"I am not sufficiently intimate with her or her family to have learnt those peculiar secrets," he replied. "Who is the happy man?"

"A Mr. Alfred Johnnes, of Glynglâs—a sort of gentleman-farmer of her father's type. A very suitable match."

"Oh, indeed! He may be considered fortunate to have secured so —— I leave you to supply the adjectives, Miss Marcia, who must be better acquainted with the young lady than I am."

"I don't know an adjective from an adverb. I abominate grammar. My governess kept me three months over the verb 'To Love' in that odious old Murray, and I knew no more of it at the end of the time than at the beginning. It was all 'present, imperfect, perfect, pluperfect, and first and second future tenses.'"

"You probably have improved your acquaintance with it since," said the Major, laughing, and fixing his eyes on the petted little beauty.

"No, I have not," she returned, colouring, and thinking to herself, "He is safe at any rate."

He might have been safe; but what of Rose?

At this juncture, to the general astonishment, Mrs. Mervyn was announced. She was most ceremoniously received by Mrs. Wynne, on whom she had never before called, and formally introduced to Miss Pryse Pryse. Major Faithfull's greeting seemed to the ladies rather that of a friend than an acquaintance, and once more roused Marcia's suspicions, so lately laid to sleep. The usual talk about the weather began. It was a chill, grey, November day, and the changing hues of the trees, as well as the chilling airs, foretold coming winter. This led to a remark of Mrs. Wynne's, which turned the conversation to more important subjects.

"I am afraid Miss Mervyn got wet yesterday," she said. "It began to pour just after she had left the children."

"Yes, she was very wet," replied Mrs. Mervyn. "But I believe my children are indifferent to weather."

"Did she mention a proposal that we—or rather Mr. Wynne—made her the other day?" asked Mrs. Wynne, aside, in a half-whisper.

"That has brought me here," replied Mrs. Mervyn. "I do not quite understand what you require."

Major Faithfull, guessing that a private interview was what Mrs. Mervyn sought, said he must go and look for Mr. Philipps Wynne, since he had not come in, and left the room. It did not take long to enlighten Mrs. Mervyn as to what Mr. Wynne really intended, though she fancied that his daughter-in-law did not cordially second him. She was on the point of declining the proposed change at once, when Mr. Wynne came in. He had seen her walk up the drive, and recognised her. Departing from his usual custom of shutting himself up from morning-callers, he had summoned courage to seek the drawing-room at this unusual hour.

"You have honoured us at last, my dear madam," he said, after many bows and civilities had passed. "I trust it will not be the last time. Your charming and amiable daughter should be an introduction leading to friendship. I assure you we owe her a debt of gratitude that we can never repay. The children are no longer the same. They are really seldom unruly now, and I attribute the improvement, and therewith my increased peace, to her."

Mrs. Mervyn bowed, and Mrs. Wynne said, rather brusquely, "We were just talking over your wish that Miss Mervyn should come and reside with us."

"It would be delightful! and so attractive a young lady could scarcely walk alone in winter in these perilous times."

"I have thought of that, and intend sending our man for her, unless Mrs. Wynne will kindly spare her earlier," returned Mrs. Mervyn.

"Well, we will do anything you like to secure her comfort, and to ensure her being here," said Mr. Wynne. "Pray tell your good husband that we cannot possibly do without her, and that *nothing* on our part in the way of—of—well, remuneration or return, would be considered excessive."

"I will tell him what you say," replied Mrs. Mervyn, quietly; then, turning to Mrs. Wynne, she added, "Might I ask you to let my daughter know that I am here? I think her time is up, and we will walk home together."

Mr. Wynne would not allow Mrs. Mervyn to leave without a visit to the flower-gardens and conservatories; and his daughter-in-law and Marcia put on their hats, and accompanied her thither. Mr. Wynne followed, at Rose's side.

She and her mother left the Manor laden with flowers, and they were scarcely half-way down the drive when they were followed and joined by Major Faithfull. Miss Marcia's remarks, and Mrs. Mervyn's disapprobation, may be imagined; but Rose's young heart beat with a happiness that she did not understand. He had a message for her father, which it took him so long to deliver that he had not finished when they reached the lake. Here the smiling remembrance of Midsummer eve, and admiration of the sober softness of the November woods and skies, carried him round the lake, until they arrived at the garden-gate. Mrs. Mervyn felt constrained to ask him in; and he said he would look once more on their pretty garden, as it was possible he might soon be ordered off.

"And Llewellen?" exclaimed the tender mother, while the rapid pulsation of Rose's heart slackened.

"I am afraid he must go too, if the regiment is recalled. There seems some uncertainty about it. But you may depend on my seeing to him."

"I know too well what it all means! I have suffered enough!" sighed Mrs. Mervyn, off her guard for the moment.

"You have had experience of military life?" he asked, Rose listening intently.

"I shall have, I fear, if my boy is taken from me," she replied, with the coolness that repels questions.

"Are there still any white roses left?" he asked of Rose in a half-whisper, glancing round the garden, while her mother was self-absorbed for the moment. "I have yet the withered leaves of the first rose of summer; may I ask for the last?"

"I am afraid all ours are over, but there are several in this nosegay," she replied, looking down on the flowers she held.

"I should scarcely value one of those—gathered by another—from another garden," he said, absently, his eyes fixed on her delicate face and drooped eyelids, as she stood in the sweet grace of her spotless girlhood, nervously striving to extract a thorny stem from amongst her cultivated treasures. "The flowers of Llynhafod have a fresher, sweeter perfume than those of Manorsant; and there is *one* amongst them that I shall bear in my heart, I think, as long as I live."

He had drawn Rose insensibly away from her mother towards the flower-beds. His voice faltered slightly, and he saw that she, too, was agitated, for she scarcely knew what he meant, and her mother's warnings concerning the flattery of men of the world were impressed on her mind. She believed that he was complimenting her through the well-worn agency of flowers; and perhaps he was. But she had no time for a reply. Mrs. Mervyn had heard his request for another rose, despite her absorption; and rallying herself to her usual watchfulness, joined them, and said to her daughter, with a piercing glance at the Major, "You will find one, and I believe it is the last white rose, on the pine end. Gather it, my love, for Major Faithfull." Rose disappeared through the little side-gate. "I see you are not without sentiment," she continued; "but as my child has too much, I strive to discountenance it. I am sure you will understand me."

"Perfectly," he replied, with a steadfast glance, but colouring to the temples.

Rose returned with her flower, white as herself, which Mrs. Mervyn took from her, and presented to Major Faithfull.

"My only rose," she said, smiling graciously. "I give it in return for your kindness to my boy."

He bowed gravely, took the flower, and departed.

(*To be continued.*)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. New Series. No. 5. Samuel's Charge.

Chapters to be read—1 *Sam. x. xi. xii. (parts of).*

INTRODUCTION. In last lesson saw Saul chosen king by lot. Began reign well by being modest. Has nothing to boast of—his tribe least, his family unknown. Was appointed by God; must, therefore, look to Him for guidance and obey His will. Still all not quite peaceful, as we shall see.

I. Early Troubles. (Read x. 26, 27, xi. 1, 2. 6, 7, 11—13.) Here are two adversaries of Saul's. Who are they? What did the man of Belial say? Evidently despised king because of humble origin. How did they slight the king? But who was with Saul? These men, whose heart God had touched, would stand by him and assure him of sympathy, good-will, and help. What did Saul do? Answered not again, thus turning away wrath. Now more formidable trouble. Who encamped against Jabesh-Gilead? What did Saul do when he heard it? Thus showed decision in collecting the people, and boldness in war. What did the people want Samuel to do? (ver. 12). Who interfered? Why did not Saul want the rebels to be killed? To whom did he give the honour of the victory? So far thus Saul showed good qualities. Let us sum them up—(1) *Modesty* when chosen; (2) *Meekness,* towards men of Belial; (3) *Courage,* in war; (4) *Forgiveness* of injuries; (5) *Devotion,* in ascribing victory to God. In all these an example to others.

II. Samuel's Charge. (Read xi. 14, 15. xii. 1—15.) Where did the people assemble? Seems to have been some public ceremony of coronation. What accompanied the proceedings? Sacrifices of thanksgiving after the late victory. Great public rejoicings. People had wanted a king to lead them to war. First battle had been successful, will honour the Lord for it. Now all would surely go on well. But what does Samuel say? (1) *He vindicates himself.* Describe the scene, the old prophet with long grey hair standing before the people; they crowd round to hear his speech, he points to heaven, and calls God to witness, then points to young, strong, handsome king, the Lord's anointed, and calls him to witness. What does he appeal to? His own integrity; had spent whole life amongst the people; had they ever known him to defraud, or oppress, or take bribes? Samuel has a good conscience as regards his own conduct; but remind of people's charge against his sons that they took bribes (1 Sam. viii. 5); still he might have appointed other judges. (2) *He vindicates the Lord.* What had he done for them compared with the Lord's mercies. He traces their history back for the last 600 years. An old story, but needful to impress on people constantly. (*a*) *God's power.* Remind how without Him could have done nothing. What had He done? His plagues destroyed the Egyptians, His power made path through Red Sea. Sent manna daily for 40 years—water from rock—passage of Jordan—walls of Jericho fall down—&c. Without Him could have done nothing. (*b*) *Israel's sin.* Yet people had repeatedly departed from God, showing gross ingratitude. Remind of golden calf at Mount Sinai, idolatry in time of Judges, &c. How had they been punished? Enemies allowed once more to

conquer them, Philistines, Moabites, &c., as read in Book of Judges. (*c*) *God's mercy.* What had they done in their distress? Had their cries ever once been in vain? Judges had been raised up, enemies once more conquered, had always been delivered when trusted in God. Now God had granted their request, given a king, how would it be with them? God would try them once more; if feared God would be happy and safe; if not, God's hand would be against them as before.

III. Samuel's Sign. (Read 16—25.) Remind how prophets of God always been allowed to show signs of their mission; thus Moses, three signs to the people (Ex. iv. 3, 6, 9). What sign did Samuel show? Thunder very unusual in that climate in wheat harvest—should come at his call. What was the effect? The people saw their sin—had not till now realised their ingratitude to God. What do they ask Samuel to do? once more he encourages them. God will not visit their sin upon them, will not forsake His own people; only let them serve Him and all will be well. Samuel also will continue to pray for them and to teach them God's ways. So this long day came to an end at last.

IV. Lessons. Let children notice Samuel's character. (1) *Upright.* Could call people to witness his whole life. (2) *Fearless.* Stood before people in their hour of triumph at having their wish, and boldly told them of their sin. (3) *Unselfish.* He did not resent their conduct, and say he would have no more to do with them—promised still to help them in every possible way. What an example to all! Secret of it was, had feared God from his youth. The same God is merciful to all who call upon Him.

Questions to be answered.

1. What early troubles had Saul in his reign?
2. What good qualities did he exhibit?
3. What were the two heads of Samuel's charge?
4. What three points does he dwell on?
5. What sign did he show?
6. Name three things to be noticed in Samuel's character?

COUSIN MARGARET.

BY L. C. SILKE, AUTHOR OF "SHAG AND DOLL," "IN MISCHIEF AGAIN," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"YOU are cousin Margaret, I suppose?"

The words were uttered in an inquiring tone of voice by the speaker, a girl of about twelve years of age, who had just been shown into the room, and who halted for a moment half irresolutely, as she cast a glance towards the only other occupant of it. The new-comer was a child with a bright handsome face, expressive of plenty of character, whilst there was a pleasant frankness in her look which redeemed a certain proud fearlessness of bearing.

"Yes, dear," was the reply. "I am cousin Margaret. But don't stand there. Come and give me a kiss, won't you?"

She held out her hand towards the little girl, inviting her by the gesture to draw nearer the sofa on which she was lying; and, after a moment's hesitation, the other responded to the appeal. Making a step forward, she suffered herself to be folded in Margaret's arms, and received a warm kiss on her cheek.

"My little cousin Nora! It seems rather strange, doesn't it, that this should be the first time in our lives we have met? but I hope we shall soon be even more than mere cousins to one another. I have often thought how nice it would be to have a younger sister, and you must let me fill the place of an elder one to you. We shall try very much to make you happy, dear."

This was added in a soothing tone of voice; for at the first kind words the little breast had begun to heave, and at length, after a brave struggle for self-control, the child flung herself down on the ground beside the couch, and leaning her head against her cousin's shoulder, gave way to a burst of grief.

Nora Shaw was an only child. Her father having lately been offered, in a merchant's house in South America, a post far more lucrative than any he could hope to obtain in England, had seen it right to accept the offer; but whilst it was arranged that his wife should accompany him, it was judged best by them both that Nora should remain in England, where her education could be carried on so much better than in the remote place to which they were going. And as Mr. Shaw, having no fortune of his own, had no prospect of leaving his wife or his child anything more than what he might manage to lay by out of his salary, a good education for Nora was a primary consideration, that so she might be fitted hereafter, should the need arise, to support herself by her brains.

The parting was no small trial to both parents and child; but the former were so sure they were seeking the latter's good in the decision they had made, that they did not swerve from it. Nora, however, had many a struggle with the rebellious feelings that rose up against what she considered the hardness of her lot. Her young heart sank in despair at the prospect before her. For the uncle and cousin who had agreed to receive her were utter strangers to her, and she felt as if she already hated the place in which they lived. To be sure, her mother had told her again and again how very sweet and good cousin Margaret was; but Nora was of opinion that no one could be so sweet and good as her own darling mother; and she grew half tired of the praises lavished upon the unknown cousin to whose charge she was to be handed over.

"I don't expect I shall like her a bit," was her inward comment more than once, as she listened with a secret feeling of irritation to her mother's exhortations that she would cheerfully obey Margaret in all things, and not rebel against her wishes, but submit pleasantly, even when they were contrary to her own.

"I hope you will try and be brave, my child," went on Mrs. Shaw. "I want you to go to Ringston trying to forget yourself, and thinking chiefly of cousin Margaret. See if you cannot manage to bring some brightness into her life, for there is enough to depress her in it; and if she sees you looking miserable or discontented, it will not be very enlivening for her. But if you will only wear a cheerful little face, and try to be the help to her that you are to me, then I think she may be all the better for the society of her little companion."

But to return to the small sitting-room in Church Street, where we left Nora raising her head—which had been pillowed on Margaret's shoulder—to take another look at her cousin.

The tones of her voice had somehow made their way into her heart, they were so soft and tender. And exceedingly sweet was the face too, when she came to examine it. It was very pale, in fact colourless as a white lily, but clear and transparent, though destitute of roses. Perhaps it looked the paler and the fairer contrasted with the dark hair and eyebrows, and the soft brown eyes, which latter had such a wonderful depth of expression in them, that Nora, child though she was, could not help being struck by it. They met her gaze with a pitying look in them, which showed that Margaret could enter into all the feelings of the sorrowful little heart, and was not at all disposed to chide her for crying, but only wished to do her best to comfort her. She tried to change her thoughts by asking some questions about her journey.

"Who did you travel with, dear? Was it some one belonging to Ringston?"

"Yes; at least he said he lived a little way out of the town, two or three miles out. It was Mr. Blake, brother to one of the partners, you know, in the house papa belongs to. He brought me to the door, and he said he should come and see me some day, and perhaps take me out to his house to see his sister, if my friends gave permission."

"That would be very nice, for they live at a very pretty place, and it would be quite a treat for you. Papa used to go out there to give some drawing lessons at one time, and I have often heard him speak about it."

The entrance at this moment of the servant bringing in the tea-tray interrupted the conversation.

"Nora, dear, you will be glad to take off your travelling things, I dare say, and Martha will show you your room. I am sorry I can't come with you and help you unpack, but you see I am chained to the sofa. However, I know Martha will do all that is wanted for you. You shall go up with her after tea, and she will lay your things in the drawer, and show you where to keep everything. But don't stop long now, dear, because father will soon be coming in to tea, and we mustn't keep him waiting."

"Is Cousin Margaret obliged to lie on her sofa always?" asked Nora, as she and Martha went up-stairs together.

"Yes, pretty near always, poor young lady! But, there, I don't suppose I need pity her, for she do bear it so beautifully, it 's a lesson to us all. Never a murmur, even when the pain is the worst, or when she 's left alone hour after hour with no one to speak to or cheer her up."

When Nora re-entered the sitting-room she found her uncle already there. He was standing beside his daughter's sofa, but he at once advanced to greet his little niece, and bid her welcome to Ringston. He was a tall thin man, with a care-worn look which seemed to say that his path in life had not been a very easy one. Nor had it, as far as pecuniary matters went. In his career as a teacher of drawing he had never met with more than a moderate amount of success. His had always been a struggling existence; just managing to pay his way, and keep on the small house in which they lived, and no more.

The strictest economy had to be practised in the household, as Martha, the faithful maid-of-all-work, fully understood; and many a moment was spent by her in pondering how to lessen the weekly expenditure without entrenching upon Miss Margaret's comforts. For if Martha was inflexible upon one point, it was on the matter of having her own way in providing her beloved young mistress with the little luxuries she deemed she required to tempt her delicate appetite; whilst many a flower found its way into the sitting-room which Margaret strongly suspected had been purchased with money out of Martha's own purse, though she sometimes mumbled out something about presents to her from the greengrocer.

By Margaret the plan of Nora's coming to live with them had been hailed with pleasure; for, independently of other considerations, the yearly sum her parents would pay with her would be a nice little addition to their income. And it would chiefly be gained by her, as Nora was to be principally her pupil; and her joy at the prospect of being able for the first time in her life to add to her father's earnings had given increased brightness to her looks ever since the matter had been finally arranged. Besides, the thought of having the long lonely hours of her father's absence cheered by the presence of a little companion, to whom she trusted she in her turn might be some help and comfort, was very pleasant.

Soon after tea Mr. Stanford went out again, and the cousins were left alone. Nora took a footstool, and seated herself on it beside Margaret's sofa, for she was strangely attracted by the sweet patient face with its delicate beauty, and she liked to gaze up into it, and meet one of its bright answering looks. Her cousin no longer seemed a stranger. There

was something about her which reminded her of her own mother; she was more like her than any one she had ever met, and that alone was sufficient to win her heart.

With her customary frank bluntness she exclaimed, during a momentary pause in their conversation, "Mamma was right, cousin Margaret! She said she knew I should love you, and I am sure I shall."

"I am very glad to hear you say so, dear," responded the other, warmly. "I hope we shall both get to love one another very dearly."

"Isn't it dreadfully dreary to have to lie here always?" asked Nora, abruptly.

"Not now, dear; it was at first."

"And why isn't it now? I should have thought you would have got more and more tired of it the longer it went on."

Margaret paused a moment, as if it cost her rather an effort to answer. "I thought so too at first. Whenever I used to look onward to spending day after day and year after year—if I lived—in this helpless way, my heart used to sink at the prospect, and I am afraid my unspoken thought was, 'it were better for me to die than to live.' But that is past. It seems now to grow easier every day just to lie still and let God's will be done in me. It is so sweet to be trying hour by hour to lay at His feet the little sacrifice He asks from me; and when He comes and bids me lie still and suffer, to be able to answer readily, 'Even so, Lord, Thy will is mine.' And if at times it does seem hard to bear, then I have the joy of feeling I am not offering to Him that which costs me nothing."

"Cousin Margaret, how very good you must be!" exclaimed the little girl, impulsively.

"Nora, dear, you mustn't talk like that," hastily rejoined Margaret. "I couldn't be patient for one single moment if left to myself. It is not *my* doing, but the Master's, if I am able to take things cheerfully instead of murmuring at them. We don't deserve praise for what we don't do ourselves but is done for us."

She paused, and the child remained silent, with a thoughtful look on her young face.

"Nora, dear," said Margaret, breaking the silence, "the Master is asking for a sacrifice from you too; and He is looking to see if you make it willingly. He has called you to part for a time from the dear father and mother; and if you let them go cheerfully because He bids you and has so ordered it for you, that will please Him more than a hundred things you might try to do for Him of your own choice. The only sacrifices He really cares for from us are those which He Himself asks us to make."

Nora's heart was too full to speak, as the glistening eyes showed, but the tears were hastily brushed away as Margaret put her arms lovingly round her, whilst a resolute look came into her face.

"I *will* try and be happy and contented," at length she said, raising her head. "Mamma said she did so hope I would; and now when I am trying I shall feel I am not only doing what she wishes, but what *He* wishes too. Only—only, I can't help missing her so dreadfully!" and the little voice was choked with a sob. "Will He mind that?"

"No, dearest, He knows you can't help it. He knows all the longing of your loving heart; and *His* heart feels for you. Ask Him to help you bear it as He would have you do, and He *will* help you."

When bed-time came—the first time in her short life that Nora had lain down to sleep without a mother's good-night kiss—it was little wonder that such a longing for her came over her that she felt as if her heart must break with its sore yearning. She buried her head under the bed-clothes that no one might hear her sobs; but, by degrees, mingling with the violence of her grief, came the recollection of Margaret's wise sweet words, and the resolutions she had been making. The thought of her cousin distracted her from her own sorrows, and at last she fell asleep, dreaming of all the help she was going to be to her, and how nice it would be to have such a sister as cousin Margaret.

(To be concluded.)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

80. Moses is said to have married an Ethiopian woman. What explanation does Josephus give of this?

81. What is the meaning of the word Bethlehem?—and what was the distance of the village from Jerusalem?

82. What was the court language of the Babylonian kings?

83. In what words does Daniel express the extent of Nebuchadnezzar's kingdom?

84. Where is the first mention of earthquakes?

85. What custom is referred to in the words "That preach ye upon the house-tops?"

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 208.

69. It means the "Book of the Upright," as being a true record of national events; it is referred to in the book of Joshua, as verifying the account of the sun and moon standing still, and also in the book of Samuel (Josh. x. 13, and 2 Sam. i. 18).

70. The "Book of the Wars of the Lord" (Numb. xxi. 14; see also Ex. xvii. 14).

71. The refusal of Zerubbabel and the elders to allow the Samaritans to aid in the building of the Temple (Ezra iv. 1—4).

72. Prov. xvi. 32.

73. The Philippian Church (Phil. iv. 15).

74. When he prayed for the lives of all those who were with him in the ship when they were taking him as a prisoner to Rome (Acts xxvii. 23, 24).

"As though they listened for the children's feet."—*p.* 242.

ABIDING FLOWERS.

BLEAK is the woodland; only one bird sings,
And from his notes the mid-year pleasures pass;
Struck with the wind he stops, and spreads his wings;
And the last leaves sail slowly to the grass,
Then, gathered up again by gusts, they run
In sudden-clouded, quickly-coming sun.

Some blooms still linger by the soddened ways,
As though they listened for the children's feet,
And hoped for yet more warm and quiet days,
And had no knowledge of the coming sleet;
And still for many morns they shall not go;
And some abide with us in frost and snow.

Abide, that we may think of blessings past,
And strengthen faith by what we leave behind;
So may we walk at peace in days o'ercast,
And, if we seek with reverence, we shall find
Blossoms to guide our thoughts beyond annoy—
Flowers of hope, of patience, and of joy.

GUY ROSLYN.

STEPHEN AKROYD'S GUERDON.

BY THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY, AUTHOR OF "NESTLETON MAGNA," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XI.—"SO ENDS MY DREAM."

STEPHEN AKROYD'S visits to Arthur Street were numerous and constant, and in Mrs. Hellier's increasingly heavy need his practical kindness and beneficence were of the utmost value; besides, the magnet there grew more and more intense in attractive power. At times, seated at the piano—the one lingering luxury which Dora had not the heart to part with, because its effects were so magical on her mother's spirits—she thrilled him through and through with pleasure as her clear soft voice accompanied the music which arose from her finished touch.

There is no question that both Mrs. Hellier and Dora, seeing how pervious Stephen was to the influences of song, selected such as were likeliest to serve that godly purpose concerning him which Mrs. Hellier had at heart. His tears would often flow unbidden when such hymns as Toplady's "Rock of Ages," or Wesley's "Jesus, lover of my soul," or Ken's "Evening Hymn," were sung, for were they not all mellow memories, floating around him fragrant with airs of heaven and of home? While Dora sung Mrs. Hellier inly prayed; and none may doubt that on the wings of Gospel psalmody many a seed-thought and many a message of grace from heaven was borne in upon his soul. "The meaning of song goes deep," says Thomas Carlyle. "Who is there that, in logical words, can express the effect that music has upon us? A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for a few moments gaze into that." Such was its effect on Stephen Akroyd; and never did he feel himself so cheap and small, and never did he feel less contented with his pitiful, know-nothing no-faith, than when Dora's music lifted him into altogether higher regions of thought and desire, for—

"Devotion borrows music's tone,
And music takes devotion's wing;
And, like the bird that hails the sun,
They soar to heaven, and soaring sing."

As the spring advanced Mrs. Hellier grew weaker, and it was evident that the crowning triumph of a lovely life was not far distant. Dora's heart drooped before the advancing shadow, for, as may be well imagined, the dear girl feared to enter into that dark and sombre cloud. In her darkening gloom and sad forebodings Stephen's lively and cheerful company and his delicately-tendered assistance had become doubly precious; and he felt himself drawn towards the fair girl with increasing and resistless strength.

One evening, after Mrs. Hellier had offered her usual evening prayer—the two young people kneeling by her side—and had slumbered off to rest, Stephen opened all his heart to Dora, and besought her to make him glad with the gift of her love. To say that Dora was not gratified to win the honest love of such a man would be to far exceed the truth. Still, pain and grief, very real and very sore, were the uppermost sensations in mind and heart. It was a long time before she could trust herself to answer him, before she could gather strength and firmness sufficient to frame the reply, which in her heart she knew would be like the knell of fate to the man she loved; for she knew that she did love him, though, like a young heroine as she was, she had fought and battled with her own heart in order that principle might not be put to flight by passion, nor her religion imperilled by what she in her inmost mind regarded as God-forbidden. Like Nehemiah in the presence of Ahasuerus, she lifted her heart to the God of heaven, and, like that pale-faced patriot, obtained the help he sought.

"No, Stephen!" said Dora, at last, "I cannot! I dare not! Oh, I cannot!" and her words were broken by stifled sobs.

Stephen cowered under the sentence, though he had more than half expected to receive it.

"Will you tell me why?" said he.

"Because I dare not! Because I ought not!" she whispered, seriously, and glancing, as if for an access of moral courage, to her mother's bed. "Believe me, dear friend, to be more than grateful for your abounding goodness to my mother and to me, and honoured beyond my deserts by your preference; and oh, so sorry ——" (here a rush of tears stopped her further progress); "please say no more about it. I will write to you to-morrow; but, believe me, it cannot be."

Mrs. Hellier, waking from sleep, claimed Dora's attention; so, bidding them good-night, Stephen Akroyd, with a troubled heart, made his way to Dame Henderson's abode.

Mrs. Hellier speedily noticed the change which

had come over her darling during her own brief interval of sleep. For Dora to be silent, and especially for Dora to be in tears, in her mother's presence, was quite sufficient to call forth wondering remark.

"Dora dear," said her mother, "you are sad to-night; come to your old place, and tell your mother all about it."

The "old place" was her mother's bosom. There she had lain and sobbed out her girlish grief full many a time, and had gotten in return the love, and counsel, and sympathy, of a true mother. There she lay now, and sobbed again a little as she told her mother what had passed between Stephen and herself.

"I am not surprised, darling. I have seen for some days that some such light was in his eye, and some such purpose was in his heart, and by many a hint I have endeavoured to ward it off. Now that he has spoken what does my Dora wish to do?"

"To do right, my mother, at all costs to myself, or else were I no true daughter of yours. If he were a Christian I would count him the foremost man in all the world to me. But being what he is, and what he seems to glory in, I dare not venture, may not venture, on such an unequal yoke. I could not ask my God to bless it, and what He will not bless I will not have, and"—here came another sob—"I will pray to heaven that I may say it—and do not want."

Mrs. Hellier kissed her dark-haired darling, ran her hand lovingly among her luxurious tresses, as she said, emphatically, "Yes, my dear, you are right—right in the sight of God. I know of none, have known of none, that I could have chosen for a son-in-law more gladly than Stephen Akroyd but for that fatal flaw, his declared infidelity, his sad denial of his Saviour and his God. I could not bequeath my darling to the charge of one who will not put himself in the charge of heaven; and had rather, far rather, centre all my hope for her on Him who has been the father of the fatherless and the husband of the widow. Do right, Dora, and He will never leave you nor forsake you."

The "great peace" which the Book promises to those who "love" His "law," the rest vouchsafed to those who put their trust in Him, fell on mother and daughter, and so they slept, encompassed by "the everlasting arms."

On his return home from business the following day Stephen saw on the table the expected letter from Dora. He took it up with a beating heart, and read his sentence in language too clear to be mistaken. She made no secret of her regard for him, but gave him to understand that as the result of the training of her life, her fidelity to her Saviour, and in agreement with the counsel of her mother, she could never mate with one who ignored her God and rejected her Redeemer. The letter concluded as follows:—"Begotten of your untold, ungrudging kindness, your son-like affection for my beloved mother, my esteem for you is very real. But the whole teaching of my life and the dictates of my conscience endorse my mother's counsel—'Never mate with any but a Christian man.' Your flippant tone about all things spiritual, your avowed disbelief of all the doctrines on which my strongest hopes are built, compel me to say, with all kindness, but so clearly as to leave no doubt or danger of mistake, that I cannot, dare not, accept your proposal."

Folding up the letter, Stephen sighed in spirit, and said, "So ends my dream!" He knew the steadfastness of her character, and the consequent finality of her resolve. His own straightforward manliness of character would never permit his love to influence his convictions, hence his decisive verdict, "so ends my dream." He was resolved, however, that neither his visits nor his interest nor his aid should be at all lessened towards those who, as Mrs. Hellier neared her end, did more than ever stand in need of them.

CHAPTER XII.—A GLOWING SUNSET.

On one occasion, when spring had melted into summer, Stephen Akroyd made his way at nightfall to the now-familiar chamber in Arthur Street, and found Mrs. Hellier supported by pillows, sitting up in bed with a letter in her hand, which, it was evident, had brought her great delight.

"Oh, Stephen," said she, "how good God is to me! What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits? If I could have been doubtful and despondent about anything, it would have been as to the future of my darling Dora. I have long been praying to my heavenly Father that he would open for her a peaceful and prosperous path when I am gone——"

Hereupon poor Dora made a hasty exit from the room, unable to restrain her grief, and Stephen was compelled to make vigorous efforts to keep down his own contending feelings.

"And now," continued Mrs. Hellier, "the answer's come at last. I have received a letter from my niece, informing me of the death of my late husband's brother, who for years has chosen to be at needless and groundless enmity with me and mine. He forcibly restrained his daughter from holding intercourse with myself and her cousin Dora, though she dearly loved us both. Now she writes to say that both her duty and her love prompt her to give us a warm welcome to her home, and a share of her abundant possessions. I shall not want either," she continued, with a smile of peaceful resignation, "having an immediate prospect of an eternal home and a heavenly inheritance; but my Dora, ever one with her amiable cousin, will find a happy and congenial home beneath the roof of Halston Hall. Stephen Akroyd, can you doubt it? my God hath heard my prayer. There is but one desire of my heart remaining unfulfilled, and that, too, will be granted to my ceaseless cry. Oh, Stephen, it is that you may see your dan-

gerous errors, and find salvation at the cross of Christ!"

Stephen was able to understand now the drift and purport of the detective's inquiries when he "casually" met him on Waterloo Bridge. Ignoring the latter part of the aged Christian's utterance, though a good deal more disturbed than he liked to own, Stephen expressed his genuine pleasure at the good news she had received.

Wearied and overcome with the glad excitement, the aged invalid sought a little repose, and asked Dora, who had silently entered, to sing a song of praise. Running her fingers softly over the keys of the piano to gain a little self-control, Dora sang the following song of trust, while Stephen, half overpowered by contending emotions and the holy calm of that vestibule of heaven, sat with bended head in hushed amaze:—

"My Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is His name:
In pastures fresh He makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

When I walk through the shades of death
His presence is my stay;
A word of His supporting breath
Drives all my fears away."

One bright June morning a note was handed to Stephen Akroyd as he sat at his desk in the office of Redfern and Reece, stating in hurried lines that the end was near. He hastened at once to the sacred chamber and the bed of death. The doctor, who had manifested an unwearied interest in his patient, to whom he had been called on that memorable Christmas Eve, met Stephen at the door.

"I am glad you've come," said the doctor, "for Dora's sake."

"For Dora's sake!" thought Stephen, "I could willingly travel round the world."

"Believe me, Mr. Akroyd," continued the doctor, one of the fairest spirits that ever entered Paradise is about to leave that chamber for her home above. No man can read that 'death of the righteous' without praying, 'May my last end be like hers.'"

Mrs. Hellier, pallid but beautiful, received the young man with a welcoming smile. She laid her hand on his, and softly said, "Stephen, I shall see your mother. What message shall I give to her from her boy?"

"Tell her," said Stephen on the impulse of the moment, forgetting the fatal admission he was making, "tell her that I love her as I ever did, and that your love next to hers will be the dearest memory of my life."

"And will that content her, think you? The Saviour's love, my more than son, is what your poor heart needs; and as I live," said she, with a gleaming eye, "that love, the richest love to mortals given, shall yet be yours!"

"Amen!" said Dame Henderson, who, on the nearing of the crisis had left "Oor George" to "fend for hisself," as she said, and had taken up her abode there to comfort and to help. "Amen! I can't think 'at ivver the devil can thwart so many prayers. Some o' these days they 'll all come to a head, an' one answer 'll do for all when Maister Stephen says, 'Lord, I believe!'"

Setting free Stephen's imprisoned hand, the dying mother turned to Dora, and drawing the fair head upon her breast, she tenderly smoothed her darling's hair. "Farewell for a little while, my sweet, my treasure! Never mother had a more loving and obedient child. Be sure your mother's God will guide and guard you until the happy moment when His love will bring you to my side again." With her hand still on the silken tresses, she prayed—"My Father! who hath been the God and friend of my life unto this day, bless my girl! My Saviour, keep in Thine own name her whom Thou hast given me! My Comforter, fill her always with abiding peace!"

"Amen, Lord!" said honest dame Henderson, as the tears coursed each other down her cheeks. "An' He will. God bless 'er; He can't help it.

"'An' you an' she shall surely stand.
With Him on Zion's hill.'"

Poor Stephen, in that sweetly solemn hour, longed for an equal benediction on his own unsheltered head.

Reclining on her pillow, with closed eyes and parted lips, Mrs. Hellier lay so still that Stephen was half inclined to think that her unprisoned soul had passed into the light. Not so, however, for, turning towards him, she beckoned him to her side. He knelt, as Dora had done, he hardly knew why, probably beneath the influence of a reverence and an awe which made him bow in presence of visible goodness and the unseen spirit hovering near.

"Stephen, my son; I may call you so, for dear as a son, and good and loving as a son have you been to me—I feel that I would bless you too ere I go. With your views, it may be that the earnest prayers of a poor, old, dying woman are but little worth, an amiable weakness at the best, but——"

"No, no; friend of my glorious mother, mother, too, to me in these too short, happy days, I crave your blessing, and hunger for your prayers!"

Wisely and well she did but smile her satisfaction at this naïve evidence of an underlying faith, beneath the baseless fabric that his proud intellect had reared, and laying her hand upon his head, she prayed aloud, "My God and Father! Be his father too. O spirit of Consolation, shine on him with the light of Love! O loving Saviour! save and restore the wandering sheep! Lost on the mountains, dark and lonely, track him, find him, save him! Bring him home to his mother and to Thee!"

"Amen, Lord!" said Dame Henderson, in a strong whisper, more emphatic than the loudest tones could be, for her heart's vigorous endorsement stole her voice away. "Put the wanderer on Thy shoulder, an' hug him to Thy heart!"

Voiceless was Dora's prayer, but none the less

sincere, that kind heaven in mercy would hear that cry.

The dying saint lay still and silent for some moments, and then she lifted up her eyes to heaven; a wondrous light not born of earth sat upon her face. "I am called," said she. "Kiss me, Dame Henderson. God will ever bless your kind heart for your goodness to me and mine! Pray for poor Stephen!"

"Aye, that will I, God bless him, an' for Miss Dora, too! Though both of 'em hez such a wealth 'o prayers to keep 'em as a king might envy."

"Kiss me, children," said the dying woman, in a low whisper. Each in turn pressed their lips to hers. "Now I'm ready! Come, my Saviour! Dora, sing praises to Jesus!" But Dora, with a choking sob, stood in tearful silence. "Stephen, sing! sing of mercy and of love! sing of victory and glory!" Alas, Stephen did not know the secret, and was silent too.

"Then I'll sing!" said the triumphant saint; and straightway, in a quavering voice, amid a silence as holy as that which was in heaven by the space of half an hour, she sang clearly, sweetly, so as to thrill every listening heart—

"He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend!
I shall, on angels' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend!
I shall behold His face!
I shall His power adore!
And sing the wonders of His grace,
For ever——"

The last syllable died away in silence, finished perchance in her flight to heaven, and the sainted spirit found its home on Jesu's breast.

Each watcher there felt that the place whereon they stood was holy ground; and well they might, for that humble chamber was indeed the "house of God, and the gate of heaven."

Oh how vain are all the poor, weak sophistries of human wisdom read in the heavenly light of such a triumph as was this!

Spell-bound, the watchers by Mrs. Hellier's bed stood by the lifeless form, beautiful in death, with the heaven-born smile still lingering on the saintly face. Then the orphaned daughter, casting herself upon the bed, exclaimed, "It 's wicked to weep for a death like this! But O my mother, would that your daughter were by your side!"

"Dear heart!" said Dame Henderson, her honest face working with emotion, "I would fain be a mother to you, but you will always know that your blessed mother is near you still. You 'll nivver be a motherless bairn as long as there 's saints in heaven."

Stephen, like a wise man, made no vain efforts to administer comfort to the bereaved girl. Rationalism is utterly bankrupt on such occasions; and he felt in his conscience that in her Christian faith and hope she had consolations compared with which any poor condolences that he could offer would be poor indeed. Poor Stephen's scepticism was having a hard time of it just now, and being assailed with such strength, it seemed probable that his straw-built citadel would eventually give way.

He undertook all the arrangements necessary for the funeral. The only mourners were Dora, Stephen, Dame Henderson, and the worthy doctor, who had been a true friend in need. Dora's cousin was an invalid, and could not attend. So they laid all that was left of the saintly Mrs. Hellier in a quiet resting-place under a spreading lime-tree in a suburban cemetery, "in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection to eternal life."

(To be continued.)

OUR LORD'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

BY THE REV. HENRY ALLON, D.D.

II.—PRINCIPLES AND INFLUENCES.

"The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!"—MATT. vi. 22, 23.

THE teachings of our Lord are always rooted in great principles. He never delivers mere dicta; He always makes our own conscience and heart the judge of his truth and reasonableness. These verses state the great principles which underlie his requirement that men should treasure for themselves treasures in heaven—make the pursuit of good for the physical life subordinate to the pursuit of good for the spiritual life. The general reason is that a man's character is vitally affected by the things that he supremely values. If therefore he makes material things his chief treasure, his character will be materialised by his passion for them—the spiritual in him will become carnal; he will try to satisfy his soul with his "much goods," and will bid it "eat, drink, and be merry."

Three illustrations of this are presented, each in the form of a striking metaphor.

1. The man will be absorbed in the pursuit and possession of what he may deem his chief good. He will supremely love it, he will virtually live in it. His entire life will be debased to the sphere of the material good that he chooses. "Where his treasure is his heart will be also."

2. His spiritual faculties will be damaged by it. If he does not employ them upon spiritual things, if he devote his great powers of knowing, and serving, and holding fellowship with God, to the enjoyment of mere carnal things, he will divert and disorder them, to the unspeakable injury of his soul. "The light that is in him will be darkness."

3. And, next, he will subject himself to the degrading bondage of mammon. He "cannot serve God and mammon" both. He must enthrone one as his supreme master, and make the other subordinate to his claims. If therefore he will not so serve God, he must so serve mammon, debase all that is noblest in his spiritual nature to the degrading pursuit and enjoyment of wealth. He becomes the bond-slave of the lower passions of his nature, here personified as mammon.

Money is the hardest of all masters; carnal passions are the most exacting of all powers when they once get possession of a man. Nothing is harder than for a man to resist the love of money once it has grown to a passion. The miser is only an extreme type; and he is the type of the strongest, hardest tyranny of passion. But, far short of this, when mammon takes the form only of worldliness; not of money for its own sake, but of money for the indulgences it procures—social influence and the gratification of refined tastes in its higher forms, pleasure-taking and self-indulgence in its lower forms; fashion, good living, luxurious conditions; so that self-denial, ministry to others, and all exercise of the sterner virtues, are distasteful and difficult:—all this has a much firmer hold of a man than he suspects. It is not the less a bondage because he likes to do it. The drunkard likes his drink, the licentious man his vicious courses; he is not the less a slave to them, but rather the more. The slavery is in the strength of his liking. Conscience, reason, even service of God, claims of his fellow men, high spiritual pursuits, have no chance against these strong carnal likings. These likings hold his nobler self in bondage, make him do mean things, will not permit him to do generous, spiritual things. The man's carnal passions rule everything else in him. His slavery has wrought its worst wrong in him. He has the heart of a slave; his lower nature is stronger than his higher. The basest of all captivities is that which a man willingly accepts, which he does not care to be delivered from.

Let the man thus carnalised try to break his bonds. Ask a man who has come strongly to love his money, to give a large sum for the service of Christ or for the good of his fellows, and he will start back in horror, even though his reason and conscience approve. Ask a man who has come to love his self-indulgences, to surrender them that he may undertake a mission to rescue the sinful or the wretched, teach in a ragged school, or go visit gaols and penitentiaries, he will resent the very suggestion. You do him no wrong when you tell him that he has become enslaved to his self-indulgence. It would cost him more to sacrifice it than he suspects. He has become a slave in heart. He does what he likes, but he likes to do that which is least noble. This is the bondage, this is the abyss into which, with more or less of rapid progress, the worldly man at length plunges. In this way our Lord illustrates the great principles which underlie his urgency that we choose the better part—"Treasure for ourselves treasures in heaven."

Let us restrict ourselves now to the second of these consequences of a wrong choice—the damage that it does to a man's higher or spiritual nature; for it is in this, the formative stage, that urgency is most effectual, when the later stage of abject bondage is reached it is often too late.

What we see depends upon our power of seeing, and our power of seeing depends upon the way in which we culture and adjust our organ of seeing. Our Lord employs the conditions of physical vision as analogies of spiritual vision. In function and in law spiritual things have a wonderful resemblance to material things, so that our common speech about the spiritual in man is full of metaphor, unconsciously derived from his physical organisation: we speak about the "eye of the mind," and the "light of the soul," forgetful that we are employing the language of metaphor.

Here our Lord formally adopts it. Light comes into the soul just as it comes into the body; the organ of vision must be kept in a healthy condition, and it must be directed fully and steadily to the sun; if either condition fail we can receive no light. A man whose eye is blinded or damaged may look directly at the sun and remain in darkness; a man whose eye is in perfect condition will receive no light unless he direct it to the sun. This is the whole of our Lord's teaching: if the soul is to be filled with spiritual light, its perceiving powers must be kept in good condition, and the eye of the soul must be directed to God; if he make material things his supreme treasure, he will not employ his powers of spiritual perception at all. Whatever we deem the chief good of life that we shall eagerly pursue, upon that we shall exercise our faculties; and it is a great law of our nature that our faculties soon adapt themselves to our habits. In the subterranean waters of the mammoth cave of Kentucky small fish are found, that dwell in perpetual darkness. As the effect of this the organ of vision closes up; I examined one which had no indication of an eye save a slight line marking a closed-up aperture. The perceptions of the soul soon adjust themselves to their horizon. A man employing his soul-faculties upon only material things—money, and pleasure, and worldliness, and self-indulgence—soon becomes capable of seeing nothing else;

he thinks it is the universe, it is only the little world of carnal things that he has drawn around himself. Let a man who has spiritual vision speak to him of what he sees, it is like speaking of colours to one born blind.

This, says our Lord, is what is going on in men: if they are absorbed in worldly treasure the process of spiritual blinding is going on, the eye of the soul is closing, spiritual amaurosis has set in, and their very light from heaven will soon be a great carnal darkness.

In saying this our Lord is doing a great deal more than directing men what are the best things to seek. It does a man little good to direct his movements like those of an automaton. If a man is to seek right things his judgment must go with their pursuit. If he should obey Christ, and yet think that his worldly life was the best, it would be a very imperfect and unprofitable religiousness.

Our Lord would have us seek right things in a way much more thorough than this, from a clear conviction that they are right. The entire man, the convictions of his understanding, the assent of his will, the affections of his heart, all must be engaged in the pursuit of good.

Take care, therefore, says the great Teacher, that you keep uninjured your power of judging rightly. He does not merely say the thing chosen is wrong, but you must be so qualified to judge for yourselves, as that you never can judge wrongly. The fault of wrong judgment lies with the man who judges: until his vision be set right he will see all things in wrong colours or in distorted forms; make the eye right, and he will see all things as they really are.

I do not, therefore, now speak of wrong things chosen so much as of the causes of wrong choosing—the disordered organ of vision. The eye is the receptacle of all outward light, the organ for transmitting the forms of things to the understanding, and for this it is wonderfully formed. "If," says Goethe, "thine eye were not sunny, how could it behold the sun?" So the soul receives through the understanding and the religious affections, spiritual truths from the great Sun of Righteousness, as also from stars and planets which he illumines, and who shine with a reflected light. That it may do this, the great Teacher insists upon a healthy condition of the organ of vision, and upon its being rightly directed. If the physical eye be disabled, no physical light, no impressions of the external world which light reveals are conveyed to the understanding. If the eye be diseased, only imperfect or distorted impressions are conveyed. But if the eye be clear and healthy, right impressions, not of one thing only, but of all things that the sun shines upon are conveyed—men, houses, trees, all things that make up this complex world—for if the eye saw only one single thing it would still be a disordered eye.

Just so with spiritual vision. Disable the judgment and the religious affections, and no impressions of the truth of God are conveyed. Injure them, and wrong or distorted impressions are conveyed. Keep them clean and healthy, and right impressions are conveyed, not of one thing only, but of all the things of God—"The spiritual man judgeth all things."

There are men who see and follow but one great truth of God, one favourite and dominating doctrine—they are necessarily involved in error. No men are so wayward and mischievous as men of one idea. Instead of the whole body being full of light, the light that is within them is darkness, broken only by a distorted and deflected ray of fanaticism. The pure simple eye looks upon all truth in its relations and harmony, and with a true perspective, and judges rightly the spiritual creation of God.

The man of whom our Lord speaks has a disordered and a deflected eye. He has, therefore, no true perception of things. Seeing double is one of the surest indications of a defective or disordered eye. And he sees double, forms a confused judgment concerning the supreme good of life—is not sure whether it be God or mammon. If his moral judgment were healthy, his perception would be clear and instant.

The spiritual eye must be in a right state if we are to receive right impressions or form right judgments, else that which should be light is darkness, that which seems to be truth is error, that which professes to lead a man rightly betrays him. A disordered vision is far worse than no vision. Better have no eye at all than an evil eye; better simply be ignorant of what is than falsely imagine what is not. Blindness simply hides from us realities; disordered vision surrounds us with unrealities. It is neither light nor darkness, but something worse than either—shadows filling the vision with false, distorted, and misleading forms; just as the *ignis fatuus* is worse than no light at all, inasmuch as it misleads the traveller to his destruction, just as dreams and nightmare are worse than unconscious sleep. He whose light becomes darkness is perverted in all his judgments: he calls evil good, and good evil; he mistakes light from Tophet for light from heaven; the prince of darkness for an angel of God. And he acts according to his judgment. No man is in such peril as the man who sees God's truth with a distempered vision. Like a jaundiced man, the false colour is in his eye; like a disordered man, the false taste is upon his palate. His case is hopeless: truth itself cannot touch him, for he distorts and perverts it. Our only guide is God's truth, and it is essential to right guidance that we should rightly perceive it. If the power of perception be sound, light will enter, and our whole life will be regulated by it. If the power of perception be disordered, light cannot enter, and we are simply deluded.

Rightly to see God's truth, then, rightly to receive it for practical uses in the religious things of life, it is essential that the religious heart be right, that we should be free from prejudice, from evil passion, from self-will, from preconceived opinions or purposes, that we should be as little children willing to be taught by God, ingenuous, impartial, docile, pure in affection and sympathy—that we should have a single eye, a single heart.

THE WHITE ROSE OF WHITELAKE.

BY ANNE BEALE, AUTHOR OF "THE PENNANT FAMILY."

CHAPTER XXXI.

FIRE AT LLYNHAFOD.

If a careful mother's words sink deep into the heart of an obedient daughter, those of a careless admirer sink deep also. Rose never forgot Major Faithfull's. She reasoned with herself, yet she believed them, and the feelings for him which had arisen in her soul almost involuntarily grew and strengthened into a new but secret joy. She had not heard her mother's words to him, and little knew the effect they had had upon him. He perceived that Mrs. Mervyn understood him only in part; still, he acknowledged that she was right in her estimate of him. He took himself to task, and asked himself what right he, who believed himself honourable, had to pour sentimental compliments into the ear of such a girl as Rose, unless he intended to marry her, and he knew that he could not marry. Hitherto he had resolutely kept himself from feeding female vanity by compliments that he did not mean; he was now conscious that he had more than once said things to Rose which, if not compliments, ought never to have been said; and whether mere compliments or not, were calculated to appear as truth to a pure and truthful nature. He felt that she attracted him as no girl had ever attracted him before; still, what right had he, a mere bird of passage, to hover about a tempting grove whence he knew he must be dislodged? Still, argue as he would, castigate his will, as he certainly did, his thoughts flew back to the sweet tenant of the grove, where his steps longed to follow them, and would perhaps have done so but for the reasonable speech of that watchful mother bird who so tenaciously guarded the parent nest.

Her father took it into his head now to be much annoyed with the Wynnes for wishing her to reside at Manorsant, and declared that he would take her away altogether. He generally brought his grievances to the tea-table, thus making the meal, fabled cheerful, a gloomy and silent repast. Rose's gleaming eyes and unusually gay manner only irritated him.

"One would think you wanted to leave us, Rose, to judge from your face," he said. "I can tell you that it is better to be first here than last at the Manor. I hate the tail-end of any thing. Llewellen will have to pay for being out of his place, and one's enough."

"But I shall be paid, dear father. Besides, a few days now and then when it is very dark and wet, will not keep me much away from you," argued Rose.

"Yes; I see what it is. You have been brought up with such grand notions, that you are discontented with home. That's what my marriage—I mean your mother's—I mean——"

"You mean, Mr. Mervyn, that as you think Rose disqualified for work at home, she must employ her talents abroad," interrupted his wife.

"No I don't. I wish you would allow me to know what I mean. A man must be hard up indeed when he is obliged to look to his wife to explain what he means before he knows himself."

Edwyna burst out laughing at the absurdity of this notion, and Mr. Mervyn joined, which reassured his wife and Rose. It was a singular fact that the more capricious his temper grew so much the more anxious did Mrs. Mervyn appear to please him, and even humour him.

"I shall write and tell the old squire that we want Rose at home," he said, after a silence. "If Rebecca is to ruin us we may as well all sink or swim together."

"We shall not be ruined with our grand new protectors!" cried Edwyna. "You have a son a cornet, my dear sir; and you are to have a son-in-law a major. I shall look out for a coronet with a model farm."

"Better be content with a model farmer," he rejoined, with a look at Rose, who was annoyed at Edwyna's allusion, though she knew every one took her jokes for what they were worth.

Joke and dispute were happily put an end to by an arrival. The door opened, and in walked Llewellen. He was in full uniform, and it was the first time that he had so appeared before his admiring relatives.

"Well, you are a fine fellow, and no mistake," exclaimed his father, as they all rose to welcome him.

"What gorgeous array! I am proud of my dear little cornet," said Edwyna, jumping to his neck, and nearly choking him, while Rose took one hand, his mother the other.

They had reason to be proud of him, for a finer young man never wore uniform in the Queen's

"Dora's music lifted him into higher regions of thought."—*p.* 242.

dragoon guards, albeit they are mostly fine, stalwart fellows. They had scarcely welcomed him, however, before Jim and the two female domestics stood in the doorway. A fire was blazing within, the lamp was on the tea-table, and Llewellen's fine trappings shone out magnificently.

"Now you must come and see Egain," said Rose.

The brother and sisters groped their way up to Egain's room in the dark. Edwyna opened the door, and announced "A Waterloo veteran."

"What, Egain, up and dressed to receive me!" exclaimed Llewellen, astonished, as he shook hands with her who had been brought to Llynhafod sick, and been almost restored to health.

Good nursing and constant feeding, together with, perhaps, the excitement of change, and the uncertain fortunes of her parents, had done good service to Egain. She was actually sitting up in an arm-chair near her bed, at work for Mrs. Mervyn. She was a capital needlewoman, and was gifted with a natural taste for dressmaking, which her benefactresses were turning to account as much for her benefit as their own. They made her believe that her services were needed by them, and thus reconciled her to remaining a burden upon them until they considered her really recovered. She was gradually regaining the good looks for which she had been celebrated in her girlhood, and, with them, a portion of the high spirits and resolution that had helped to fascinate Alfred Johnnes.

"You look just what I remember you when I was a boy," said Llewellen, sitting down at the foot of the bed.

"That must be twenty years ago at least," laughed Rose.

"It is all due to dear Mrs. Mervyn and the young ladies," replied Egain, blushing at the implied compliment. "If I am restored I shall have to thank them under God for it."

"And Rebecca. If she had not brought you here, we could not have cosseted you up, dear Egain," remarked Rose.

"Whoop! whoop! Heigh ho! heigh ho! Mervyn, Llynhafod. Llewellen, Rose!" suddenly sounded outside the house.

"It is Silly Shanno; what can she want at this time of night?" said Rose, running to the front door, followed by the rest, when they heard Shanno's incoherent cries.

"All ablaze! burning! burning," they made out, as she threw up her arms, and pointed they knew not where.

She ran towards the gate, heedless of Mrs. Mervyn's flowers, and they all went after her. They soon discovered the reason of her cries. There was a fire somewhere among the outhouses.

"The dastardly villains! it is the cattle shed!" shouted Mervyn.

"Never mind. The cows are afield, father. But where is Dolly?" said Edwyna.

Llewellen hastened to the stable, which was not far from the shed; but Dolly was not there. His own horse, caparisoned and ready for service, was there, however, and he said to Rose, as he mounted, "I will be back directly," and rode off at full gallop down the lane. The others shouted for Jim, who came from the back of the house, with the maids. The general consternation was great, and Mr. Mervyn seemed paralysed with anger or terror.

"Go and bring help, Jim. Get buckets, tubs, everything that will hold water ready, Mally and Catto," said Mrs. Mervyn. "Shanno, run and call everybody," and Silly Shanno went off towards the village, shouting through the dark night.

"It was all safe when Mr. Llewellen came. Name o' goodness, where's Dolly?" ejaculated Jim. "The clever beast, she smelt fire, and took herself off, and persuaded the other grand horse to go with her."

"The rioters did not want to burn the horses. You must run on foot to the village," said Rose.

But the flames were spreading rapidly, and there seemed literally nothing to be done but watch them, until more help came. The three servants went hither and thither to sound the alarm, while Rose and Edwyna hurried to the hen-roost and dog-kennel to arouse and save the poultry and watch-dog. Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn, meanwhile, went together to the more distant stable, where the cart-horses were, so far, safe, and strove to turn them out. But no sooner did they see from the open door the flames opposite than they refused to move.

"They will burn us alive next. It is because Llewellen has turned soldier," said Mr. Mervyn, sullenly. "Come Martin, old boy! Gee up, Sue, old girl!"

While he was thus urging the horses, there was a furious tramping of hoofs hard by, and in another moment, Major Faithfull, Llewellen, and their troop, galloped into the yard.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"WHO GAVE THE ORDERS?"

"WHAT'S the good of cavalry here?" muttered Mervyn, tugging at the manes of his terrified cart-horses.

Major Faithfull soon answered the question. In less time than it takes to tell he and half his men were afoot, while the other half led off the horses past the blazing out-houses to a halting-place in the nearest field. The frightened cart-horses took courage to follow where so many of their fellows led, and the tender hearts of Mervyn and his family were relieved from the horrible dread that they would be burnt alive. Do restless spirits ever count the cost of misrule before they embark on its treacherous, turgid waters?

A cool head and warm courage are great gifts in moments of danger. If poor Mervyn was beside

himself, not so his friends and relations. They were, for the most part, collected, while he was venting his anger. They saw that not only the out-buildings, but the dwelling-house, were in danger from the flames, because they were mostly old, and contained much wood-work and thatch. Water was plentiful, but the means of using it scant; so brains must take the place of fire-engines. Major Faithfull ordered his men to form a cordon from the lake to the fire, so that tubs and buckets could be passed rapidly from hand to hand, till they reached the ladders which Llewellen had placed against the walls, and on the topmost rung of which he stood to hand the water to the men who were on the roof of such of the building as had not yet taken fire.

"We must cover the roof of the dwelling-house with wet blankets," said Major Faithfull to Rose, who was striving to allay her father's passion. "Can you procure them?"

She ran into the house, and soon dismantled the beds of blankets and counterpanes. She was aided by Egain; although, at the moment, she scarcely knew who was her helper. Major Faithfull followed, accompanied by soldiers.

"Where is there a skylight? How can we get upon the roof?" asked the Major, and Rose showed him the way to the attics. Then he ordered his men to saturate the blankets, while he and one or two others scrambled to the roof. The wet blankets were handed up to them, and spread over the roof, so that when the tongues of flame or sparks reached them they were harmless.

Meanwhile many people who had seen the flames from a distance, arrived, and amongst them Mr. Edwardes, the corporal, and Alfred Johnnes. They all set to work to help to extinguish them, and no one more actively than the latter.

"How did this happen?" he asked of Mervyn.

"It must be Rebecca" was the sullen reply.

"No. She is not stupid enough to injure a friend," said Johnnes. "It must have been by chance, when she was watching for the soldiers, who were probably about. Where is your daughter?"

"Burnt to death for all they care. Look there! The fire will catch my wife's gown," said Mervyn, hurrying from a burning corn-stack that he was watching to where Mrs. Mervyn had placed herself.

This was beneath the ladder on which Llewellen stood. She was not idle, but was helping the soldiers to pass the buckets to and fro. Mervyn, awakened to her danger, put her aside; and began, himself, to work with a will.

As most of the new arrivals had brought buckets with them, facilities increased, and the flames certainly diminished, but not before they had injured if not actually destroyed all the out-houses, and hay and corn ricks, together with the waggons and other farm-stock and property.

Silly Shanno and the servants returned, accompanied by more villagers, so that, as is ever the case in fires, the human element surged with the flames.

"What has caused this?" asked Alfred Johnnes of Jim, with an unusual severity of manner.

"I know no more than a sucking lamb," replied Jim. "Master Llewellen came home, all full fig, and word was brought that he wasn't alone; and Silly Shanno came shrieking—and that's all I know."

"It is one thing to frighten, another to destroy. Where's Egain?" said Alfred Johnnes.

Jim pointed with his finger to the house, and said he shouldn't wonder if they had forgotten her in the panic; upon which Johnnes ran in at the back-door and up the back-stairs like mad. He was a strange anomaly, and understood himself just as little as he was understood by others. The doors were open, and it was as light as day. He hurried from room to room, but they were all deserted; and the beds, as it seemed to him, unmade. Hearing voices above, he mounted a perpendicular staircase to the attics; and there, beneath the roof, he encountered Rose. She had been doing her best to supply water to those on the roof in order to keep the blankets wet, aided by numerous women, who were at the moment fetching more.

"Is Egain safe?" he asked.

"I hope so. I believe so," replied Rose, too anxious about the fire to regard the inquirer.

"All this might have been avoided if you had been reasonable," he said, his mind returning to his disappointment at sight of the calm, white face, that was gazing upwards through the open skylight.

"More water!" said a voice from the roof.

"Directly," replied Rose.

"Who have you there?" asked Johnnes; but she did not answer.

"Go up yourself and see, and help to repair the mischief you have done," came to him in a whisper from behind, and he fancied the voice was Egain's; but when he turned quickly round he saw no one.

It was Egain's voice, for she had kept by Rose from the first; but hearing Johnnes, had retired into the shadow.

At that moment the women came up with cans and jugs of water; and he, seizing the first, passed it on to the roof, and sprang up after it through the opening. Here were several soldiers, and Major Faithfull among them. It was dangerous work; but as the water reached them, they flung it over the blankets and coverlets, and so kept them moist.

"Take my place. I am wanted below," said the Major; and, without awaiting consent, scrambled down to the skylight. "Keep on till the fire is still lower," he cried to his men, "I shall be back again;" then, to Rose and the women, "Stand aside till I am landed."

They did so, and in another moment he was with Rose beneath the fire-lighted opening. He took her hand involuntarily, for he knew what she must

have gone through since first she conducted him thither.

"Thanks to your coolness and courage we shall save the house at least," he said, pressing the hand.

"Thanks, rather, to yours," she returned. "Oh, will you see if they are all safe?"

She was perfectly quiet in manner, but he felt that she trembled.

"I will; but I cannot leave you here. Come with me," he said, gently drawing her towards the staircase. "They can manage without us for a few moments."

"I will see that all is done," said Egain; and Rose allowed Major Faithfull to help her down the steep stairs, for, in truth, she was nearly exhausted. All his good resolutions were gone, as he continued to hold her hand, and almost to support her, till they reached the actual scene of the fire.

"Courage, my White Rose," he whispered, tenderly. "But you have it. You should be a soldier's bride. Oh, would that you might be mine!"

These words fell on dulled ears, alive only to what concerned the safety of her dear ones; but they returned to her, oh, how often, in after times? Were those ears telephones, that they retained and reproduced the sweet, flattering sentences when the speaker was far away? She did not know what they were, or what they meant; she only knew that he was more tender even than her brother, and that his hand pressed hers, until she found herself by her mother's side. A few moments assured her that those she loved best were safe, and that the flames were subdued, though not extinguished.

As Alfred Johnnes descended the stairs Egain's voice once more pursued him.

"Is this Rebecca's work, or is it yours, Alfred Johnnes? may God forgive you!" were the words it said.

He was angry and bewildered; and when he reached the scene of the fire he looked about for Jim, who was lamenting bitterly over his destroyed stable and coach-house, and thinking of Dolly.

"All very well to pull down a gate or so," he grumbled, "but no business at all to do this. There's my little house and my little hoss nobody knows where."

"But where is Egain?" shouted Alfred Johnnes.

"How should I know? I'm thinking of Dolly," replied Jim, whose small private losses were uppermost.

"Dolly's safe, old Jim. She's down in the orchard with Speckle, and the pigs, and the poultry. And they are all more obstinate than you. I will never call you a mule again as long as I live," shouted Edwyna, who appeared suddenly, her rosy cheeks looking ghastly in the flame-light, and her curls straightened by the water.

"Bless your little heart, miss, what have you been about?" cried Jim, forgetting Dolly.

"They're all safe, old Jim—every one of them. I had to carry all the little pigs, and some of the fowls. Didn't you hear what a screeching they made? I think old Blackey was scorched; but, then, so was I. Have you seen Kitty? I can't find Kitty. I am afraid she ran away into the barn when you beat her. Oh, you cruel old Jim!"

Here Edwyna burst into tears; and poor Jim, forgetting differences of all kinds, put his arms round her, and began to blubber also. Alfred Johnnes looked on, and muttered many unseemly reflections on some one who did not appear to be present.

"I say 'tis going too far—too bad—too much of a good thing. They—you—we—she—Rebecca will have to—to—pay for it!" blustered Jim, when Edwyna had freed herself from his embrace.

"Don't cry, you dear old Jim," she said. "What does it matter if we're all safe? There's father, and mother, and Llewellen, and you, and Mally, and Catto, and all the animals except Kitty. If only I could find Kitty!"

"Where is Egain?" shouted Alfred Johnnes.

"Oh, she is safe indoors. The house has not been hurt," replied Edwyna.

"Then she is nowhere to be seen," said Johnnes, just as the corporal stumped up with a similar question.

"I will find her," cried Edwyna, darting across the still dangerous yard to the house.

"Rascals! cowards! murderers! dastardly fighters in the dark!" cried the corporal. "Afraid of a fair field, and injuring honest people. They handled us badly enough, but this is worse work still. Hay and corn, staffs of life, destroyed—good people injured. They deserve to starve with all their families."

"Our sins are sure to find us out," here broke in the vicar, who was passing.

The next moment Johnnes and Jim were standing alone together, surveying the mischief some secret agent had wrought, while the vicar and corporal went off.

"I protest that I know nothing of this work," said Johnnes.

"And I protest the same. But somebody must know, and somebody must have given the orders," returned Jim, doggedly. "To knock down a pike as is in everybody's way, or to break up a salmon-weir as keeps the fishes out o' starving stomachs, is one thing; but to burn honest people's property, and put their precious lives, and Dolly's life, and all the poor critters' lives in danger, is another. Why, the live stock might be dead stock—burnt stock—any stock, for all you, or they — or — or — anybody cares."

Jim began to blubber again; and, certainly, if Alfred Johnnes ever felt the pricks of conscience it was at that moment.

"Nobody obeys orders!" he cried. "Who gave the orders that Madoc and Letty should be dipped, I wonder? All Rebecca means is to reform abuses, not to abuse."

"Very fine talk. I wash my hands of all her dirty work; and I'll never meddle with nobody's love affairs again so long as my name's Jim Jenkins, Llynhafod."

So saying, Jim seized a bucket that he had dropped, and hurried off to the now-dying flames, leaving Alfred Johnnes to his cogitations.

(*To be continued.*)

CHRIST'S WORDS OF GOOD CHEER.

BY THE REV. G. A. CHADWICK, D.D., PREBENDARY OF ARMAGH CATHEDRAL, AND RECTOR OF ARMAGH.

II.—IN TROUBLE.

"In the world ye (shall) have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."—JOHN xvi. 33.

IN studying this passage two verbal criticisms are called for. The best manuscripts do not read, "ye shall have tribulation," but "ye have tribulation" actually, and at this moment. This correction harmonises accurately with the context; for their Lord not only predicted "ye shall weep and lament," but went on to say, further, "ye now therefore have sorrow" (ver. 22). Sorrow had already filled their hearts.

Again, in the clause, "I have overcome the world," the strongest emphasis belongs to the pronoun. "It is," said Luther, "as if He wished to say, Write this I in very large letters, that ye may grasp it with your eyes and heart." And most of what is to be said upon the passage will be presented to us while we examine this one emphatic word.

I. It is a shallow and insufficient view of its import, but not entirely false, which would paraphrase it with its context thus, "When I am removed, ye shall weep and lament, but the world shall rejoice. But soon shall come your turn for exultation; for your sorrow is only that of a mother whose child is about to gladden her. Ye shall see me again. Ye have tribulation, indeed, in the worldly aspect of our affairs, for ye have learned that I am about to die. But be of good cheer, this battle is not to the strong, the triumph is not the world's. I, who seem to be defeated, am the conqueror; and, standing already in spirit upon the heights of victory, I, for whom ye mourn, announce that I have overcome the world."

There is no doubt that our Lord *was* thus looking into the future with so firm a confidence, as made Him, even then, in heart and soul, triumphant. For, in the next chapter, He reckons that the hour has come to crown Him with the eternal glory which He has laid, for a while aside. He is no longer in the world.

By the frank and full dedication of His life He was already in spirit a sacrifice; and the bright issue of his suffering was also visible, so that His word is, Now come I to Thee. No interpreter can fail to see that the present tenses in the seventeenth chapter, and the perfect tense in the verse before us, belong not to a literal and slavish chronology, but to that free and divine insight, which calleth the things that are not yet as though they already were.

Neither is there any doubt that the sorrow of the disciples at this moment was at the prospect of their Lord's removal. So that we must acknowledge a degree of fitness in the thought "Ye are, and shall be saddened by the world's treatment of your Master, yet be of good cheer; not the world shall prevail but I, and already in spirit I have overcome."

Thus, we may find comfort in this verse for all troubles excited by the hostility of this world to Christ.

Slow is the progress of our attempts on heathenism. Many are the dishonours of the Church at home. Statesmanship, society, science, literature, art, amusement, are still openly adverse, or coldly patronising and practically disobedient to the faith. More shameful still are the inroads of the world upon the Church herself, the secularity of worshippers, the base expediencies to which holy causes stoop.

Just as far as we have any real love to Christ we have tribulation for all that dishonours Him. Yet we are of good cheer because the ultimate victory is certain, nay, for the soul of faith it is made good. The kiss of the traitor and the flight of the eleven, the fear of Pilate and the scorn of Herod, the brutality of mobs, the blasphemy of thieves, the mockery of priests, the spear of the soldier, the seal and the guard—all these in principle and scope are continually rehearsed. But they are also eternally overcome; the victory is Christ's.

It is plain, however, that our Lord, throughout this most sacred evening, was occupied with the whole relation of His people to the world. The world hateth them. They are in the world. All His language proves that He was thinking of the entire future of His people. And we must therefore extend our thought from the grief which weighed down their spirits at this moment to all the fiery trial that was to try them.

II. We therefore observe, secondly, that His sufferings consecrate ours, and His victory is our example.

There is a strange difference between the Christian aspect of trial, and every other philosophic or religious view of it. When we read

that if the dogmatic system of our faith is now disproved, yet its teaching will for ever influence human consciousness, and its precious morality will survive, we may well ask, Whence will philosophy inspire our hearts with the noble Christian sentiment in suffering? Because we deserve our lot, we may still strive to endure it; but the Christian does not bear merely because he deserves to bear. Thinking of the body as contemptible, we may endeavour to despise its pangs, but the Christian does not nerve himself with scorn. Men will always submit to the inevitable, but how are they to glory in tribulations, and to count it all joy when they fall into manifold temptations? The soul is lifted to this height only by the sublime and tender thought that God made flesh was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and that we are made partakers of the sufferings of Christ. As the Cross itself, the symbol of torture and ignominy, was lifted to the crown of the hill Golgotha, above the heads of all, so is all of which the Cross speaks to us—shame, rejection, agony and death—raised by the same power to be nearer heaven than anything else on earth. Deny Christ, and sorrow is none the less a dire necessity, but it is degraded, disanointed, and discrowned.

Moreover, the Partaker of our suffering calls to us from the farther shore, that He has crossed the torrent, and survives. It is not "I also have been tempted," but "I have overcome."

Does this meaning, then, exhaust the passage? Plainly not. For whatever consolation it may bring to reflect that our Elder Brother, true and very man, has conquered sin and death; yet the more weight we lay upon the emphatic pronoun, and the more we remember who this Conqueror is, the less will the example comfort us, who are so far from the spotless purity and energetic perfection of His holiness. St. Chrysostom found in this saying an evidence, not of Christ's likeness to us, but of His superiority. He writes, "Trust in Him who saith, 'I have overcome the world' . . since the Lord of the Church, by the very suffering, overcame, and in the act of being crucified was saving us, and in dying gave us life. Do you recognise and hear Him who is both God and man? For if He were only God, how should He have suffered, been crucified, and dead? which things are not of the nature of God. *And if He were only man, how should He by suffering have conquered, and have saved and quickened us? which things are above humanity.*"

This consciousness, that the life of Christ is too high for us, will always ruin every thin and rationalistic effort to make the example of Jesus profitable, while ignoring His living influences.

III. We remark, therefore, thirdly, that the context claims for Christ a personal power, a vital operation within the believer's heart, which balances and overweighs the destructive influences of the world. "These things have I spoken unto you, that *in Me* ye might have peace. *In the world* ye have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

To be in the world is not necessarily wicked; Christ prayed not that His Father would take us out of the world. But it is dangerous. Its influence draws us downward, and the soul which would fain soar needs some force to master the gravitation of the earth. The most innocent occupation, unchecked, will secularise the mind as surely as the most guilty. The purest affections, we read, will intrude into places too holy even for them, until the faithful heart, in its sacred indignation, is forced, as it were, to hate father and mother, and wife, and children, yea, and its own life.

But the world's incessant haunting, vexing power to solicit, suggest, and distract, is not greater than the power of our Saviour to calm and sustain the soul.

He is the Head of the Body. Where the head wills, there the body moves, and the wreath or the diadem is set there to honour the whole man. So the body of Christ obeys Christ, and all its glories are bound about His brow.

His majesty might not encourage us, if we had only to think of His example; but His victory over the world becomes our firm assurance when we learn that from age to age that triumphant strength still animates and inspires His Church.

THE ROCK.

"Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."—Ps. lxi. 2.

CHRIST JESUS is the Rock
On which the Church relies;
Its sacred mysteries
Her every want supplies.

Raised on its height, she leaves
The world beneath her feet,
And sees the land "far off,"
Cloudless and calm and sweet.

Under its pleasant shade
She finds a place of rest,
Where she can wait and trust,
And learn that, God knows best.

Entering the wondrous cleft,
She cometh from within,
Washed in the precious blood
That cleanseth from all sin.

To earnest prayers for grace
Answers are promptly given ;
Water, the Rock supplies,
The manna, falls from heaven.

Words graven on the Rock
As with an iron pen,
Call forth swift messengers,
To seek and save lost men.

Oh happy Church, and blest!
God grant that all may see
Thee, faithful to thy Lord,
We, faithful unto thee.

CANON BATEMAN.

COUSIN MARGARET.

BY L. C. SILKE, AUTHOR OF "SHAG AND DOLL," "IN MISCHIEF AGAIN," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

NORA'S first letter to her mother contained enthusiastic praises of her cousin, and grateful accounts of all her kindness.

And meantime the child was trying to keep to her resolution to be brave and patient and contented, and to do as her mother had said, think of cousin Margaret instead of herself. And if she had only known how her sunny face and helpful ways and occasional bursts of happy laughter cheered the other, who had been accustomed to so many hours of silence and solitude, she would have felt more than rewarded for her efforts to be unselfish. As it was, Margaret called her her "little sunbeam," and said she would soon be quite her right hand in everything.

One day, about a week or so after Nora's coming to Ringston, a knock came at the door, and Martha ushered in a gentleman and lady. The former Nora recognised as her kind travelling companion, whilst he introduced the latter as his sister. She had the same frank genial manners as her brother, whilst her face, if not so good-looking, was quite as open and pleasant as his. She sat down by Margaret's sofa, saying her brother had told Mr. Shaw he should hope to see something now and then of his little daughter, and therefore they had come to ask permission to carry her off with them to Cawood for the afternoon, promising to send her home again before dark. Margaret gave a smiling assent to the proposition, and Nora ran up-stairs to put on her things. When she returned to the room she found Mr. and Miss Blake turning over her cousin's portfolio of sketches, admiring and criticising in a way which showed they were lovers of art themselves.

When Nora came back in the evening she was glad to find her uncle out, that she might have Margaret all to herself. For she had so much to tell her about her doings, and she wanted to pour it all out at once.

"So you have enjoyed yourself, dear?"

"Oh yes! so much! And see, cousin Margaret, Miss Blake has sent you these beautiful flowers! Aren't they lovely? and I am going to arrange them for you. And whilst we were driving back to Cawood they were talking about your drawings, and saying how beautiful they were, and they wondered you didn't send some to the exhibition. Mr. Blake said he was sure they would sell, and Miss Blake said he ought to come and talk to you about it. Wouldn't it be nice if you could sell some, and get a lot of money for them! Then you could have all sorts of things you have to go without now. Oh, and Miss Blake said she should come and see if you couldn't take a short drive now and then; for how were you to get better if you didn't go out in the fresh air? She had a friend once who met with just the same sort of accident, and she got quite well again in time. So perhaps you will too, Cousin Margaret. Oh, wouldn't it be nice for you to be well again!"

Margaret could not help kissing the dear little upturned face, bright with its earnest look of hope.

"It would indeed, dear, be very delightful! But I am content to let it be either way. I have spent many a happy hour on this sofa, which I might never have had otherwise; and I have come to find what blessed rest there is in not even having a *wish* of one's own. It is so much better to give them all up, and just lie still and accept what the heavenly Father sends, instead of restlessly trying to dictate to Him."

Nora was silent for a moment, with a half-puzzled, half-reverent look on her face, as if a new train of thought had beened opened to to her.

"And is Cawood pretty?" asked Margaret, breaking the pause.

"It's perfectly lovely!" responded Nora, enthusiastically. I do hope you will see it some day! There's such a big garden, I should never be tired of playing in it; and there are beautiful woods at the back of the house, and flowers everywhere, and such pretty views out of the windows, and no end of pictures and books and all kinds of things you would delight in. And Miss Blake was so kind! I've had such a happy day! Only it would have been happier still if you had been there as well."

"But I am having my share of the enjoyment now, in hearing all you have to tell, and in looking at these beautiful flowers."

Many a pleasant day after this did Nora spend at Cawood, for Miss Blake was fond of children, and loved to make them happy. And meantime between herself and Margaret a warm friendship was springing up, and it was seldom that more than a few days

went by without the carriage from Cawood stopping at the door of the little house in Church Street, either bringing Miss Blake, who was not unfrequently accompanied by her brother, or else some presents of fruit and flowers.

Moreover, Margaret's health was beginning to improve. She had yielded at length to her friend's entreaties that she would put herself into the hands of Dr. White, the most skilful medical man in Ringston, and try under him a new course of treatment; and she soon felt she was deriving benefit from it. Great was Nora's joy the first time her cousin was able to accompany her to Cawood; whilst a quiet smile beamed on Miss Blake's face as she watched the look of deep content in Margaret's eyes, and the flush of pleasure on her cheek.

But even that day, full of pleasure as it was, seemed to Nora tame in comparison with one still more eventful a few months later, when the two cousins had been lunching at Cawood, and afterwards Mr. Blake had invited Nora to have a ramble with him through the woods, whilst his sister and Margaret quietly sat under the trees on the lawn with their books and work.

Nora and Mr. Blake had become great friends by this time. She was a special favourite of his, and he had altogether won her heart by his unfailing kindness, as well as by his evident appreciation of cousin Margaret. The latter had often formed the topic of conversation during the long country rambles they now and then had together; when the little girl had related many of her cousin's sayings and doings, and confided to him her opinion that there could scarcely be anyone in all the world so good and kind, except, indeed, her own mother.

This particular afternoon Mr. Blake again artfully led the conversation round to Margaret.

"You think she likes Cawood?" he asked.

"Of *course* she does! She said one day she thought it was the pleasantest home she had ever seen, because it was so pretty and so cheerful. And she always looks happier after she has been out here."

"Then what do you think of her making it her home altogether?" said Mr. Blake, with a look on his face that Nora could not make out.

"Her home altogether?" echoed the little girl in astonishment at the odd question. "How could she?"

"In the simplest way possible," returned Mr. Blake, drily; "by consenting to be my wife."

Nora stopped short, and turned a look of such utter amazement upon her companion that he could not help laughing.

"Are you going to ask her?" she said, abruptly.

"I have already done the bold deed," he answered, briefly, "and she has promised, and so the thing is settled. And you are to come and live here too, as if you were her sister; and Mr. Stanford shall come as well if he likes; the house is big enough for us all, and he can have his own rooms in it. Do you like the plan, little one?"

Nora's face was crimson with excitement. "It is just *delightful!*" she exclaimed. "Oh, how happy cousin Margaret will be!"

As soon as they rejoined the others, Nora flew to her cousin, and half suffocated her by her vehement embraces. Then she was all impatience to go back and tell the news to Martha, whose reception of it was as hearty and delighted as even she could wish. All the rest of the evening she seemed to tread upon air; and at last sat down to write to her mother an account of it all.

"I am so happy, I couldn't rest till I had told you all about it, mamma darling," she added, "because I know it will make you happy too to hear of it. And cousin Margaret's face is so bright, it seems nothing but smiles, which haven't any half sad look behind them, but are just like sunshine. If only you were here, dear mamma, I shouldn't have a single thing to wish, but I am going to wait patiently for the happy day when I shall have you again. And I have plenty to do meantime, for I want to improve in every way, so that you may be pleased with me when you come back."

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

86. What excellent advice was given to the people by the town-clerk of Ephesus?

87. In what order did the tribes of Israel proceed in marching through the wilderness?

88. In what manner did the tribes of Israel encamp?

89. St. Paul speaks of Tarsus as "no mean city"—for what was this city noted?

90. St. Stephen, in speaking of Moses, says, "In which time Moses was born, and was exceeding fair." What does Josephus say upon this subject?

91. In what way were the first-born of all the children of Israel redeemed?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 222.

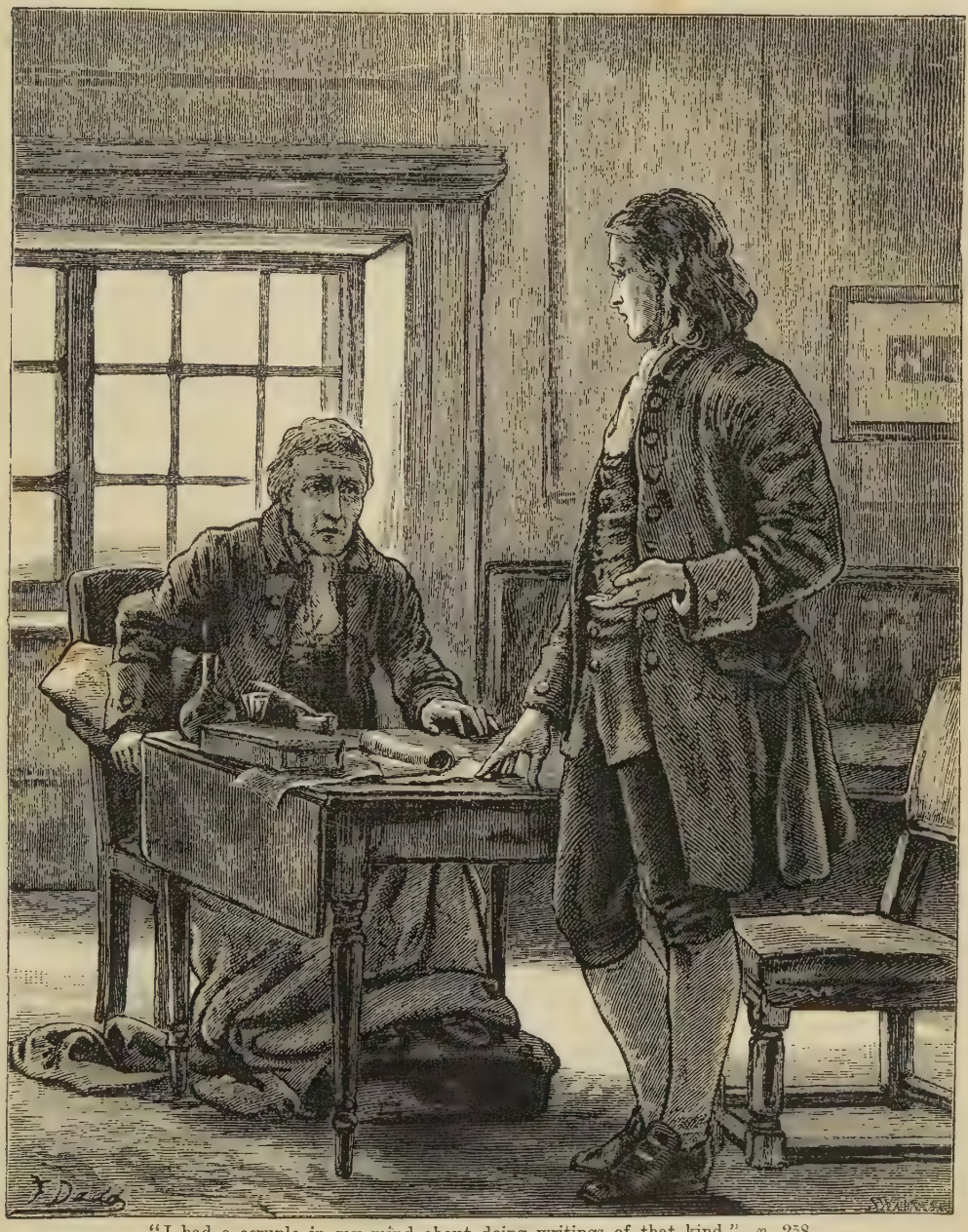
75. The port of Ezion-Geber, where king Solomon kept a portion of his navy (1 Kings ix. 26).

76. "When I lie down, I say, When shall I arise and the night be gone? I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day. My flesh is clothed with worms and clods of dust; my skin is broken and become loathsome" (Job vii. 4, 5).

77. Jehoram, the son of Jehoshaphat, for whose sin God sent upon him an incurable disease, and also caused his wives and children to be carried away captive.

78. It is called "the land of Shinar" (Dan. i. 2).

79. Nimrod, the mighty hunter (Gen. x. 9, 10).



"I had a scruple in my mind about doing writings of that kind."—*p.* 258.

LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD.

IV.—EMANCIPATION OF SLAVES.

NOTHING speaks more plainly of the spirit of progress which works in humanity than the fact that far within the limits of authentic history slavery was regarded as one of the necessary conditions of life. It was always thought of as an evil, as are sickness and death, and it was always seen to be capable of embitterment or of alleviation, as those are. Among the ancient Hebrews it was

sometimes little more than a sort of apprenticeship; for a man could sell himself to another, the law providing that such voluntary slavery came to end every seven years. All other slaves among the Hebrews—captives of war, or those bought from Gentiles—were set free every fifty years, in the year of jubilee. The Mosaic laws are full of provisions for the safety and welfare of the slave, his succour if fugitive, and his redress if wronged, while they also abound with allusions which prove that he shared his master's household privileges and national worship, and not seldom married into his master's family. As a modern writer says, "Moses [under God] so restricted slavery, as to destroy it; instead of cutting down the poison tree he girdled it, and left it to die itself."

Far different was slavery among the Greeks and Romans. They regarded the bondman not as a subject human being, for whom they were responsible, but as a mere instrument for their use or sport. The master might kill, mutilate, or torture his slave, and force him to any moral degradation. He might leave him to perish of sickness or want. Slaves worked in chains; and any attempt to obtain freedom was punished by crucifixion, maiming, or branding; which, however, were often inflicted for no reason but the will of the master. Still, slaves were frequently set free. If clever, they were often well instructed, as a means of enhancing their value and usefulness, and as Gibbon says, "Almost every profession, either liberal or mechanical, might be found in the household of an opulent senator." Æsop, the fabulist, was a slave in Greece; and Epictetus, the great and good philosopher, was a slave in Rome, where he won the friendship of emperors.

But any system which gave one human being absolute right over the life and fortune of another was radically contrary to the eternal laws of God. Christianity threw a new light on the relations of men, and slavery gradually merged into the serfdom of the middle ages, with its rights and privileges gradually widening to the freedom of the present day. For a long time prisoners of war were sold as slaves, but the spirit of Christ was at work, and men offered their own bodies to redeem their fellow-creatures from captivity. Such stories are often found in the pages of early Church history; and we know that Eloy, a Frankish bishop, the friend of King Clotaire I., devoted much of his wealth to the ransom of slaves. The Church was zealous in the cause of freedom; some of the Irish clergy were even accused of inciting slaves to run away, and were always ready to welcome to their own rank slaves who were fitted for it. While mercy thus ameliorated slavery, it presently banished it.

But it retired to dark corners, where for long ages it seemed that mercy would never come.

Poor Africa was the last victim. For hundreds of years, amid tears and agonies unrecorded by any history, Arabs carried off negroes from Guinea. In 1500 the Portuguese began to import slaves from Africa to South America. Then other Continental nations took up the same policy; and Sir John Hawkins led England herself into the infamous traffic in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

From the first there existed a public opinion hostile to it. The Society of Friends, or, as they are popularly called, Quakers, set themselves firmly against it, and brought such powerful influence to work, that without any law or penalty, they eradicated it from among themselves in less than twenty years. It must be remembered that our Colonies were the headquarters of slavery, and that many of our chief colonists were Quakers, driven into exile by religious persecution.

Conspicuous among these Quaker philanthropists stands John Woolman of New Jersey. A peaceable man, "studying to be quiet," this matter became "his own business" by his being asked to write a will bequeathing negroes as property. He relates, "As writing was a profitable employ, and as offending sober people was disagreeable to my inclination, I was straitened in my mind; but as I looked to the Lord, He inclined my heart to His testimony, and I told the man that I believed the practice of continuing slavery to this people was not right, and that I had a scruple in my mind against doing writings of that kind. . . In this case I had a fresh confirmation that acting contrary to present outward interest, from a motive of Divine love, and in regard to truth and righteousness, opens the way to a treasure better than silver, and to a friendship exceeding the friendship of men." His little sacrifice had its fitting reward in an increased sensitiveness to the existing evil. He could no longer bear to travel about, preaching, a welcome guest in slave-holders' houses.

Wherever he went he began to bear his testimony to the sin of slavery. For thirteen years he walked from house to house among his brethren, "his spirit covered with sorrow and heaviness on account of friends living in fatness on the labours of poor oppressed negroes." In 1773 he died, and in the following year the Quaker community disowned any member engaged in the slave-trade; and two years afterwards, by disowning any member who refused to emancipate the slaves he already possessed, they entirely purged the stain from themselves.

In 1765 a poor negro named Jonathan Strong lay sick in London. He was attended by Mr. William Sharp (grandson of Archbishop Sharp), whose kindness impressed him as that of a friend of the friendless. When his health was restored, and he was claimed by his master, he sent to Mr. Sharp to seek his help. The doctor's brother, Granville Sharp, took up his cause.

The first scene was at the Mansion House, where, in the presence of the Lord Mayor, Mr. Sharp and the negro confronted a certain ship captain, whose business it was to convey Jonathan from England to Jamaica, to a planter there, to whom his master had sold him.

The Lord Mayor, according to subsequent legal judgments and to the final verdict of posterity, had very little law, and very good sense and feeling, for he decided that "the lad had not stolen anything, was not guilty of any offence, and was therefore at liberty to go away." The ship captain forcibly seized Jonathan, whereupon Mr. Sharp charged him with an assault, and the negro and his friend went away together.

But the law was on the side of the master, and proceedings were presently instituted against Mr. Sharp. He consulted the best and most sympathetic legal advisers, but they could only tell him that, by all precedent, a slave coming from the West Indies to Great Britain did not become free, and that it would be useless for them to attempt his defence. Granville Sharp gave all his energies to the subject. He investigated English laws, and those of other nations, and he compiled a pamphlet "On the injustice and dangerous tendency of tolerating slavery, or even of admitting the least claim to private property in the persons of men in England." This, in manuscript, was handed about among the legal profession for two years, and produced such an effect, that the lawyers on the other side were intimidated, and the slaveholder himself was fined for not proceeding with his action. And in the year 1772 Granville Sharp obtained a decision from the English judges that "a slave as soon as he sets his foot upon English ground becomes free."

In 1787 was held the first meeting of the Society for the abolition of the slave trade. Granville Sharp was at its head, and Thomas Clarkson was among its most earnest supporters. He had been educated for the Church, but a prize essay having directed his attention to the crying wrong of slavery, he relinquished his chances of preferment that he might the more freely advocate its abolition. He set himself to hunt out evidence of its cruelties and horrors, risking his life on stormy seas, and visiting among low taverns and brutal slave-traders. It was he who furnished the chief part of the mass of facts which William Wilberforce put before the House of Commons in 1789.

It was up-hill work with the Abolitionists, though they were supported by such men as Edmund Burke and the Prime Ministers Fox and Pitt. Of Pitt, Mr. Clarkson said that he was "steady in the anti-slavery cause from the beginning;" while of Charles Fox he relates that "even when removed by pain and sickness from the discussion of political subjects, he never forgot the anti-slavery cause." On his death-bed Fox said, "Two things I wish earnestly to see accomplished, peace with Europe, and the abolition of the slave trade. But of the two, I wish the latter." The great statesman died in 1806. On the 25th March, 1807, the first step in the work of abolition was made by Lord Granville's ministry decreeing that no slave should be landed in the British colonies after 1st March, 1808.

Still, the good work was not complete. It had only commenced. During their agitation against the slave trade, the Abolitionists had kept out of view the subject of the emancipation of slaves already in the British dominions. But as soon as the slave trade was thus declared illegal, they formed a new association, called the "African Institution," and afterwards the Anti-Slavery Society. Clarkson continued his labours; local societies were formed everywhere; thousands of people marked their sense of the iniquity of the system by discontinuing the use of sugar, that being the staple produce of the slave-holding communities. Despite many Parliamentary petitions and motions, little more was done till 1833, when an Act was passed, decreeing that slavery should cease in all British dominions after the following year, though the slaves were to continue with their owners as "apprenticed labourers" for terms varying from four to six years. A sum of £20,000,000 was raised, and distributed as compensation to the slave-owners. The term of apprenticeship was subsequently shortened; and by 1838 there was not a slave left in any corner of British dominions, except Mauritius, which soon followed the example of the other colonies. Eight hundred thousand slaves became free men.

As Fox and Pitt had died just before the abolition of the slave trade, so it came to pass that William Wilberforce was called in the very year when the suppression of slavery itself was decreed. When he was dying he said, "Thank God that I should have lived to witness the day when England is willing to give twenty millions sterling for the abolition of slavery!"

All the European States also abolished the slave-trade, Portugal alone maintaining it within certain geographical limits.

But, unfortunately, the War of American Independence had resulted in severing the United States from Britain before the days of emancipation; and so, though the mother-country thus put from her the curse of slavery, and all its horrors, it remained with the daughter-nation. American-born writers have maintained that no ancient system of slavery could exceed the rigour and cruelty seen among themselves. The giant was fighting fiercely for his last stronghold. In the Northern States there were many men who leaned towards abolition, and some who worked steadily for it; and this led the Southern or Slave States to all sorts of political intrigue and violence, in order to retain the legislative power. When new

States were added to the Union there was generally a fierce contest as to whether they should be free or slave-holding; and, owing to the vacillation of Northern statesmen, the slave party generally gained the day.

In 1849 a young Quaker named Richard Dillingham was thrown into prison for helping certain slaves to rejoin other members of their family who had previously escaped. He was sentenced to imprisonment for three years, but the hand of God set him free when only one had elapsed. Cholera appeared in the prison, and the young Quaker was at once the devoted nurse and the unwearied consoler, till, over-worn by his works of mercy, he escaped to the land of Rest and Freedom.

> "Thine was the seed-time: God alone
> Beholds the end of what is sown;
> Beyond our vision, weak and dim,
> The harvest time is hid with Him."

In the year 1800, in the State of Connecticut, in the house of a poor farmer descended from the Pilgrim Fathers, a child was born called John Brown. He relates of himself that he always liked "the roughest and hardest play;" that at twelve years of age he was often trusted miles from home in charge of companies of cattle, and that he "should have thought his character much injured had he required help." When he was quite a boy his attention was directed by a slight circumstance to the unjust position of slaves. He visited a family where there was a slave lad who showed himself very friendly to John. And John noticed that while he was praised and petted for any little excellence, this poor black boy, whom he felt to be quite his equal, was scolded, badly clothed and fed, and often cruelly beaten. He says he began to ask himself, "Is not God the father of the African also?"

About the year 1839 he gave himself wholly to the work of emancipation. From that period he engaged in no commercial enterprise which could not, on short notice, be easily and honourably wound up. While the contest between the slave party and the abolitionists was waging over the State of Kansas, John Brown's eldest sons settled there, and suffered cruelly from the brutalities of the "border ruffians," as the hirelings of the slave party were called. Even the lives of their wives were in danger. Whenever the two parties were in open combat, the contrast between the two camps was remarkable. In the one murder, rapine, and drunkenness reigned supreme; while in the other, John Brown, who had himself taken its lead, permitted no profane language or immoral practice, had daily prayers, and asked God's blessing on every meal. Six sons were with him in this struggle. Two were taken prisoners, and treated so cruelly that they never perfectly recovered; another was treacherously murdered.

John Brown went north, to plead the cause of freedom in Kansas. His visit disappointed him. He found most people content with sentiment, while he wanted action; and the peace principles of the slaves' true friends, the Quakers, held them aloof from any plans which savoured of force. From this time he turned his attention to a scheme for making a place called Harper's Ferry, in Virginia, the starting-point for a great emancipation of slaves; but, among all his wider plans, he lost no opportunity of helping individual fugitives who crossed his path.

Aided by his own sons, and some twenty or thirty others—"men of principle," as his daughter afterwards described them—he seized the arsenal of Harper's Ferry, and made its chief inhabitants prisoners, intending to hold each as hostage for the freedom of a negro man. His leniency in separating these prisoners from their families caused delay, which ruined his plan. Troops came up, and surrounded his little party; both his sons were killed, and others of his men were put to death with circumstances of appalling ferocity. He and the rest were taken prisoners.

He lay in prison from the middle of October till December, 1859. He never swerved from the boldest avowal of his principles. On the 2nd of December he was led out and hanged. As he went to the scaffold he stopped, and kissed a negro child. Its mother blessed him; he needed no better benediction. One of his gaolers said to him, "You are more cheerful than I am." "Yes," said he, "I ought to be." "You are a game man," replied the gaoler. "Yes," he answered, "I was so trained up: it was one of the lessons of my mother." Thus he died. He left a Bible to each of his children and grandchildren as his parting gift; and he comforted them, saying, "Our seeming disaster will ultimately result in the most glorious success," and exhorting them "to be faithful unto death: from the exercise of habitual love to man, it cannot be very hard to love his Maker."

In the following year, 1860, for the first time in American history, a President of strong abolitionist views was elected. That was Abraham Lincoln. As a consequence of this, the slave States seceded from the Union, and the great American war broke out. On the 18th of December, 1862, the total abolition of slavery in the United States was officially announced. But the war went on with varying fortunes till April, 1864, when the South was finally vanquished by the surrender of its last army to General Grant. A few days after, in the very hour of his triumph, President Lincoln was assassinated in a theatre at Washington—an incident which has made the figure of the quaint, humorous, and kindly Yankee one of

the most tragic in modern history. Thus fell the last martyr of American slavery.

The negroes were not admitted to perfectly equal rights with the whites until 1870. Since then the work of progress among them has gone hopefully forward. There are many flourishing schools and institutes for their education, and they have shown themselves capable of receiving it, and also of much industry and enterprise. For their aid and encouragement the Freedmen's Missions were organised in 1872, one of its objects being to train emancipated slaves as missionaries to their brethren in Africa.

We must not fancy that the work of the Anti-Slavery Society is now complete. Christian nations have abolished slavery, but it still exists among Mahomedans, and miserable Africans are still kidnapped for their use. And even among Christian nations the old evil is likely to crop up, slightly modified, and under a new name. The hiring of so-called "free labour" from people who do not understand a word of their hirer's language needs to be carefully watched. Great cruelties have been practised in enticing or coercing South Sea Islanders for labour in Australia or Fiji, and our missionaries, like the good Bishop Patteson, go in danger of their lives through the treachery and ferocity of other white men.

The spirit of a great evil, like slavery, which has cursed mankind from the beginning of history, can be only entirely eradicated by the men of each generation doing their part, as circumstances arise, "to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

THE WHITE ROSE OF WHITELAKE.

BY ANNE BEALE, AUTHOR OF "THE PENNANT FAMILY."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AFTER THE FIRE.

WHAT is excitement? Nervous energy, says one; mental strain, another; a rousing, a stirring up, a calling into action, the dictionary. The inmates of Llynhafod exemplified all these explanations, but none so fully as Egain. Excitement had, literally, roused her into action. Not only did she maintain the post vacated by Rose until the necessity of so doing ceased; but she afterwards superintended the re-making of the beds, when Major Faithfull declared actual danger to be over. To her the fire was blessed, for it gave, as sudden panics have been known to do in similar cases, the impulse needed to complete her restoration from nervous depression to nervous exaltation. We know as little about the nerves as we do about many other hidden powers, but this we do know, that the joint mental and physical force called by that name, exists in every human being. If it roused Egain, however, on this occasion, it disabled Mr. Mervyn, who was the least capable of further exertion of the household, when, on the following day, they had to look matters in the face.

It was not so much the loss of his property that tried him—though that was almost sufficient to ruin a man with no capital to replace it—as the fact that his friends and neighbours had turned against him. He now no longer knew who was his friend or who his enemy; and being conscious that he had willingly injured no man but himself, he was aggrieved that any one, save himself, should do him an ill turn. Naturally an unsuspicious man, he suddenly became suspicious; and his wife and children saw, with pain, that he had aged more in that one night of terror than in all his previous years. Still, as the vicar and every one about him told him, it might have been so much worse, that he ought to be thankful for deliverance from total ruin, or even from some more awful calamity. But it is no good to preach to an overturned mind, and this Mrs. Mervyn had the sense to perceive.

"I suppose Mr. Wynne is the greatest sufferer after all; and he is so nervous that he will expect the next incendiary at Manorsant," she said, quietly.

"At any rate he will have to rebuild the old barns that would never have been burnt at all if he had done it when I first took the lease," replied Mervyn, consoled at the remembrance that he was not the only loser. "If Philipps Wynne hadn't blustered like an angry bull, and made a parade of us specials, and if Llewellen hadn't been tom-fool enough to want a red coat, and if ——"

"I think, dear father, we should have been burnt out of house and home but for Llewellen and the red-coats," Rose took courage to remark.

She did not attempt to go to Manorsant that day; indeed, she would scarcely have found strength for the walk.

"As it is, we must leave the place, for I don't see how we are to get through even the winter here," grumbled Mervyn. "No fodder, either for ourselves or the cattle, and no money to buy it. I hope the rascals will be brought to justice. I wish Philipps Wynne would come and see after it. He has pluck if he has nothing else."

Not only did Philipps Wynne arrive, but the old squire also; and perhaps this effort on the part of

the latter did Mervyn more good than anything else. Mr. Wynne found him seated despondent over his dining-room fire, his wife discreetly trying to reassure him; and when he was duly ensconced opposite him, and began to rub his hands nervously over the fire, and to speak in a tone but slightly above a whisper, Mervyn felt almost ready for a joke.

"We must be determined in one thing, Mr. Wynne. The out-houses must be rebuilt, even if we have nothing to put in them. I am a ruined man, but another tenant may be better off, and will want better appliances."

"My dear Mervyn—my good friend—pray do not speak so despondently. I promise to rebuild when—when it is safe; but I dare-say Philipps will see to that; and if a few hundred will be of service as a loan, or in any way you like, pray make me your banker. We could not see another put in your place. Besides, your charming daughter is a necessity to us now. The children cannot do without her, and I hope you will kindly consent to her being with us entirely during the winter months. Indeed, with Rebecca, and so forth, her walks are not safe—she would more than repay any little advance ——"

The squire's long speech was interrupted by the entrance of his son and Rose, who had been together surveying the dilapidated out-buildings.

"I must ask you to come out, Mr. Mervyn," said Philipps Wynne. "We can do nothing without you. Father, I wish you would come too. We really must consult about this atrocious outrage. I believe your men know more about it than they choose to tell, Mervyn?"

"I dare say they do. I believe everybody knows all about it if they were honest enough to confess."

Mr. Wynne was prevailed upon by his son to accompany him and Mervyn to the scene of the fire. The ladies went also. It was, indeed, a dreary prospect. Where, only the previous day, labourers had been cheerfully at work, nothing but roofless walls, burnt posts and rafters, and pools of dirty water, were to be seen. Against the wash-house stood the ladder on which Llewellen had placed himself; and inside that building, happily saved, the blankets and coverlets that Major Faithfull had employed were under process of revival—if, indeed, they were not too far gone to be revived.

Under the generalship of Philipps Wynne, the party examined all the premises, and they had rather an extensive following; for little groups of men, women, and children, who were standing about, loitered after them at a respectful distance to hear what they had to say. Certainly, if they belonged to Rebecca, they, like listeners in general, heard no good of themselves; for Philipps Wynne gave out his opinions with stentorian force, and Mervyn, thus encouraged, enunciated his with tolerable animation.

"It shall not be my fault if the perpetrators of this outrage don't swing for it; or, at any rate, are transported for life," exclaimed the one.

"They richly deserve it," said the other, glancing angrily round.

"Not so loud, Philipps, I entreat; be calm. You will only irritate if it comes to their ears," whispered old Mr. Wynne.

The result of the inspection was, however, satisfactory to Mervyn, for Philipps Wynne promised that workmen should come at once to repair the damage, if he sent for them to Timbuctoo.

"How funny! I wish you would!" exclaimed Edwyna, who had suddenly joined them with her lost Kitty in her apron. "Then we should see the difference between the real blackamoors and Rebecca, who is only painted. I picked up a mask last night when I was hunting up the poultry, and that is black ornamented with red."

"Where is it? What did you do with it?" asked Philipps Wynne, eagerly.

"I know. I hid it," replied Edwyna, running off to the orchard, and soon returning with a black mask.

"Pray let us go back to the house," said Mr. Wynne, almost as much terrified at sight of the mask as he would have been at the actual Rebecca.

But Philipps secured it, in the full intention of hunting out the shop where it was purchased, and thereby discovering its owner.

"Suppose it was bought at Timbuctoo?" suggested dauntless Edwyna.

"Then we will go there for our search," responded Philipps Wynne.

"Silly Shanno was the first to arouse us. Perhaps she knows who did it," suggested Rose.

Philipps Wynne seized the idea; and they all went along the lake to Castell Llyn. While so doing they passed beneath Penllyn, and Rose pointed out some figures visible on its summit. Although not an extraordinary circumstance, it appeared so at that moment, and Philipps Wynne resolved to apprise Major Faithfull of it. As the country people had not dared to follow them to the lake, they were able to speak unreservedly. The visit to Silly Shanno had been anticipated. When they reached her castellated abode they heard voices within. She was evidently engaged with some person or persons, who had been before them; and the probability was that they were followers of Rebecca, who had come to discover how much she knew.

"I think Rose had better go in alone," suggested Mrs. Mervyn. "Every one knows that she is a constant visitor, and will not suspect her. We can stand aside until she sees who is there."

"My dear young lady—I entreat you ——" began the elder Mr. Wynne, as Rose knocked at the door; but Philipps Wynne drew his father away, and all but she retired behind the nearest buttress.

Rose did not await permission, but entered the strange room, as she was accustomed to do, unexpectedly. She was as much surprised as delighted at finding that Shanno's guests were Major Faithfull and Llewellen. The latter had suggested that the mad woman might know more about the origin of

the fire than, in her terror, she had discovered, and they had come by a long circuit to Castell Llyn, in order to sound her. They had made nothing of her as yet. The greeting of the Major and Rose was strangely grave. He remembered but too well the words he had spoken, and he heartily wished them unsaid. An exciting event will sometimes force from a man the expression of a feeling, whether permanent or transitory, that in a calm moment he would have restrained. Major Faithfull knew this; and poor Rose missed the warm pressure of the hand that had led her through the house only a few hours before, and that still seemed to thrill through her sensitive fingers. But she gave no sign of missing it. She received and returned her brother's warm kiss, then stood by his side at a distance from Major Faithfull, and said, with her usual graceful dignity, "My father and mother, and the Mr. Wynnes, are outside. We shall now have an opportunity of thanking you for all your kindness."

She fancied that her words were as cold as his touch, but they were not. As he looked at her, and caught the deep glance of her expressive eyes, he knew that he had never before heard from female lips a sentence that had produced such an effect on him as her short one. The delicate reserve that prevented an allusion, however slight, to what had passed before, and the unaffected modesty of that little plural pronoun, *we*, touched him more than the most effusive gratitude would have done. Who shall say how and when the chords of love are strengthened? He replied also in the plural.

"We were all most thankful to be of help, Miss Mervyn. But for this poor woman you might, perhaps, have discovered the mischief too late."

At this moment Shanno's parrot perched on Rose's shoulder, with his usual cry of "Rose, kiss pretty Polly!" and the awkward restraint was at an end. Who shall say how much the Major envied the rude, wild bird, as the sweet young girl turned her head towards it, and offered her lips fearlessly to its bill, harmless for her. Silly Shanno began to dance with delight; and Llewellen went out to call in the expectant friends from their hiding-place. Major Faithfull could no longer resist the temptation to approach Rose, and with the words, "Take care, White Rose, take care!" on his lips, made her heart beat once more by striving to stroke the green and shining plumage of the parrot.

But Polly snapped at him; and, Rose, in turn, said, in some alarm, "Take care, Major Faithfull! take care!"

And so, with Polly between them, and Silly Shanno dancing round them, they were found by the party that came in.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE HANDKERCHIEF MARKED "A. J."

Both Silly Shanno and her parrot were scared at the appearance of so grand and numerous a company. The one ceased dancing, and retired, finger on lips, into one corner of her quaint abode; the other flew, screaming lustily, to her cage in another. Thus, the major and Rose were left standing alone in the middle of the room. Of course, all who entered remarked it, especially Mrs. Mervyn.

"So, good Shanno, you found out the fire. Tell us who lighted it and I 'll give you a shilling," began Philipps Wynne, going towards the poor soul with the coin on his palm.

Silly Shanno was 'cute enough to seize it at unawares, and there was an involuntary laugh at Philipps Wynne's expense. She joined in it, and so did Polly, and the cachinnation was not melodious. But never a word could the resolute justice of the peace get out of her. She had secured his shilling, and was satisfied.

"You are more rogue than fool, aren't you, Shanno?" said Mervyn, which she took for a compliment, and nodded a pleased assent. "Better let Llewellen and Rose manage her. They know her best," he added, aside.

"She will do most of all for me, father," cried Edwyna; and the three young people surrounded the cautiously obstinate, yet wholly crazed, creature, while Philipps retired into the shade, and the rest remained at a distance.

"What a fine handkerchief you have round your neck, Shanno!" said Llewellen, pointing to a many-coloured silk pocket-handkerchief that must have belonged to a man of some sort of position. "Where did you get it?"

She took it off, and displayed it with some pride, while Llewellen glanced at some initials in the corner.

"A. J.," he exclaimed. "Why, that stands for Alfred Johnnes!"

"Probably Mrs. Johnnes gave it to her," suggested Rose.

"The old lady is not so generous," laughed Edwyna. "Why, this is one of Mr. Alfred's very best church-going handkerchiefs. I have seen them often hanging elegantly out of his pocket."

"When you ought to have been better engaged," said her mother, severely.

"Where did you get this, Shanno? I am afraid you stole it," said Llewellen, gravely, who knew best the moods of the mad woman, and had most influence with her.

"I—I found it in the fire, when I saw the flames—there by the lake—last night," she cried, cowering beneath the young man's eyes, and speaking with more apparent memory than usual.

"Last night, when you saved us all from being burnt, dear Shanno," said Rose, laying her hand caressingly on her shoulder, "try to remember if you saw any one about the lake, or Llynhafod, before the fire began."

She pressed her hand on her brow; then, springing up like an acrobat, broke through her young friends, and danced out of her house, screaming out ex-

citedly—"Out here, Peters, Glynglâs, Johnnes, Glynglâs, Jim, Llynhafod. There they were—talk, talk, talk, all about Penllyn. Up above, to-night, to-morrow—light up the beacon, frighten the squire, burn the gates. I pick Johnnes, Glynglâs', pocket. There she is, Llewellen *bach;* Silly Shanno do it no more."

She waved the handkerchief towards Llewellen, who had followed her quickly, and had heard what she said, so also had his sisters. Falling on her knees, with a supplicating though theatrical air, she presented the handerkerchief to Llewellen, then rising as suddenly, cried, with a cunning look out of her wild eyes, "Now give Silly Shanno a shilling."

"Not when Silly Shanno steals," replied Llewellen, upon which she threw back her scarlet cloak, and glanced at the party just emerging from her dwelling, of whom Philipps Wynne was first.

"Save Silly Shanno. Don't let him put me in gaol!" she cried, in sudden terror, pointing her finger at him. "White Rose, don't let them shut me up in an asylum!"

"No, no; we will take care of you. No one shall shut you up," cried the brother and sister simultaneously, upon which she burst into a loud laugh, held up the shilling to Philipps Wynne, and instantly disappeared down her favourite path into the wood.

A general consultation ensued. The three names she had mentioned affected the party variously. They knew not whether she were sane enough to be credited, but there at least was the handkerchief, with the initials "A. J.," come by it how she might.

"She has always a spite against Jim," said loyal Edwyna.

"Peters, Glynglâs, is a sly fellow; and I've no opinion of Johnnes," said Philipps Wynne.

"I don't believe he would set fire to my house," said Mervyn, glancing at Rose, who was thinking of the threat of Rebecca.

Llewellen meanwhile was talking aside to Major Faithfull, and both were looking up at the top of Penllyn, where two figures were visible. As to poor Mr. Wynne, he was literally shaking in his shoes, and entreating Mrs. Mervyn "to be so very kind as to return to the house with him." She was glad of the excuse to withdraw Rose from what she considered dangerous quarters, so beckoning to her and Edwyna, one quartette went towards Lynhafod, the other remained behind.

That night the wearied and disheartened family of the Lake Farm retired early. Men were placed about the house to watch in case of further outrage, and one of the voluntary sentinels was the corporal, who said that an honest man with one leg was better than a dishonest man with two. Letty had been there all day, having remained, after the fire was over, to see Egain, and to be of what service she might. She had found work enough at the wash-tub, where the grimy blankets had called forth many a reproachful epithet. Thus, the trio from the dismantled gate-house passed the night in and about the dilapidated farmstead. Egain was thankful for the presence of her mother, for she had in some sort collapsed when the strain of excitement slackened, and she was, naturally, less an object of attention than before, when all were occupied with the fire, its cause and effects.

All the inmates of Llynhafod were at rest, if not asleep, when suddenly the huge beacon-fire flamed up heavenward from the top of Penllyn. It had been the general opinion that there would be no further demonstration in that neighbourhood for some time to come, and in all probability Rebecca knew this through her emissaries, who were everywhere. She was, however, taken by her own craftiness—outmanœuvred, in short, so far as preparation was concerned.

This was in part due to Llewellen, who had followed with the keen scent of a born soldier the progress of the insurrection and the tactics of the insurgents. Knowing his countrymen well, he had understood sundry hints that he had heard from time to time drop amongst them, and now turned them to account. He had been cautiously reconnoitering about Penllyn ever since nightfall, and had guided Major Faithfull and his troops, together with a small detachment of infantry, up the mountain by a road which he wisely considered too well-known for Rebecca's purposes, until they reached a sort of plateau which lay beneath the old encampment, and whence they could charge Rebecca if she appeared. They had previously made a feint of going elsewhere, so as to mystify her as she mystified them.

The upshot of all these counter-manœuvres was that the military, both cavalry and infantry, were prepared in case the rebels should assemble on Penllyn. The fosse that surrounded the summit of the hill proved a fine hiding-place for the infantry, while the cavalry were concealed behind the earthworks of their warlike ancestors of the times of Caractacus and Boadicea. Llewellen wished he had been living in their days to have defended his country from invading Romans, rather than in his own day to aid in suppressing an agrarian disturbance of his country-people. But he thought, "There's a good time coming," by which he meant that he would yet be engaged in the horrors of war. He had yet to learn that peace was infinitely more glorious.

Suddenly a little flame sprung from the top of the great pile of stones on which the bonfire was always placed. No one had seen the approach of the person or persons who had lighted it, any more than of those who had laid the combustibles. There were no electrical contrivances in those days for lighting as by magic, so people must have been in hiding somewhere for several hours. They could not be, however, aware of the proximity of their natural enemies. The whole bonfire was soon alight, and turned night into day round the top of the mountain, so that Major Faithfull and Llewellen, from their shadowy place of concealment, could see all that passed be-

"She presented the handkerchief to Llewellen."—*p.* 264.

neath its flames. The Rebeccaites arrived by twos and threes, attired in their usual female habiliments, and armed with various implements. A large number assembled before Major Faithfull gave sign of attack. As Llewellen imagined, they all came from the side of the mountain opposite that which he had chosen. The leader was not amongst the earliest to appear, and they seemed to be awaiting him in groups beneath the bonfire, and to be talking anxiously, and even disputing among themselves.

"They are tired of it," whispered Llewellen, as he and the Major watched the blackened faces and grotesque figures, which the flames rendered almost demoniacal.

At last the white figure on the white horse rode slowly and cautiously into the midst of them, and "Charge!" cried Major Faithfull. In a moment the soldiers were upon them.

Major Faithfull encountered Rebecca, and cried to her to surrender. But the chief had too much daring for this. He suddenly drew out a pistol, and would doubtless have fired had not the Major closed, and, by superior power and skill, unhorsed his strange adversary, having, he believed, first wounded him. As he fell, his followers closed round him; and before either Major Faithfull or Llewellen, who was near him, could take him prisoner, he had disappeared, they knew not where.

"This is really annoying!" cried the perplexed and angry officer, reining in his own steed, as the riderless white horse galloped off in terror, and tore down the mountain.

As he spoke a storm of huge stones rained down upon the soldiers, and scythes, picks, and flails flashed here and there. The encounter was short, for the military weapons and superior skill soon overpowered the Rebeccaites, who, seeing resistance useless, and having in some wonderful way covered their leader's escape, either took to their heels, and followed the white horse down the mountain, leaving their robes and warlike instruments behind them; or, like him, disappeared altogether, none knew where. A few unfortunate stragglers, encumbered by their petticoats, were taken prisoners; but most managed to escape, thanks to their superior knowledge of the locality. Llewellen's attention was fixed on their leader, who must be, he felt sure, secreted somewhere. He knew that his followers were deluded peasantry, and was not anxious for their capture. Still, he did his duty in aiding it, though he felt a secret satisfaction that he had not, individually, made any prisoners.

It had been a wild, rapid scene—an episode in a drama rather than a battle, for there had been little or no fighting, Major Faithfull's object having been to spare life, and to carry off Rebecca. But, after all, he and his men were almost powerless. They looked picturesque enough beneath the huge bonfire, and were able, by its light, to see its immediate surroundings; but once the rebels succeeded in getting beyond the glare it cast they were tolerably safe. Their escape was aided by a sudden fall of rain, which discomfited the soldiers and helped to extinguish the bonfire. It effected even more than this, for the accompanying darkness prevented Llewellen's searching the caves and rabbit warrens for Rebecca, who, he felt assured, must be still upon the mountain, if not wounded, at least injured by her sudden overthrow. *(To be continued.)*

OUR LORD'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

BY THE REV. HENRY ALLON, D.D.

II.—PRINCIPLES AND INFLUENCES (2).

MORE momentous or wide-reaching lesson than the one mentioned in our former paper* our Lord could not possibly have taught. Let me entreat you to ponder it. It is easier to speak about personal experiences and personal duties than about the general spirit of a man—these we realise more vividly, they seem to come nearer to us. But states of heart lie at the root of all separate duties and experiences; out of the heart every individual thing proceeds. It is not so easy nor so interesting to speak about general characteristics, to generalise experience into principles. And yet the Great Teacher always does this: He says very little about individual experiences, but a great deal about root principles; He speaks not so much of the stream as of the fountain, and insists upon its being pure; not so much about the circumstances as upon the moving power of the man.

Try, then, to estimate the supreme qualification of a single eye, a pure sympathetic condition of spiritual feeling, as necessary to a right perception of every truth that God teaches in His word, of everything that may guide and help us in daily life.

Take as an illustration the experiences of common life. Things are not always the same to us, they do not always produce upon us the same impression. Our impressions differ with our different moods of feeling: sometimes we are impressed deeply with the brevity and vanity of life, of the greatness and importance of spiritual things, of the folly of sin, of the blessedness of holiness: at other times our impressions of these things are far less distinct; we admit their truth, but have no very deep feeling about them.

* See page 245.

And yet the things themselves are always the same, it is we who are different. So spiritual things vary in their aspect; our perception of their meaning, our sense of their importance, differ according to the moods of our spiritual life. This teaching of our Lord, therefore, is just another form of the great principle so often insisted upon, that "spiritual things are spiritually discerned." We "see God" through purity of heart, we "know of the doctrine" through our obedient disposition. The man in sympathy with truth recognises Christ's words of truth. Only a man with a heart pure and true, that no evil passion distempers, that no prejudice makes insincere, who is ingenuous in his desire to know truth, and resolute in his determination always and at every cost to follow truth, will see it. As is the heart of a man towards God such will be his understanding of God's truth.

And this holds good of everything that enters into the practical life of a man, not only great fundamental things, but all minor things. A man whose heart is full of reverence, docility, sympathy, love, will eagerly receive all religious truth, and by the simplicity, earnestness, and beauty of his practical embodiment of it, will adorn it. A hard, scornful man, even a captious, cold, unsympathetic man, may be a spiritual man, but his perception of truth will be limited, and his religious character rugged, austere, meagre, and repulsive. He receives the truth, but not in the love of it. He finds, therefore, comparatively little in it. Every degree of imperfect sympathy hinders in its proportion the entering and the fructifying of truth, just as a hard, ungenial soil repels rain and sunshine. We see things with the eye of the soul, and if the mists and damps of unspiritual feeling be about it we see them gauntly, dimly, and coldly.

The fundamental condition of profiting religiously by what we read or hear is religious sympathy. If we really desire the knowledge of God—"the sincere milk of the Word"—that we may grow thereby, we shall receive it like "babes," eagerly seek it until we find it, and receive it as satisfying our spiritual craving. "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." No man ever yet honestly sought the light of God and remained in darkness. With the teaching of God in our hand, and a prayer for the religious quickening of God's spirit in our heart, we shall assuredly discover all that it is practically important for us to know.

The knowledge of theological science is one thing, the religious knowledge which practically guides the life is another thing—the way in which sin may be forgiven and holiness attained, and everlasting life secured. In this sense God will not permit us to err. He is "the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." If any man fails thus to find Him, it is because he does not honestly and diligently seek Him; his seeking does not strengthen into striving; he does not give himself with sincere and single determination to find God; his purpose is a feeble wish or a vacillating endeavour easily set aside, and practically ineffective. He does not urge the prayer, "Unite my heart to fear Thy name."

In order to the earnest seeking of spiritual things a man must be possessed by the feeling of their transcendent importance. As men ordinarily judge, it is this world which is to be sought first—"the kingdom of God and His righteousness" may safely be deferred. Time fills the foreground, eternity recedes into the distance. Time fills the vision, engages the heart, and controls the energies. This is the great folly, from a religious point of view, of the secular man, who treasures treasure upon earth. He judges the relative importance of things wrongly, acts upon perverted estimates, thinks that of great magnitude which is only paltry, thinks that of chief value which is very subordinate, evil becomes his good, the light that is in him is darkness. Things are inverted and distorted by his disordered vision. The only possibility of giving him right vision is to rectify his organ of vision, to purify his moral feelings, so that out of a pure heart, a heart in sympathy with God and holiness, he may judge all things. Where men have such sympathies they instinctively repel every evil thing, and instinctively welcome every good thing. False lights are seen to be such; the true light of God is identified by the God-like soul, as the light of the sun is identified by the sun-like eye.

A right estimate of the chief good makes everything else right. Fill the soul with true light, and everything stands revealed in it. Centre our being rightly, and everything within its circumference falls into right relations to it; one right principle rectifies a thousand errors. You get a standard by which all things may be measured, a test by which all things may be determined.

When the eye is not single—when it is diverted or double, "evil," as our Lord calls it—it can determine nothing precisely; it is divaricated, undecided, and, as a consequence, the man "halts between two opinions," hesitates between God and mammon, and, in a confused way, fancies that he can serve both, whereas he serves neither fully.

He wildly tries to go in two different directions at the same time: he aims at both, and grasps neither. Perhaps he oscillates from the one to the other—sometimes throbbing with religious fervour, sometimes shivering with cold worldliness.

But the single eye has made its choice, formed its judgment, taken sides, put things into proper relations—the "kingdom of God and His

righteousness first," other things subordinately—the spiritual eye is achromatic.

As the result the whole body is full of light. Degrees of light and qualities of light may differ in different individuals, that depends upon the qualities of the organ of vision and upon the medium through which the light passes. But in all spiritual men it is light, not darkness.

Take now two or three illustrations.

1. It is true of the conscience, which is the eye of moral virtue. If a man be foolish, and darken his conscience, so as to mistake evil for good, bitter for sweet, he fills his entire moral nature with darkness, puts out the only light that guides him, puts out the "candle of the Lord." And when conscience is blinded, depraved, seared, what is there to hinder his adding iniquity to iniquity.

2. It is true of the theological understanding. If by prejudice, or passion, or hatred of good, a man have disqualified himself from forming cor rect judgment of divine things, how helplessly is he given over to error. Nothing can keep the understanding right but the controlling power of an honest heart. Let the heart get warped, or lose its dominant rectitude, and the understanding is left like a ship without a rudder.

How much of misbelief or of unbelief originates thus. Not all, for there may be honest stumbling over difficulties; there are are problems that the purest purpose, the most honest effort, cannot solve. But, as a rule, perception in moral things is determined by disposition. Mere honesty is no sufficient excuse for wrong belief. Saul of Tarsus "verily thought within himself that he ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth." The disordered eye is in itself honest enough; it sees as well as it can, but it does not the less see doubly or wrongly. The question turns not upon the honesty of the seeing, but upon the means whereby the organ of seeing came to be disordered. The perception may be indubitable enough, the impression honest, but what have been the moral conditions of the process? Thus Scripture rightly connects unbelief with an evil heart—unbelief, that is, not of metaphysical dogmas, but of religious truth and goodness—unbelief of the holy Christ.

This is a very great encouragement to sincere questioners and doubters. If they desire to know religious right and good, sooner or later they will know it. The eye is single, and the whole body will be full of light; the rising sun will surely dispel the mists that linger upon the earth after its rising. Men *do* know more than they think they do: they know the difference between right feeling and wrong; between shameful moods and noble ones; between a stagnant unspiritual condition of soul, and an active condition, sympathetic with life and light, and truth, and love.

Where sincerity and earnestness are, there may be lingering doubt and misbelief—the light shineth more and more unto the perfect day; but it is light, the heart is not wholly dark, it does not mistake darkness for light. The medium of vision is pure, and, sooner or later, the whole body will be full of light. Whosoever reverences the light of God that he sees, shall find it enlarge and intensify, until the darkness and fog shall be thoroughly purged away, and the atmosphere shall be a translucent medium in which the light shall shine, and the eye shall behold.

3. It is true of the heart in processes of religious decision. The affections of a man turn him as the rudder the ship; and, as he loves or desires, his vision will be: pure and elevated, his vision will be spiritual; low and carnal, his vision will be gross.

Our Lord adduces the instance of the half-worldly, half-spiritual man, who fain would serve God and mammon both. He has light enough to discern the right, but not strength enough to act according to what is right; he glances furtively and yearningly to what is wrong. As the result, the light that he has is gradually darkened. He will not give supreme affection to what is good, gradually therefore evil gains the ascendency. As between God and mammon—good and evil, a right choice and a wrong choice—indifference is impossible. They are essentially antagonistic: not to yield to good is to yield to evil; which is only saying we cannot secure the characteristic good of both heaven and earth. We cannot give ourselves to the service of both, for in serving one we deny the other.

And yet how we strive to render this double service, how near to the worldly side of our spiritual path we try to walk. How perilously we experiment upon the degree of conformity to the world that is compatible with piety. How eagerly we ask how much worldly good, worldly wealth, worldly pleasure, we can lawfully get. How we reduce the apostle's conception of "conformity to the world" to the least possible significance. How we try to blend the darkness with the light into a neutral tint in religion until there is neither heartiness in our worldliness nor sanctity in our religion.

4. It is true of the vision of faith—the faith that realises our life in Christ, our assurance of salvation. How dimly we see Christ, how feebly we grasp Him, how languidly we live in Him; how we stagger at His promises through unbelief; how our unbelief fills with doubts the atmosphere of our life; how confined our recognition of Christ; how uncertain our hold upon Him.

So that were we asked concerning our spiritual condition and hope, we should, at the best, speak hesitatingly and dubiously. Ours would not be the triumphal avowal, the clear ringing shout of faith—"I know whom I have believed!" The needle of the soul is so disturbed by counter attractions that it does not point to Christ steadily;

and, as the result, our religious life lacks confidence, strength, and joy.

5. It is true of the recognitions of practical duty. The man whose eye is not single cannot see duty clearly; the light that comes into his soul shines into mists and fogs of selfishness and passion. Urge him to what may seem to be the very clearest obligation, he is doubtful about it, he "does not quite see it." There are considerations which specially qualify it in his case. He does not feel called upon to make the sacrifice of time or property demanded. "I pray Thee have me excused." He acts selfishly, furtively, meanly. He has the ignoble consciousness of having saved himself, at the cost of high character, magnanimity, spiritual gain.

When a man has in his heart the true feeling of duty, the determination at every cost to do right so far as he knows it, whatever darkness or mist may lie upon his field of duty it will clear away as his strong, steady, spiritual eye tries to penetrate it. "Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness." "If any man will do the will of God, he shall know." Love has keen faculty of discernment, an inspired power of divining. It is not often that a heart full of genuine love mistakes. Let Christian fix his eye upon "yonder shining light," and he will be guided to the wicket-gate, while Formalist loses himself in the wood and perishes. To the true heart the light is ever brightening; around the false, selfish, inconstant heart, the light that there is is soon swallowed up of darkness.

6. It is true of religious joy—the light of holy gladness. "Only a single eye," fixed upon Christ can fill us with this light—a pure strong vision of Christ, a perfect understanding of God's character and purposes. We all know how much our joy is dependent not merely upon *the things* of our experience, but upon our recognition and feeling towards them. The thing in and of itself may be painful, but we may double or diminish the pain by the interpretation that we put upon it. If we deem it an indication of God's anger, we are troubled by that far more than by the thing itself. If we recognise it as only His chastisement we are comforted and thankful.

How important, then, to keep the spiritual eye purged, the spiritual judgment unconfused, that we may not misunderstand or misinterpret what He does. How important to keep the heart pure—pure from disturbing currents of unbelief, strong in the assurance of the Heavenly Father's love. It was because of their "singleness of heart," their strong unqualified faith in God's mercy, that the early Christians "ate their bread with gladness," that the Pentecostal Church was filled with a joy so great. "Light is sown for the righteous, and joy for the upright in heart."

Thus we have an explanation of all our spiritual darkness, a clue in our spiritual difficulties; thus we see the unerring path of all spiritual light and life—a pure, honest, sympathetic heart, a supreme desire to know the will of God, and determination to do it. This is the royal way, the only way to divine knowledge—"The meek will He guide in judgment, and the meek will He teach his way."

OUR FATHER.

THY ways, O God, though hid, will tend,
Marked out in love, to some good end;
Be Thou our Guide, and in the night,
Lest we should stray, be Thou our Light.

We come as children, needing all
The sweetest words that sweetly fall;
We hear Thy voice, and, hearing, we
Are fain in love to follow Thee.

We once were vain of heart, and found,
Strong in ourselves, no certain ground;
But now, at last, have learnt and seen
How sweet it is to trust and lean.

Oh, lead us—we are prone to stray;
Be Thou our Light, be Thou our Way;
Oh, let us hear Thy voice, and we
Will trust Thy love, and follow Thee.

J. R. EASTWOOD.

AN EVENT IN KIRKTON.

A GREAT event was agitating society at Kirkton.

Uninitiated people, only accustomed to capital cities, might cavil at every word of my opening sentence. They might say that there is no society at Kirkton, that such a sleepy place could not be agitated, and that nothing could possibly happen to agitate it. That is only because they do not know us.

Kirkton stands on the north-east coast, and we call it "a bracing place," since our heads are nearly blown off for eight months out of the year. Unaccustomed visitors complain that they cannot sleep at nights for the roaring of the sea, and the batter of wind and rain against the windows. We Kirktonians could not sleep without this lullaby. Umbrellas are at a discount in Kirkton, for the wind and the mist laugh them to scorn, and we go about

in clouds and mackintoshes. But for all its severity and ruggedness, Kirkton, like many a severe and rugged old mother, is but loved the more. Dwellers in uniform terraces and trim squares cannot realise how the heart clings to every corner of a place which scarcely changes a stone while generations rise and pass. A vision of Kirkton, with its sparse trees clustered round the grim church tower which gives it its name, its few solid, square "residences," and its long rows of heavy-browed cottages, its "Wreck-Rock," and its crazy bridge over the little, brawling Kere, rises on the home-sick heart of many a prosperous civil servant in India and many a thriving colonist in the Pacific Archipelago.

What walks there are, too, across the moors behind Kirkton! It is no show-place. Its beauties, like good women, must be loved before they can be understood. One can see parables of life—of its submission, endurance, and strength—in the glimpses one gets of solitary workers in brown autumn fields, tenderly touched with the strange sweet light of a Northern afternoon. What gives the singular pathos of that light? I have seen worn hard faces lifted to it with such expression of solemn peace as we can fancy filled David's countenance when he said, "Though Thou slay me, yet will I trust in thee." And it has seemed to me as if in it they could see God's response: "Because I slay thee, therefore thou mayest trust in Me. My slaying is not what it seems. Behind the darkness of Calvary lies the dawn of the Resurrection."

We have our virtues in Kirkton, stern and solid virtues, which, like our granite, often need very severe polishing and cutting to make them beautiful. And yet, with all our harshness, we generally speak of our sinners as "puir bodies." We have our romances, too; stories fit for ancient ballad are told of many a prim old dame or canny elder. The moors and the sea and the Wreck Rock stand as prototypes of many waitings and partings and anguishes. And over those is the wide sky, and over these is the infinite God.

But to return to our starting-point. A great event is agitating Kirkton circles. It has already caused much sociability. Miss Geddes has taken tea with Miss Strichen twice every week since it was first heard of. The whole thing is such a delightful puzzle, and every day the two ladies turn up some fresh bit which they cannot see where to "fit."

"It is altogether so queer to me from beginning to end," said good-natured Miss Strichen. "Hugh Fraser going to be married! And it seems only the other day since I went to see him in his cradle, for I didn't seem so much younger then than I do now—at least within myself," she added, with an apologetic smile, as she looked across at her little mirror, and was reminded by it that her hair was white now, and had been golden then.

"Oh, one knows that time passes," rejoined matter-of-fact Miss Geddes. "For that matter, Hugh Fraser might have been married years ago and not been such a boy of a bridegroom as some folks are. But that Hugh Fraser should marry Professor Corbie's daughter! And she not only Professor Corbie's daughter, but on her mother's side descended from the Meldrums of Meldrum!"

"But Miss Meldrum descended to Professor Corbie, you see," said Miss Strichen, quietly; "and oh, she was the finest lady and the best woman I ever had the honour to know. Sometimes I think that rank is just like the ladder that Jacob saw in his dream, and that good folks, like the angels, go about their business over it, whether it may be up or down."

"But though the Corbies were poor they were well-looked-on people," returned Miss Geddes. "They had farmed the same land from generation to generation." She was a farmer's daughter herself, and there she drew the social line. "But old Mrs. Fraser's son!—Mrs. Fraser, who used to go out sewing and nursing, and to whom, in days gone by, Miss Corbie herself may have given yards of flannel and pounds of tea!"

"It must have been in a friendly way then," observed Miss Strichen, "for Mrs. Fraser was a woman to whom nobody dared offer charity. She went to sewing and nursing sooner than put in any claim to the annuity of the Pyatt Corporation, which she might have easily got, but she said there were those older and weaker than herself who wanted it more."

"I don't believe in those self-righteous ways of being better than most people," said Miss Geddes, who was constantly trying for an annuity herself, and who was suspected of underrating her private income to bring it within the bounds permitted to applicants. "And they don't prosper. Other folks feel themselves affronted by them. But it is not only what Mrs. Fraser did when she was a widow that I cannot help remembering to-day, but what her good man was in his lifetime—a country grocer, living off the scrapings of his little counter. And his son to marry Miss Olivia Meldrum-Corbie!"

"The Bible says, 'Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men,'" answered Miss Strichen, adding, quaintly, "and I suppose that gives him a chance to marry among the court ladies. And nobody can deny that Hugh Fraser was always diligent in his business, and did with all his might whatever came to his hand, from the time when it was carrying home his mother's stitching, to those later days when it was carrying off the bursaries at the college."

Miss Geddes tossed her head. "I thought often that his mother ran a risk of losing all by trying for so much," she said; "for she might have got a comfortable housekeeper's place while she was still quite a hale woman, if she had let her boy go off into an ordinary place instead of giving her mind to get him an education with the best. He might have easily run wild and left her bare for all her care, and, indeed, I often thought he would be taken off in a decline, he used to look so wan and white when he was working

through the day in the chemist's shop, and sitting up at night with his books."

"But you see, 'nothing venture, nothing win,'" observed Mr. Strichen, "and Janet Fraser ventured, and she 's won a famous son, and a grand daughter-in-law, and a proud old age."

"May-be she 'll rue it, after all," said Miss Geddes. "You know the proverb, 'rue and thyme grow baith in ae garden.' The old wife's ways will not mix with the young bride's."

"They are not to live together, remember," remarked Miss Strichen, "Mrs. Fraser and her son had to part when he began to practise, for she won't leave Kirkton, and from the very first the lad was not to hold nor to bind to such a little place as this."

"But he 'll not come here for his holidays any more; we 'll see," persisted Miss Geddes. "The young lady will find that Kirkton is too bleak for her health, though it 's her native air. Not that I ought to call her the young lady, perhaps, for she must be nigh thirty. I guess she would not have married Hugh Fraser ten years ago."

"He would not have been so likely to ask her then," said Miss Strichen, sweetly. "That was about the time she refused the laird of Middum, who 's a bachelor yet. Eh, what a rich estate that is to be wasted by such a reprobate!"

"It will be hard on Janet Fraser never to have seen Olivia Corbie since she was a proud young lass, and her now going to be her son's wife," said Miss Geddes. "For the old woman is too stiff to go to the wedding in Edinburgh, which will be a good excuse for her not being there, as of course she would not be, under any circumstances."

While the two old ladies sat gossiping, they little knew that from the bleak railway station outside the town Olivia Corbie was quietly walking towards her future mother-in-law's cottage. She walked forward slowly, looking to the right and to the left, giving herself up to the sway of such old memories as are likely to awake in a loyal and tender heart on returning to accustomed scenes after ten years of absence. Olivia had been born and reared in Kirkton, the cherished only daughter of an elderly scholarly household. From her father she had received the noble maxims of a simple Christian philosophy, from her mother the heroic ideas of genuine chivalry. While her father's talents and her mother's breeding had opened for her the society of the gifted and the illustrious, both her parents had taught their child to appreciate all the beauty of the love and wisdom and patience which works unapplauded in the hard places of life. It was quite true that in bygone days she had carried gifts from her mother to Mrs. Fraser, and had then asked to see the queer pictures in the widow's old family Bible. She remembered Hugh in those old times; her heart yearned tenderly as she recalled him chopping wood in his mother's "yardie"—the slight, eager-looking boy, faring so hardly, and with no luxury in life except the schoolmaster's good word, and her own dear father's hopeful prophecy; for Professor Corbie had always said, "Hugh Fraser will be a great man yet; lads like him have made old Scotland's glory." She would remember those words on her wedding morning.

She could recall her sorrowful going away from Kirkton, when it seemed to her sore young heart as if all life was finished and folded away in her parents' graves beside the old church. All the pain of that grey morning came up before her as she retraced the same road this golden afternoon.

And then she thought of the long, dull years in the strange city—dull to her, though they were full of external interest and movement and pleasure. There was nothing there from her old life, except Hugh Fraser's face in church on the Sabbath. Hugh Fraser, travelling occasionally between Kirkton and his college, made her one link with the happy past and all its treasures.

And when he gained the highest distinction which his college could offer to a student—that night when she heard the compliments of his professors and the plaudits of his comrades—why did her heart suddenly stand so still? Because in one of those applauding speeches it was mentioned that the young doctor was to carry his genius to the south, and to try his prowess in the metropolis.

She did not then own her pang to herself. She has since owned it to Hugh Fraser himself. She knows now why he went away.

"I made up my mind I would never see you again unless I could be worthy to ask you to be my wife," he has said.

"Worthy of me! Oh, Hugh," she answered.

What would those two old ladies say if they knew these little secrets? Perhaps Miss Strichen guesses some of them, for good nature is very intuitive.

In the two great cities where his genius and his prospects are appreciated nobody knows anything of Miss Olivia Corbie, but they say that Dr. Fraser's future wife is a woman to be congratulated. Olivia knows it is so, and is delighted; but here, in Kirkton, she knows also that it is different, and that knowledge gives her an almost haughty dignity. Gentle as she is, she feels capable of despising anybody who can imagine she is condescending to Hugh Fraser.

She knows his mother's grey cottage, and goes steadily towards it. The old lady clings to the old place, though it is now clothed with every dainty and comfort which she or Hugh ever dreamed of when they built castles on Sunday evenings in the old times. Olivia Corbie passes quietly through the open door, and stands within, for one moment unseen. In that moment she learns to love Hugh better than ever. How thoughtfully has he shed his own success over his good mother's homely ways, like golden sunshine on the sweet common grass. There are "good" bits of china on the old lady's mantel, though they stand in the quaint irregularity peculiar to cottage crocks, and the mantel itself is frilled in

cottage fashion, though the frill is of some rare and curious stuff. The chairs are not unlike the "Windsor" chairs of the past, only they are of oak. The old lady wears her accustomed "mutch," but it is of the daintiest material; and sitting near her, in devoted attendance, is a slightly deformed young woman, whose life Dr. Fraser saved in a London hospital, and who is now restored to health, strength, and usefulness.

Mrs. Fraser can scarcely believe her ears when the lady, advancing, announces herself as "Olivia Corbie." But she takes the extended hand, and grasps it kindly, as Mrs. Fraser always grasps all extended hands, and as she looks up into the sweet serious face bent over her, she presently realises the whole delightful fact, and charms Olivia by declaring, "You 'll have a good lad, and Hugh will have a bonnie bride."

And Olivia has linked the past and present in harmony by having brought the old lady a packet of tea—the costliest tea which the great town could furnish.

"This is Hugh's doing," she says, as she unties the string. "He says you and I are to drink it together to-night. I have never yet tasted such grand tea myself. Your Susan must take care how she makes it."

"Aye, aye," answers the old lady. "My John—your Hugh's father, I mean—once had a little such like tea in his shop. He did'nt sell't. No, no, we 'd no custom for the like o' that. But he pleased folk wi't. He 'd give a few spoonfuls for a wedding, maybe—but mostly when folks were o'er sick and like to die. Eh, he was a fine man, my John. An' how proud he'd ha been o' Hugh. Whiles I've cried to think he is not here in these good days. But, dear, other whiles I think maybe where he is he knows o' Hugh as well as we do, an' is as proud o' him, only he'll not be proud o' his fame or his gear, but o' the good he does that none knows of. That's what he's got from his father. Did ye ever hear when an' why I fell in love wi' him? No. These stories we don't tell except to folk who know what love is. An' so I'll tell you now. Ye know well he kept a small shop, and I had gone to do my mother's marketing. I was just a lass o' about eighteen, and as there were other people i' the shop, I stood by, and bided my turn. There came in an old, old man, a shepherd, in a Lowland cap and a grey plaid. I knew him. He'd had a sore life, and a world o' trouble, an' as he stood there he was countin' ow're his poor halfpence as if he was sore frighted they would not go far enough. Presently he began to say what he wanted. An' John Fraser wrote it down on a bit of paper, which I wondered at, as the old man would be sure to take away his parcel himself. But when it was all done, and the shepherd began to count out the halfpence, John Fraser just gathered them up, and put them back into his hand without a word. D 'ye see the beauty of it? He wouldn't let the old man guess he meant to give him aught till he found out all he wanted, knowing the old shepherd was of a proud stock, that would have made it half if it was to be a gift and not a bargain. And more nor that, I saw that John put up more o' each article than the old man had asked for. Dearie, it's a fine countrie which has such folk to give help and such-like to be helped. And that was when and why I fell in love with John Fraser; and Hugh takes after his father."

"And it is a fine country where there are such men to fall in love with," said Olivia Corbie, frankly, taking up the old dame's open-hearted phrase.

And when it was noised about Kirkton that Olivia Corbie and old Mrs. Fraser were sitting taking their tea together, cosily talking over the son and lover—the one in her broad vernacular and the other in her dainty English—Miss Geddes held up her hands and said, "Wonders will never cease!"

But good Miss Strichen shook her white head, and said, softly, "When we're daily praying that God's kingdom may come I cannot see anything so wonderful when some of its folk find each other out, and draw together."

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

92. What custom is referred to in the words of the Proverb, "The ointment of his right hand which betrayeth itself?"

93. What prayer is recorded as having been offered up to God by Jabez, the grandson of Judah?

94. What is to be understood by the words, "Whose shoes I am not worthy to bear?"

95. St. Paul in his journey to Jerusalem says, "We took up our carriage, and went up to Jerusalem." How is this passage to be explained?

96. What prediction of the Messiah is found in the book of Numbers?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 240.

80. Josephus says that Moses led an expedition into Ethiopia from Egypt, and that having conquered the Ethiopians, he married the king's daughter (Numb. xii. 1).

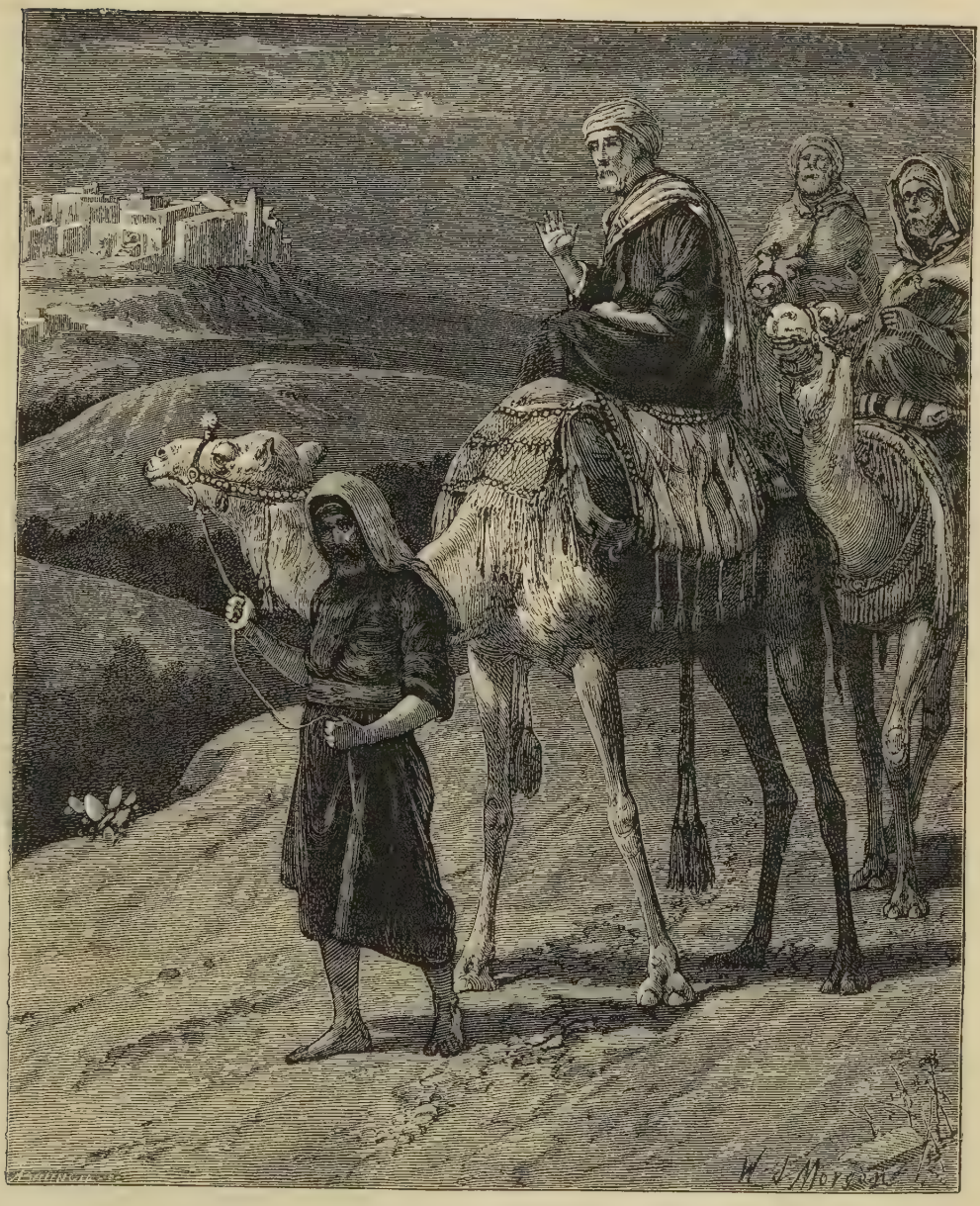
81. The word Bethlehem signifies "house of bread;" the village was six miles from Jerusalem (Matt. ii. 6).

82. The Syriac language (Dan. ii. 4).

83. "Wheresoever the children of men dwell, Thy greatness is grown and reacheth unto heaven, and thy dominion unto the face of the earth" (Dan. ii. 38, and iv. 22).

84. "If the Lord make a *new* thing, and the earth open her mouth and swallow them up" (Numb. xvi. 30).

85. The custom of local governors causing their proclamation to be published from the roofs of houses in villages and small towns (Matt. x. 27).



THE STAR IN THE EAST.

"Behold there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem."—MATT. ii. 1.

SOME bird of heaven had dropped a fruitful seed,
And henceforth, troubled with a sweet unrest,
These Gentile souls for Jacob's star decreed,
Scanned the red glories of the far off West,
And at the flic'kering sign set out in quest
Of Him on whom their half-formed hopes were bent;
While, with the living oracles long blest,
Israel's blind guides a careless vigil spent,
Nor caught a ray of light from all God's firmament.

STEPHEN AKROYD'S GUERDON.

BY THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY, AUTHOR OF "NESTLETON MAGNA," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.—DORA HELLIER'S APPEAL.

ALMOST immediately after the funeral Dora Hellier began to make preparations for her departure to Halston Hall, where her invalid cousin resided, and which was to be her own future home. Stephen Akroyd yearned more than ever to take the lovely orphan to his heart, and again made a venture towards the object of his desire. With keen perception and kindly prudence Dora delicately warned him off forbidden ground, anxious to spare both him and herself a needless pain. For the same reason the thoughtful girl had arranged to travel by a mid-day train, in the hope that Stephen's business engagements might prevent his attendance at the station to bid her farewell. Her plans, however, in this respect were defeated by a purposed slip of Dame Henderson's ready tongue. That good woman had a policy of her own to pursue in Stephen's behalf, and she was shrewd enough to use for her purpose all circumstances and incidents that came to hand.

As the time drew near for Dora's departure, Stephen drove up in a cab, and insisted on seeing the young traveller and her luggage safely in the train. Dame Henderson, who was to have "seen her off," failed for reasons of her own to put in an appearance, and so for some twenty minutes or more the two were thrown together, much, it must be owned, to the pleasure and yet to the discomfort of them both. In the waiting-room, however, which at the time was untenanted except by themselves, they found a congenial and to each a sweetly saddening topic of conversation in the beautiful life and glorious death of Dora's mother. Herein, at any rate, they were at one. Stephen's quivering lip and glistening eyes gave eloquent answer to Dora's tears; and as shrewd Dame Henderson had well argued to herself, there was no small mutually welding influence at work between them, too, in the force of their affection for that beloved one who had gone home.

At length the time came for the train to start; Dora had been snugly ensconced in a comfortable seat by her considerate companion, her boxes were safely stowed away under his inspection in the guard's van, then he returned to her to inform her that they were all right.

"Thanks for all," said she at parting, "such thanks as you will never know." A warm hand-grasp succeeded, Stephen pressing her fingers, which he was wondrously loth to loosen. "Good byes" were interchanged, and Dora hastily retired to her seat to hide her emotion. The train moved slowly out of the station, and then Stephen turned away with a sad heart, for he felt as though the one light of his life had died out into the dark.

The weeks of summer slowly passed away, and the autumnal beams were beginning to tint the summer foliage, when Stephen Akroyd received a letter from Dora. Soon after her departure she had written to Dame Henderson, to announce her safe arrival beneath her cousin's hospitable roof, and to tell her of the loving welcome she had received. She intimated that her change of residence under apparently dependent circumstances was made materially lighter to her from the fact that her cousin's delicate health enabled her to find a useful and much-appreciated sphere as companion and aid, and spoke in glowing language of her cousin's amiable and gentle disposition.

"You see the good providence o' God," said Dame Henderson to Stephen, as she showed him this epistle, "that you had to give a helpin' hand to, though you don't believe in Him, has been at work again, an' Miss Dora's put doon just where she can be o' the most use an' service. He's heard her mother's prayers, He's sent a precious friend an' blessin' to her poor weakly cousin, an' He's foond a home an' a post o' duty for herself. I reckon you couldn't ha' done much better if the contrivin' on it had been left to human reason."

The correspondence had been kept up between the Dame and Dora, the queer caligraphy and phonetic spelling of the former being amply compensated for by the godly common sense they clothed, and the interesting news, especially in one particular, which they contained. Dora's epistles were equally acceptable to Dame Henderson for the sake of the sweet writer herself, and also, may I say chiefly? because it enabled her to keep at least a shadowy link between two that it was her godly purpose and her supreme desire to bring together. In all probability, though I cannot affirm it, it was because of Dame Henderson's report of Stephen's failing spirits and deepening gloom, and mayhap in obedience to her request, that Dora's letter was on the occasion referred to sent to Stephen himself. In it she announced the fact that, acting upon medical advice, her cousin and she were about to go on the Continent to spend the autumn months in foreign travel. Dora's letter concluded thus:—

> And now, my dear friend, for that I would always call you, if I may, will you forgive me if I discharge my conscience and obey the dictates of a sisterly affection, by writing to you on a subject that can never be otherwise than of the very first importance? I want to urge you to re-consider your sad departure from that solid ground of faith and hope which was the joy and strength of your own sainted mother's heart; and which, as you well know, was the triumphant inspiration and ennobling principle which gave my own dear mother an abiding joy in poverty and pain, a character of the most perfect beauty in circumstances of the most testing kind, and a life-close which had naught of dying in it, but was as evident a translation as when Elijah ascended heaven-ward in a chariot of fire.
>
> What *can* your cold heartless no-creed show in comparison with these? Here, and now as I write, "I know whom I have believed," and in all the frailty of orphaned lonely

womanhood, I feel and know myself passing rich in the love and favour of my Lord and Saviour. I pray for you daily, and almost hourly, that you may again come to the knowledge of the truth, for your own sake, and for the sake of the two dear ones in heaven, who love you with a strength beyond what we meaner mortals can know, and whose very heaven would be heavenlier for the certainty of your reunion there. As for myself, dear friend and brother, I have no higher wish on earth than that you should be able to rejoice and be glad in a conscious possession of the Saviour's all-embracing love, So ever prays, your sincere and abiding friend, DORA HELLIER.

Many a time and oft did Stephen Akroyd read and study this genuine outcome of a loving and sympathetic heart; nor did he fail to note that "daily, almost hourly," he was the subject of his darling's thought and prayer. Many a time and oft, too, did he pass sleepless nights in vain communings with his own heart upon his bed on the great and vital message which the precious lines contained.

It seemed, however, as if he had drifted so far into the neutral seas towards a moral No-man's-land, that while he could not but confess himself discontented with the bare, bald nothingness of his crude philosophies, he appeared to have lost all sense of real desire for that which he had so foolishly and so wickedly thrown away. There was a hardness of heart and a paralysis of will that seemed to bar the way to the reception of the long ignored and vanished good. If he framed his lips to breathe a prayer, the whispered sophistries of the arch-enemy came with subtle strength to beat his aspirations to the ground again. He was like a man who had plunged headlong into the sea to swim to some distant point of vantage, and who had then emerged into murky mist, struggling vainly, and unable to catch a glimpse of either shore.

Dame Henderson, who had closely marked the variations in his speech and conduct, and the fitful uncertainties into which he fell, was hopeful, and not too ready to interfere. She was sorely grieved to note his failing appetite and paling face, his long-drawn sighs and furtive tears; but believing that whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth the son whom He receiveth; and believing also that such prayer and faith as had been at work, and was at work for him, could not possibly fail of its design, she quietly forbore, and put her trust in God. Every day of her life she pleaded for her youthful favourite before the throne of grace, but rightly judging that she might possibly mar her purpose, and check the mental process through which he was passing, by too much interference, she breathed perpetual prayers in private; but in his presence, much to his surprise, and, it must be owned, much to his disappointment, she looked and watched and hoped and doubted, but made no sign.

At length, however, as she saw the light die out of his eye and the last vestige of colour leave his cheek, as she observed his listless languor and noted the spirit of melancholy that was bending his shoulders and eating his very heart out, Dame Henderson could not stand it any longer. One day, seeing that he had turned away from the repast, to provide which in such a fashion as to coax his failing appetite she had exhausted all her skill, she said—

"Maister Stephen! I can't stand it any longer! Your just breakin' your own heart an' mine an' all! What *is* the matter wi' you? Tell me as you would tell your mother, she could hardly love you more than I." Here the honest woman's voice shook a little, and witnessing tears began to fall. "Tell me! will you? Is it Dora Hellier, or is it your sins an' your doubtin's thats pinin' you away?"

"Mother," said Stephen, laying his arms upon the table, and his hands upon his arms; "I don't know what it is. One thing I know, and that is that a more miserable mortal than I does not walk this earth;" and, fairly overcome, the troubled sceptic sobbed aloud.

"Oh my bairn! my poor bairn!" said the motherly soul. "You've gotten the heartache for want o' Jesus, but He's gotten the heartache for want o' you; an' prayer is risin' to Him o' all sides! and He says He must have you an' 'at He *will* have you! Hark to Him! 'Come to me, an' I will give you rest.' Oh, Maister Stephen, tak' your troubles to His cross, they'll roll off when His love cuts the band that binds 'em, an' they'll tumble into His grave! Hark to Him! "Father forgive him, for he knows not what he's done."

CHAPTER XIV.—THE WRECK OF THE *PARAGON*.

ACCORDING to the announcement made in Dora's letter to Stephen, she and her cousin—who had long been in delicate health—embarked at Dover for a lengthy tour of travel in Southern Europe. As was before intimated, Dora was an invaluable acquisition to her young relative, whose state was such as to render her, more or less, perpetually dependent on the aid of others. Vigorous, buoyant, cheerful, and full of resources, Dora was enabled in a very notable manner to lighten her cousin's lot, and administer to her comfort and enjoyment; so much so, indeed, that the heiress used to vow that she had introduced a fairy into Halston Hall, who, like the slaves of Aladdin's lamp, could by magic answer all desires.

"No, my dear," Dora would respond, "or I would make you as healthy and as strong as a ploughboy." Her cousin had repeatedly been recommended to try what an entire change of air and scene would do for her, but had never been able to summon either strength or courage for the expedition until now. But now, having Dora's strong arm and quenchless spirits, and managing wit, to lean upon, the journey was resolved upon, and so they two, with an attendant servant, were now *en route* in the first instance for the south of France. For some time it seemed that the medical authorities were well warranted in their advice, for Miss Hellier's health was decidedly improved, and, much to Dora's delight, something of a rose blush came upon her cousin's cheek, and her new-found power to take daily exercise gave promise of full restoration. But, alas! the promise, like many others built on the same basis,

was not to be fulfilled. The invalid drooped again; then they shifted their quarters still further southward, for a still more genial sky. But after several weeks so spent, the truth dawned alike on the invalid and her loving and unwearied nurse, that their expedition was of no avail, and both of them felt that it were better, while sufficient strength continued, to hasten back to Halston Hall. They were now in the south of Spain, and from a little sea-port near, they embarked again for England, the overland route being quite beyond Miss Hellier's strength to dare, and while still the golden leaves were falling from the trees in Halston Park, our young voyagers were out on the high seas, homeward bound.

One morning, as Stephen was seated at his office desk in an interval of business, he was carelessly scanning the columns of a newspaper. Since the day on which Dame Henderson had spoken to him in such wise and loving fashion, he seemed to have passed into a sort of dazed, bewildered state, begotten of his fruitless attempts to find a securer resting-place for his tossed and shaken soul to stand upon. He had, on the advice of Mr. Seymour, who silently wondered at the rarity of his visits to Volney Villa, bought and read a cleverly written work of some magnitude, which had just been written by one of the "advanced thinkers of the day," a book which was spoken of by various reviews and high literary authorities as a "most important contribution to the literature on those vexed questions which are disturbing the minds of the orthodox in these days." Clever the book was, and written in most seductive style; now, however, strange to say, Stephen could find no pleasure in its perusal. He read as one who charges the writer all the while with being accessory to a theft from him of a precious something that he missed more and more, and which in proportion as he mourned its loss seemed more and more impossible to regain. Out of this odd undefined condition of mind Stephen Akroyd will come either to a more reckless no-creed than before, or to fall in child-like trust at the feet of the Great Teacher, and say, "To whom can I go? Thou hast the words of eternal life!" Which will it be?

Running his eye along the crowded columns of a newspaper, he suddenly happed upon a paragraph which drove the blood from his lips, and half stopped the beating of his heart. It ran thus :—

THE WRECK OF A SOUTHAMPTON STEAMER.—We regret to have to announce that the steam-ship *Paragon*, commanded by Captain Vause, was wrecked last Thursday off the coast of Spain. The crew and passengers took to the boats, one of which was almost instantly swamped by a heavy sea. By dint of great courage, and consummate management on the part of Captain Vause, several of its occupants were saved. Unfortunately, four lives were lost —a sailor (name unknown) and three passengers—Joseph Heardley, Ellen Pearse, and Dora Hellier. The latter lady was the daughter of Colonel Hellier, who, it will be remembered, was one of the two brothers who performed such brave exploits in quelling the Sepoy mutiny.

The newspaper fell from Stephen's hands, he leaned forward on his desk, and forthwith fainted away. When he recovered, he found himself in the kindly hands of Mr. Seymour and the porter's wife. Stimulants were administered, and, as soon as he was sufficiently restored to be removed, the cashier had him placed in a cab, and took him at once to his lodgings and to Dame Henderson's tender care. That good woman was dreadfully overcome to see her favourite brought home with more of death than life in his pale face, but at once proceeded to busy herself for his comfort and recovery. Her shock on receiving from him the terrible news of Dora's death was only less than his, and but for the all-important business of caring for her poor, pale patient, would in all probability have been attended with similar results.

It did seem so hard to her that that young fair life should so soon come to an end, and that so bright a light should be so suddenly put out. Dame Henderson had loved her dearly, and could scarcely have reeled more beneath the blow if it had been her own daughter who had sunk beneath the cruel wave. Then, too, knowing, as she did, how matters stood between the fair orphan and Stephen, she had nursed and hugged the idea of their ultimate union so hopefully and persistently, that to her it was the pledge of Stephen's conversion, and almost an accomplished fact. For a brief space Dame Henderson was herself inclined to question Providence, and but for her constant habit of taking all things to her God, she might have failed in her simple faith in the "All-loving and All-wise," for her feet had well-nigh slipped.

Stephen Akroyd fell seriously ill, and while Miss Hellier, herself pale and weak, was paying daily visits to her hapless cousin's grave in a little burial ground on the Spanish shore, for the body had been recovered, Stephen was tossing on a bed of fever, and lay very near the border-land which divides the living from the dead. In his mental wanderings his childhood, his mother, Mrs. Hellier, Dora, and Dame Henderson, were continually floating in his vagrant speech. The name of Jesus, too, in broken snatches of prayer and expostulation, was often on his lips. Strange to say, neither Mr. Seymour nor his erratic comrades, nor any item of his useless creed, received even occasional mention. At times it appeared as if he caught a glimpse of the other world, for "angels," "heaven," "mother," "Saviour," and similar expressions left his murmuring lips; and Dame Henderson did not fail to see that, underlying all the follies of his later youth, his godly mother's teachings held firm empire in his soul. Earnest and ardent were her prayers that health of body and health of soul might come together to the prostrate youth who lay tossing at her side. Of all the subjects that passed through his hot and fevered brain, however, "Dora, dear Dora," was the oftenest there; and as he moaned and sighed and murmured night and day, his grief for his dead darling was of the most touching kind.

Part of Dame Henderson's prayer, at any rate, was answered; for by her skilled and tireless nursing, the power of medicine, the recuperative power of a

vigorous constitution, and the blessing of God, Stephen soon became convalescent, and arose from his sick-bed a sadder and a wiser man.

During the long, slow, weary days which intervened before absolute recovery enabled him to go back to the office again, he was glad to hold converse with Dame Henderson, not only concerning Dora—though that had always a supreme interest to him—but on religious subjects, about which he would speak with freedom. Dame Henderson's plain-spoken utterances were welcome, and now, as never before, he heard as one who owns his teacher to be more wise than he.

"I can't tell how you can find a Providence in that," said he one evening, as she sat with him by the winter fire. The subject of his remark was the ever-present one of Dora's sad and sudden fate.

"Why, you mustn't think that there isn't many a Providence that we poor simpletons can't understand. If there is a Providence at all, He must know a great deal more an' a great deal better than us, or else whativer would become o' things? It's because we don't understand things 'at it 's blessing 'at they 're all i' the hands o' Somebody that does. I reckon Jacob didn't understand it when he saw little Joseph's pretty coat all torn an' bloody; but he got to know something of it when all his sons was i' Goshen, and that varry Joseph, in a grander coat than ever, was the second man i' all Egypt. As for Miss Dora, God bless her! why, she 's gotten to her mother's side sooner than she expected, that's all. You don't think 'at *she* 's likely to question the Providence o' God as she stands wi' her mother, i' white robes, i' the middle of all the glories o' the Paradise o' God? Then, as for yourself. I 've often tell'd you that what God wants is to mak' you his son through Jesus Christ; an' as you wouldn't be made so when Dora was livin'—thinkin', mebbe, 'at it warn't honourable to change your creed for her sake—He 's taken her up to heaven, that you may do it for Christ's sake. I don't think that it 's so very hard to understand after all."

Stephen lapsed into silence, deeply struck with Dame Henderson's last remark, in which she had hit the mark exactly, as far as Dora and his change of views were concerned. The worthy landlady left him to himself a while to brood on the providences of God as agents in bringing men's souls out of the pit and lighting them with the light of the living. He could not but acknowledge to himself that the Dame's philosophy was sound, and as he thought of the sainted trio, to him the dearest in the world or out of it, the thought of being a fourth in the meeting place of rest and pure delight had attractions for him, the strength of which he was compelled to own. "Yes," quoth he, in serious soliloquy, "God's providence may be mysterious but it must be kind."

(To be continued.)

SILENT PREACHERS;

OR, NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS USED IN THE TEACHING OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

CALF. In the parable of the Prodigal Son (St. Luke xv. 11—32), the joy of the father at the return of his lost son is expressed by the direction to his servants to "kill the fatted calf," and make a feast to celebrate the restoration of the prodigal. The parable was spoken by our Lord to teach us the great love of God the Father in dealing with repentant sinners; and the joyful feast which the father made is to be taken to represent the joy with which our Heavenly Father welcomes the converted sinner. What a wonderful thought it is that even *one* sinner should be an object of such loving interest to Him who is Lord of all the world. What a blessing to know that the most insignificant of God's children is *missed* from his Father's home and will be gladly welcomed back again. This is the message from the feast at which the prodigal was restored to the position he had abandoned in his folly. If we are tempted to wander from God, let the thought of the greatness of His love keep us back; but if we have yielded to temptation and fallen into sin, let the thought of that same love move us to return, for "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God one sinner that repenteth."

CAMEL. 1. After the conversation with the rich young man recorded in St. Matt. xix. 16—22, our Lord turned to His disciples, and warned them of the danger to the soul which lay in the possession of worldly riches—"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God" (ver. 24.) It is probable that in these words He was referring to a common saying among the Jews, by which the impossibility of a camel passing through a needle's eye was used as an illustration of anything very difficult of accomplishment. He cannot, however, have intended the words to be taken literally, for so they would exclude all rich men from God's kingdom, but we know from Scripture and the experience of life that many rich men have been and are true servants of God. The names of Abraham and Zacchæus (St. Luke xix. 9) occur to us at once in proof of this. But our Lord's words on this occasion may be taken to imply (what the experience of life also confirms) that the possession of riches is of *itself* a danger, and *may* became an absolute bar, to entrance into the kingdom of God. And it is not hard to see where the danger lies. The feeling of want, the conviction that this world cannot *satisfy* us is perhaps one of the strongest motives leading us to God. Now, a poor man whose life is a constant struggle is in a better position for receiving the message about a life beyond

the present in which there shall not be a want unsupplied, than the man who has never felt a want here, and whose means of enjoyment and comfort tend to make him prefer to remain in this world as long as possible. In fact, while a poor man would naturally find in Christianity just what answered to his need, a rich man might be tempted to persuade himself that he could do very well without it. This is the danger. But we must remember further that it is a danger which is not confined to those who have what is ordinarily meant by riches. Whatever our heart is set upon—be it a child, a friend, an amusement, or a business—becomes in this sense our "riches," something which may become a snare to us, separating between us and God. Let us all, then, rich or poor, profit by this warning. Let us be careful to ask God's blessing upon our possessions, occupations, and pleasures, that they may not exclude Him from our hearts, and let us also, remembering the words of our Lord, take care lest in this busy age some of us should be making "haste to be rich," lest in seeking to make much money we lose the imperishable riches which are to be found in Christ alone.

2. In St. Matt. xxiii. 24 there is a proverbial expression similar to that just noticed. In denouncing the scribes and Pharisees our Lord addresses them as "blind guides, which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel." The English version of this verse requires correction. It should be rendered "which strain *off* a gnat." The reference is to filtering wine, about which the Jews were very careful in order to avoid swallowing any unclean insect, which was forbidden by the Law. In the proverb here quoted by our Lord the gnat is to be taken as representative of something trifling, and the camel of something very important. We see, then, that the rebuke conveyed here is very similar to that in the preceding verse of the same chapter, in reference to which it will be unnecessary to repeat what has been said before under "ANISE," which see, and also the observations under "BEAM."

CANDLE. We have already noticed (above under "BED") that our Lord compares his teaching to the light of a candle (or rather a "lamp," as the Greek word would be more correctly rendered), and warns us that it is not to be hidden, but to be evident in the lives of those who receive it. In St. Luke xi. 34—36, there is a continuation of this teaching drawn from the analogy of the light of a candle, which reminds us that our capability of receiving the teaching of the Gospel depends, to a great extent, upon ourselves. "The light of the body is the eye: therefore when thine eye is single, thy whole body also is full of light; but when thine eye is evil, thy body also is full of darkness. Take heed therefore that the light which is in thee be not darkness. If thy whole body therefore be full of light, having no part dark, the whole shall be full of light, as when the bright shining of a candle doth give thee light." That is to say, the benefit that we receive from the light of a candle (or from any light natural or artificial) depends upon the condition of the eye, which is the only organ of the body capable of using the light; if, then, the eye be healthy and clear, the light is useful to us; but if the eye be diseased and incapable of seeing, it is quite the same as if we were in darkness. Similarly in spiritual things; our Lord came to be the light of the world (St. John viii. 12), but all men did not receive Him because their understanding was darkened by their love of sin—"men loved darkness rather than light because their deeds were evil" (St. John iii. 19), and therefore although the "Light was shining in darkness; the darkness comprehended it not" (St. John i. 5). What was needed by the Jews of those days was an inward purifying of their hearts and desires, and then the "whole body" might have been illumined by the light of Christ.

And so, too, at the present time, although the light which Christ has kindled is shining brightly in the world, it will not be recognised by those who love their sins, for "he that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light lest his deeds should be reproved." We must, therefore, pray God to give us pure hearts that, in the midst of light we may not walk in darkness; we must pray also for "truth in the inward part," in order that nothing in us may hinder God from shining into our hearts "to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ;" and, lastly, we must endeavour after such earnestness and *reality* in our efforts to advance in holiness, that we may not shrink from the light, even when its shining manifests defects unknown before, for inasmuch as the knowledge of our imperfection is the first step to perfection, it is also the first step towards having the "whole body full of light." With these thoughts in our mind the light of a candle or a lamp may for the future suggest much teaching which we had not seen in it before.

CHICKENS. There is scarcely anything more touching in the Bible than the lament of our Lord over Jerusalem which is recorded in St. Matt. xxiii. 37. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem . . . . how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" It was but a few days before His Crucifixion; He was leaving the Temple, never again to return to it (ver. 39); and as he looked into the future and saw the terrible destruction that was coming on the city and the temple, and then looking back remembered how He had loved that city, and all that He had done and would have been willing to do for it, it seemed almost as if His human heart would break, and He gave way to feelings of the tenderest pity and sorrow, which found their expression in the words already quoted. "As a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings," he would have cared for that city. Who that has ever seen a hen spreading her wings over her chickens for protection can avoid being struck with the force of these

words as telling of the great love of our Lord? But we must read them as applying not only to Jerusalem and its inhabitants, but also to the Christian soul. His love, we may be sure, is no less, but, if possible, greater for those whom He has purchased with His blood. Again and again does he plead with erring Christians that they may turn and be saved. In youth and old age He comes speaking by sickness or sorrow to the soul. Shall His love be wasted? Shall His pleading be in vain? Shall it be said at last to such "How often would I . . . . but ye would not"?

It is well for us to think of the greatness of the love of God, it is well that we should be reminded of it again and again by the sight of the natural love of His creatures. But it is well to remember the warning too; His great love did not save Jerusalem, because she was not willing to be saved, neither, we may be sure, will it save us if we also are unwilling.

THE WHITE ROSE OF WHITELAKE.

BY ANNE BEALE, AUTHOR OF "THE PENNANT FAMILY."

CHAPTER XXXV.

REBECCA AT SILLY SHANNO'S.

"WHAT is the matter, Jim? Who have you here?

"Hush, Miss *fach!* Name o' caution, hold your tongue!"

This short colloquy passed between Rose and Jim the morning after the encounter with the soldiers and Rebeccaites on Penllyn. Rose had paddled across the lake on her way to Manorsant, and having just landed, was startled by seeing Jim, and Peters, Glynglâs, carrying or dragging some man along the edge of the water.

"Who is he? Is he dead?" cried terrified Rose.

"We don't know," whispered Jim. "We—well—we picked him up just now by there, and we are thinking he may be a Rebeccaite after all; for there was a fight last night on Penllyn. You 'ouldn't be telling upon him, Miss *fach?*"

"No, no. But what are you going to do with him? Take him to our house?"

"Hach, sure, no, miss. But will you just be asking Silly Shanno to let us put him upon her bed, while we are seeing if he 's dead or alive?"

Frightened Rose ran at once to the ruin. Shanno was there. She laid her finger on her lips, and pointed towards the man. She had not seen the face of him whom Jim and Peters carried, but she made the mad woman understand that he was hurt.

"Not a word, dear Shanno," she said, caressingly. "We must take him to your grand house, and you will make him a feast, you know."

Shanno was notably hospitable, and danced towards the men, her parrot screaming on her shoulder, while Rose went into her room and smoothed her poor bed. This was laid on one of the old-fashioned cupboard bedsteads in the darkest corner of the very obscure room, so that Rose scarcely believed it would be possible to discover whether the man were alive or not. He was, however, placed on the bed in a few minutes.

"Who is it? Is he dead?" asked Rose.

"We are not knowing. Tell you, Silly Shanno, to hold her tongue. She will, Miss Rose, if you say she must. Go you away now. We 'll be getting the doctor."

"I cannot go, Jim, till my father or some one else is fetched. The man does not move. He must be dead!"

"If Philipps Wynne, or Mr. Llewellen, or master find him out they 'll take him, dead or alive. Do you good for evil, miss? 'Tis Rebecca!"

At the dreaded name Rose started back. She knew well enough what Rebecca's fate would be if taken. She saw that Peters was engaged with the so-called Rebecca, while Jim was whispering to her, and she knew not what to do. She was due at Manorsant, and had left all still in confusion at home. There was a secret somewhere, and unless she knew it she felt that she could be of no effectual help.

"If you will confide in me, Jim, I promise to assist you; but I cannot work in the dark, I must know who you have there."

"Alfred Johnnes, Glynglâs," said Jim, drawing her aside, and breathing the name into her ear.

Her astonishment was even greater than her terror. She ran outside, and Jim followed.

"We must get rid of Shanno," he said. "You will not tell, miss? He do love you as his life."

"Shanno, come here," said Rose; "you must go to Llansant for me, and then to the fair;" and Silly Shanno ran off delighted, for she was a regular frequenter of fairs and markets, where she picked up many a coin.

"Jim, I do not understand this, but you know my father would not injure him," continued Rose. "We must tell him, unless you can convey Mr. Johnnes to Glynglâs."

"That would never do, miss. He would be found out at once," returned Jim.

"Then I shall fetch my father," said Rose, decidedly.

Jim protested in vain—she was gone.

She found Mr. Mervyn wandering amongst his burnt out-houses, and told him what had happened. He looked incredulous.

"You will help him, father?" she said, appealingly.

"To prison, Rose? It can't be Alfred Johnnes. But I 'll see after the fellow. You had better go to Manorsant; he is no patient for you, whoever he may be."

"You would not injure him, father?"

"Can't say. But your mother wants me to see a doctor; so Jim shall fetch Dr. Jones for me, or for your dead man—it don't much matter which. As good be dead as burnt out of house and home. I have just heard of the fight up yonder."

"I will fetch the doctor, father. If Alfred Johnnes is Rebecca it must be kept secret for all their sakes."

"He is a nice rascal if he is. But I don't believe it. Jim 's a fool. Johnnes has probably had a spill, and they have put two and two together. I 'll see after him."

The doctor lived at the village, where, it will be remembered, Mrs. Mervyn went to post her letter; and Rose turned her steps thitherward. It took her nearly an hour to walk there, even though her feet were winged by terror. Could it have been Alfred Johnnes himself who had threatened her with the evils which had actually come to pass? Like her father, she could not believe it. He had probably been thrown from his horse. But was he dead? It was too terrible, whatever the reality. She reached Brynmaen at last. The doctor was, fortunately, at home, and Rose told him that her father wanted him, He rode off at once to Llynhafod, and perplexed Rose hastened to Manorsant by a short cut across the country.

She was met by Virginie when she arrived, who informed her that the children had been so noisy that Mr. Wynne had complained. Rose, who was almost faint with fatigue and fright, said she had been to fetch the doctor for her father. She found Miss Pryse Pryse with the children. Marcia was struck with her troubled face, and attributed it to the fire. News of the encounter on Penllyn had not yet reached Manorsant, as the military had gone from thence to the county town, and the insurgents had slunk to their various homes.

"You look scared, Miss Mervyn," began Marcia. "You really should not have come to-day. A fire must be awful. But you had plenty of help. They say that Major Faithfull performed prodigies, and was seen carrying you through the flames. Is that true?"

"Major Faithfull was very good, and saved the house from being burnt," replied Rose, mastering the emotion she felt at his name, and her terror at what had just passed. "But he did not carry me through the flames, for I was never in personal danger."

"Really! Virginie heard that he and the Mr. Johnnes to whom you are engaged had quite a romantic fiery duel for you, and that the Major carried you off. I shall tease him famously about it, and he hates being teased."

Rose scarcely knew how she managed to get through the lessons; but she did so, even remaining after hours to make up for lost time. It was nearly dark when she finished, which was the occasion of a message from Mr. Wynne, begging that she would remain the night. She excused herself upon plea of not having made arrangements at home; upon which came a second message to the effect that a servant should be at once dispatched to explain. She declined, however, much to the annoyance of the old gentleman and her pupils.

Still, as she hurried homewards she felt that he was right, for the darkness and loneliness oppressed her as they had never done before. She found the path through the fields slippery and doubtful; but she took it, because she wished to make inquiries at Castell Llyn before she got home. It was late when she tapped nervously at Silly Shanno's door. It was cautiously opened by Jim.

"How is he?" she asked.

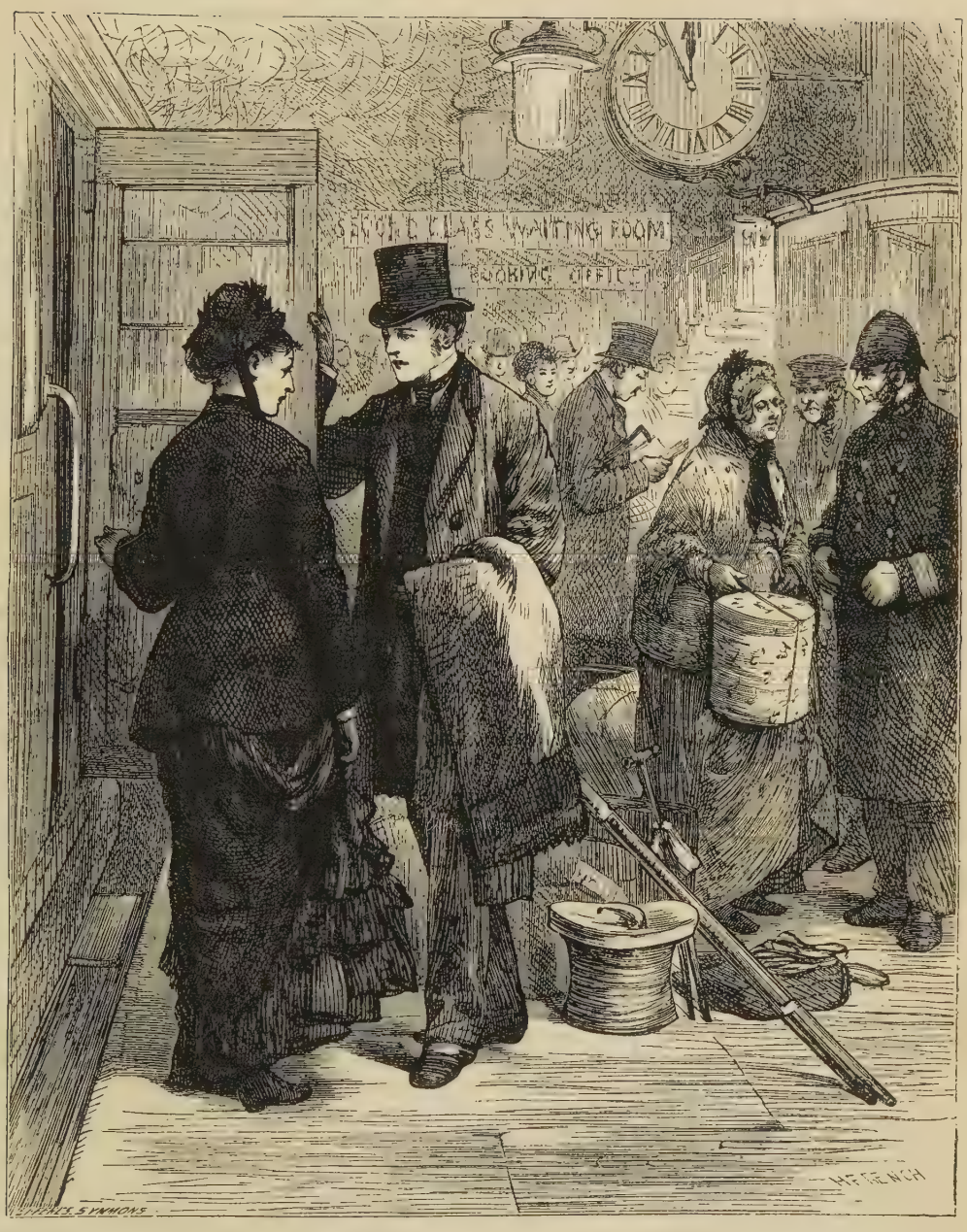
"Alive, and that 's all," was the whispered reply.

"Rose, this is no place for you," were the next words she heard; and her father came out of the dark room, and, taking her hand led her along the path by the lake. "It is certainly Alfred Johnnes," he continued, in a low voice. "I can make nothing of Jim or Peters, who say one thing one minute and another the next. But Dr. Jones says that it is concussion of the brain, or something like it, and that his recovery depends on quiet and good nursing. It is evident that they have all had to do with Rebecca, and unless we want 'em all transported we must hold our tongues. I hear that Major Faithfull upset the real Rebecca last night, and she disappeared, nobody knows where. If Johnnes and she are one and the same, he is a villain, and my Rose was wiser than her father. Still, we mustn't turn Queen's evidence, if only for his poor old mother's sake; for he would be either hanged or transported for life if caught. And circumstantial evidence goes against him. He is found at the foot of Penllyn senseless, and his white horse returned this morning without a rider. This, with his reckless character, would suffice to condemn him, though there is no actual proof if the men hold their tongues. Dr. Jones winks and is mum, and Shanno has not returned. If she keeps away, and if we can make people fancy she is the invalid, it may be hushed up, unless he chance to die, and then what does it matter? His dead body will be of no use to any one, and Philipps Wynne is the only magistrate who would trouble his head about it. But we must shut his mother's mouth, and get a nurse."

"I will do both," said Rose, quietly.

"You! I forbid you to go near him. He is a revengeful, deceitful scoundrel, who would have worked our ruin to gratify his fancy for you! Thank God you resisted him!"

"Dear father, all is well if you and I are friends again. No, I do not wish to see him myself, but I



"At length the time came for the train to start."—*p.* 274.

know one who would give herself up to the work of nursing him. It is Egain. Let people suppose she has gone away for a change. Hollantide Fair will keep poor Shanno absent for the present, and we dare not think of the future. If only we can give him time to repent!"

"Repent, indeed! But Egain is not strong enough."

"We will see. Dear father, she is safe, for she loves him."

Mrs. Mervyn was suffering much anxiety on Rose's account when she came in with her father. She was at once taken into their confidence; for concealment from her was impossible. She was shocked, but not surprised, for she had always mistrusted Alfred Johnnes. At first she was for sending him to Glynglâs; but by degrees she saw the need of concealment, unless they wished to hasten his end.

"By doing so you would probably stop the riots," she said.

"There are too many other Rebeccas for that; and if there were but one, and that one Johnnes, I could not give him up as he now is, and from my own place," replied her husband.

"No, I see that, though he deserves no mercy from us," she rejoined.

Rose went straight to Egain. She recounted what had passed to her, as cautiously as she could, winding up her narrative by trying to convince her that it was by no means certain that Johnnes had anything to do with the riots. But Egain needed neither argument nor consolation.

"Let me go to him at once. I know all. I have known it long. With God's blessing this may be one of His miracles of grace to bring the sinner to repentance. Do not fear for me, dear Miss Rose. I feel a strength not my own, and if it is granted to me to help him either in body or soul, it is in answer to many prayers."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ROSE VISITS GLYNGLAS.

Sons and daughters little consider the agony they cause their parents by lawless or even thoughtless conduct. When Alfred Johnnes' white horse came home riderless his mother was lying awake, wondering where he was, and endeavouring to reconcile his wild ways with her own views of duty and propriety, always lax enough as regarded him. She heard the horse tear up the drive, and got out of bed just to glance from her window at this dearly-beloved son, who had given positive orders that she should not sit up for him. Indeed, he had left word that he should not, probably, be at home that night. She could not distinguish the horse, but she heard him stop short at the gate, and listened in vain for her son's voice, calling, as she expected, for his man Peters.

She ventured to throw open the window, and to say, "Is that you, Alfred?" but she got no response. She crept stealthily down stairs in dressing-gown and slippers, and peeped out of a side door. Nothing but the restless pawing of the horse was audible. She took courage to call out her son's name, and then "Peters, Peters! where are you?" Receiving no answer, and forgetting, in her maternal anxiety, that she was but partially clad, and that it was November, she went to the gate. There was her son's horse, but he, her one hope and joy, was not upon him. The petted animal neighed at her approach, and poked his head over the gate, but she was indifferent to all save her son. With a sharp cry she hurried back to the house, and alarmed the maids, who, in their turns, went to call up Peters. But he was not to be found. There was no man near, so all that the women could do was to let the horse into his stable, and rush down the drive and into the road, shouting for him who came not, and searching for him by the light of a lantern which they carried. Mrs. Johnnes was foremost, and her pitiful cries rose highest. Who shall describe her agony? And all for one who had recklessly been its cause, and brought destruction, and probably death, on himself as well. And for what? For an imaginary grievance which would have righted itself but for him and other rebellious spirits, to whom excitement and notoriety were dearer than respectability and peace.

Although Glynglâs was a lonely place, there were a few scattered cottages in the vicinity; but, when the women reached one of these the masculine element was absent. The men were at Penllyn. So poor Mrs. Johnnes and her maids could only return to the house, and wait for the day. It soon dawned, and then the hue and cry began in the immediate neighbourhood. Mrs. Johnnes wandered about like one demented, calling for her son; and by degrees it was spread abroad that his horse had returned without him.

About mid-day Peters appeared. He went at once to his mistress. Before speaking to her, he saw that doors and windows were closed, and even then he did not venture to tell her all the truth; for he had his own private opinion concerning the volubility of women's tongues. "Master has been thrown from his horse across country, but nobody must know it," he began.

"Is he dead?" shrieked Mrs. Johnnes.

"No. He is taken care of. If you women hadn't gone proclaiming all over the neighbourhood, nobody would have know anything about it. Now, they will declare he was with Rebecca; and unless you can hold your tongue, mistress, he may be sent where you will never see him again. Say you he is gone for his travels, and that the horse did escape from the stable."

"Anything, everything, if only he is safe! Tell me the truth, Peters, for pity's sake!"

Mrs. Johnnes fell on her knees, and clasped her hands. Her grey hair was dishevelled; her dress in disorder. Peters pitied her, but he pitied himself most. He knew that if his master came to grief he would have to lament bitterly with him, for he had been both his instructor and tool.

"Keep you quiet, mistress, and he will be all right," he said. "He is so wild that there 's no doing anything with him; but he 's in good hands, only nobody must know where—not even you. Find you some money, and I 'll be seeing to him."

She entreated him to tell her where he was, promising money, everything, if she might know all; but he put her off with a promise that she should be informed on the morrow.

That morrow came, but brought no Peters. He had absconded, owing to a hint thrown out by Mervyn in an unguarded moment, that he suspected him and Johnnes of having set fire to his premises. Towards evening, however, another visitor arrived at Glynglâs. This was Rose. She had entreated her father to let her be the bearer of such consolation as there was to the afflicted mother, and he had met her on her way from Manorsant, and walked with her as far as the entrance to Glynglâs, promising to return for her in an hour. He seemed to recover a portion of his energy with the necessity of thinking for another whose very life might depend upon him. He forgot that that other had been his enemy.

Mrs. Johnnes kept Rose waiting some time before she appeared. The poor lady was dazed by what had happened and what was expected of her. She had mastered one idea—that of secresy—so she strove to wash out the traces of tears, and to make herself unusually smart, that she might arouse no suspicion. Rose was astonished at her brisk manner and studied dress, and felt that she must still be in the dark concerning her son. Still, her face was white, her hand cold, her voice shaking. She began to talk on indifferent subjects, but Rose had no heart for false appearances, and went, as gently and circumspectly as she could, to her point. "You have heard—you must have heard—what has happened," she said.

"Oh yes! your fire. I am sorry. The riots are dreadful. I hope Mr. Wynne will rebuild," replied agitated Mrs. Johnnes.

"I did not mean to allude to ourselves. I was thinking of—of your son, Mr. Alfred. His horse returned without him, and——"

"Oh yes! Very kind of you to make inquiries. He is with some old friends in—in a neighbouring county. The horse only—only—ran out of the stable, and could not be caught."

"My dear Mrs. Johnnes, surely you know that Mr. Alfred is with us. I mean under my father's care."

"With you? when? how? You mistake. You must mistake. He is—a hundred—miles—away."

Mrs. Johnnes began these words excitedly, but restraining herself, ended with a useless effort at control.

"I thought Peters had prepared you," said Rose, in a voice of tender pity. "It is necessary to be very silent and secret——"

"Yes, yes!" interrupted Mrs. Johnnes. "What have you to say of my son? Why, why did you not marry him?"

"He is safe with us, dear Mrs. Johnnes," returned Rose, taking the old lady's hand. "He must have fallen from his horse, and was picked up by Jim and Peters, at least so they say. But it was the night before last that the soldiers found Rebecca on Penllyn, and yesterday morning Mr. Alfred was discovered somewhere on or near the mountain, which throws suspicion upon him; so that we are obliged to hide him in Shanno's house, and to be very, very secret."

"What state is he in? Who is with him?" gasped the poor mother.

"He is still insensible, but there are hopes. Egain is nursing him; Dr. Jones is attending him; and my parents will see that he has every care. Only so much caution is needed, that we are obliged to make believe that Silly Shanno is ill, and refuses to admit any one but ourselves."

Here Mrs. Johnnes broke down, and Rose was long before she could rouse her to the necessity of wearing a brave front, even before the servants. She said all she could think of to reassure her, but Mrs. Johnnes remembered how that her son had been absent night after night, and had given her no account of his proceedings, maintaining either silence, or irritably rebuking her when she questioned him. "He used to be always complaining of the gates," she said; "but he could afford to pay for them Surely he would not mix himself up with the rioters!"

"We had better not inquire, perhaps," said Rose. "But I promise to let you know every day, if I can, how he is getting on. Suspicion is not likely to fall on me, though were my father to come instead, people might think he knew something of your son."

"Oh dear, oh dear! What shall I do? When shall I see him? Let me go to him, dear, sweet Miss Rose!"

"When he is better, and able to see you, perhaps; but not now. Egain will be as tender a nurse as you."

"Oh, if he had married her this might never have happened!"

Again Mrs. Johnnes gave way; but Rose could not stay to console her, for her hour was up. She said so; but the poor lonely mother would scarcely let her go, clinging to her as to a forlorn hope. Rose entreated her to be comforted by the knowledge that her son should be taken care of; but she felt, while she made them, that such entreaties were vain. Not so, however, her exhortations to secresy. These, she felt sure, would be attended to.

And they were necessary. The disappearance of Johnnes and Peters was soon bruited about, and Philipps Wynne, at least, made the most of Silly Shanno's gay handkerchief and what she had said concerning them and Jim. But the latter was at his work as usual, and ready to tell any amount of falsehoods to shield himself or his friends; and, as we have before said, the magistrates generally were too much afraid of Rebecca to take stringent measures.

(To be continued.)

ALLAN'S SIGNAL.

It was a bright morning in spring. Primroses and violets peeped from under the hedges, and marsh marigolds expanded their golden blossoms beside the river-bank. But, though the birds sang sweetly, and the flowers bloomed gaily, little Emma, as she crossed the sun-lit fields, felt sad and lonely, for she had no one now to ramble with her through the pretty woods or linger by the brook-side to watch the shoals of tiny fish darting about in the shallows. All these, and many other enjoyments, were at an end, for Allan was gone away. No more happy evenings, when she used to wait at the gate to welcome him from school, hear his news, and tell all that happened at home during the day.

Mrs. Fraser, Emma's mother, lived with her brother at a farm-house in a remote part of the country. She had lost her husband many years ago; and now that Allan was growing too old for the village school, was thankful when her father-in-law undertook the charge of his grandson's education, and offered him a home until he should be able to provide one for himself.

"And for mother and Emma too," added the boy, as, full of bright hopes for the future, he started for his new school; sorry indeed to be parted from his mother and sister, but little understanding the blank his absence would leave in poor Emma's heart, or the grief felt by Mrs. Fraser at this long separation from her only son.

Time passed away, however; spring gave place to summer, but a change had come over Emma's life. She had no leisure now for dreaming by the river-bank, or brooding over her own loneliness, for her mother, whose health had been gradually declining the last few months, was becoming seriously ill, and, of course, all the necessary household duties fell on Emma, as well as most of the attendance on the invalid.

It was after a day of unusual fatigue and anxiety, having settled Mrs. Fraser for the night, Emma left the servant in charge, and lay down to rest in her own quiet little room.

The tired child was just falling into a calm sleep, when suddenly a well-known sound caught her ear, and she started up to listen. In a few moments it was repeated—again a shower of gravel rattled against the window-panes.

It was undoubtedly Allan's signal; often and often had she heard it in the dear old times, when he had stood outside summoning her to an early walk.

Emma sprang up, and ran across the room. The moon was shining brightly, and there, just under the window, in his accustomed position, stood Allan. Cautiously she raised the sash.

"Emma," said her brother, in a subdued voice, "go down, and let me in quietly at the back-door."

Noiselessly she obeyed, moving about as if in a dream; and not until the door was shut and fastened did she fully realise that Allan had indeed come home.

"Why, Em, you look half-asleep still! Is mother gone to bed?"

"Oh, Allan, she has not been up for many days!"

"But I want to see her very much."

"You can't to-night, for she must not be startled or disturbed; poor mother is ill. Is anything wrong with you?"

"Yes, everything; and I wanted to explain all to her before I see uncle, and get her to write to grandfather at once."

"What is it, dear Allan? tell me."

"Well, you must know, I ran away from school. I've had a hard day's walking, though I took the train as far as I could pay, and now, like a good girl, get me something to eat, then I'll tell you the rest."

As soon as his hunger was satisfied, Allan related his story. How he had been accused of breaking the lock of a book-case in the master's room, and looking at a volume which the boys were forbidden to use as a help to writing their exercises.

"Did you not deny it?" asked Emma, indignantly.

"Oh," replied her brother, "there was no good, for things seemed very much against me. I was met by the master that evening in the passage near his own door."

"And why were you there?"

"I followed one of the boys, to ask him to return a book I had lent him."

"Perhaps that boy broke open the lock."

"I 've no doubt he did, for I saw him hide something just as I came up."

"And why did you not say so when you were accused?"

"If you had ever been at school you 'd know why; we never tell tales there."

"It 's hard you should bear the blame, though. What did the master say?"

"That I had behaved most dishonourably, especially when we were trying for prizes, and that he would write about it to grandfather. The boys, too, thought I was guilty, and kept clear of me. So I could bear it no longer, and last night I watched my opportunity, and ran off. Now what am I to do?"

"Stay here for a while, I 'll tell uncle in the morning. Mother may be better in a few days."

"But uncle will be very angry because I ran away from school. He may believe the master's account. Oh, Em, you needn't say anything to him about me! I 'll stay in my room all day; can't you bring me a bit to eat now and then?"

"Yes. But it's not right to hide you in the house without uncle's knowledge. Come up now, however, to your own old room, and I'll settle the bed for you."

"Mind, you must promise to keep my secret," were Allan's last words that night, as he bade his sister good-night.

Morning came at length, and after the usual visit to her mother Emma peeped into Allan's room, and finding him still asleep hastened to join her uncle at the breakfast-table. It was hard to seem as usual, when her mind was full of anxiety; but after Mr. Mosse went out she managed to carry some breakfast to her brother unobserved. "Dear Allan," she said, "do let me tell Uncle Robert!"

"Oh no, Em! I want mother to hear first. Promise me you won't. I always kept your secrets."

Emma gave the required promise, and then hurried off to her mother's room, where she remained most of the day. Meanwhile the hours passed wearily enough to Allan, shut up alone, without occupation or amusement, in the small bed-room.

"Might I not risk it, and take a little walk," he said to himself, "the door is always open; I could watch an opportunity to slip in when I'm tired."

Then peeping from the window in every direction to be sure that the coast was clear, he let himself down by his hands, and dropped to the ground, as he had often done in old times, when he wanted to rouse Emma by his signal for an early walk. All went well till, turning a corner of the yard wall, he found himself suddenly within a few paces of his uncle, who was standing at the gate speaking to one of the labourers. Allan drew back silently, and, gliding behind a hedge, hoped he had escaped observation.

"Who was that?" exclaimed Mr. Mosse.

"I'd say it was Master Allan," replied the man, "only he's not at home."

"Oh, impossible! it must be one of the village lads trespassing about the place. I never saw one venture so near the house before."

Just then, Emma, who had been sent out by her mother to take a walk, met her uncle at the door, and heard that a strange boy had been seen prowling about the place. Too well did she guess who it was, and could not help looking anxious and uneasy.

"You'd better come with me if you're so easily frightened," said Mr. Mosse.

There was no help for it, and as poor Emma strolled round the farm with her uncle, trying to talk on indifferent subjects, she dreaded meeting Allan at every turn.

At length the walk was over, and, stealing away to her brother's room, she found it empty, as she had feared, and spent the rest of the evening in a state of painful excitement, trembling at every footstep, every creaking door.

Long and dreary seemed the hours, not only to Emma, but Allan, who lay hidden in the little grove, waiting an opportunity of returning to the house. Darkness came on, and he felt cold and hungry. No hope yet, for lights were burning and people moving about within, and so, choosing a sheltered spot behind the yard wall, he lay down and fell asleep.

The moon was shining clear and bright when Allan awoke, stiff and chilled, after his long sleep. All was quiet now, the door locked for the night, and, slipping round to Emma's window, he gave again the well-known signal. This time she was up and watching, and soon the half-famished boy was admitted, and supplied with food.

Emma slept long and heavily next morning, and woke with a sudden start, to find her uncle standing by her bed-side.

"Get up at once, Emma," he said, "your mother is much worse; she has had a great shock this morning, which brought on one of those weak attacks the doctor says are so dangerous. You cannot go to her now, but you may make yourself useful in the house."

"Oh, what has happened, uncle? is it about Allan?"

"Why should you think so, child? Well, yes, it is. A letter came by early post from your grandfather, saying the boy has got into a bad scrape at school, and is gone off, no one knows where. I heard, also, from the master on the same subject. Of course your mother took it greatly to heart, especially the uncertainty about her boy; indeed, had I guessed the contents I never should have allowed that letter to be brought to her."

"Oh, uncle, it's all my fault, I ought to have told you!"

"How could you know, child."

"Allan told me the whole story; he is here!"

Then, with many tears, Emma related all the particulars of her brother's arrival, and their reasons for keeping it secret.

"The straight way is always best," replied Mr. Mosse. "We must at once relieve your mother's mind about Allan's safety. I fear, however, it will not be easy to undo the sad consequences of this shock."

It was indeed too true, and that day was one long remembered by the little household.

Another night passed, and still Mrs. Fraser continued in an almost hopeless state. It seemed but a matter of small importance now that a letter arrived in the morning for Mr. Mosse from Allan's schoolmaster, completely exonerating him from the charge of which he had been accused, and stating that the boy who was really guilty had confessed all. Emma felt thankful, but not surprised; and wished poor mother could be told the good news.

Many weary months of weakness and suffering elapsed before Mrs. Fraser was again able to take her place in the family circle. That happy day did, however, at length arrive.

S. T. A. R.

GOOD DEEDS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

MISSION WORK AMONG THIEVES.

MR. GEORGE HATTON and his fellow-labourers have for many years past carried on mission work in the neighbourhood of St. Giles's, a district whose peculiar notoriety is almost proverbial. Hitherto their efforts have, by God's blessing, been very successful, so much so that they are encouraged to proceed with redoubled vigour in the discharge of what is a pressingly-needful duty. Their work, of course, embraces several branches, one of which has only recently been developed, namely, the reclaiming of thieves. This large section of the criminal classes has scarcely been brought under Gospel influence with sufficient perseverance and sympathy, and it is therefore all the more satisfactory to learn that Mr. Hatton's exertions have been appreciated by those whom they are intended to reach, and that the results already obtained give promise of increased usefulness and benefit. In last November between two and three hundred thieves of London, men who were all gaol-birds, and most of them but a short time previous to the meeting inmates of prisons, sat down to a substantial supper in the rooms belonging to the Mission chapel. After supper the men assembled in the chapel, their bearing throughout the whole proceedings being most orderly and respectful. The meeting was presided over by Mr. Charley, M.P., Common Serjeant of London, and as the gathering was unique of its kind, the occasion was full of interest. Mr. Hatton having briefly explained the system on which the mission was conducted, the audience was addressed in suitable and kindly words by the chairman and other gentlemen, and also by four men who had once belonged to the same class as their hearers, but who, by the grace of God, had come to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. There is a feature in the scheme which is specially worthy of comment. Every morning one or two of the missionaries meet the discharged prisoners as they leave the House of Correction, and invite them to a free breakfast in a school-room close by. While they are at breakfast the helpers converse with the men, ascertain what crimes they had committed, what their prospects are, and then proceed to speak to them of Him who came to seek and to save that which is lost. To such cases as appear fairly hopeful they give assistance, whenever it is in their power to do so, in the shape of honest labour. This seems to us a particularly practical mode of carrying on mission work—to meet these men before they return to their vile haunts and associates and relapse into the old sad groove, to reason together with them about their folly and sin, and to help to raise them out of the depths of vice and the slough of despair, by providing them with employment, and so giving them a chance to do well if they mean well. Only in this way can mission work among thieves be carried on with any degree of success. Mr. Hatton's plan is a wise one, carefully thought out. It is entitled to a much more detailed consideration than we can give it here, and it has the strongest claims upon the prayers and the support of every Christian man and woman.

LONDON CABMEN.

The Cabmen's Shelter and Mission has just completed its seventh anniversary, and from the report recently issued we gather that it has already proved a great blessing to the cabmen of our huge metropolis. There are 13,900 cabmen, and the annual subscriptions and donations towards the mission during the past year amount to £517. In addition to this, the sum expended by the men for provisions provided in the shelters is £935; but when the expenses are paid the Society finds itself with a balance of only £5 7s. So far, so good, however; but we should like to see more shelters for these unfortunate men, as during the winter especially a well-heated and lighted room close to their stands is an urgent necessity. The chief of the London police announces that during this year there has been an increase of drunkenness on the part of cabmen, but that cases of furious driving have been fewer than last year. We trust that the Mission will receive additional monetary assistance, so that they may be enabled to extend their beneficial operations, by providing for the cabmen a good and wholesome substitute for the public-house. In connection with the shelter and mission there are Sunday-schools, and a Band of Hope for the children of cabmen, and religious services for men, women, and children. In addition to the advantages of shelters for the men themselves, there are flourishing benefit societies for teetotalers, and clothes clubs. It may be interesting to the readers of the QUIVER to learn that £4,000,000 are annually expended by the public on cab hiring, and that some of the drivers have in past years occupied the position of lawyers, ministers, and doctors, and that one of the men now plying for fares in the London streets has a legal right to the title of "lord."

THE SOUP-KITCHEN MOVEMENT.

Modern philanthropy is many-sided, and adapts itself to the innumerable necessities of suffering humanity, whatever form or phase of pain or privation such necessity may show. It is eminently desirable that all practical philanthropy should be of a character, as far as possible, to help the needy to help themselves. We can scarcely doubt that this condition is fairly fulfilled by such organisations as the Leicester Square Soup-kitchen, to the working of which we now call attention. The aim of its promoters is to give such relief to the absolutely destitute as will enable them to cope with their forlorn circumstances, without making it possible to find, in the aid thus rendered, a lasting substitute for

honest toil. The design is to prevent starvation, and to lessen the last extreme of penury, and to supply to the hungry that measure of assistance without which the needy ones cannot be expected even to seek for the means of earning their daily bread. During the last year the Leicester Square Soup-kitchen and Refuge supplied no less than 102,595 meals to starving poverty; and the prudence which marks its management receives convincing testimony in the fact that while 3,359 meals were given in one week in the highly necessitous month of January, only 687 were so given in an August week, when the means of earning a meal were much more numerous and easy. Shelter for the night was given during the year to the not very large number, in proportion to the roofless multitude, of 2,600 cases. This also would lead us to conclude that a good deal of care has been taken to prevent the Refuge from being a mere casual-ward accessible to all and sundry. To 1,030 poor families in this superlatively poor neighbourhood a Christmas dinner was given, and fifteen and a half tons of coal were distributed to the aged and the sick. We can scarcely do other than place this worthy work on our list of "Good Deeds."

THE *CHICHESTER* AND *ARETHUSA* TRAINING SHIPS.

To extract what is, to all intents and purposes, a very dangerous element from the million-peopled metropolis, is in itself a work which it is scarcely possible to over-value or to over-praise. But to remove a serious leaven of mischief, and so to deal with it that it shall become a blessing and advantage to the country, must be regarded as one of the grandest triumphs of philanthropy. To transform the street Arab, the embryo thief, the probable life-thorn in the side of society, into an honest and valuable member of the commonwealth, and make them into men, self-dependent, self-respecting, and respectable, is to engage in just about the best possible work, whether viewed from a patriotic, moral, or religious standpoint. The readers of the QUIVER have read the story of these ships before, and have generously come forward with their united aid. We shall, therefore, simply say that already more than 2,000 lads have been rescued from the gutter and the gaol, and that some 700 boys who would otherwise have been cowering on door-steps, shivering in rags, shuffling along lanes and alleys, and passing through an inevitable training for a life of crime, are to-day to be seen on board these ships, a fine and noble band of embryo mariners and men as can be seen in a good deal longer journey than the proverbial "day's march."

STREET CHILDREN IN MANCHESTER.

There is an unmistakable cry of want heard from the manufacturing centres in these hard times, when bad trade, short hours, commercial shocks, severely try all classes, but, most of all, the class which this modest and informal movement is intended to relieve. A thousand neglected children are favoured with the unwonted luxury of a warm dinner once a week! An eye-witness at one of these tables, sparely served and too rarely spread, testifies to the hungry look and pinched features of the eager little applicants, to whom, it is very evident, the weekly dole is a God-send whose value is not to be appraised in words. Opinions may differ as to the claims of many in these harassed districts, either in sympathy or aid, but there will only be one feeling towards a charity of this sort—the little children must and shall be fed.

THE GOOD PASTOR GOSSNER.

At the close of the last century a Bavarian Roman Catholic priest of the name of Gossner embraced Protestant principles, and eventually became the pastor of the Prussian Church in Berlin. As a pastor he was noted for his remarkable zeal and his indubitable success. Not content with such a circumscribed field of labour as a mere pastorate, he threw himself with marvellous energy into a large variety of philanthropic and charitable enterprises. He established an important hospital, and about forty years ago began to train and send out missionaries into heathen lands.

One of the most interesting and pleasing results of the good pastor's evangelising zeal may be studied in the present day among the Kolks in Bengal. There are seven mission stations, with Manchi, Nagpore, as a centre, and on these thirteen German missionaries have the charge of native Christian churches numbering more than 25,000 baptised people; and 5,000 dusky candidates for Church membership are passing through the very careful course of preparation required for their initiation. So vigorously and so successfully is the work carried on that, on an average, the annual increase in the Churches through the district is about 3,000 souls. This is certainly noteworthy, and illustrates what may be done, and, indeed, is being done in India by Gospel agencies, despite the unusually potent obstacles that hinder the native mind from throwing off the trammels of superstition. One of the most encouraging features of this great movement is the extensive employment of a native agency—an element in mission labour which is, to our thinking, absolutely essential to the effective maintenance and successful continuity and expansion of all evangelising movements in foreign lands. There are six native pastors, eighty native catechists, and an important band of nearly eighty native schoolmasters, trained on the mission, are giving elementary education among the villages around. Those who have had the opportunity of visiting and inspecting the Gossner mission, speak highly of the good work which is there being carried on, and which is destined, without question, to become an important factor in the forces by means of which it is hoped, on the strength of Divine prophecy, to win India's millions for Christ.

THE "QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

97. In what way can we reconcile the name, "Son of Bosor," given to Balaam by St. Peter, with that of Balaam son of Beor, in the Old Testament?

98. In the book of Revelations we read, "To him that overcometh will I give a white stone." To what custom is there doubtless here an allusion?

99. "Put thou my tears into thy bottle." To what does this passage allude?

100. What testimony does St. Paul give to the value of the Old Testament Scriptures?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 256.

86. "Do nothing rashly" (Acts xix. 36).

87. Num. x. 14—28.

88. Num. ii. 2—32.

89. The river Cydnus (Acts xxi. 39).

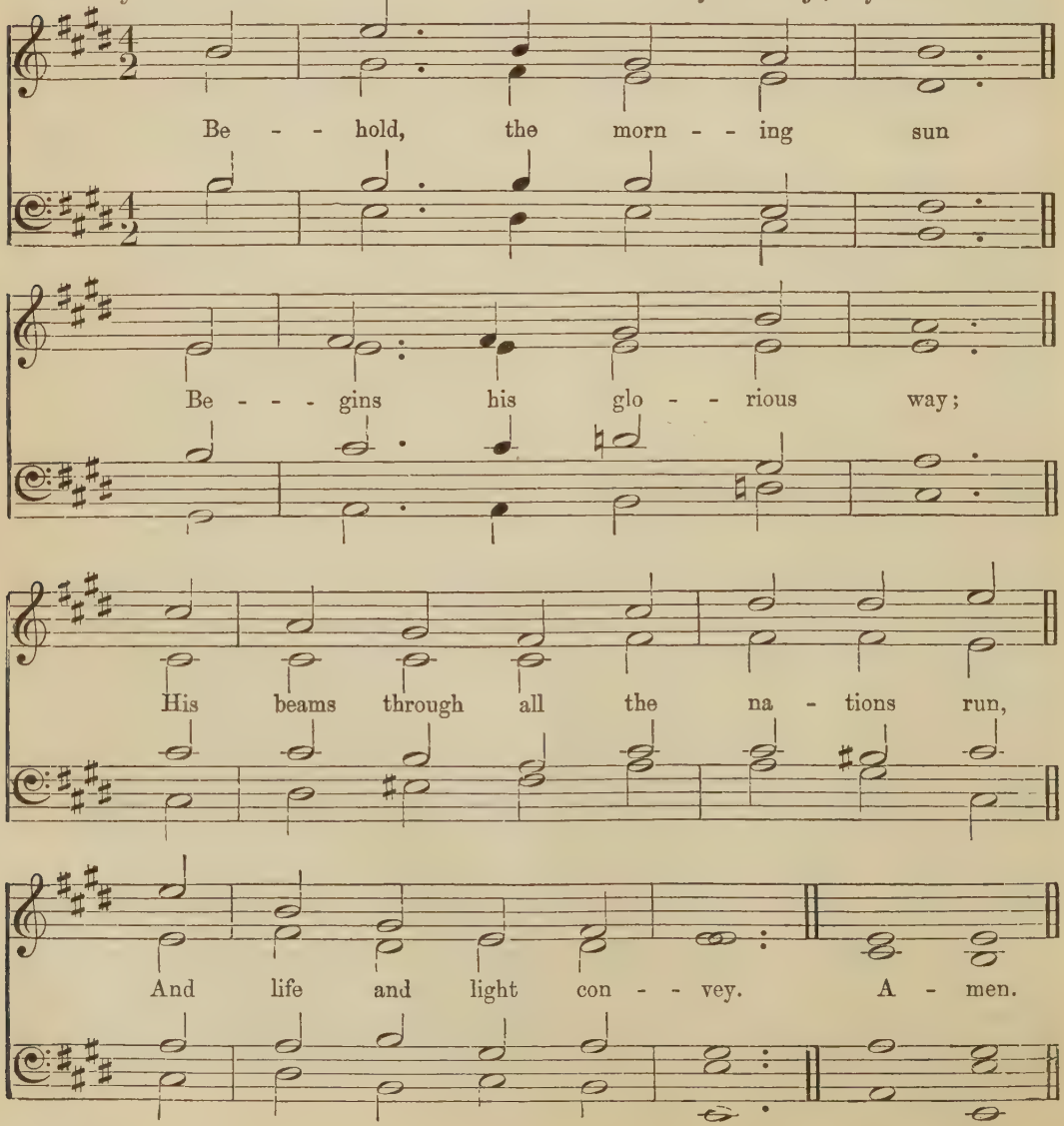
90. Josephus says Moses was as a child, "so charming, that those who met him in the road would turn back to gaze after him" (Acts vii. 20).

91. The children of the tribe of Levi were taken for the first-born of the other tribes, and so were dedicated to God's service (Numb. iii. 39—47).

"Behold, the Morning Sun."

Words by ISAAC WATTS.

Music by PROF. J. GORDON SAUNDERS, MUS. D., *Hertford College, Oxford.*



"Homeward, down the hill they go."

IN THE MORNING.

BY MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, AUTHORESS OF "GOD'S PROVIDENCE HOUSE," ETC.

HE had been gone more than two years. Two years did I say? a third year was taking long strides since John had sailed to the Antipodes for the sake of his health, and I had begun to despair of his return, and to dread a terrible shadow that was dogging our footsteps closer day by day.

I was a "mere child, too young to marry—" and so he was told, when first he went to my father with his

proposals for me—and also that his means were insufficient to maintain his daughter as she had been kept. Then my mother chimed in, that I had been trained to make the most of a husband's income, but not to add to it; and that with her will no girl of theirs should marry any man who could not support his wife without her working too.

Dear John, so firm, so self-reliant, I could fancy how his dark eyes must have flashed as he replied proudly that, whilst he had a hand or a head no wife should work for him. And what he must have felt when, with the burden laid upon him that he should enter into no engagement, no correspondence with me until he was in a position to claim me fairly, he threw up the appointment he held in our quiet town, and plunged himself and his energies into the chaos of the metropolis.

We had grown up together from childhood, friendship had changed its character; by insensible degrees we knew we loved each other, though never a word of love was spoken; but when he went away, with no more than a friend's farewell, save what a lingering look and a grasp of the hand might convey, I, the "mere child," had a burden laid upon my heart which has tried the strength of many a full-grown woman, and no one strove to lift the burden.

Though my father, Martin Lucas, had ample means, he had an ample family, and I had to cook dinners, wash and dress the little ones, mend clothes, hear lessons, and wait on mother, whose stern notions of economy forbade the hire of a second domestic.

Sunday was my only day of comparative rest. My father forbade cooking and all other unnecessary work on that day, so, along with the children I had dressed, I was free to go to morning service at our ancient church, and to take charge of a class in the Sunday-school in the afternoon.

All this had been a pleasure to me. I was sure, besides, to meet John somewhere on the road home, and he mostly walked beside me to the house door, though he but rarely stepped within.

John's departure changed all this. Not a teacher in the school but had something to ask or hint about his going; and I had to stand quips and covert allusions to man's inconstancy that stung me worse than open speech to which I could have replied.

Months went by. No word came from him. I gave up my class, said I was unable to attend to it; a fact which soon became self-evident, for my home duties were too much for me, and one day our good doctor, who had looked at me very steadfastly, went straight from my mother's room to my father's office, across the town, and gave him an unasked opinion about me, which my brother Ben reported. He said, "Heartache is the worst of all aches, and often brings other aches in its train," and he wound up with the affirmation that I was "overworked."

A second servant was engaged forthwith, and that took some of the burden off my hands; but not a finger or a voice was uplifted to lighten the burden on my young heart, and it was hard to bear.

One day, a month or two later, the dear old doctor—whose white hairs I venerate still—stooped down to me as he was leaving the house, and, with a kind pressure of the hand, whispered, "Cheer up, Effie! Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

He was off, and I stood there looking after him with inquiring eyes, as the sweet Bible words sifted on my fevered head and heart softly as snow, and I wondered if he knew more than he said. At all events, they were the first words of solace that had come to me, and I took them as prophecy; and hope never fell so low again, though morning slowly followed morning, yet brought no joy for me.

It was Sunday. The snow was upon the ground, and still falling, as we came out of church—myself and my sister Bessy in advance, Ben and his sweetheart behind, father following in converse with a neighbour. Bessy—elate in the display of a new muff and feather—stepped briskly by my side, regardless of the weather; whilst I, saddened by a sombre sermon on life's uncertainties, walked on, with downcast eyes and sober countenance no doubt.

An exclamation from Bessy caused me to look up. Joy *had* "come in the morning!" for there was John advancing towards us as we left the churchyard.

I must have put out both my hands to meet his, for my prayer-book dropped to the ground, and Bessy stooped to pick it up.

I saw the eager look in his eyes change sadly as he scanned my features, then some of the old fire flashed into them, as the grip of his hand tightened upon mine.

He had come to claim my father's promise somewhat before the time, it is true; but he had heard that I was drooping, and felt sure the long separation and enforced silence were telling on me as they were on himself.

There was no excuse now. He had, for so young a man, a good mercantile post, had supplemented his salary by work done in his leisure hours, had saved a fair sum, and was quite able to maintain a wife, and he would not hear of delay.

Ours was a quiet wedding. John had short leave of absence, and there was small time for preparation; but John said I looked lovely in my simple wedding-dress, and my father persisted I was a mere child still, though I was fully nineteen.

I am sure it was with a child-like trust I—Effie Lucas no longer—sat beside my husband, John Gordon, in the railway-carriage that was bearing me from the old life to the new; and felt how strong, and resolute, and self-reliant a man I had to lean upon and look up to henceforth; and I thought, too, of Dr. Grey's whispered text, and, in my morning joy imagined that heaviness had passed away for ever.

SORROW AND SONG IN THE EVANGELISTS.

BY THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM ALEXANDER, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF DERRY AND RAPHOE.

SORROW.

THE LEADING IDEAS OF THE GOSPEL HISTORY OF THE PASSION.

ST. MATTHEW.

ALL Christian teachers, of every Church and school, agree in proclaiming that meditation upon the cross and passion of Jesus Christ is among the first conditions of true Christian life. Until the crucified ceases to be to us merely a sublime image of the misty past we are scarcely Christians to the core. The cross must be more than a symbol. It must be affecting and efficacious. It must touch us not only upon the circumference, but at the very centre of our being.

It must be confessed that the duty is little realised and little practised. How few even seriously try to be alone with the sufferer, and to fulfil spiritually the words of a hymn popular in countries where the attempt to bring home the passion of our Lord to the human heart is accompanied by too much which is sensational and materialistic.

> "From pain to pain, from woe to woe,
> With loving hearts and footsteps slow
> To Calvary with Christ we go."

The reasons for this neglect are, unfortunately, too obvious. Such meditation is *troublesome*, and the natural heart is indolent. It is *humiliating* to bow down our pride before that bleeding form. Such meditation is *exacting*. There is no one sin, inward or outward, of flesh and spirit, which must not be pierced through and through by such a contemplation of Him who died for sin that we might die to it. Such meditation, too, is an *act of faith*. To believe that the sorrowful and dying man is indeed the Lamb of God, who beareth away the sins of the world; that the throes which shake that cross are the porch by which we enter into the peace of God; that the Rock of Ages is cleft for us; this is pre-eminently an exercise of faith. These four causes of dislike to meditation no sermon or argument can remove. The Spirit of God only can awaken the slothful, humble the proud, convince the sinful, enlighten the blind.

But there is one cause of a different kind connected with the divinely-given materials for meditation, which preachers and writers may do something towards removing. In some cases, the very richness and abundance of the Gospels proves embarrassing. The lines of the fourfold Gospel become entangled in the student's hand. We are like children putting together a dissecting map with puzzled faces, when we should be thoughtfully and reverently listening to an evangelist's voice. We are bracing our intellects to *harmonise* when we should be hushing our souls to *meditate*.

Our object at present is, under St. Matthew's exclusive guidance, to trace Jesus from the moment after Gethsemane to the moment of His death (St. Matthew xxvi. 57; xxvii. 34).

We must place—1, St. Matthew's object and leading ideas clearly before us.

St. Matthew has ever before his mind in his Gospel, from its very first verse, the Jews and Judaism, and Jesus the true Messiah, confronted with them. This is especially the case in his narrative of the Passion. Here pre-eminently his is the gospel of types of the true Judaism, Messiah, and High Priest, of Hebrew prophecy fulfilled.

His history of the Passion naturally falls into six sections.

(57) "And they that had arrested Jesus led Him away to Caiaphas the high priest, where the scribes and the elders were assembled. (58) But Peter had followed Him afar off, even unto the palace of the high priest, and having entered in, sat with the constables to see the end.* (59) Now the high priests, and the elders, and all the high council, were diligently seeking false witness against Jesus, for the purpose of doing Him to death. (60) And they found it not, though there had come many false witnesses; but afterwards two having come forward, (61) said, This man said, I am able to break down the temple of God, and to build it up in three days. (62) And the high priest arose up, and said unto Him, Answereth thou nothing? what is it which these witness against thee? (63) But Jesus held His peace. And the high priest answered and said unto Him, I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God. (64) Jesus said unto him, *Thou hast said;* besides which I say unto you, henceforth ye shall see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming on the clouds of heaven. (65) Then the high priest rent his clothes, saying, He hath blasphemed! what further need have we of witnesses? behold, now ye have heard his blasphemy. (66) What think ye? And they answered and said, He is guilty of death. (67) Then did they spit in His face, and buffeted Him with their fists; and some smote Him with the palms of their hands. (68) Saying, Prophesy unto us, thou Christ, who is he that smote thee? . . . . . xxvii. (1) And when the early morning

* St. Matt. xxvi. 57, xxvii. 3.; Psalm xxxviii. 11.

was come, all the high priests and the elders of the people took counsel against Jesus, so as to do Him to death. (2) And having bound Him, they led Him away, and delivered Him up to Pontius Pilate the governor." *

In this passage we have the procedure of the representatives of Judaism in the first place in the palace of Caiaphas. The depth of their murderous hatred is brought out by that significant imperfect, † their studious and protracted search for witness which they knew to be false.

We shall not fail to note the double guilt of the populace, and of their representative. The high priest,‡ in his affected and theatric horror at an assumed violation of the law, himself violates an enactment of the law. This action on the part of the representative of Judaism as a fallen religion is followed by the outburst of vulgar wrath upon the part of the people themselves. Every careful reader will find ample proof in almost every verse of the degree in which psalm and prophecy filled St. Matthew's heart and mind.

The substance to which the whole section tends is, that the Messiah's judgment by the Gentiles is decided through the baseness of His own people—more decidedly by the more regular council which was held in the morning.

II. §(3) "Then Judas, which had betrayed Him, when he saw that He was condemned, regretted what he had done, returned the thirty pieces of silver to the high priest and the elders, (4) saying, I have sinned, in that I have betrayed innocent blood. But they said, What is that to us? Thou shalt see to it. (5) And having flung down the pieces of silver in the temple, he retired into loneliness, and went away, and hanged himself. (6) And the high priest took the pieces of silver, and said, It is not lawful for to put them into the sacred treasure, because they are the price of blood. (7) And they took counsel, and bought with them the potter's field, to bury strangers in. (8) Wherefore that field is called, blood-field unto this day. . . ."

It is remarkable that St. Matthew introduces the suicide of Judas just at this point. The name is significant. The suicide of *Judaism* is typified by the suicide of *Judas*.

There is an ingenious refinement of hatred in the action of the chief priests. The redemption price to be paid to a master for a slave "pushed" by an ox, was fixed at thirty shekels of silver.* The sum here stipulated was a touch of cynical satire. "He for whom we pay you is a wretched slave." In the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau, Judas is exhibited, "with the soul of a demon, and the face of a corpse," ringing one of the silver pieces to test it, as if a miserable grasping at gain was his characteristic. But this small payment does not limit his expectation. Doubtless, he calculated upon laying an influential priesthood under obligations. The thirty pieces were but an earnest, the first drops of a golden shower of wealth and favour. He had not counted, it may be, upon his Master's *death* as the necessary result of his treason. Then, as with many another sinner, remorse seized upon him too late. True repentance there was not. But, at least, "he regretted what he had done." He turns in anguish to his priestly tempters, who meet him with cynical contempt. "Thou shalt see to it." He seeks for the peace which he can never know; as if the money were red-hot, and burned him to the bone, he dashed it down in the holy place.† He retreated for a while into solitude. His remorse heaped sacrifice upon sacrifice. He offered his ill-gotten gain to the church; he tried to shroud himself in loneliness; and then — like Ahithophel — he hanged himself.

III. ‡(11) "And Jesus stood before the governor: and the governor asked Him, Art Thou the King of the Jews? And Jesus said unto him, Thou sayest. (12) And, while He was being accused of the high priest and elders, He answered nothing. (13) Then saith Pilate unto Him, Hearest Thou not how many things they witness against Thee? (14) And He made no answer to him, no, not to one single word: insomuch that the governor marvelled greatly. (15) But, at each feast, the governor was wont to release unto the people one prisoner, whom they would. (16) And they had then a notable prisoner, called Barabbas. (17) When, therefore, they were gathered together, Pilate said unto them, Whom will ye that I release unto you, Barabbas, or Jesus which is called Christ? (18) For he knew that for envy they had delivered Him up. (19) And, while he was sitting upon the judgment-seat, his wife sent unto him, saying, Have thou nothing to do with that righteous man, for I have suffered much this day in a dream because of Him. (20) But the high priests and the elders persuaded the multitude that they should ask for Barabbas, and destroy Jesus. (21) And the governor answered, and said, Whether of the twain will ye that I release unto you? They

* Whenever these translations deviate from the A.V., I have, in general, followed—with the liberty, however, of occasional deviation—the rendering by John Brown McClellan, M.A., in his volume on the Four Gospels.

† v. 59.

‡ "He that is the high priest among his brethen, upon whose head the anointing oil was poured, and that is consecrated to put on the garments, shall not uncover his head, nor rend his garments" (Leviticus xxi. 10.)

§ St. Matt. xxvii. 3—11.

* Exod. xxi. 32.

† Temple—not Temple-courts.—M'Clellan.

‡ St. Matt. xxvii. 11—26.

said, Barabbas! (22) Pilate saith unto them, What shall I do, then, with Jesus which is called Christ? All say, Let him be crucified! (23) And he said, Why, what evil hath He done? But they cried out the more, saying, Let Him be crucified! (24) When Pilate saw that he is of no avail, but that rather a tumult is being made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent from the blood of the man; ye shall see to it. (25) And all the people answered, and said, His blood be on us, and on our children. (26) Then released he Barabbas unto them; but Jesus, having scourged, he delivered up that He should be crucified."

The same great leading idea still fills the evangelist's soul.

How majestically the King of Israel stands before the delegated representative of Rome! How august is the predicted silence! He made no answer to Pilate; no, not a single syllable. In an awful pause, while Pilate was actually sitting on the judgment seat, comes a message from Procula his wife. Critics can no longer brand it as false historically that a Roman proconsul should have had his wife with him, under any circumstances, in the province over which he presided. They sometimes, however, sneer at the introduction of such matter as a woman's dream into the domain of history. Procula's dream may very possibly not have been miraculous in the ordinary sense of the word. Her mind may have acted according to the actual laws to which such phenomena conform. She must have learnt something of the gentle and mysterious Teacher, whose presence in Jerusalem was producing such a profound sensation. For a moment (as Doré's great picture seems to hint) she may have seen the gentle Galilean moving across the court, while nearly she was asleep. The dignity and pathos of His presence may have called up some awful scene, from which the Roman lady woke up scared and sobbing. Some may think any narrative of the kind trifling, and a little superstitious. The evangelist St. Matthew is one of those true historians who recognise the fact that there are shadows from the land of dreams which fall upon the solid region of history.* We will not ransack the records of the past—we will not sift the notices in Archbishop Laud's diary, nor investigate the story which is told of President Lincoln. Possibly some who read these lines may find a parallel in their own experience—a warning may have come to them, heeded or unheeded, in a dream or from woman's lips. In the record of the Passion none pleads so strongly and directly for Jesus as a woman; the voice that speaks for Him is that of one who was prompted to intercede by something which she saw when her eyes were closed and her head laid upon the pillow. Perhaps, as we were going to crucify the Son of God afresh, from some woman's lips the appeal has come to our conscience, "Have thou nothing to do with it."

St. Matthew then passes on to that subject which was so predominantly his—the sin of the Jews, and the legacy of guilt bequeathed by that generation to their remotest posterity.*

IV. †(27) Then the soldiers of the governor took Jesus into the imperial palace, and gathered unto Him the whole battalion. (28) And they stripped Him and put on Him a scarlet cloak. (29) And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon His head, and a reed in His right hand; and they bowed the knee before Him, and mocked Him, saying, Hail, King of the Jews! (30) And they spit upon Him, and took the reed, and kept beating Him on the head. (31) And after that they had mocked Him, they stripped the cloak off from Him, and put his own outer garments on Him, and led Him away to crucify Him. (32) And as they came out they found a man of Cyrene, Simon by name; him they pressed into service to carry His cross. (33) And when they were come unto a place called Golgotha, which is called the Place of a Skull, (34) they gave Him to drink wine mingled with gall; and when He had tasted thereof, He would not drink."

After the tremendous process of scourging (of which more will be said again) followed the mockery of the Roman cohort. The narrow littleness of Jewish fanaticism spent itself in shouts and blows and peals of ribald laughter. Most travellers have observed the gloomy, deliberate, business-like buffoonery of the modern Romans in the Corso. This they would appear to have inherited with the Latin blood. But, in addition to this, human suffering and death always found some place or other in their old Roman predecessors. And so the Roman soldiers proceed to a wild yet deliberate mockery of Imperialism. No principal part of the ceremonial is omitted. We find a counterpart of the clothing in the plain camp pallium dyed scarlet; of the coronation in the crown of thorns; of the acclamation in the "Hail, King of the Jews;" of the sceptre in the cane. Very touching is one line in the picture—as the reed drops from His passive grasp, they

* For *dreams* in St. Matthew's Gospel, cf. i. 20, ii. 12, 13, 19.

* This section is peculiarly rich in those fully-indicated contrasts, which are so much a feature in St. Matthew's Gospel. See especially the implied comparison between the thoughtful pity of the heathen lady and the obstinate malevolence of the appointed teachers of God's people. "His wife sent unto Pilate, saying . . But the high priests and elders persuaded," &c. (v. 19, 20). Also the contrast between Pilate's deprecatory action and the imprecations of the people (v 24). Think again of the contrast which is implied between Barabbas and Jesus, the true Son of the Father, and His hellish caricature even in name—the son of *his* father.

† Verses 27—35.

pick it up, and keep beating Him upon the head with it. Finally, at Golgotha, they present Him with the festal cup outside the camp. It was a potion generally prepared by women for those who were doomed to endure the long agony of the cross, flavoured with myrrh, and mingled with gall or poppy juice, supposed to possess anæsthetic properties. We, His sinful creatures, may thankfully use chloroform and the like; His sufferings are vicarious. He must endure all with consciousness unclouded.

V. "(35) And having crucified Him, they parted His outer garments, casting lots. (36) And as they sat they watched Him there; (37) and they set up over His head His accusation, written, THIS IS JESUS, THE KING OF THE JEWS. There are crucified with Him two robbers, one on the right hand, and another on the left. (39) And they that passed by blasphemed Him, wagging their heads, (40) and saying, Thou that breakest down the Temple, and buildest it up within three days, save thyself. If Thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross. (41) Likewise also the high priests, mocking, with the scribes and elders, said, (42) He saved others; himself He cannot save. He is the King of Israel! let Him now come down from the cross, and we will believe on Him. (43) He trusted in God; let Him deliver Him now, if He will have Him; for He said, I am the Son of God. (44) And after the same fashion the robbers also, which were crucified with Him, upbraided Him. (45) Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land until the ninth hour.

The particulars here recorded are, in great measure, fulfilments of Hebrew prophecy, especially the circumstance of the guard gambling as He hung naked upon the tree. What cruelty is pictured in the verse, "And as they sat they watched Him there." Indignation is justly expressed at those scenes of vivisection, where experimenters, with superior smile, grope their way down the "dim track of animal pain." But here a man suffered, and no end, even of curiosity, was to be attained. Some of us read of a hideous case in France a year or two ago. It was a mother who flung her little boy into a closet, after beating him cruelly, where he was heard sobbing and calling on a little dog; dying while she was flaunting at the theatre. But he was at least out of sight.

It will be observed that St. Matthew gives the title in the form best calculated for his purpose, to bring out Pilate's derision of the Jews. It is characteristic also that he gives most fully the words of the fanatical mockery of Judaism, passing into the fiercest blasphemy with horrid echoes of distorted Psalms.

"(46) And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani? that is to say, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? (47) And some of them that stood there, when they heard it said, This man calleth Elijah. (48) And straightway one of them ran, and took a sponge, and filled it with vinegar, and put it on a reed, and gave Him to drink. (49) And the rest said, Let be, let us see whether Elijah cometh to save him. (50) And Jesus, when He had cried again with a loud voice, gave up the ghost."

We have here the "Eli!" cry so frivolously misunderstood by the by-standers—a word drawn from the very depths of Hebrew prophecy of the Passion. In St. Matthew and St. Mark this alone is preserved among the Saviour's last words. In this there is a Divine candour. It had been easy and obvious for unbelief to say, "Here at least is weakness. This is the cry wrung from a heart broken by the sense of failure in its mission—the wail of a young life made for the sunshine of Galilee, wasting its last golden drops upon the dust of Golgotha." At least, the obvious objection is proof enough that the word was not invented. One little trait of inconsistent pity (the human heart is so inconsistent!) is here recorded, a compassionate hand passed a cool sponge over the parched lips.

Such is St. Matthew's idea of the Passion. Jesus is the true King, Messiah, Priest, of the true Israel of God. As He hangs nailed to the cross, He is the inheritor of predestined suffering—Psalms are chanted to a wailing music; funeral bells of prophecy are tolling in the distance.

We have throughout the Passion emphatically in the light of the Old Testament. Hearts are failing round us about the Bible. When we are perplexed, let us read sometimes the 22nd Psalm or the 53rd of Isaiah, with St. Matthew's interpretations at the foot of the Cross.

II. Some thoughts may naturally follow as to the mode of meditating upon the narrative in St. Matthew.

1. In the Church of Rome exciting and sensational appeals are made to the sensibilities of the masses so far as the physical aspects of the Passion are concerned. In the woods of the Rhenish provinces, in the coolness of dusky churches in southern climates, the awful form of the Crucified meets the eye everywhere. Over the fringe of pines on the Apennines or Pyrenees the Calvary, with its spectral cross, stands out against the evening sky. On the ample round of the Coliseum the stations of the cross mark each stage of the Passion. But we have a better and more unquestionable crucifix, not graven by art or men's device, divinely carven; we see it rightly, when we meditate upon these words of St. Matthew, and turn them into prayer. When we read of Judas, let us pray for perseverance and for a holy death. As we think of Pilate's warning, let us ask for a tender conscience, for an ear open to the still small voice of God's Spirit. As the

hideous mockery of Jesus comes out before us line by line, let us ask for patience under life's little provocations. As we follow in thought the long hours, the darkened Heaven, the bitter cup, the fierce thirst, let us seek to feel something of the power of that exceeding love.

2. Nor let us neglect to observe that St. Matthew, in writing from a Jewish starting-point, does not fail, in his own way, to indicate to us the intended universal extent of Christ's work.

He shows us, by one significant touch, that the sacrifice is world-wide, "And, behold, the vail of the Temple was rent from the top down to the bottom into two." Here religious life, under the old dispensation, was centred and summed up in the Temple for one favoured race. The separation is removed. *All* are now brought near to God. We are not to look upon Redemption in its effects as a hard bargain, by which a few were reluctantly brought up. This rending of the vail is the immediate result of the death-cry in St. Matthew's contemplation of it.

There are times for some of us when things, which for long years were written in the book of memory with invisible ink, seem to stand out in letters of blood, and to be underscored with lines of fire. In such hours, let St. Matthew guide us to the foot of the Cross.

THE WHITE ROSE OF WHITELAKE.

BY ANNE BEALE, AUTHOR OF THE "PENNANT FAMILY."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

DELIRIUM.

WATCHING and waiting. Who does not know what that means? And if it is hard to watch and wait in faith that all will be well, what must it be to watch and wait in hopeless unbelief in the divine omniscience? Egain watched and waited in faith, yet did the days and nights seem to her laggards that would never bring the dawn. Yet is love stronger than death; and her love for Alfred Johnnes had outlived the death of all her hopes, being nourished and purified by prayer when passion had faded like some tropical flower in a sudden frost.

She sat by the bedside of him to whom she had given her heart years ago; she ministered to him, she listened to his groans, thankful that they betrayed life. She bathed his temples, held his hand, and knelt often and long in heart-stirring supplication. Self was banished, and a Christ-like compassion replaced it.

But day after day passed, and those lips were not moved by speech. He was wholly unconscious, and lay with closed eyes, as it were in a living death.

As secresy was imperative she was secretly aided. The doctor's visits were made nominally to Mr. Mervyn, and cautiously to Johnnes. Silly Shanno was absent, and therefore her room was in the keeping of the inmates of Llynhafod. The female servants had a superstitious dread of the ruin, therefore it was safe from their inspection after twilight; and Jim, being in the secret, was able either to sit up at night with Egain, or to doze on Silly Shanno's old settle, giving out that since his stable and bedroom had been destroyed he had taken to Shanno's room during her absence. Mrs. Mervyn and Rose came and went when they could do so unnoticed, and carried Egain all that was needed for herself and her sad charge.

Edwyna's curiosity was, perhaps, the greatest hindrance to secresy. It was impossible to check that, and inexpedient to gratify it. But when the excitement of the fire subsided, it was found that the fright had made her nervous, and the doctor counselled change for her. Miss Edwardes begged that she might accompany her on a long-promised visit to her brother, Edgar's father, who was a clergyman in a neighbouring county; and much against her inclination, and forced by circumstances, Mrs. Mervyn consented.

No sooner was obstacle number one got rid of, than number two arose in the persons of the corporal and his wife, who would naturally expect to see Egain. But Egain disposed of them. She wrote them a dutiful letter, asking as a favour that they would be content to do without her yet a while, as she had duties to perform which she would communicate to them by-and-by. Meanwhile, she begged them to abstain from coming to see her, and to let people imagine that she was gone to the sea for change of air. So when Pal the Shop wondered how Egain "could have got away so quick and sly," and Mrs. Jones, the "Angler's Arms," said that "she supposed she had been sent off because they wanted her room more than her company," the corporal was able to declare conscientiously that he knew nothing about it.

"They have cured my girl up at Llynhafod, may they and the Lord be praised," he said. "I can trust them and her to do what's right; so, name o' goodness, mind your own business."

Thus curiosity, which was agape, got insufficiently fed. Never had there been so much anxiety at Llynhafod since the Mervyns had tenanted it; still the trouble did not turn out "to be from the ground." On the contrary, it so stirred the depths of stagnant

feelings, that new blossoms budded from the dark waters. Rose, whose life at this time was one of continuous self-torture, as well as of self-imposed action, still rejoiced to feel that her parents were nearer and nearer by misfortune.

This was her self-torture. In the over-sensitiveness of her temperament she was always accusing herself of bringing distress and disgrace upon herself and all she loved. But for her, she argued, Alfred Johnnes would never have visited his disappointment on her father, or perhaps been driven to desperate courses. But for her folly she would not have subjected herself to the adventures she had met with on Midsummer Eve, and not have been rescued by him who was ever uppermost in her thoughts, chasten them as she would. But for this her brother might not have been led away by his love for soldiering, and might have been still at home to help in this great emergency.

She sought strength from Egain in these struggles; not by confiding in her, but by watching her unselfish resignation under a far greater, if similar trial; for Virginie did not fail to tell her that Major Faithfull was all but engaged to Marcia.

Egain was indeed strong, with a strength not her own; and it was not given to her in vain.

Her patient continued long in a state of coma, but he awoke from it at last—awoke, not to reason, but to incoherent wandering. She was alone with him, his impassive hand in hers, when she was startled by a word. He had spoken it. The word was "Rose!"

One throb of thankfulness, and she bent over him with a whispered "Here I am." She meant no falsehood—she spoke none. He was in no condition to understand who was with him—indeed, he relapsed into unconsciousness. It was not long before he repeated that name. "White Rose," he said, and his eyes opened. Egain pressed his hand, moistened his lips, and whispered to him again the unselfish, half deceitful truth, "Here I am."

When the doctor came soon after, he said that one phase of the result of the accident had passed, but that another had taken its place. Fever had set in, and the end was as doubtful as before. Still, speech had returned, which was, at least, more hopeful than the silence which had preceded it. He raved continually of Rose, of Rebecca, of his deluded followers, but Egain's name never escaped him.

"He has clean forgotten me," she would sigh, as she bound his head with wet bandages, and moistened his lips with wine and water.

Mrs. Mervyn and Jim helped to nurse him, and even Mr. Mervyn relieved Egain occasionally, for she was insufficient to restrain him in his delirium.

"He has said enough to criminate himself and everybody else a hundred times over," said Mervyn. "But he raves against some one who set fire to Llynhafod. I don't think he did it after all."

"Oh, I am sure he did not! He is wild and thoughtless, but not intentionally wicked," returned Egain, with clasped hands.

While Alfred Johnnes was thus lying in a state of alternate unconsciousness, delirium, and insensibility, Government offered £100 for the discovery of the man who had led the Rebeccaites on the night of their encounter with the soldiers on Penllyn mountain. No one supposed that Johnnes was actually that individual except those who were interested in keeping his secret—not even Phillips Wynne. He had the credit of amusing himself by playing at Rebecca, but not of being that ubiquitous lady. His absence from home was accounted for by his poor mother in various ways that tended to allay such suspicions as might have arisen; and the return of his horse without a rider was hushed up by the neighbours, who were all, more or less, involved in his transactions. One of his labourers, however, was amongst the stragglers taken prisoners by the military, and Peters had absconded, so it was impossible to say how soon his participation in the riots might be made public, or whether the bait of a sum of money would be sufficiently attractive to induce some one to turn Queen's evidence. A word might betray what so many sought to conceal, and the Mervyns felt that the best chance for the safety of their disabled guest would be to get him out of the country. But this was impossible in his present state, and they were too generous to let private interests interfere with what they considered mere hospitality and duty to a neighbour, even though he were their enemy.

The difficulty of concealment increased as time went on, for Philipps Wynne, to show his independence, made a point of sending workmen to Llynhafod, to repair the mischief done by the fire; and they were vigorously at work during the short hours of daylight, while he who was supposed by Mervyn to have done the mischief was lying unconscious hard by. This anomalous state of things served greatly to amuse Mervyn, who recovered a portion of his spirits upon the strength of it.

"I shall just hold out till the place is rebuilt and we have got rid of Johnnes, and then we must retire on our funded property," he said, with grim amusement, to his wife and daughter. "I could find it in my heart to wish that fellow transported but for his poor old mother."

"She entreats to be allowed to see him," responded Rose.

"That cannot be. There is risk enough as it is," said Mrs. Mervyn. "I believe Llewellen suspects something, and if the actual truth comes to him it would be his duty to make it known. I am not sure that he did not recognise Mr. Johnnes when Major Faithfull upset him."

"And I am daily dreading and hoping for the return of Silly Shanno. I sent her away, little thinking she would be absent so long. If anything should happen to her I shall never forgive myself," said Rose, for this was another of her self-tormentings.

"It is a pretty kettle of fish altogether," laughed Mervyn. "As things are at the worst, perhaps

"He was wholly unconscious, and lay with closed eyes."—*p.* 295.

they 'll mend. What do you say about it, Mrs. Mervyn? Can you help?"

Rose saw a meaning glance pass between her father and mother; but the latter looked grave, and bent over her work, while the mirth that had returned for a moment to the eyes and speech of the latter passed away. But, as Rose remarked thankfully, there was no recrimination.

Going to see Egain shortly after this conversation, and to carry her many messages from Mrs. Johnnes, she found her in tears. She asked the cause.

"He has been calling for Mr. Edwardes in the most heart-breaking way," Egain answered. "If only he could regain sense, he would repent. Oh, dear Miss Rose, pray that he may repent!"

"I do constantly, dear Egain. Why are you alone?"

"Jim has gone to speak to Mr. Mervyn about it. Listen!"

Rose listened; and from the dark corner to which no light was allowed to penetrate lest it should increase the delirium, came pitiful calls for the vicar.

"Come and make me better, Edwardes! Why don't you come and marry us! We are waiting in church! White Rose is waiting! I will turn over a new leaf! Ha! there is that man in the helmet and feathers! Take him away, he will murder me! No, no, I am not Rebecca, not a bit of it! Philipps Wynne is Rebecca, White Rose is Rebecca. I say, vicar, where are you? Come and preach, come and preach!"

"Do not cry, dear Egain, you will be ill again," said Rose.

"No, it does me good, it relieves me," sobbed Egain, forgetful, for the moment, of her patient.

But the sobs reached him, and he cried out excitedly, "Come here, White Rose! you are crying, I won't carry you off; I will not harm you!"

Egain went to him, and Rose heard her whisper, as she leaned over the bed, "I know you will not harm me. I am not afraid."

"He will think you are me!" said Rose, rising to remonstrate.

"What if he does? it calms him; and he will know better if he should recover," whispered Egain, for there was no self in her labour of love.

It was a sad and touching scene. The bending figure of Egain was scarcely visible in the shadow, while Johnnes was quite hidden by the oaken panels of the bedstead. The settle was between him and the fire, a candle behind his wooden shelter. All round the pair was weird and dreary. Rose, on the contrary, stood in partial light, between the flickering rays of the fire and the dim flame of the candle.

Just at this moment there was a gentle tap at the door. Rose opened it to admit her father and Mr. Edwardes. Jim was also there, but remained without.

"Go home with Jim, Rose," said her father; and she left, wondering how Mr. Edwardes had been so quickly reached.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ROSE REMAINS AT MANORSANT.

"I THINK your king is in check, my dear young lady," said Mr. Wynne, smoothing his hands with quiet satisfaction.

"Oh yes; I beg your pardon; I did not see it," returned Rose, touching the said king with nervous fingers.

The transition from Alfred Johnnes insensible, and Egain watching, may seem abrupt, but it occurred in the natural course of events. The day had been unusually stormy, and about the time of Rose's customary departure from Manorsant the clouds broke into such torrents of rain that old Mr. Wynne despatched of his own accord a messenger to Llynhafod, with a note to her mother to the effect that he had taken the law into his own hands, and forcibly detained her. Mrs. Mervyn had hastily packed up such articles of dress as she deemed necessary, and thus it came about that Rose found herself in what is called "society" for almost the first time. Mr. Wynne made such a point of her appearing at the dinner-table, that his daughter-in-law was also compelled to urge it, so that Rose's many excuses had been overruled, and she had made one of a small party, amongst whom was Major Faithfull. Her sudden neglect of her king had been caused by the approach of that gentleman, who seated himself quietly near the chess-table to watch the game.

Rose had heard many things discussed at the dinner-table which had troubled her; amongst others the suspicious disappearance of Alfred Johnnes and his man Peters, and the probable recall of Major Faithfull's regiment from Wales. This would involve the departure of Llewellen, as well as of him whose presence was fatal to her peace of mind, but whose absence would be death to certain hopes that arose and disappeared in her soul like motes in a sunbeam. There is no doubt that she was singularly attractive, and perhaps never more so than when suddenly brought into comparison with fashionably-dressed women of the world. She had no so-called "evening dresses," but her mother had sent the nearest approach to one that she possessed. This was a simple muslin, high to the throat, with no other trimming but a real lace tucker and wristlets. Her hair was always arrayed Madonna-wise, and braided in full plaits about her head; so that there was not only a spirituality in her pale face beneath this glossy dark crown, but a certain classical effect of head and figure. Dresses cut very low and made very full and flowing were the fashion at that time, while the head was much adorned either with wreaths or coronets. Mrs. Wynne and her sister were thus attired, and contrasted with Rose, who, if out of the fashion, was yet becomingly dressed.

"How pure! how distinguished!" thought Major Faithfull with a mental sigh, while he sat watching the game, and was watched narrowly in turn by Marcia's sparkling eyes.

She, however, found amusement and scope for repartee with a couple of his brother officers, and would probably have forgotten the Major's existence, but for her sister's occasional whispers. She would have it that Rose was an accomplished flirt, but so quiet that an open flirt like Marcia had no chance with her. But this "accomplished flirt," who scarcely knew the meaning of the word, felt anything but comfortable, though she was seated near the fire, and honoured by the undisguised attention of the master of the house, and the carefully disguised attention of his most distinguished guest. It was the Major's guarded manner that troubled Rose. At her own home he had been so open, here he was so reserved.

"A well-fought battle. You have had a skilled antagonist, Mr. Wynne," he said, when, after a well-contested game, the old gentleman had the satisfaction of checkmating Rose.

"Yes. She tells me that her brother taught her. Now, Miss Mervym, you must really try and beat the Major; you must, indeed, and I will look on," replied Mr. Wynne, carefully moving the chess-table between Rose and the ottoman on which Major Faithfull was sitting.

"I could not! indeed, I could not!" exclaimed Rose, rising, with a sudden fear of she knew not what.

"But you must try, my dear young lady. What do you say, Major? We are not wanted, you see. They are all at the piano; but, just between ourselves, the music is terribly distracting."

"Will you do me the honour of playing with me?" asked Major Faithfull, first glancing at Rose, then beginning to arrange the chessmen.

Refusal would have been childish, so Rose sat down, and, at his request, made the first move. They were soon really or apparently absorbed in the game, and nothing passed on either side but the common remarks concerning the moves. Yet the unpremeditated glance and touch were not without effect on the sensitive girl, who was already predisposed to feel their influence. Either from abstraction or carelessness on his part, Major Faithfull lost the game; Rose was, for the moment, unconscious of her victory, and was waiting for his move, when, glancing up from his men into her fair face, he said, "You have checkmated me."

"She has! I declare she has! Bravo, Miss Mervyn! My dear young lady, I congratulate you," cried Mr. Wynne, rubbing his hands, and speaking quite energetically.

"I think Major Faithfull has given me the game," said Rose. "It was quite an oversight on his part."

"No, it was fairly if unintentionally won," he returned, with a glance, seen by Mr. Wynne though not by Rose.

The evening ended as evenings will, but she never forgot it. And we may venture to say here that the Major sometimes recalled the bloodless battle he had fought with this sweet girl when he was engaged far away in a very different warfare.

"You will not mind breakfasting with the children, Miss Mervyn, as we are always so late," said Mrs. Wynne, as she gave Rose her candlestick.

Marcia accompanied Rose to her room. She was much put out.

"Why did you keep Major Faithful at chess all the evening? And why didn't your brother come? He nearly promised me he would. I believe it is nothing but pride," she said, breathlessly.

"It was not my fault, that I played chess, and I did not know my brother was invited," replied Rose.

"But he was. We met him at Sir Harry Jones's the other night, and everybody said he was the handsomest man in the room, and so he was.

"And I am sure you must have been the belle," said Rose, involuntarily. "How good it is of you to like my dear brother."

"And how bad it is of you to flirt with Major Faithfull when you are engaged to Mr. Johnnes, and he obliged to fly the country on account of the riots."

"What do you mean?" asked Rose, alarmed in more ways than one.

"As if you didn't know all about it! And I can tell you that my brother-in-law firmly believes Mr. Johnnes to be Rebecca; only I oughtn't to say so."

These thoughtless words were uttered more in jest than earnest, but they brought tears to Rose's eyes.

"Who says I am engaged to Mr. Alfred Johnnes?" she asked.

"Every one. Virginie and all the gossips in the neighbourhood. Why, you visit his mother almost every day!"

"It is a pity that Virginie and the gossips should talk of me," rejoined Rose, with a touch of her mother's haughtiness.

"Marcia, you forget that Miss Mervyn must be up early," here broke in Mrs. Wynne, putting her head in at the door.

This ended the *tête à tête*; and Rose was left to reflect on this, her first dinner-party, and particularly on what had been said concerning Alfred Johnnes.

He was also the topic of an earnest conversation between the Mr. Wynnes and Major Faithfull, who sat up late discussing the riots. Philipps Wynne had been everywhere ferreting out evidence; and had come to conclusions that he had not ventured openly to declare. Major Faithfull was inclined to endorse them. It was his opinion that the riots had been brought virtually to an end by the rout on Penllyn, and that the truth would be elicited on the trial of the rustics who were taken prisoners.

"Not a bit of it," argued Philipps Wynne. "They will say that they never saw Rebecca, and that they know nothing of Johnnes, and that they are not even Rebeccaites. They will look you and the magistrates and the judge innocently in the face, and declare that it was not they, but somebody else, whom your men took prisoners, and the jury will profess to believe them, in the face of the strongest counter evidence."

"I must confess that I hope they will, and that Government will put down some of the turnpikes, and

let us have quiet at any cost," remarked Mr. Wynne, shivering over the fire. "And I should just as soon believe myself to be Rebecca as that respectable young gentleman Alfred Johnnes."

"Respectable young gentleman!" echoed Philipps Wynne; and Major Faithfull, who was unacquainted with the parties, wondered what it all meant, and why he and his men were summoned to set right what nobody seemed to think wrong.

The following morning Rose sat in Virginie's place at the breakfast-table. The children were uproarious with delight at the change, and overwhelmed her with caresses and such viands as were at hand. They commented freely on the dress of the previous evening, Teddy being of opinion that she looked very pretty, and the little girls that she was not smart enough, not half so smart as Aunt Marcia. The dispute ran high, until Teddy finished it by saying, "Grandpapa likes Miss Mervyn best, and he's going to marry her. I heard mamma say so."

"I shall not stay to breakfast with you again if you talk such nonsense and behave so badly," said Rose; and even as she spoke Virginie came to inform her that Mr. Wynne would like to see her when she had finished breakfast.

"There now! didn't I say so?" shouted Teddy.

Rose could scarcely conceal the annoyance she felt. Once more she found Major Faithfull with Mr. Wynne, and it was almost impossible for her to maintain her composure.

"Excuse me, dear Miss Mervyn, for requesting your company again," began Mr. Wynne, when she was seated near a huge fire, "but I am uneasy concerning a mutual friend—I mean Mr. Alfred Johnnes. I have not forgotten your assurances—hem! but I am informed you are in constant communication with his mother, and can therefore authorise me to contradict the report that he has left the country with his man Peters."

While Mr. Wynne was speaking Rose had time to stay the rapid beating of her heart, and to consider her position. But the anxiety of her mind was visible in her face, which Major Faithfull was watching.

"Mrs. Johnnes assures everyone that her son has not left the country, but is staying with—with friends, or at least—acquaintances," stammered Rose, who found it impossible to be calm.

"It seems strange that he should not appear, since the rumour of his having been connected with the riots must have reached him," said Major Faithfull, gently. "I assure you, Miss Mervyn, that I am no party to your being questioned on this subject; I did not know that I should see you this morning. But if you could, without compromising yourself or others, say where this gentleman is, as you are in communication with his mother, it might save him from unnecessary exposure, and the country from the expense of a search."

"I would rather say nothing concerning Mr. Alfred Johnnes. I am neither related to him nor connected with him, therefore I do not understand why I am to be questioned. Were I in his mother's confidence I would not betray it; and we, who have been sufferers from the riots, should be the last persons to seek to avenge ourselves, even if we knew who had set fire to our home, which we do not."

As Rose spoke these words she fixed her eyes unflinchingly on Major Faithfull. She was agitated, but not daunted, for she knew what hung upon them. She could not tell a lie, but she could be silent.

"Miss Mervyn is right, Mr. Wynne. It is scarcely fair to take advantage of such knowledge as she may possess," said Major Faithfull. "Justice must take its course, but no one has a right to tamper with private feelings."

"Certainly not. Assuredly not. I trust you do not think I had any such intention, my dear," rejoined Mr. Wynne, eagerly. "I meant it for the best, in the interests of peace."

"Then may I go?" asked Rose, dreading further questions, and shrinking under the Major's glance.

"I am sure you may," he replied for Mr. Wynne, who was meditating more excuses. Then, rising, he opened the door. "Good-bye, White Rose," he added, holding out his hand as she passed through it. "You have spoken well. I will wear your pure emblem whatever betide. God bless and protect you!"

He pressed her hand, careless, for the moment, of consequences, and so fettered the young heart that was striving so bravely against his chain.

(To be continued.)

IRONSIDES.

BY THE REV. M. G. WATKINS, M.A.

ASK you how we Ironsides mustered,
How beat down each Gospel foe?
Conscience, when malignants blustered,
Faith and Conscience laid them low;
I, Habakkuk Grace-abounding,
Sword and Zion's trump in hand,
Charged at Winceby; they, with sounding
Of our psalm-tune, made no stand.

Brother, with the Truth unaltered,
Granting us instrength'ning grace—
With this Life-book ne'er we faltered,
Held at Marston's Moor our place;
Rode down Satan—combat glorious—
Cleansed a kingdom for the Lord;
'Neath our fig-trees now victorious,
Gospel-taught, we sheathe the sword.

"Gospel-taught, we sheathe the sword."—*p.* 300.

NEW LIGHT FROM AN OLD LAMP; OR, MODERN READINGS OF ANCIENT FABLES.

V.—THE VICTORIOUS TORTOISE; OR, "FAIR AND SOFTLY GOES FAR IN A DAY."

"SLOW and steady wins the race." High speed may do very well for a spurt, but it is staying power that comes to the winning-post. Quiet perseverance rarely fails of success, while hot-headed impulse gets a "cropper" far oftener than it gets a prize. Peter may be a genius, but he gets "plucked;" Paul is a dullard, but he has pluck. So honours come to plodding Paul, while clever Peter gets none at all, because he presumes too much on his good abilities. Such is the lesson taught by the capital little fable of "The Hare and the Tortoise."

A hare sneered at a tortoise on account of his lack of speed, and boasted of her own fleetness. The tortoise suggested a trial of skill in that direction; so a race was determined upon. No sooner was the signal given than the tortoise went jogging along, without a moment's pause, at his usual steady pace. The hare, treating the whole matter very lightly, said she would first take a nap, as she could very soon overtake her rival. Meanwhile that steady racer kept plodding away, and the hare, oversleeping herself, arrived at the goal only to see that the tortoise had got there before her.

"A fool's haste is nae speed," says the old Scotch proverb; and so the hare found it when he scudded up to the winning-post just a little too late. There was no objection to his having a nap, but he should have waited until the race was over. As it was, instead of catching the prize he was caught napping, like many other self-confident simpletons, who rely on "*can do*" until "*has done*" falls to somebody else. Though the tortoise was not much of a runner, he knew the value of "at it and keeping at it," and found his reward in greeting Fleet-foot with a smile of victory. "With time and patience the mulberry-leaf becomes satin," and with time and patience Slowpace won the goal. "He that weel bides weel betides," quoth the Scotch saw; and the English proverb, "He wins who sticks to his saddle," teaches the same wise philosophy. Perseverance is essential to true manliness, and he who is deficient in this attribute, however he may be otherwise gifted, will have to attribute many a failure to that defect.

"Fair and softly goes far in a day; fleet and fitful stops half way." The camel can travel further than the courser, however high mettled he may be; and "readily and steadily" in every walk of life is the irresistible sesame that opens all the barriers to success.

But if perseverance was one great secret of the tortoise's victory, punctuality was another. He began at once, while the hare wasted her time at the starting-post. "Well begun is half done," and "A good beginning leads to winning." Very wittily does the Spanish proverb intimate the wisdom of a good start, "A beard that 's lathered is half shaved;" and the Germans clench the nail by saying "He that 's half shaved has a smooth chin." The Italians put it thus, "The first blow is half the battle;" while the homely Saxon declares that "The hardest step is over the threshold." The foolish hare went for the prize by the street of By-and-by, and every wise man knows that leads to the house of Never. Delays are dangerous, for as the Dutchmen say, "After a delay comes a stay," and "When the fool has got his mind made up, market 's over." "I can beat *him*," quoth the hare, "if I start at any time;" and so she was ignominiously beaten, for what can be done at any time will be done at no time. Happy and wise is the man who puts out to usury the golden Now. He that does his turn of work in time shall have time to do his turn of play. Play before work plays the fool with the workman, and puts his wages in a bag full of holes.

THE THREE COUNCILLORS; OR, A CLOSE MOUTH CATCHES NO FLIES.

"Least said is soonest mended." There are few lessons harder to learn and wiser to practise than the management of the tongue. Unless you are very cautious indeed "there 's much to pay for what you say," and the paying is generally a good deal harder to do. For this reason there is true wisdom in the old proverb, "Weigh well your words lest they be swords," and so cut both yourself and other people. "A wise man," says Fenelon, "reflects before he speaks; a fool speaks and then reflects upon his utterance, generally with regret." What you keep by you you may change or mend; but words once said can never be recalled. The value of a prudent use of words is wittily taught in the fable of the "Lion and his Three Councillors."

One day, as the Lion was attended by his councillors, his majesty asked the Bear if he detected anything unpleasant in his breath. "Yes," said the Bear, "it smells abominably." With a tremendous blow from his paw the Lion laid him flat on the ground. Then his majesty called the Ape, and repeated the inquiry. "No," said the Ape, "on the contrary, it has much of the fragrance of the rose." Immediately the royal paw laid him beside the prostrate Bear. The same question was asked of the Fox, and Reynard, with his accustomed wit, was quite equal to the occasion :—

"Master Reynard was more than a match for the King:
He replied that his cold being rather a bad one,
He could not at present distinguish a thing
By its smell—or even assert that it had one.
Thus by caution friend Reynard avoided all strife,
His wise head and still tongue made him sure of his life."

The general verdict on the Monkey will probably be that it served him right, for a flattering tongue is a contemptible article wherever you find it, and has generally a toothsome morsel in view in the shape of self-interest; but one does feel a little sympathy with the Bear, for the sake of his honesty, which under similar circumstances is not by any means too common. Still he need not have been so dreadfully brusque about it, neither was it either courteous or prudent to be very emphatic on such a personal matter. On the whole we must acknowledge that he brought his violent dealing on his own pate. Bold Bruin is a capital representative of the blurting genus who pride themselves upon saying "just what they think." They are in the habit of boasting about their candour, and that they always "speak their mind"—said mind being small in dimensions and coarse in quality. They express their intention of giving certain offenders a bit of their mind, and, as soon as occasion serves, they use a catapult to do it with. They have small regard to other people's feelings, because they have none of their own; so they torture thinner skins, theirs being as tough as the cuticle of a rhinoceros. Every reckless opinion-giver would do well to remember that "sometimes words hurt more than swords," and that

"Fair words never break a bone,
Foul words have broken many a one."

Learn from the Bear the rank unwisdom and unkindness of hard, unpleasant speeches. Remember the old adage—

"All the truth should not be told:
Some are brazen who think they 're bold;"

And the golden saw of Solomon, "A fool uttereth all his mind, but a wise man keepeth it in till afterwards."

Learn also from the Fox that "A close mouth catches no flies," and a still tongue makes no mischief and runs no risk. "Speech is silvern, silence is golden," says Thomas Carlyle; and the grand old Scotch proverb teaches the same lesson: "He kens muckle wha kens when to speak; he kens mair wha kens when to haud his tongue." Of all people in the world Neighbour Spendspeech is the most unpleasant man to live beside, and indeed his own experience cannot be of a very enviable kind. He is for ever getting into hot water because his tongue wags too freely. He hardly ever opens his mouth but he "puts his foot in it," and, as may be imagined, the posture is neither graceful nor agreeable. A large proportion of his diet consists in eating his own words, and as these are both "high" and aërated, the process and results are painful. He is much addicted to making reports, and for this purpose uses a blunderbuss with a large bore and a glib trigger, that will snap even at

half-cock. The result is that he blazes around, and does a power of mischief, and not seldom lays himself in the mud by the recoil of his gun. His chief authority is—"*they say*," but who they are that say it is harder to discover than the unknown quantity in an algebraic equation, the sources of the Nile, or the land of Prester John. Altogether he is a social nuisance, and his neighbours would gladly pay his fare to some desolate island, where he might listen to the "wild waves," hear what "they say," and tell his "reports" to the moon.

The ancients used to say that "Man has two ears and one tongue, so that he should use the latter only half as much as the former." That, however, must be taken as the uttermost maximum, and if the other half was to suffer a moiety of loss, the world would not need to go into mourning for the deficiency. "Talking comes by nature, silence by understanding."

THE CASTLE DUNGEONS.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN. IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

IT was a gloomy evening late in the autumn, the wind moaned drearily through the trees and round the corners of the house, as Alice sat by the window, gazing anxiously out into the rapidly increasing darkness.

"What can keep them so long!" she exclaimed, as the servant entered the room carrying in the tea-tray.

I can't think what keeps them, Miss Alice," said Anne, "and little Miss Tessa, too, it's no fit night for her to be out, poor child."

"Indeed, Anne, I begged they would leave her with me, but it was of no use. Katie undertook to take care of her. My only hope is that they may have met the young Browns, and gone home with them to tea. That happened once before, you may remember."

"Yes, but I think I'd better step over and inquire."

"Oh do, Anne! and take some mufflings, for it's raining very hard."

No sooner, however, had the door closed after the servant than a sense of loneliness and desolation began to creep over Alice, and she trembled at all kinds of imaginary dangers. In delicate health for many years, she had seldom been able to join in the sports and pleasures of her younger brothers and sisters; and little Tessa, born shortly before their mother's death, was her special charge and chief companion. On the present occasion Maurice, Henry, and Katie, having a holiday, had in the morning planned an expedition to an old ruined castle in the neighbourhood, a favourite resort with the boys.

"Tessa would like to go too," said the child.

"And so she shall," replied Maurice; "why not?"

"'Tis too far for her to walk, and you always stay there late," objected Alice. "Indeed, I can't let her go. You would climb, and go into dangerous places."

"But she has never seen the old castle. Harry or I will carry her if she's tired, and we'll be home early. Wouldn't you like it, Tess? I'll tell you stories about the old dungeons—such dark, frightful places—where prisoners used to be starved to death."

"But you won't put Tessa into an ugly dark hole?" cried the child.

"No, no; I'll take care they shan't," said Katie. "Trust her with me, Alice; I'll see that she doesn't climb or do anything dangerous."

The party set off in the afternoon, for the morning had threatened rain. It was but a short walk to the old ruin. The boys amused themselves, as they had often done before, in exploring every nook and corner of the broken turrets, and then sat down to rest amongst the ivy boughs in the highest position they could find. Katie and Tessa scrambled about below, until they, too, feeling tired, seated themselves under a large archway, and watched the little birds and some late butterflies flutter in and out amongst the ivy.

"Girls!" shouted Maurice, from his elevated perch, Harry and I have thought of a plan. It's stupid sitting here, we've seen it all a hundred times over. Let us take a look into the dungeons."

"Oh, Maurice, they're quite dark; we should lose our way at once."

"Well, I know that as well as you; but suppose we bring light, there would be no danger then; even Tessa wouldn't be frightened."

"And how should we get out?"

"The same way we got in. There is another passage through the vaults, I have heard, that would bring us out somewhere in the Abbey burying-ground, but the place is covered with a large stone. Will you come for a look?—we won't go too far in."

"I'd like to see what kind of thing a dungeon is; but how shall we get light?"

"Harry can run to the little shop at the cross-roads, and buy a candle and box of matches—I've got money."

This was quickly done, and soon the little party were descending a few stone steps, and presently found themselves in a dark cavernous-looking chamber, overhung at the entrance with thick matted branches of ivy.

"Oh, don't go on, I'm frightened!" cried Tessa, and the child clung to Katie's dress, and began to cry.

"You'll not be afraid once I strike a light," said Maurice, and as he spoke the scratch of a match was heard, and soon the candle's gleam threw a dim glow over the rough, damp walls. "Now, come on, and I'll show you the inner dungeons."

Katie lifted her little sister in her arms, and followed the boys through a long, narrow passage which led to a low square apartment just under the old hall of the castle. The floor was damp and slimy, and Maurice, who walked first, holding up the light for the others, stumbled over a fallen stone, and slipped down on one knee. In the effort to regain his feet, the candle dropped from his hand, and was extinguished in a small pool of water which had collected from the drip of the ivy boughs trickling through the stonework overhead.

Tessa set up a loud cry.

"Oh, what shall we do now!" exclaimed Katie.

"Never fear," said Maurice. "I know exactly where it fell, and I've got the box of matches in my pocket. Stand quietly where you are, and 't will be all right in a minute."

After some groping about on the floor the candle was found, a match struck, and applied to the wick, but without any result.

"It must be wet," suggested Henry. "I'm afraid it will never light."

"Oh, nonsense, I'll go on trying; the heat of the matches will soon make it dry. We have a whole boxful."

"Well go on; it's our only chance."

The little party stood in breathless silence, watching and waiting. As every fresh match went off their hopes were raised, only to end, however, in disappointment, for one by one each cheering flash died out, and the obstinate candle still refused to light.

At length Katie ventured to whisper, "Maurice, are they nearly all gone?"

"I fear so. Let me feel. Yes, we have just six chances more left."

With what anxious interest they listened for every sound, as Maurice, with trembling fingers drew the matches across the side of the box, some fast, some slowly, but all equally without effect. Five had gone off, and now there was only one remaining. Maurice paused.

"The wick must surely be dry by this time!"

"Stop, Maurice, let me try," cried Henry, as he felt the candle in his brother's hand. "Ah! it is burned away down into the grease, 't will never light!"

It was too true. The last match was struck, it glimmered a while like the rest, then went out, and they were left hopelessly in the dark. Tessa, too much terrified to cry, clung convulsively and silently to her sister.

"Cheer up," said Maurice, "it's not so bad after all; we can't have gone very far yet, let us turn and feel along the wall, just one long passage, and we shall see the daylight from the entrance to guide us the rest of the way."

And, taking Katie's hand, while Henry followed closely, carrying Tessa, they commenced their weary search. Alas! there were other passages from this chamber besides that by which they had entered.

Hours passed away, and still no hopeful gleam of daylight appeared to cheer the tired wanderers.

"Can't God see in the dark?" asked Tessa.

"Yes, of course."

"Isn't He here with us?"

"Well, I suppose so, for He's everywhere."

"Then let us ask Him to take us up out of this dungeon."

"I'm afraid it would be of no use," said Maurice. "God does not work miracles now. No one saw us go in here, and no one will come to show us the way out."

"Henry," asked Katie, as a ray of hope darted into her mind, "when you bought the candle and matches did you tell the people at the shop where we were going?"

"No, I did not say what we wanted with them."

"God saw us come in; He knows we're here, and He'll send some one to take us out," persisted Tessa.

Day passed into evening, evening into night, and still all was blank hopeless darkness to the unfortunate children thus imprisoned in these dreary castle dungeons.

(*To be concluded.*)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

101. What celebrated person died about the same time as Joshua?

102. In what way were the children of Israel governed after the death of Joshua?

103. From what passage do we gather that St. Paul performed miracles at Corinth?

104. Whom does St. Paul mention as being the special recipients of God's revealed will?

105. How many judges were there over Israel whose names are specially mentioned?

106. What caused the Israelites to fall into idolatry so much during the time of the Judges?

107. Quote a proverb which shows the difficulty of overcoming the habit of self-conceit.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 272.

92. The custom of using ointments to the flesh, the odour of which lingered on the hands after using them, and thus, when using the right hand it would betray its presence (Prov. xxvii. 16).

93. A prayer for God's blessing and protection, and for an increase of prosperity (1 Chron. iv. 10).

94. That John the Baptist considered himself too unworthy ever to wait upon our blessed Lord—it being the duty of the most menial servant of the house to unloose the shoes or sandals of visitors at the door, and carry them away until required again for use (Matt. iii. 11).

95. It does not mean that St. Paul and his friends rode in carriages to Jerusalem, but that they took their luggage or baggage with them (Acts xxi. 15; see also 1 Sam xvii. 17—22).

96. The words of the prophet Balaam, where he says, "There shall come a star out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall rise out of Israel" (Num. xxiv. 17).

ONLY THE MOONLIGHT.

BY FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY.

WHEN the village is asleep, and the tender
moonlight falls,
Making shadows dark and deep round
the silent smithy walls,
I listen for his feet
Coming homeward glad and fleet,
And oh, my heart! I gaze and gaze along the
village street

Oh there! oh there he stands! by his moonlit anvil bright,
With his hammer in his hands, looking forth into the night;
But I hear no bellows roar,
And the forge-fire flames no more,
There is no light except the moon on the ghostly smithy floor.

Why stand you thus, mine own? Oh, wherefore will you wait?
I am alone, alone! come back, the night is late.
But he moves not, nor replies,
And I see great tears arise,
As he looks across the street at me with his tender loving eyes.

Oh, my love, I do but dream. Thou art not there, not there,
'Twas but the pale moonbeam on thy smithy lone and bare!
And no one comes or hears,
And no one sees my tears,
For my heart 's asleep, asleep with him, asleep these many years.

STEPHEN AKROYD'S GUERDON.

BY THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY, AUTHOR OF "NESTLETON MAGNA," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XV.—DAME HENDERSON'S LOGIC.

STEPHEN AKROYD'S health was restored, but as yet, although he had virtually broken with the delusive doctrines which had long beclouded intellect and heart, he had not, and, as he had come to think, could not, regain the trustful hope he had cast so recklessly away. At times he prayed, but the heaven seemed as brass, and his petitions were beaten back to earth again, as hostile wind might beat upon the wounded pinion of a struggling bird. Then, under the feeling that it was "of no use," he prayed no more for a term, and then again sighed out his longings after light and love.

His quondam friend and counsellor, Mr. Seymour, as we have said, had wondered why Stephen's visits to Volney Villa had latterly become so few and far between, and he put it down to the long spell of ill-health which had culminated in the terrible fever which finally laid him low. Probably some consciousness existed in the mind of the sceptical cashier that his principles, which Stephen had so largely adopted, were inadequate to stand the test of failing health and probable dissolution. However that may be, now that Stephen was restored to somewhat of his wonted health and strength again, Mr. Seymour felt a strong desire to bring him back again to Volney Villa, at whose weekly symposiums the young man had been greatly missed.

"Well, Master Stephen," said he, one evening, as the office hours were closing. "I'm very glad to see that you are looking your old self again. You 've had a sharp pull, but I knew you would pull through it, and live to be a second Methusaleh, if there ever was a first. I hope you will come and join our little party up at my place again. We 've all missed you, I can tell you."

"Why, you see," said Stephen, blushing; for you see he had not yet got hold of that inspiration which keeps a man from blushing in his efforts to resist a tempter; "my friends the Helliers needed me constantly while they were here, and since then, as you know, my health and spirits broke down, and the fact is I have not cared to go anywhere. I've stayed at home to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy."

"Very well," said the cashier; "a wilful man must have his way, I suppose, but look you, if you don't come to-morrow night I 'll come to your lodgings and fetch you."

As Stephen pursued his way home that night he could not help smiling to himself as he thought of Mr. Seymour showing his face on Dame Henderson's dominions, and of the encounter that would most certainly take place between them. He felt more than half inclined to hope that the cashier would be as good as his word, for he knew, if the quotation be grammatically admissible, that in Dame Henderson he would "find a foeman worthy of his steel."

Stephen arrived at his abode a little later than usually, for since the breaking up of the home in Arthur Street, and the discontinuance of his visits to Volney Villa, he had generally come home direct, with a punctuality which greatly pleased his anxious landlady.

"I 'm afraid the toast has almost gone cold," said she, "but I 'll make you another in a minute."

"Oh no. It 'll do, mother. I 'm a little late through stopping a while to chat with Mr. Seymour."

Dame Henderson looked him in the face, with a look half of wonder, half of fear, as she said, "Mebbe it 's wrong of me to interfere; but excuse me if it is. Mr. Seymour isn't just the wisest company for you. I reckon he 's done more mischief than he 'll cure."

"I'm not sure that you are wrong," said Stephen, "but let me tell you honestly, I'd rather have your company than his. I had hard work to get away from him, for he's a good, kind fellow, and he says that if I don't go to-morrow night he'll come and fetch me."

"What, come here? Let him!" said Dame Henderson, with a nod that had as much in it as Lord Eldon's, and then left the room.

"That's a declaration of war, Mr. Seymour," said

Stephen to himself, with a smile. "I prophesy your discomfiture, for 'thrice armed is he that hath his quarrel just,' and I imagine that's just about the position Dame Henderson will be in if you enter her jousting ground; and if you will you may."

Sure enough, on the following evening Mr. Seymour renewed his invitation, and again Stephen began to make excuse.

"Nay, I'll none of it," said the cashier. "I shall just give you time to go home for tea and a wash, and then I'll fetch you, willy-nilly, and there's an end of it."

"Ha, ha! not you. No sooner will you feel the cosy comfort of your own fireside than you'll let well alone, and stay where you are."

So saying they separated, and each went his several way.

When Stephen had finished his tea, and while yet the dame was clearing the table, he said, "If you've nothing particular to do, mother, I shall be glad if you'll bring your knitting here and keep me company."

It would have to be something wonderfully particular that would prevent Dame Henderson from responding to such an invitation; and so in a little while they were seated in pleasant converse by the cheerful fire. By-and-by there came a vigorous double knock at the door, and, jumping to his feet with unusual alacrity, Stephen said, "I'll go, mother; you sit still."

"But you'll not go with him?" inquired Dame Henderson, in a pleading tone.

"No, indeed I shan't. I'll ask him in a minute or two instead, but you need not go."

Dame Henderson, under the circumstances, needed no pressure to induce her to keep her seat, and in a minute more Mr. Seymour drew up his chair to the fire, unable to resist the opportunity of warming his toes, for the wintry wind was raw and cold.

"This is my faithful friend and nurse," said Stephen to his colleague, "without whose precious help I should have been dead and buried before this."

"Glad to see you, Mrs. Henderson," said the courteous guest, who had her praises sung to him before. "I hope you're well."

"Yes, thank you," said she. "By God's mercy I'm well an' hearty generally. I should be very thankful."

"Thankful? who to?" said Mr. Seymour, who guessed he had found a "character." "You take care of yourself, I suppose, and therefore you're the party to be thankful to."

The old lady laid her knitting on her lap, looked at him through her spectacles, and, smoothing her whitening hair with one hand, she said: "For fifty-eight years, and that's ivver since I was two year old, I've thanked God every day, night an' mornin', for His goodness an' His love, first on my mother's lap, then by her side, then—after she went to heaven an' I went to service—by my bed i' my little closet, then wi' my husband, both at the family altar and i' our chamber, I did it this mornin', an' I shall do it to-night, and I shall do it when I'm dyin', God be thenk'd. Will you look at my grey hair, and say, solemnly, don't do it ony more?"

Mr. Seymour was fairly taken aback by this direct appeal. He stammered out, "Well, well you——"

But that was not the way to deal with Dame Henderson. She rose to her feet, stood before him with stretched finger, and, looking him in the face, said, "Yes or no? Shall I give the lie to my lifetime, an' go to bed to-night as a dog might, without a thowt for the past, or thenks for the present, or a prayer for the future? Me! with my back to my life an' my face to the grave!"

"No! no! by no means!" said Mr. Seymour.

"Thenk you!" said the old lady, sarcastically, as she resumed her seat; "thenk you; it 's very good o' you. Meb-be it would be better if you didn't hinder other folks no more than me."

"Oh, bless you, I don't want to hinder you or anybody else from doing what they choose—only you must let me choose too. And I don't choose to believe in the God you talk about."

"That 's what fools hev said i' their heart ivver since King David sang about 'em; an' the more light an' knowledge their is to insense 'em the bigger fools they grow!"

Mr. Seymour fidgeted a little on his seat, and, willing enough to suspend the fight, he turned to ask Stephen to acccompany him to "Volney Villa."

"What on earth made you give a house i' Christian England a name like that? Did you ever read his life? I have a book in our kitchen as tells all about him."

"Oh yes, Mrs. Henderson. He was a thinker, in advance of his times; he wrote a capital book called the 'Ruins of Empires,' and——"

"Yes, an' if he were able to write a book noo," said the dame, "he would write aboot his own ruin, an', like the rich man in the Gospel, might send word to his brothers not to come to his place o' torment. Why, he was one of the fools who said there isn't a God, an' that prayin' was all nonsense. An' when he was oot on the sea in a storm, down he went on his knees in a twinklin', and asked the Lord 'at he denied to have mercy on his soul! Maister Seymour, it may do to play the fool i' fine weather, but when the storm 's blowin' an' the ship 's sinking folks sadly want a God. Thank God, I have Him i' fair weather, an' wi' my Saviour to trust in, I isn't frightened o' foul."

"All right, old lady," said the visitor, somewhat anxious to put a stop to the flight of these 'barbed arrows of the mighty.' "I'm sure I don't want to interfere with your belief."

"But you ought to want to interfere with 'em, or else change your own. We can't both be right, you know. Besides, you've done your best to interfere with other folk's beliefs, an' I don't see what I've done to be passed over. If there 's aught as you can tell

me as I'm ignorant on, an' you know, it would be a kindness to give me a inklin'. Noo, will you let me ask you two or three questions, meb-be four? An' if you can answer 'em withoot goin' to the Bible, mebbe I'll turn infidel myself."

"All right, I'll do my best," said Mr. Seymour, somewhat thankful that she was assuming a position which had less of attack about it.

"Why," said she, "I can see things like ony other plain body—this world, that is a little bit of it, an' the stars an' sky; I see fishes swim, and birds fly, an' they are all made o' purpose for it; an' I see myself, an' I wonder every day how uncommon handy my limbs are to do just what they're wanted for; an' I says, all this was schemed and managed by somebody. *Who did it?*

"I know 'at I've done what's wrong monny an' monny a time, both to my neighbour an' to my conscience. It tells me when I'm right an' it pricks me when I'm wrong, an' I'm oftener pricked than praised; and this something that's in me has often been a trouble night an' day. I want to be clean rid of its prickins, an' I want to know how to keep right. *Who'll show me the way?*

"I've monny and monny a care an' trouble, both ootside an' in. There 's work and there 's worrit, there 's wonderins an' doubtins, an' when nothing's the matter wi' me I isn't content an' satisfied. I could be happy if I only knew how, an' I do want to be rid o' the heartache, an' be at peace. *Where can I get it?*

"I've tried monny an' monny a time to think o' myself dyin' like a dog, or a horse, or a monkey, an' there an end, but I can't manage it. I'm always at it, thinkin' about dyin', as I shall have to do very soon, an' I'm frightened at it, an' at the dreadful mystery on 'tother side o' the grave. It haunts me an' bothers me, and wears my life out. *What is there on 'tother side?*

"Noo, Mr. Seymour, don't go parleying about, but just tell me plain an' pat, Can you answer my questions?"

"No," said the cashier, emphatically. "Neither can anybody else in the world."

"There you're wrong!" said Dame Henderson. "Jesus Christ has answered 'em every one. *He* made me, *He* pardons me, *He* makes me happy, *He* has a heaven for me! An' if you ask me how I know it, I tell you, I know it in my conscience an' in my heart. I know it every night as I put my head on my pillow, I feel it in my heart every day aboot my work. His love an' joy an' peace an' favour mak's my heart beat, and mak's my eyes glisten just now. Glory be to God! Can you look me in the face an' tell me it is'nt true?

> 'My Jesus, to know an' to feel His blood flow,
> It's life everlastin', it 's heaven below!'"

By this time Dame Henderson was in the true Yorkshire Methodist frame of mind, and every glance of her eye and every tone of her voice and every movement of her arms was eloquent of hope, faith, and love. Mr. Seymour had risen from his chair, and, donning his hat and coat, declared that he must go home.

Dame Henderson followed him to the door, "Don't be offended, sir, I'm a plain old woman, an' I must bear witness for Jesus. Whativver you do fling your trumpery 'septic' nonsense away, an' burn your books, an' tak' up the Bible, an' may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

The last sentence was not ill-timed, for never mortal man felt more like a sentenced criminal than Mr. Seymour as he retired to Volney Villa with Dame Henderson's triumphant witness still ringing in his ears.

CHAPTER XVI.—GREEN PASTURES.

ONE wintry evening, near the Christmas festival, Stephen Akroyd was sitting by his bright and cosy fire. Ever since Dame Henderson had put to ignominious route Mr. Seymour, Stephen's guide, philosopher, and friend, the remembrance of that good woman's potent questions, and her own practical and triumphant answer, had weaned him at once and for ever from the delusions of rationalism, and from all trust in vain philosophies. Not only so; his resolve to seek again the higher light of love divine had recurred with added force, but as yet he vainly sought to break the bonds that held him in the misty vale of doubt and fear. He scrupled not to plead for mercy now at the throne of the heavenly grace. Consciously poor, humble as a little child, a sinner needing, hungering after pardoning mercy and redeeming love, such was his disposition and his frame of mind. As he sat, he lost himself in a maze of thought. His early childhood, the mellow memories of a mother's love, the fragrance of her holy life and triumphant death, Mrs. Hellier and her manifold virtues, her beautiful submission, and the wondrous scene that closed her earthly course, all passed under review. Then, like the third act of some exciting drama, he pictured to himself the raging storm, the sinking ship, and his darling Dora, drowning with a smile of hope upon her face, and entering "through storm and darkness into rest divine." He sighed, and softly repeated to himself, "These all died in the faith." Then his mind reverted to his own hopeless woe-begone condition, feeling that he was without God and almost without hope in the world.

"No sadder mortal walks the earth than I," said he, as he paced to and fro across the floor, across which the firelight cast its ruddy glow, "and that 's the only outcome of my worthless creed. Vanity of vanities! all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

He drew his chair to the little table on which his desk rested, and opening the lid he happed on the letter he had received from Dora, dear, dead Dora! in answer to the confession of his love for her, and read again the following nervous sentences: "Begotten of your untold kindness and son-like affection for my beloved mother, my esteem for you is very real,

But the whole teaching of my life, and the dictates of my conscience, endorse my mother's counsel—'Never mate with any but a Christian man.' Your flippant tone on all things spiritual, your open disbelief of all the doctrines on which my dearest hopes are built, compel me to strive to tear the idol from my heart, and to say, with all kindness, but so clearly as to leave no doubt or mistake, that I cannot, dare not, will not accept your proposal."

"That's all over now," sighed Stephen, as he folded up the letter, and replaced it in its corner, a relic and a memory of a love which, though now impossible, could never wholly die. "That's all over now. But she was in the right, God bless her; and I was a weak and purblind fool!"

Turning over still other remnants of "auld lang syne," his fingers touched a bulkier parcel, and drawing it from its recess, he slowly unwrapped the covering, and gazed with a beating heart and dimming eye on the little Bible, the last birthday present of his sainted mother. Opening the sacred pages, the first sentence that met his eye carried him, as if by magic, to his olden station by his mother's knee—

"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters.

"He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake."

With an unsyllabled desire, he longed, with all the strength of his soul and all the hunger of his weary heart, for the rest of the same pastures, for the refreshing flow of the same waters, as were the joy and comfort of his mother's trustful soul. This restoring of his soul, this guidance again into the paths of righteousness, was the thing for which, most of all, his soul was pining. "How can I find this rest?" said he, as he still turned the pages of Holy Writ. As if in answer to his question, his eye lighted on those words of richest music, which were first spoken by the lake of Galilee, and which have vibrated in sweetest cadence right down the intervening ages. These fell on his soul like a breath from heaven—

"Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

"For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

With a gush of feeling, deepened, we may believe, by the unshaped whispers of ministering spirits whose earthly loves had been his greatest treasures, he cried, "Lord, I come! weary and heavy laden. Give *me* rest!"

He prayed as he had never prayed before; the shadow of Calvary and the cross fell like healing balm upon his melted soul, and rest—the rest of pardoning peace—descended with a wondrous benediction on his willing heart.

He continued long—how long he never knew—in a semi-trance of contentful gladness, oblivious alike of the wild wind moaning through the night and the failing fire dying in the grate. At length Dame Henderson, impatient of her pillow, tapped suddenly and loudly at the door.

"Green pastures! Still waters! My Saviour!" he shouted, and the curiously inconsequent answer somewhat alarmed the timid housewife, who forthwith tapped again.

"'Come in! come in! my Lord come in!'" cried Stephen, quoting a once-familiar hymn, in the ecstasy of his joy.

"Whativver are you doin' to yourself?" said good Dame Henderson, as she eyed the failing embers. "You must be a'most starved to death! You 've neither light nor fire! an' its nigh midnight, an' you 've had neither bite nor sup!"

"Mother! true mother to me!" said Stephen, seizing the hand of his astonished landlady; "I never was so warm! I never saw so clearly in my life! and I 've eaten of the richest feast that ever mortal man partook!" And straightway, out of a full heart, he told the gracious story of "Jesus and his love."

For a moment—a brief moment—Dame Henderson was astonished into silence. Though she had prayed for this result, expected it, and tarried for it, now that it had come it seemed too good to be true. At length she seized him round the neck in a gush of grateful joy, and, imprinting three hearty kisses on his cheek, she exclaimed, "Praise the Lord! That 's for your mother! and that 's for Mrs. Hellier, and that 's for Dora!" Then, waving her hand as if to fling away some welcome riddance, she said, half sobbing and half laughing, "An' that 's for the devil, reason, septic, an' all! Praise the Lord! I knew it was forced to follow so many prayers. Maister Stephen, you 've made me the happiest woman i' England! an' I 'll go an' tell oor George, an' bring you some supper!"

Into the kitchen went Dame Henderson, ejaculating and rejoicing all the way; and 'oor George' was told of the wondrous gift of God which had come to Stephen Akroyd that ever to be remembered night.

His supper was soon forthcoming, and none the less heartily discussed because of the spiritual fare his soul had fed on, and then for the first time for long years he retired to rest in the clear consciousness that he was "safe in the arms of Jesus," the everlasting arms of love. "Thank God!" he exclaimed again and again, and bedewed his pillow with grateful tears. *(To be concluded.)*

RELIGION IN UNLIKELY PLACES.

CORNELIUS.

BY THE REV. H. BONNER, NOTTINGHAM.

"There was a certain man in Cæsarea called Cornelius, a centurion of the band called the Italian band, a devout man, and one that feared God with all his house, who gave alms to the people, and prayed to God alway."—ACTS x. 1, 2.

AMONG the earliest Gentile converts to Christianity Cornelius holds a distinguished place. He was, in fact, the first Gentile who entered the Christian Church without passing through the Jewish Church. The first great question which presented itself to the apostles for solution, and which so soon disturbed the peace of the Church, was—On what terms should the Gentiles be admitted? Should they be admitted as Gentiles, or was it necessary for them to enter the Christian Church through the Jewish Church? Or, to put the question in another form—Could a born Gentile become a Christian without first becoming a Jew? The true relation of Christianity to Judaism was not understood at once, even by the apostles themselves. They looked upon it as a development of Judaism. They thought the Mosaic Law was still binding upon them; they continued to worship God after the manner of their fathers; and they had no conception of a Christian Church distinct from it outside the pale of the Jewish Church. It was only gradually and by the teaching of events, that they came to see that the Gospel was addressed to the Gentiles as well as to the Jews, that the Christian Church was open to them on precisely the same terms as to themselves, by faith in Christ, and that Christ was not only the Jew's Messiah, but the Saviour of the world. The question as to the admission of the Gentiles was a very grave one. It was really the question, whether Christianity was to be the religion of a race, as Judaism had been, or whether it was to be the universal religion, appealing to man as man, without distinction of race.

In the history of the conversion and admission into the Church of Cornelius, we see in what manner the question was first raised and dealt with. St. Peter was prepared for the event in a very wonderful manner. He was taught by a vision the artificial character of the distinction between Jew and Gentile; his scruples as to intercourse with the latter were removed. The great truth dawned upon him that "in every nation, he that feareth God and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him." And after an interview with Cornelius, he baptised him and those who were with him, not as Jewish proselytes, but as Gentiles. Cornelius was thus, as far as we know, the first Gentile who was admitted into the Church, as a Gentile. Interesting, however, as the story of the conversion of Cornelius is, especially when looked at in its relation to the question to which we have referred, Cornelius himself, his religious history and position, are not less interesting. Previous to his so-called conversion, he was a good man, devout, charitable, just; a man who loved the truth and sought it, who feared God and served Him, one who, in the words of St. Peter, "wrought righteousness."

Cornelius was a Roman and a soldier, and these two facts give significance to his religious history and position. As his name shows, he belonged to the once-distinguished Cornelian Gens or House—a House which could boast of some of the best and most famous names in Roman history. Probably he was of good birth, though we cannot infer that simply from his connection with the Cornelian house. But the supposition is borne out by two or three facts. He was an officer in the Roman army, and in what seems to have been a favourite or special cohort. He gave much alms; and he was well known among the Jews. There is another fact which is almost if not quite decisive on the point. The Emperor Julian, speaking of the origin of Christianity, says that there were only two men of any social position who accepted the Christian faith in its early days —Sergius Paulus, Proconsul of Cyprus, and Cornelius the centurion. The point is of no moment, except that it has a little bearing upon his religious history.

His religious position when he is first mentioned is not quite clear. He is described in terms which are generally used of proselytes. He is called a "devout man," "a just man, and one that feareth God." He observed the hours of prayer customary among the Jews. He gave alms. And yet it is quite evident that he was not a proselyte, or at least a proselyte in full communion with the Jewish Church. St. Peter speaks of him as, or rather implies, that he was a stranger, a foreigner, with whom as a Jew he could not eat or associate. The Jews who accompanied St. Peter from Joppa were astonished that on the *Gentiles* also was poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost. He is spoken of also as "uncircumcised." Indeed, the whole significance of the narrative turns upon the fact that he was not a proselyte in the full sense of the term. The explanation of this difficulty which appears most reasonable is that he was what is called a proselyte of the Gate. There were proselytes of two degrees, of two

classes. The one class was composed of those who passed right into the Jewish Church, who embraced Judaism as a whole. They observed the Mosaic law, they conformed to Jewish customs. They became, in short, as Jews. These were called proselytes of Righteousness, or proselytes of the Covenant. But there was another class, composed of those who, while devout worshippers of God, were not bound by the special precepts of the Mosaic code. They were to abstain from idolatry, fornication, and things strangled with blood. Uncircumcised, they were looked upon as still, in a manner, "unclean," with whom, therefore, the stricter Jews would hold no intercourse. These were proselytes of the Gate. Such in all probability was Cornelius. He was a just man, he feared God, he gave much alms, but he was still a Gentile, outside the holy nation.

By what steps, and in what manner, we naturally ask, had Cornelius been led to this position? By what steps had he—a Roman well born, with the prejudices and traditions of his class and nation—been led to renounce Paganism for Judaism? Though we cannot answer this question definitely, yet we know enough of the religious and moral condition of Roman society to enable us to divine what must have been the general course of his experience. One of the most striking features of Roman society during the first century of the Empire was the general decay of religious belief. The old creeds which, mixed with much error though they were, had yet exercised a wholesome influence over both their private and their national life, had lost their hold upon them, they were no longer believed by them. Still mindful of the forms of religion, there were few who had any genuine religious conviction. Religious faith was gone. The majority of educated Romans were sceptics. A few of the best men still clung to that noblest of all the ancient philosophies, Stoicism. It was their rule of life, it was their religion. It taught them how to live wisely and bravely, it taught them how to die without fear and without regret. But these were few. Stoicism as a rule of life and not simply as a creed—for there were many who professed it who by no means sought to order their conduct by it—was only for the few strong spirits of the age. The many to whom Stoicism was impossible, and who could not thread their way through the many contradictory conflicting creeds taught, were sceptics. And yet side by side with this scepticism there was an eager passionate desire for new creeds, new faiths. Men cannot remain sceptics in large numbers for long. The need for a religion is one of the most imperious of all our needs. If men reject it in one form, it is only to accept it again in another. And hence sceptical as educated Roman society was, there was scarcely a creed, or a superstition, or a philosophy, which had not its representatives and teachers among them. There were almost as many conflicting doctrines taught in Rome, at the time of which we write, as there are in England to-day. Scepticism and credulity, scepticism and superstition, these, as they so often do, went together.

Amid this mingled scepticism and craving for faith, Judaism could not fail to present attractions to many. There was a large number of Jews in Rome, and though they themselves were regarded with suspicion and dislike, there is abundant evidence that Judaism spread to no inconsiderable extent. Indeed, the influence it exercised was a subject of frequent complaint. It spoke with authority, and without a shade of doubt and uncertainty. It remained untouched, uninfluenced by the corroding scepticism of the time. The sublime doctrine of one God, the Maker of all things, offered an escape from the perplexities of polytheism; while the nobler morality it enjoined would draw to it the men who shrank from the deep corruption, the appalling depravity, among which they lived. Men who had rejected their old beliefs, and yet who could not rest in scepticism or unbelief, who sought a more reasonable faith and a higher rule of life, would find what they were seeking in Judaism. Such, most likely, had been the experience of Cornelius. He had became dissatisfied with the faith or doctrine he held, he did not find in it the guidance, the satisfaction for his moral and spiritual needs he desired. He was driven forth in quest of a new resting-place. And so, when brought into contact with Judaism, he was prepared to receive it. He saw the higher, nobler truth it contained, and embraced it.

But the passage from Paganism to Judaism was not made probably without a struggle, without much pain, it may be, and inward distress. A man does not cast the creed—however false it may be—in which he has been bred, which his fathers believed, and which perhaps has helped him to become a better man, with ease and with a light heart. The bonds and associations formed in youth are strong in manhood. To change one's faith is always difficult and painful, and needs much courage. And then, as we have seen, the Jews were regarded with suspicion and dislike, which, more than once, gave place to downright hatred. For a man of birth and position to identify himself with them, to accept their faith and to join in their worship, would be to lose caste most likely in the eyes of his friends. A true Roman's pride of race was like an Englishman's. And a Roman could hardly take the step which Cornelius took without losing caste. That Cornelius did thus change—that he passed from Paganism to a belief in the one true God—is an evidence of his single-hearted devotion to the truth, and of his courage. He must have been a truth-loving, honest, brave man.

But Cornelius was a soldier as well as a Roman, and this fact is not without its bearing upon his religious life. He was a centurion of the Italian band, a band or cohort of soldiers composed entirely of Romans. We should hardly have looked in such a quarter for so devout and good a man, for one so gentle, simple, and reverent as Cornelius seems to have been. It was not the atmosphere in which religion would blossom easily. There are callings which, without being wrong, are yet bad schools for piety and virtue. No doubt there is a good side to military life. It is a good school for certain virtues, virtues of great value. It teaches men prompt unquestioning obedience, courage, endurance, enthusiasm. It is a good school for the masculine, the heroic virtues. But there is a bad side to it too. It is destructive of the finer affections, the sweeter but less energetic virtues. Familiarity with bloodshed and strife beget hardness and indifference to human suffering. War and military life bring with them a large train of demoralising influences. They rouse and give free play to the coarser and more violent passions of men. They make men familiar with the worst sides of human nature. They expose them to special temptations. It needs great moral courage, much watchfulness and resolution, for a soldier to escape the vices and the hardening influences to which his mode of life exposes him. A godly life lived in camp or fortress, is lived in the teeth of great difficulties. And so the devoutness, charity, and gentleness of Cornelius appear still more beautiful and praiseworthy, when we remember that he was a soldier, exposed to all the temptations and adverse influences of a soldier's life. He was a good man in circumstances in which it must have been difficult to be good. Truth-loving, truth-seeking, he passed from Paganism to Judaism, and from Judaism to Christianity. And in a calling in which there are many temptations to evil, and many influences which tend to the suppression of the gentler virtues and affections, he wrought righteousness, and kept his heart tender and devout. He was kind and generous to man, loyal and obedient to God.

In this history of Cornelius we see how God leads those who are true from darkness to light, from light to fuller light. Cornelius has the stamp of simplicity and sincerity, of natural nobleness of character. He was one of those of whom St. Paul speaks, "who do by nature the things contained in the law." He kept mind and heart open to the truth, and God did not leave him to himself. He brought him step by step to the light. So does God deal with men who are true. Let a man love the truth, and seek for it as it is in Christ Jesus, and be willing to live by it when he has found it, and he shall find it.

THE WHITE ROSE OF WHITELAKE.

BY ANNE BEALE, AUTHOR OF "THE PENNANT FAMILY."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A LUCID INTERVAL.

THE wind howled furiously through the trees that towered above the ruined Castell Llyn, and swept like a giant scourge over the lake. Great branches snapped, and the usually placid waters were lashed into waves. The rain poured down as if the skies were rivers and the earth a huge basin. Such a disturbance as the elements made was rarely heard in or about Penllyn. Distant thunder growled, and the lightning strove hard to pierce through the war of waters. No creature could stand against the storm; men and beasts crept anywhere for shelter, and none dared venture forth when housed.

Jim started half a dozen times for the castle, but was as often driven back; until, at last, he persuaded himself that Egain could do without him for one night, and stole back to Mally and the kitchen fire.

Perhaps Egain was as self-reliant as most people, but even she trembled at the continued storm, and longed for Jim or any one to share the worse than solitude of her dark chamber. But no Jim came. It was strange that Alfred Johnnes should sleep through this elementary discord. It had been a cause of thankfulness that, just before the storm broke he had fallen asleep, and now he slumbered on. Egain knew that natural sleep might be the turning-point of his terrible illness, so, in spite of her terror at the storm without, she rejoiced at the unbroken quietude within. Fearing to arouse the sleeper by even the slightest motion, she sat down at a little distance from him in the old settle used by Jim as a bed, and which also served as a screen from the fire for the patient. For many weeks she had only slept at rare intervals, when some member of the Mervyn family could so evade observation as to watch for her for an hour or so at a time. It is not, therefore, surprising that in spite of the roaring of the storm, sleep should have overpowered her. Although the old walls

"Mr. Seymour declared that he must go home."—*p.* 308.

rocked, both nurse and patient slumbered, the one uneasily, the other peacefully. The settle was so situated that one end of its seat was visible from the bed; and it was on this end that Egain had placed herself, that she might be conscious if Alfred moved. As we have said, the intervening obscurity was so great that the sleepers were in gloom.

It was midnight when Egain fell asleep, and the raging elements were then at the climax of their angry battle. By degrees the conflict grew less fierce, and, before dawn, gradually ceased. The winds slunk back to their lairs, the flood-gates of the sky were closed, the voice of the thunder was no longer heard, and the baulked lightning returned its arrows to their sheaths for future action. Through the storm and into the calm still the sleepers slept. A faint streak of dawn pierced through the thick glass of the deep, narrow window, and fell on Egain's head, as it rested on the corner of the settle. Her hands were on her lap, and her face was turned towards the bed.

The sudden gleam that failed to arouse Egain, awoke Alfred Johnnes. The speech which had been continuous for so many days, began again, but so low that it was scarcely more than a whisper, and did not even reach Egain.

"Where am I? What has happened? What strange place is this?" he murmured, while his dark eyes sought to penetrate the gloom that surrounded him, but could distinguish nothing beyond the wooden top and leaves of his capacious bedstead. "Mother, where have you put me to-night? Is the house full of company?" he continued, moving his eyes from right to left.

The crisis of his fever had passed during those hours of sleep, and he was conscious again. He strove to move, but could not for weakness. He tried to gather together his scattered thoughts; but the past was confused as a dream, and he could see neither circumstance nor individual clearly.

"Have I been ill? Why am I in this dark place alone? Is it a prison? Ah! I understand—I remember. It is all over, and I am in gaol. How horrible! They have chained me to this bed, and I cannot move hand or foot. They captured me at Penllyn. They will make short work with us now."

As his mind cleared, and recollection returned, he made another effort to move, and succeeded in raising his head from the pillow. He fancied he distinguished a shadowy figure in the distance, but could not tell whether it was real or imaginary. He strove to articulate the word "gaoler," but his voice failed him. "Why am I so weak?" he muttered on. "I must have been very ill. I wish I had been less reckless. I will turn over a new leaf. Ah! that is what I said to the White Rose—and—yes, I remember now but too well—what I promised poor Egain years ago."

He did not raise his voice, for he could not; yet that little word "Egain" acted as a charm. It reached and aroused the sleeper on the settle, who started up in alarm, and saw that the night had passed, the storm had disappeared, and dawn was creeping through the lattice window.

"And I have slept," she murmured, clasping her hands, and moving noiselessly towards the bed.

He had seen her in the uncertain light, but yet had not recognised her. In the weak dazed state of his mind and vision he could not realise what was around him. Still less could he do so when she bent over him in nervous trepidation to discover if he still breathed.

"Thank God, he lives! It seemed that he called me," she murmured.

"Egain, Egain! Is it you?" came from him like a whisper from the dead.

He had known the voice.

She dropped upon her knees, and hid her face in the bed. She had neither words nor power at command. He was conscious, and she feared to tell him the truth, not knowing what effect it might have upon him. His hand lay on the counterpane, and she dared not touch it.

"Speak, for pity's sake!" he said, moving the weak white hand until it touched her smooth black hair.

"It is I, Egain," she said, taking the hand, and kissing it.

"You, Egain! Where am I? What has happened?" he murmured, striving to clasp her hand in his.

"You are with friends," she replied, repressing a sob.

"Yes, with you," he said, and burst into tears. They were salutary tears, worth a world to Egain. She could no more repress her own at that moment than she could have stayed the torrents of rain.

"Thank God! Thank God!" she exclaimed. And "Thank God!" echoed the so-lately reckless but now prostrate Alfred.

She soon recovered her presence of mind, and hastened to give him such medicine and food as were at hand. Then she bade him be silent, and sleep again. He obeyed her like a child, for he had no strength left, either of mind or body; indeed, the brain was still incapable of influencing or creating thought. He was safe with the girl he had forsaken. He knew that; it was enough. And she was happy that he lived still, and might have time given him, by God's grace, for repentance and pardon. She raised his head, smoothed his pillows, re-arranged the clothes, and whispered, "You are easy, Alfred?"

"Yes, Egain. Kiss me," he replied, with a sob.

She stooped over him, and kissed his forehead. Who shall describe her feelings at that moment? But she was calm outwardly, and watched by him quietly till he slept. Then it was that her soul seemed almost to quit its earthly tabernacle before its time in the agony of prayer. She could scarcely

have wrestled more nervously with the great conqueror death than she did with Him who shall lead death captive, in her supplications for one of those sin-soiled creatures for whom the Victor perished. Hers was a love that looked beyond the grave.

A sound brought her spirit back from its communion with her God and Saviour to the less important, less real concerns of earth. She crept to the door. It was Jim. She stayed his explanations and excuses by a whispered "He is better. He sleeps," re-closed it, and returned to watch and pray. She dismissed Mrs. Mervyn almost in the same words, adding only, "He knew me. All will be well." And so the day wore on. She tasted no food, kindled no fire, but sat with her eyes alternately cast down upon the sleeper and upwards to the throne of God.

Alfred was still sleeping when Rose came, on her way from Manorsant. At Mr. Wynne's request, she had left early in the afternoon; for she declined to remain again, and he feared another storm. Fortunately for her, his word was law. So when Egain half unclosed the door, the light of a golden sunset streamed in. She went outside for a few moments, and recounted to her what had passed during the night. The two girls stood among the ruined arches, crowned, as it were, by a halo of glory. The lake had laid down its golden carpet, the many-coloured robes of the trees were studded with liquid gems, on every grass-blade hung a jewel, for the sun had supplanted the storm.

"How cold, how pale you are, Egain! I must go in and help you," said Rose, quietly passing into the silent room.

In spite of Egain's gestures of entreaty she noiselessly put fresh peat on the fire, and kindled it; boiled the kettle, and made her some tea. The settle acted as a screen, so that she could neither see nor be seen. When she had made Egain come to the fire, and eat and drink, she hastened home with the news of Alfred's threatened personal danger, which she had not dared to breathe to Egain. She found the doctor there, who, hearing of the patient's natural sleep, said it must be encouraged, and on no account disturbed. Upon this, Mrs. Mervyn said she would herself sit up with Egain, and Jim was bade to find a bed elsewhere.

"Better let 'un a died outright," growled Jim. "He 'll never come to good."

"I think you must look at home, Jim," said Mervyn. "Indeed, we all must. Remember that it was after you and Johnnes and Peters took counsel by the lake that my premises were on fire."

"I wasn't knowing nothing about it, master. Are you thinking that I 'd be burning my stable and the little mare? A pike is well enough! but Llynhafod! I am saying to Alfred Johnnes and Peters, shame for them! they deserve to be persecuted for life!"

"Humph!" ejaculated Mervyn. "But I suppose one must return good for evil, and 'charity covereth a multitude of sins.'"

CHAPTER XL.

ALFRED AND EGAIN.

THE frost was on the pane, the snow on the ground, before Alfred Johnnes recovered sufficiently to leave his bed, and to be informed that not only did the friends who had nursed him know that he was the Rebecca who had terrified the neighbourhood, but that others suspected the fact. The task of enlightening him devolved on Egain, or, in other words, she requested to undertake it. The old settle was now turned towards the fire with its back to the door and bed, and Alfred was pillowed upon it. No one could have recognised in the ghastly-looking invalid the handsome man who had done such havoc with female hearts and illiterate peasants. He had spoken little since his recognition of Egain, and it had seemed doutful whether he would be ever quite restored to his senses. She had read to him, and prayed for him without either consent or reproof on his part; and she could not tell if his silence were the result of mere physical weakness, of moody obstinacy, or of mental incapacity, neither could the doctor; he, however, could see him but seldom, because the movements of those who came and went to and from Silly Shanno's room began to be watched. Many inquiries were also made for the mad woman, whose long absence caused suspicion, and greatly troubled Rose's sensitive heart, for she felt that she had sent her away.

Alfred was, as we have said, on the settle, which was made as comfortable as might be by many pillows. A bright fire blazed on the hearth, which was invisible to the outer world, thanks to the height of the small window and the settle. Egain was sitting on a low stool in the quaint chimney corner opposite to him, her Bible on her knees. Since that first night neither kiss nor tender word had passed between them; she had been his nurse, but nothing more, and he had seemed to take this for granted. Still she had sometimes caught him watching her with an eager, affectionate earnestness, which comforted and supported her. She felt that he was so looking at her, as she read, unrebuked yet unthanked, a chapter from the Word of God.

"Now, Egain, close the book, and tell me how I came here," he said, in a clear voice, when the chapter was finished.

Looking at him, she braced herself to comply with his wish. "You remember being on Penllyn, Mr. Alfred?" she began.

"Call me simply Alfred," he said.

She coloured, and as the fire-flames hovered about her, the beauty for which she had been celebrated seemed to return. He sighed, and shaded his eyes with his hand. She resumed, avoiding altogether the mention of his name. She told him all that she knew of what had happened to him from the moment of his being brought to the castle to the present time. She made him understand incidentally that he was known by some, and suspected by many, to have been

the leader of the rioters when they were overtaken and scattered on Penllyn.

"Who gave that bit of gossip out?" he asked, quietly.

"Jim told Miss Rose, and your disappearance from home, and the sudden absence of Peters gave rise to public suspicion."

"Peters! Where is he?"

"He has run away, because he is suspected of having set fire to Llynhafod; and, indeed, you are not free from suspicion. One of your handkerchiefs was found on Silly Shanno, and she said you, Peters, and Jim, had been by the lake."

"Do you believe that I could do so dastardly an act?"

"Scarcely; yet—you—you—allowed them to destroy our gate, and—to endanger the lives of my parents."

"Egain, I am not responsible for that. The gate was doomed. I did not know they had harmed your father and mother—it was while I was stopping Mervyn's dog-cart, and lifting you into it. I am sure you knew me."

"I did."

Again Egain's cheek flushed; and he sighed heavily.

"Will you believe that wild, wicked, reckless as I have been, I did my best to prevent harm falling on you or yours? and I assure you solemnly that I had nothing to do with the Llynhafod fire, beyond saying to Peters that Mervyn deserved to be burnt out for letting his son join our enemies—the soldiers. Llewellen twice circumvented us—at Llansant Gate and at Penllyn. But for him I should not be here. Did they take any prisoners?"

"A few, and they have all been tried."

"Tried! Did they peach upon me?"

"No; they said they did not know who Rebecca was, and that they had come to look at her out of curiosity."

Alfred Johnnes laughed, and Egain looked distressed.

"They were sentenced to several months' imprisonment, which was probably deserved more by their leaders than by them," she said, gravely; "and they were noble not to betray trust; for £100 is offered for the Rebecca who fell on Penllyn."

"Right, Egain; much nobler than he; for they first dragged him away and hid him, and then, I suppose, saved him, for he knows nothing after that. And what if they find that Rebecca?"

"It is supposed that he will be transported for life."

"And I am suspected?"

"Yes."

There was a short silence, during which Alfred looked at Egain from beneath the shading hand, and saw that tears were moistening the long black lashes.

"And what of my poor old mother?" he asked, abruptly, and in a hoarse voice.

"She knows all. Miss Rose visits her often, and tries to comfort her."

"The White Rose—and—Egain, I have wronged you both; but women are more generous than men."

"Not so. Mr. Mervyn has sheltered you, suspecting you, and knowing who you are, and——"

"Yes, Egain. I coveted his White Rose. I covet her no longer."

Egain started, as if with some sudden excitement, either of pleasure or pain. Was this Alfred Johnnes? It could not be; but if it was, sickness had changed him, and he had lost the resolute will and selfish persistency of health.

"The White Rose is too white—too pure—too passionless. Do you remember what *we* were—you and I—some twelve years ago? But it must be more, or I have lived a century in these weeks of illness. How handsome, generous, free, passionate you then were; and I—I was not so very bad as I have been since—eh, Egain?"

"We are all bad, all sinful, all needing pardon."

"Still, you never forgave me that wild outbreak of mine up by the lake. It is out by the lake now, so close at hand. Perhaps if you had been less hard, I had been different, for, indeed, you were very, very dear to me!"

At these words, uttered with the feeble, plaintive voice of weakness, Egain's self-restraint broke down, and the tears that had been hanging on her lashes fell rapidly, though she fancied them unseen by Alfred, whose hand still covered his eyes. But she knew him too well to believe them sincere. Still, she asked herself, could one rescued from the grave be false again so soon?

"You do not credit me, Egain," he resumed, still watching her from beneath the veiling fingers; "but had I to live my life over again I think I should be different. Now it is too late! too late!"

"It is never too late to begin life anew. Our blessed Lord ever forgave the past, and only said, 'Go, and sin no more,' when he pardoned the sinner. Oh, think of that! think of that!"

"And of your prayers, Egain. I heard them when you thought me sleeping—heard them in my dreams—heard them even in my mental wanderings. I shall hear them till the end of my life. They will be my safeguard if I am spared, my passport if I die."

"Oh no! oh no! Christ is your only safeguard and passport. He says, 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

It was with difficulty that Egain could quote this text, so simple, so full of hope, yet so hard to be believed by sinful mortals. When she had said it she laid her folded hands on the Bible, still open on her knees, bent her head over them, and let the irrepressible tears flow as they would. She remained thus a while, praying while she wept. She was startled by a sound, half sob, half groan. She looked up, and saw that Alfred's eyes were turned upwards,

his hands clasped, his lips moving. "Behold, he prayeth!" shot through her mind, and she remembered how Saul the persecutor became Paul the preacher of the Gospel.

"Was not Edwardes here with you?" asked Alfred, abruptly, as if to cover what seemed to him a weakness.

"Yes, more than once. Mr. Mervyn brought him, and we all joined in prayer—for your restoration—and—salvation," replied Egain, hesitating from emotion and doubt.

"I was conscious of it. Mervyn? Did he pray for me? He is not that sort of man."

"He knelt with us, and doubtless joined in heart if not in voice."

"And what is to become of me, penitent or impenitent? What do these, my undeserved benefactors, say?"

"They fear you must leave the country as soon as you are able—at least till the riots are forgotten, or your part in them has ceased to be suspected."

"Egain, will you believe me when I tell you what my part has really been? It has been short and fatal. Seven months ago, when Philipps Wynne and his specials surrounded your gate I had not joined them as leader. His summons, and your father and Mervyn's appearance as witnesses, put me on my mettle, and I was determined to give them something to talk about. My sympathies were wholly on their side, and I thought, and still think, the gates a horrible imposition in these country districts and elsewhere, and I helped to pull some of them down. But my first appearance as Rebecca herself was at the Manorsant salmon-weir. There I had my revenge, and could not resist trying to frighten the White Rose into marrying me. Since then I have given myself up to the work, and enjoyed it; but I don't think one out of a hundred of the people who followed me knew who I was, but believed me, as they swore, to be supernatural. Llewellen Mervyn finished my career, and I believe he recognised me when his Major did for me. If so, he has not betrayed me. Peters and Jim knew me, and dragged me from under the horses' hoofs; but I suppose their kicks had finished me up first. What has become of my Whitefoot?"

"He galloped home, and sadly frightened your poor mother."

"My too-indulgent mother! Yet a tender mother, Egain. How I have discarded the love that was mine, for what was either less valuable or as far beyond me as the stars. Do you forgive me, Egain, as I know my mother does?"

Egain's heart was too full for words. She believed all that he had said, and felt untold thankfulness, that, blamable as he was, he yet was not so criminal as she had imagined. She knew his wild, impulsive, untamed nature, for had they not been secretly engaged for three stormy, happy years of their early youth? and had she not driven him to madness by breaking off, in her passionate jealousy of Virginie, and her hatred of her own deceit, an engagement that he cared not to fulfil? She had freed him, and brought misery on herself, until sickness and subsequent helplessness had taught her that there was a life of holiness to be lived, and a love to be sought, higher, purer, more all-sufficing than the trammelling, passionate life and love of the world and self. Forgive him! Had she not forgiven him long, long ago? And had she not always loved him?

She rose silently, and crossing the hearth, laid her hand in his. Then she knelt down by his side, and looked in his face through her tears—that face, once so handsome, now so gaunt and scarred. He held her burning hand long and silently, then he spoke in a low, husky voice, "Egain, if life is spared me; if I am permitted to return, we may, perhaps, renew the old love. Meanwhile, comfort my poor mother."

"So be it," murmured Egain, pressing her lips upon the wasted hands that clasped hers.

(To be continued.)

THE BROOK IN THE WAY.

"He shall drink of the brook in the way: therefore he shall lift up the head."—Ps. cx. 7.

JUDAH'S sweet harp, and David's word,
Lightened the sorrows of our Lord,
Foretelling that from day to day
The brook should run beside the way.

And now His people, called to share
The pain and grief He had to bear,
Find strength supplied, since day by day
The brook still runs beside the way

Its source is hid in God above,
The fountain of eternal love,
It winds about on earth below,
Through varied scenes of weal and woe,

It brings salvation as it flows,
The desert blossoms like the rose,
The solitary place is glad,
And songs are heard where all was sad.

It cheers the faint, it weakens sin,
It quenches fire that burns within,
It cleanses thought, it swells the tear,
It sweetens fruit, it makes Christ dear.

Dear Saviour! risen from the dead;
May we, like Thee, lift up the head;
And through the GRACE thus full and free,
Ascend to heaven, and dwell with Thee.

CANON BATEMAN.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. New Series. No. 6. Saul and the Philistines.

Chapter to be read—1 *Sam. xiii.*

INTRODUCTION. Have now traced Saul's life, from first meeting Samuel to being placed on the throne. Kingdom now quite settled. Israelites had got a king as wished. But why did they especially want one? What old enemies were still living very near Judah? Show position of Philistines by a map. Time now come to subdue these enemies.

I. Saul's First Failure. (Read 1—4.) How long had Saul reigned? First year one of peace and happiness, the second one of war and trouble. How large was his army? Who took charge of part? This the first time Jonathan is mentioned. What became of the rest of people? Probably sent away because Saul despised the enemy, therefore only took small army. What success had Jonathan? This the first victory by force of arms. But what army did Philistines now collect? determined to crush this new king. What did Israelites do? Obliged to hide at once in the caves, &c.; no use trying to fight. Army at once turned into a rout. What a speedy end of Saul's success! Was this all the king could do for them? Some of the people even fled beyond the Jordan, to far-off country of Gad. Victory soon changed to flight. Why was all this failure?—(1) *Because God was not consulted.* Saul was not told to make war, the enemy had not attacked him; probably wanted to show people his power as king and great warrior, or perhaps incited to it by people, wishing to please them, and so made war; any way, God's blessing not sought, and so ended in failure. Thus see need to seek God in all things; set Him always before us. Seek counsel in new work; do nothing cannot ask Him to bless. (2) *Saul despised the enemy.* So had Israelites at Ai. Common in worldly matters; so too in spiritual things—think no harm can happen to me in such a place, &c.—thus despise danger, and fall into sin.

II. Saul's First Sin. (Read 8—15.) Who had promised to come to Saul? Probably Samuel had heard of disaster. What was he coming for? Would offer up burnt offering for sin. How long was Saul to wait? Why did not Saul wait? Was too impatient. As soon as the seventh day came what did he do? How soon did Samuel come? That is, on the seventh day, the *day* appointed, though not at such an early *hour* as Saul expected. Who only were allowed to offer up sacrifices? Saul not even a Levite, much less a priest of Aaron's family. So Saul did a great sin. What was its nature. (1) *Impatience*, could not wait till Samuel came; (2) *Sacrilege*, discharging office of priest, putting himself into sacred office, taking God's name in vain. What was his excuse? Said he wanted to make supplication. Had omitted prayers before attacking Philistines. Very eager now, when too late. Is he very unlike us? Forget to pray, go our own way, are defeated or disappointed; eager then to pray. What does Samuel tell him? Has only been king two years, but is to lose his kingdom; it will not be established, he will have constant wars and troubles. God will now choose a man after his own heart. What sad news! How quickly has he fallen! He the hope of all Israel, the man of war and the chosen king, humbled, defeated, put aside, and why? Because he chose his own way. Head seems to have been turned by his prosperity. Took his own counsel, not God's. Offered prayers in his own way, not God's. Sought his own glory, not God's. What a warning to all starting in life! Let them ask themselves—(1) *How do I pray?* in God's way, humble, with faith, pleading merits of Christ the great High Priest? or like Pharisees in parable with pride, seeking to be saved in my own way, offering up my own sacrifice of good deeds &c., thus displeasing God? (Luke xviii. 11). (2) *How do I live?* doing my own will, pleasing myself, glorying in position, good character, &c., or trying to please God, to do His will, to set Him always before me (Ps. xvi. 8). In His strength to seek to overcome enemies of my soul, the world, flesh, and devil. So may avoid Saul's failure and Saul's first sin.

Questions to be answered.

1. What was Saul's first failure?
2. What were the two causes for this?
3. What was Saul's first sin?
4. What two great faults were there?
5. What punishment was announced to him?
6. What practical questions should we ask ourselves?

THE CASTLE DUNGEONS.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN. IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

IT was very lonely, and the time seemed long, as Alice sat by the fire waiting for Anne's return. At length the stillness was broken by the sound of approaching footsteps, and presently a loud knock was heard at the hall door.

"Could it be papa already?" thought Alice; then, remembering she was alone in the house, she took the precaution of asking who was there.

A strange voice replied, "Let me in, I have a message for you."

"Who from?"

"Your brothers and sisters."

"Where are they?"

"Just here after me; make haste, they're in a great hurry; they sent me on first to have the door open and all ready."

Believing that some dreadful accident had happened, Alice drew back the bolt without any further hesitation, exclaiming, "Oh, do tell *me* at once who is hurt!"

A tall rough-looking man pushed his way in. She could not see his face, for the hall was dark, only a gleam of fire-light streamed from the parlour where she had been sitting. "Now go and stay quietly in there," he said, seizing the frightened girl by the arm, and hastily thrusting her into the room, shut the door, and turned the key on the outside.

For a few moments Alice felt bewildered. What could it all mean? Then it suddenly occurred to her that this man must have known she was alone in the house, had probably met Anne, found out the state of the case, and made a pretence to gain admittance for the purpose of robbery.

"He has locked me in here that I may not see what he is about, and I remember papa put that money he got the other day into his large desk in the study. Oh, what shall I do?"

Another door—of which no doubt the robber was unaware—led from the parlour to the head of the kitchen-stairs. Cautiously opening this, Alice glided noiselessly out, and concealed herself in the back hall. How her heart beat as she heard footsteps in her father's study, and presently saw the man come out, carrying the desk, which she knew contained a large sum of money and many valuable papers!

"Lock's too strong for me," he muttered; "no time to work at it now; better be off at once. I can hide it for to-night, and get the tools to open it in the morning."

In a moment the door clapped after him, and he was gone!

"Oh, poor papa will be ruined!" thought Alice, "and all through my fault! Why did I open the hall-door! And now if I could but find out the hiding-place! Why not follow, and try?"

Alice's resolution was quickly taken. Seizing a warm shawl, she wrapped it round her head and shoulders, slipped the latch-key into her pocket, and, softly closing the hall-door, peered cautiously out into the darkness.

Some object moved near the gate, and, gliding down the gravel path scarcely daring to breathe, Alice, as her eyes became more accustomed to the gloom, could discern the figure of a man turning down the narrow road outside. Keeping carefully under the shadow of the hedge, she followed at a distance, trembling, yet resolute.

At times he was lost to sight in a sudden turning of the lane, but his heavy measured tramp, as he strode along carrying his cumbersome burden, told that he was still near. At length sight and sound were lost; and Alice stood still to listen and strain her eyes in every direction. Then going on a few steps, she perceived a break in the hedge, and concluding that the object of her pursuit must have passed through the gap into the field of grass, quickly followed, and, hurrying on, soon caught sight again of a tall figure crossing the soft pasture-ground in the moonlight; for the wind and rain had ceased, and, as the clouds dispersed the moon cast fitful gleams over the scene.

If the robber had looked behind he must have observed the slight shadowy form which pursued him, but, in his haste, he did not take time to stop or turn until the friendly shelter of another hedge enabled Alice to proceed with greater safety. It seemed to her a long way through lanes and fields, until they came to a broken wall which led into the old burying-place of the abbey. Crossing this, the man stopped, and, laying down his load, bent over a large flat stone. Alice followed, and, crouching down behind some thick clustering ivy in a corner of the ruined building, watched all his movements. Pushing aside the stone, with apparently a great effort of strength, he stood before an open chasm, and, stepping in, stretched his hands towards the precious desk, drew it within reach, and lifting it in his arms, disappeared from view. After a short delay he again emerged from the ground, carefully replaced the stone, and, now free from his burden, strode rapidly across the ancient grave-yard, in an opposite direction from the one by which he had come, gained the public road, and was soon lost to sight.

Alice rose from her place of concealment, and set off home as fast as her trembling limbs would allow. It was a dreary, lonesome walk, but this was no time for giving way to fanciful fears.

Arrived at the hall-door, Alice felt in her pocket for the latch-key, wondering if Anne had yet returned, or whether Maurice and Henry would go

back and try to lift the heavy stone which covered the entrance to the vaults, when she observed a man leaning against one of the rustic pillars of the porch. Uncertain whether to advance or retreat, she stood a moment on the steps, until a well-known voice spoke.

"What does this mean, Alice; you out at this time of night alone? I've been knocking nearly half an hour, and can't get any answer; the whole household must be very sound asleep."

"Oh, papa, how glad I am you have come!" she cried, seizing his arm and trying to turn him round in her excitement. "Let us go back to the abbey, and I will tell you all on the way."

"No, no, child, you must not stay out longer. Come in, and I'll listen to what you have to say."

Alice opened the door. The house looked dreary and deserted; the fire in the parlour had burned low. She sank on a chair, weak and trembling, but managed to tell her tale with tolerable coherence, and ended by entreating her father to set off at once and try to recover his stolen property.

"I know the spot well," he replied. "I had that large stone placed there myself several years ago, on purpose to prevent curious people going into the abbey vaults, and exploring those dangerous underground passages. I shall take John with me, as it is very heavy to move. I dare say he has put up the horse by this time. You were a brave girl to follow the robber, but you 'd better lie down and rest now. Where are Maurice and Henry? I suppose the other children are in bed!"

"Oh no, papa! they all went to the old castle this afternoon, and I have not seen them since. I told you how Anne set off to look for them; that was the reason I was alone in the house. I dare say they 're spending the evening at the Browns', and she 's waiting to bring them home."

"Evening! my dear, this is night! they would never stay so late at the Browns'!"

"Well, papa, perhaps they came back while I was away, and could not get in. I 'm sure they 're safe, at all events. Do go at once about the desk."

Shortly after Mr. Mills had left the house Anne returned alone.

She had searched the old castle without success, then proceeding to the village, met a man, who, in answer to her inquiries, said he saw some children such as she described go towards the wood several hours ago.

Anne followed in the direction indicated, and, having walked a good way without obtaining any tidings, thought it better to go home and see if they had arrived while she was out, particularly as Miss Alice might be frightened at being left so long alone.

"Did you ask at Mr. Brown's, Anne?"

"Oh yes, miss, the very first place I went; they had not been there at all."

Nothing further could be done till her father's return, and poor Alice spent the time in an agony of suspense and anxiety. Meanwhile Mr. Mills, with John's assistance, pushed aside the large flat stone, and entered the vaults. He descended some broken steps, John holding a lantern, and, after a considerable amount of searching, discovered his writing-desk hidden in a remote corner.

As they lifted it, and examined the lock, which still remained secure, strange sounds were heard in the distance. Could it be the wind moaning through the dreary underground passages? No; it was surely human voices crying for help. Then came hasty footsteps rushing in the direction of the light. John held up the lantern, and Mr. Mills recognised his children.

"Saved! saved!" cried Katie, as she clung to her father, and placed little Tessa in his arms, while the boys followed, exclaiming, "Oh! papa, how did you guess we were here?"

"Indeed I had not the least idea of it."

"It was God that sent him," said the child. "Tessa knew He would not leave us to die in these dreadful dark dungeons." S. T. A. R.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

108. What prophet refers to the incident of Jacob's struggle with the angel at Penuel?

109. What custom is referred to in this passage, "Having his Father's name written in their foreheads"?

110. Mention some passage in the Book of Job, in which the Eastern custom of keeping lights burning both day and night is referred to.

111. What Roman centurion was held in high repute among the Jews?

112. In whose reign was the Jewish power most extended?

113. Where was the chief place of worship among the Samaritans?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 288.

97. Bosor is supposed to be a second name, or the Chaldaic form of the Syrian word Beor (2 Pet. ii. 15).

98. To an ancient method of expressing approval or disapproval of the actions of a leader or person in authority—a white stone being put into an urn used for the purpose, meaning acquittal or approval, a black stone signifying condemnation. Thus, the giving of the white stone declared full and complete justification (Rev. ii. 17).

99. To the custom at funerals of collecting the tears of the mourners in small bottles, which bottles were placed in the tombs of the departed to show the respect in which they were held (Ps. lvi. 8).

100. "Whatsoever things were written aforetime, were written for our learning, that we, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, might have hope" (Rom. xv. 4).

The building of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.—*p.* 322.

LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD.

HOSPITALS.

A DISTINGUISHED writer has said that "transactions of healing are closely connected, the world over, with sentiments of religion." We know how much the health of the Jewish people was placed in charge of their priests; and in the idolatrous systems of Egypt and Greece the functions of priest and physician were also combined.

But in the cities of Pagan antiquity there were no hospitals for the cure of disease. These appeared in the dawn of Christianity. They are mentioned by the Council of Nice, A.D. 325, though the first great institution of the kind was not founded till A.D. 370, when the emperor Valens opened it at Cæsarea. From that time infirmaries were built as adjuncts to abbey-churches or cathedrals, and religious communities took them under their especial care.

One of the oldest hospital foundations in England is that of St. Bartholomew, Smithfield. It was at first connected with the church and priory of the same name, founded by Rahere, a minstrel in the court of Henry II. Rahere started in life a mere gay, popular young man, courting the favour of the great; but he soon found the vanity of mere worldliness. His heart longed for better things. He went abroad in search of comfort and instruction, and there he fell sick. On his bed of pain he vowed that if he might return home he "would make an hospital in recreation of poor men." His prayer was granted: he imagined that he had a vision of St. Bartholomew, who pointed out to him the exact locality of the future hospital. The historians say that before his time, the place "pretended to no hope of goodness," but "was a marsh dungy and fenny, with water at most times abounding," while the dryer part was occupied by a public gallows. Rahere laboured at his building with his own hands, donning the fool's motley to attract children and the common people, winning them by his wit and his songs to bring him stones and to share his toil. But he did not neglect graver appeals in the churches, and house-to-house begging among his neighbours. When all was complete he was himself the first head, an office he filled for twenty years, until his death. After the dissolution of religious houses in the reign of Henry VIII., the hospital of St. Bartholomew was re-founded. It then contained 100 beds, and employed one physician and three surgeons—a sphere of usefulness very limited as compared with that which it now occupies. On its list of physicians stands the name of William Harvey, the great discoverer of the circulation of the blood.

Another ancient hospital, that of St. Thomas, was founded in the reign of King John, by a prior of the forgotten abbey of Bermondsey. It was also given up at the time of the Reformation, but was purchased from Edward VI. by the Corporation of London, and carried on as a hospital on a much enlarged scale. It was rebuilt in 1693; but those premises being required by a railway company in 1862, the present spacious buildings were erected on the south bank of the Thames, opposite the Houses of Parliament.

A third richly-endowed hospital is that of "Guy's," which is, however, of comparatively modern origin. Its founder was one Thomas Guy, the son of a lighterman. He started in business as a bookseller, on the small capital of £200. He made his large fortune, we regret to say, not in the regular course of diligent industry, but by successful speculations in South Sea Stock, that terrible bubble which ruined far more than it enriched. He had been long a liberal patron of St. Thomas's Hospital, but in 1721, when he was 76 years of age, he resolved to build a hospital of his own. The erection cost him nearly £19,000, and by his will he endowed it with upwards of £219,000.

The insane are a class of sufferers by themselves; many of them, doubtless, received the charity of the ancient religious houses, since mental weakness is often accompanied by bodily infirmity. But it is not always so, and it is terrible to think on the fate of many of these unfortunates in the middle ages. The first asylum for their especial benefit was opened at Granada, in Spain; and in England, in the reign of Henry VIII., Bethlehem Hospital was incorporated. It was then situated in Moorfields, better known to modern ears as Finsbury. One scarcely knows whether the poor lunatics were at first benefited by this extension of public charity to their misery. Their keepers were allowed to show them to visitors, and it is said they were even excited to rage to make the exhibition more interesting! Henry Mackenzie, the novelist, tells us that the clanking of their chains, the wildness of their cries, and the imprecations which some of them uttered, formed a scene inexpressibly shocking.

Dr. Conolly, too, gives us a vivid picture of the lunatic asylums of those days.

These horrors were not permitted out of inhumanity; they were deemed necessary. It was not until 1792 that M. Pinel, of the Bicêtre, near Paris, commenced to try a milder treatment. Not long afterwards, in England, William Tuke, a Quaker, had his attention directed to the same subject by the suspicious death, in a madhouse, of a member of the Quaker community. That lady's death brought a blessing to her fellow-sufferers. Through it the York Retreat was established, where William Tuke gradually carried out his methods of sympathetic treatment and moral restraint, and justified them by their success. But it was not until 1838 that Mr. Hill, of the Lincoln Asylum, plainly asserted that "in a properly-constructed building, with a sufficient number of attendants, restraint is never necessary, never justifiable, and always injurious in all cases of lunacy whatever."

In the following year Dr. Conolly entered on his charge at Hanwell Lunatic Asylum. He found there 800 patients, out of which more than forty were constantly in coercion chairs, to say nothing of others in straight-waistcoats and

leg-locks, whilst sufferers from epilepsy were nightly tied by their wrists to their bedsteads!

Dr. Conolly at starting determined to abolish all restraints for ever. The lunatics now attend divine worship, are provided with suitable employments, with books, music, and flowers. Entertainments are got up for their amusement, in which many of them are able to take a rational part. Cure becomes possible in many cases, and for those who can never be cured, life is made endurable.

Provision has also been made for the alleviation of other conditions of human infirmity. The blind have been taught to work, and provided with books with raised characters, which can be read by touch. Much has been done for bringing the deaf and dumb within the pleasant circle of human intercourse. Even the poor idiots have not been forgotten. Their case was truly pitiable. For them there were none of those lucid intervals which lighten much madness, no such memory of an equal past as that which in the presence of a lunatic touches a sane man's pity with sympathy and awe. Born on a level with the brutes as to reason, and below them as to energy and purpose, they often lived much like them, sometimes petted and pampered, generally badgered and hunted. Large asylums for their succour were opened, both in England and on the Continent, about thirty years ago. The chief English asylums are at Earlswood and at Caterham, and in addition to destitute idiots, paying patients are received. For wealthy families sometimes have such an afflicted member; and in no private house, however affluent or loving, can he obtain such advantages as he may have among the specially prepared attendance and experience of institutions which only exist for the benefit of his infirmity. There is hope even in many of the darkest cases. M. Bost, founder of the asylum at La Force,* says, "I will not gainsay that some, nay, perhaps many, idiots, seem to be completely destitute of intellect. But does man's mental life consist solely in his intellect? Has not the heart also its intellect? We have obtained certainty that the idiot is conscious of his existence as a being, and that he perceives himself in relation to the world which surrounds him . . . Who can tell whether he is not conscious of his inferior condition when compared with his fellow beings, and whether he does not feel that he is misunderstood by his friends."

The last half-century has indeed witnessed many elaborations of the hospital idea. It was seen that there was much suffering which could not be relieved by the resources of the larger hospitals if they were to carry on the general work for which they were founded. For instance, cases of consumption and cancer lingered too long and needed special treatment. Hence arose the hospitals for consumption and for cancer. Sanitary science pointed out the wisdom of isolating epidemics, and hospitals for fever and small-pox came into existence. Kind hearts pitied little children pining in the long sick wards, with no playthings and no playfellows, or kept at home, tossing on sick beds in mean dark rooms, because their poor mothers could not bear to send their darlings away to the great hospital with its crowd of strange indifferent faces. And so the homely "Children's Hospitals" originated, where toys, and laughter, and pleasant gardens, and good cheer, back up the doctor's potion; where happy children in the homes of our own readers have given their offerings to keep a cot for some poor little sufferer, and where bereaved parents find a tender consolation in writing a lost darling's name over a tiny sick bed.

Only in 1850 was one very pathetic class of sufferers remembered and provided for. All the long years before a dismal procession had left the other hospitals, not cured, but incurable, henceforth to languish in hopelessness till death should release them. For Dr. Andrew Reed, an Independent minister, who had already remembered the orphan and the idiot, was reserved the glory of this new idea of love. The work began humbly with half a dozen patients in a little house in the village of Carshalton; but it was not long before it removed to much larger premises at Putney, where it has now reached noble proportions, as has its sister institution at Clapham. There must be always a plaintive shadow over such establishments—those who enter them leave earthly hope behind. Visitors have constantly remarked a singular "waiting" look on the faces of the incurable patients. They are waiting for death. Strange and terrible cases of suffering are to be found among them: agonies which could not possibly be even alleviated in the impoverished or desolated homes from which the "cases" usually come. These institutions furnish them with every appliance which science or skill has discovered. They find devoted attendance, and meet sympathetic society. The officials of these hospitals are always glad to receive visitors during the afternoon hours. They say that such visits cheer the patients and keep themselves up to their work. There are often hundreds of candidates for admission, when less than a score can be elected. Beside the residents within, these institutions have out-door pensioners. In some cases of helpless and hopeless illness, comparatively little attendance is needed, or there may be willing friends to provide it; there is a fund for granting annuities of £20 a year to such cases as these.

Quite recently there has been a further development of Andrew Reed's idea, by the establishment of a small hospital for incurable children. The name sounds sad enough, indicating, as it does, a

* See THE QUIVER, p. 188.

life without health from the cradle to the grave. But the hospital itself is not sad. It stands on Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, its windows overlooking the sunny river with steamers and barges passing to and fro.

Another provision has been made of late years for those who leave the hospitals joyfully, thankful for returning health and strength. It was seen that many maladies required a longer spell of care and rest than the hospitals could give, or the convalescent afford in their own homes. Therefore, about forty years ago, houses were opened to receive convalescents and other poor people in delicate and failing health, which mere rest and regimen might restore. Among the active workers in this thoughtful mercy may be mentioned Mrs. Gladstone, the wife of the distinguished statesman, and Miss Catherine Marsh, well known through her "Life of Captain Hedley Vicars."

Many other small hospitals have also been opened, claiming for themselves no specialty, but only purposing to meet the growth of great cities. Several small hospitals are doubtless better than one huge one, for, apart from the fact that their organisation is less unwieldy, it is well known that where large numbers of sick folk congregate, certain special diseases such as erysipelas and gangrene are sure to break out, and complicate the original maladies. Accidents, too, will occur everywhere, and in that case better is a small hospital at hand than a large one five miles off. One of these establishments, a very unpretending institution, called the "Great Northern Hospital," and situate in the Caledonian Road, has one feature which deserves some attention. Besides the relief which it gives gratuitously, it receives patients who pay. They pay according to their means, for nothing below a guinea a week covers the average cost of a patient, nor could a guinea a week in a private house procure such medicine and nursing as the hospital affords for that sum. Those who pay can generally have a room to themselves, or, at least, with only one or two companions, and all the wards are small, only two containing as many as eleven beds. This hospital, like most of the more modern ones, has no endowment, but depends entirely on subscriptions, and is often crippled for funds.

It is quite true that "there is no place like home," and happy familiar associations cannot be supplied even by skilled nursing and magnificent sanitary arrangements, and we may rest assured that from well-ordered houses, presided over by watchful love, patients will never go to hospitals, however attractive or effective. But there are many people who, though not poor, have no homes which suffice for sickness, no love adequate for its demands. We have only to think of lonely unmarried folk, of "adult orphans" of both sexes, of lads in business or at studies far from their own homes, to realise how true this is. We suspect that many City chambers and many suburban lodgings could tell tales of solitary sick beds which, as the poet says,

"Make
The hearts that muse upon them burn and ache."

One of the first to recognise the benefit of an organised body of women nurses was one Theodore Fliedner, born at Frankfort-on-the-Maine in the year 1800. He was a poor minister's son, and his father died before his children were grown up, leaving them no money, but many friends who had esteemed his character and worth. The youth was brought up in the school of poverty, that costly education which God reserves for his aptest children. Though, in frugal Germany it was possible for him to get a University education, he had to practise the most rigid economy. Did he have occasion to make a journey of a hundred miles, it must be done on foot, with a few pence in his pocket. When he was twenty-two he had a parsonage of his own, but he did not avowedly engage in philanthropic work till eleven years later, when he opened a small home for discharged female convicts. To this he soon added a school. He and his wife were aided by a young woman named Gertrude Reichardt, and when he finally opened a hospital, and originated the idea of the order of Deaconesses, Gertrude became the first member of that order.

The Deaconesses are trained in the care of the young and of the sick. They wear a suitable nurse's uniform, and the discipline enforced is both severe and strict. This is a picture of life at Kaiserworth as given by an Englishwoman, who afterwards became distinguished in her honourable and truly womanly calling:—"Up at five, dress, make bed, sweep room, and read till 6.15, breakfast and prayers, go to hospital at 7, give children cod-liver oil and other medicines, then begins the washing and dressing till 8.30, children's luncheon, then there are several who must be fed, mending to be done, &c.; 10 to 11, English class; 11, children's dinner, and, after it is over, and faces and hands washed, our own dinner comes; then I take the children a walk till 2, children's coffee, &c.; 3.30 to 4, the 'still stunde'* in the church; 4, medicines given; 5, undressing and washing of children for bed; 7, supper; some evenings I have the charge of the hospital till 9.30." All the house work is done by the Deaconesses; the same lady tells of "cleaning lamps and stoves, sweeping floors, and other rough work."

In the year 1851, when all Europe was holding holiday in honour of the great Crystal Palace of peace, there went to Kaiserworth one whose history and example were destined to give the duty of nursing the dignity of a profession and the halo of a self-devotion. Florence Nightingale was the daughter of a wealthy English country gentleman. Born and reared in affluence and refinement, her

* *Still stunde*—a quiet time for prayer.

heart had always turned to the suffering and the needy. She had been almoner, teacher, and universal friend in the cottages round her father's mansion. During some Continental journeyings she had caught a glimpse of Kaiserworth, and so in that year of 1851 she returned and spent three months within its walls, working amongst its workers, and profoundly attentive to its rules and regulations.

On her return from Germany she took up her abode in a home for sick governesses in London. It was falling into decay, and she resolved to re-establish it. In the height of the London season "she was seldom seen outside the walls of the institution, and the few friends whom she admitted found her in the midst of nurses, letters, prescriptions, accounts, and interruptions." But "the failing institution was saved." It was while resting from these labours that Lady Maria Forester waited on her, to seek her guidance for a band of nurses whom it was proposed to send out to the Crimea, whence tidings of the sufferings of our soldiers, engaged in the fight between Turkey and Russia, had just stirred all British hearts.

At Mildmay Park and various other localities there are now institutions where devoted women are trained after the fashion of the German Deaconesses. Kaiserworth itself continues to flourish, though Pastor Fliedner died in 1864. At his death his establishments were of the estimated value of nearly £77,000, mostly gathered for the service of God by his personal solicitation. He seems to have been one of those energetic men who live only to labour. He never chatted; he read his letters while at meals, and answered them while driving; he loved music and biography, but had a special hatred for historical fiction, which he considered "lies." He was rigidly punctual; and it is a characteristic touch that he always tried his pens by writing the German word "hurtig" ("quick").

And still the tide of loving service rolls on, widening with wider knowledge, deepening with deeper insight. The old adage that "prevention is better than cure" is now beginning to be realised. Physicians are turning their thoughts to the preservation of health as well as to the cure of disease. Diet, dress, habits, and comfort, are becoming objects of consideration for the healthy as well as for the sick. And when we see that the idea of doing God's will and working for our fellow-creatures has lifted nursing from the task-work of the menial, the indifferent, and the incapable, to be the dignified life-service of educated, skilled, and devoted women, we can understand how the same comprehending spirit poured into other functions of life will, in time, make "all drudgery divine," not in poetry only, but in the prosaic kitchens, laundries, and nurseries, of our ordinary homes.

SEEKING FOR CHRIST.

"When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."—MATT. ii. 10.

"And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judæa: for thus it is written by the prophet."—MATT. ii. 5.

WITHDRAWN awhile, their wealth of faith to try,
And send them suppliants to the jealous king,
Anon the star gleamed radiant in the sky,
And drew them onwards glad and wondering.
O mystery of love, which still doth bring
Clouds o'er our path the wished-for goal to hide!
Joy and not doubt from out the gloom doth spring;
The holy ones hold on, whate'er betide,
And of her own true sons wisdom is justified.

Knowledge puffs up, but meek love edifies:
That sitteth upright, *this* is wont to kneel:
Knowledge rests passive with cold piercing eyes;
Love, fervent-hearted, clothes herself with zeal;
The Scribes with calm indifference reveal
Where Christ *should be*, the wise men onward go,
The face to scan, the royal presence feel:
Those conned the written word without heart-glow,
These grasped the living word, and followed on to know.

F. H. DINNIS, M.A.

SILENT PREACHERS;

OR, NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS USED IN THE TEACHING OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

CLOKE. COAT. The direction given in St. Matthew v. 40, "If any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloke also," being only an instance in illustration of the principle which our Lord was enforcing, must be considered along with the other similar instances with which it is connected in the passage which contains it. Our Lord is supposing possible instances in which injury may be inflicted upon a Christian, and teaches that he must not in such cases yield to the natural impulse to avenge himself; he is expected to act upon higher principles. Even forgiveness will not of itself satisfy all that is required of him; he must be willing to go beyond that, and return good to the person who has done him evil.

It is of course impossible that our Lord should have intended the precepts contained in these verses to be literally obeyed under all circumstances, for in that case He would have been opening the door to all kinds of fraud and injustice; and, indeed, His own example (St. John xviii. 22, which is the best commentary on v. 39) proves that this was not intended, inasmuch as when struck by an officer in the presence of Caiaphas, He did *not* invite another blow, but gently remonstrated with the soldier.

The instances supposed by our Lord in the passage we are considering are, therefore, to be taken as extreme cases in which the Christian will have opportunity of exercising the Christian virtues of patience, humility, forgiveness, and generosity; and are to be taken also as teaching the Christian that even in extreme cases the obligation to these virtues is not removed; that even when he is grossly insulted he must be meek, even when deeply injured he must forgive, and even when a person is exacting he must be generous, to the extent sometimes of depriving himself of what he might consider almost a necessity. At the same time, it must be remembered that these exhortations by our Lord have reference only to the *private* intercourse of Christians. It is necessary for the public safety that there should be laws to which the members of any society should be subject, and the violation of which should be visited with punishment according to the nature of the offence. But, if in their private intercourse Christians were careful to carry out the principle enforced by our Lord, and to be mutually forbearing and forgiving, it might not be necessary to have recourse so often to the public courts of justice.

The fact is, pride is the root of most of our acts of vengeance. We cannot bear to be slighted, or to have what we consider our rights disregarded, and so we fret and brood over a small injury till it seems a great one, calling for some act of retribution. If our Lord's maxims are ever in any sense to be applied to the practice of our lives, we must seek above all things to be humble. This will be the first step towards treating others who have offended us as we should wish to be treated by those whom we may from time to time offend.

CLOSET. 1. In the directions concerning private prayer given by our Lord in St. Matt. vi. 5—15, the Christian is directed, when he desires to pray, to enter into his closet—that is, literally, his own private room, but including also any place of retirement.

In the preceding verses He had been warning His hearers not to follow, in their religious acts, the example of those who, for the purpose of gaining a reputation for holiness, called men to witness their good deeds. Such men were hypocrites (that is, literally, actors assuming a character which did not really belong to them), and would have no reward from God. The Christian's acts of charity must be done with a view to the approval of God only, and then they may expect reward from Him.

The same principle is then applied to prayer. Great as is the power of prayer, it may lose all its blessing if it is offered in a wrong spirit. "Enter into thy closet," that is, withdraw from man's observation, find some place where there will be nothing to prevent you fixing your thoughts on God alone, there pour out your wants and desires to your Father, and your prayer will be accepted by Him who sees in secret, and who will give you your reward "openly." It is evident that the principle of this exhortation may be applied to public as well as to private prayer. When we worship God in the congregation we are tempted sometimes to act with a desire to obtain the good opinion of those who join with us in worship. We must be very watchful against this temptation; we must try even in public to pray to God in secret; that is to say, we must shut out of our hearts all thought of the opinions of our fellow worshippers, we must fix our thoughts only upon Him.

And it is promised that the reward (or as we may express it, the answer) of such prayer shall be given "openly" by God. This promise has, perhaps, a double reference—firstly, to the present life, in which God's dealings with individuals, both spiritually and temporally, give frequent proof in the face of the world that they have been living in close communion with Him; and, secondly, to the end of all, when many who are now, unknown to their fellow men, living a life of constant prayer, shall be acknowledged before all the world as the true children of their Father in Heaven.

2. In St. Luke xii. 1, our Lord is warning His disciples against the hypocrisy of the Pharisees, and in the two following verses he gives reasons why they receive this warning with careful attention, "for there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed . . . and that which ye have spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the housetops."

The connection in which these words appear in this passage shows them to have an application different from that of similar words in St. Matt. x. 26, and St. Mark iv. 22. The passage in St. Luke's Gospel which is parallel to them and of similar meaning is viii. 17, where our Lord is referring to the subsequent spread of the Gospel teaching through the world. But in the passage quoted above He seems to be rather pointing the disciples further forward to the day when the secrets of all hearts shall be made known; it is possible, He would remind them, to conceal our motives here, and to get credit for greater holiness than we have any real claim to, but *there* we shall be judged not simply for our actions but for the motives with which they were done; therefore we must seek to have our motives pure, that when what is now secret shall be revealed we may not be ashamed.

CLOTH. In St. Matthew ix. 16, 17, our Lord makes use of two short parables (as one of them is called by St. Luke in his parallel passage, ch. v. 36). One of these parables has been considered in a former note

(see above, under BOTTLES). The other is contained in v. 16, "No man putteth a piece of new cloth unto an old garment, for that which is put in to fill it up taketh from the garment, and the rent is made worse."

The teaching of these two parables is much the same, enforced by different illustrations to suit different classes of hearers. In that one the Jewish system, with its multitude of ceremonies, was represented by old leathern bottles, which were not capable of holding the "new wine" of the Gospel; in this the former system is represented by an old garment, so much worn that it will not bear to be patched up with the "new cloth," which represents the Gospel dispensation. The rent in an old garment would be "made worse" by the addition of a new piece, which the worn-out threads would not be strong enough to hold; the only thing to be done in such a case is to reject the old garment altogether, and procure an entirely new one. Thus forcibly does our Lord teach that He had come, not to alter, but to supersede the old dispensation. The effort to graft one upon the other would be vain, and therefore it was a mistake for the disciples of John to expect in the disciples of Christ a strict observance of the ceremonies of the Jewish law.

At the same time, each of these parables seems to tell us that the new system was not altogether different in kind from the old. The underlying principle was much the same, just as a new garment is similar to an old one, and new bottles of the same material as those which they replace. This reflection will help us to understand other teaching of our Lord which may at first sight seem in conflict with that of these parables. "Think not," He says in St. Matthew v. 17, "that I am come to destroy the law and the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil." The old system as well as the new was a revelation from God; and God is not subject to change and variation; therefore, neither could be contradictory of the other. But the one was preparatory of the other. The old was a foreshadowing of the new: the one was a system of types and figures; the other was a system of realities. In this way, therefore, though the old was superseded by, it was not *destroyed* by, the new. There was a similar principle in each; the second was the fulfilment of the first.

CLOTHES. In speaking of the destruction of Jerusalem in St. Matthew xxiv., our Lord foretells the great need there would be of speedy flight in the words, "Let him which is on the house-top not come down to take anything out of his house, neither let him which is in the field return back to take his clothes" (vers. 17, 18). That is to say, the things which would at other times be necessary were then to be altogether disregarded; men would require to give all their attention to adopting means for securing their escape. Bearing in mind the close connection between the prophecy of the destruction of Jerusalem and the second advent of the Lord, it does not seem to be straining the words quoted above to find in them a warning as to the necessity for spiritual preparation for that final event in the history of this world. Looked at from this point of view, the direction, "Let not him which is in the field return back to take his clothes," speaks to us of the complete indifference with which, at the end of all, the things will be regarded which were once thought most important. And so, in view of that great day, the Christian must not allow himself to be too much entangled with the things of this world. He must learn to live in the remembrance that even the necessities of the present will be useless then, and so to prepare for the end that he will not then be encumbered or his salvation endangered by the weight of earthly cares or the place which they occupy in his mind.

CLOUD. SKY. Upon more than one occasion in the life of our Lord on earth He rebuked the people (particularly the Scribes and Pharisees), for not recognising Him as the Messiah sent from God.

Upon two of the occasions of administering such a rebuke, He founded it upon an appeal to the knowledge which they had been able, by their own observations, to acquire of the signs of changes in the weather. Thus, in St. Matt. xvi. 1—4, the Pharisees and Sadducees are said to have asked of Him a sign from heaven, to prove the reality of His mission; at first He made no direct reply to their request, but referred to the changes in the appearance of the sky which were known by them as indicating approaching changes in the weather. "When it is evening ye say, It will be fair weather, for the sky is red; and in the morning, It will be foul weather, for the sky is red and lowering. O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky, but ye cannot discern the signs of the times?" And then He refused to give them the sign which they required. Similarly in St. Luke xii. 54—56, He addressed the people, "When ye see a cloud rise out of the west, ye say, There cometh a shower, and so it is. . . . Ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky and of the earth; but how is it that ye do not discern this time?"

The expression in the former passage, "Can ye not discern the signs of the times?" is explained by that in the latter, "How is it that ye do not discern *this* time?" That is, how is it that ye do not see that this time in which ye are living now is the time of the Messiah, of which the prophets have so often spoken? and "how is it that ye do not see that I am He of whom they prophesied." These words recall to our minds the words of the message sent by our Lord to John the Baptist by the disciples, who had come to inquire whether Jesus were indeed the Messiah. "Go and show John again those things which ye do see and hear," and then He referred to the works which He was doing as sufficient evidence that He was the expected One; for these works were literal fulfilments of the prophecies of the acts of the Messiah.

Our Lord's argument is that if the Pharisees were

as careful in their observation of the things taking place around them, and in their comparison of them with the utterances of the prophets concerning the work and times of the Messiah as they were in their study of the changes in the appearance of the sky, they would not have continued in their unbelief. The truth is that they did not *wish* to believe in Christ as the Messiah, and therefore they were not sincere in the investigation of His claims. It was on this account that our Lord called them "hypocrites." The inquiries they made of Him were not made with a desire of arriving at the truth; but were rather a sort of defiance of the Christ, daring Him to make good His claims.

We have need to take to ourselves this rebuke which was addressed to the Pharisees. Men are at all times in danger (never more so than at present) of deciding questions hastily according to their own prejudices without any real desire to find out the truth. We must be careful to approach all questions concerning the truths of revelation, or concerning our own condition in the sight of God, with a sincere wish to discover not what is *pleasant* but what is *true*. It would be well for us often to pray the prayer of Bishop Wilson that "neither education, interest, passion or prejudice, may ever hinder us from discerning the truth," and, we might add, from acting on it when discerned.

THE WHITE ROSE OF WHITELAKE.

BY ANNE BEALE, AUTHOR OF "THE PENNANT FAMILY."

CHAPTER XLI.

A LONG FAREWELL.

A LETTER arrived from Edwyna to Rose which greatly consoled the latter. It contained the intelligence that Silly Shanno had appeared at the parsonage where Edwyna and Miss Leah were on a visit, and that she had taken up her abode in a neighbouring barn as soon as she had recognised them. This intelligence caused both Mr. Edwardes and Rose to write in return, and urge their remaining longer, which they had been much pressed to do. Rose felt assured that her sister would consent, when she heard that Edgar was at home; for her own lack of sympathy with his sentimental abstraction was compensated for by Edwyna's lively attachment. It was Rose's secret desire that Edgar should transfer his unspoken devotion to her to the more susceptible Edwyna; and she was not without hope that time might effect this. Mr. Edwardes at once spread the news of Silly Shanno's safety; while Jim made it understood that he had taken possession of her room while his stable and coach-house were rebuilding. This somewhat allayed people's curiosity as to the ruin; but Egain's continued absence began to be otherwise accounted for. It was publicly rumoured that she had gone away in search of Alfred Johnnes. This sadly disconcerted Virginie's schemes; so that while vital issues were pending at Llynhafod, the shifting scenes of gossip moved and changed perpetually.

"Has Egain gone after Mr. Alfred?" asked the corporal of Rose. "Because if she has she had better not show her nose here again, good as she is."

"My mother would not countenance Egain in disobedience," replied Rose, who was sadly puzzled for a truthful answer. "She is helping to nurse a sick person whose name must not be known at present; and if you will spare her a few days longer, I think she may be able to return to you. She is so much better, that she feels that she may now help you and Letty, who have borne so much for her."

"God bless her! God bless the poor child! So long as she is free from blame, I don't care; but, Miss Rose, our good name is all we have left us, and we should soon 'go down with sorrow to our grave' if that were assailed."

"It will never be compromised by Egain, dear Madoc. Only be patient and secret a little longer, and you will have her with you again, or near you to help you."

Rose, however, was aware that Egain, as well as herself, was the subject of country curiosity, and that Alfred Johnnes was the cause of it. She heartily wished him at the Antipodes, where, in fact, he was likely to be. In spite of philanthropy they were all getting weary of the anxiety and responsibility of his presence near Llynhafod.

About a week before Christmas Mrs. Johnnes arrived at Llynhafod. She was kindly welcomed by all its inmates—indeed, no one with a heart could have been otherwise than tender and hospitable to the broken-down mother, whose life had been a continuous penance since her son's dangerous illness and yet more dangerous position had kept her from him. She had now come to bid him farewell—perhaps, for ever; and she was aware of the peril of this interview. Still, both she and her son were equally resolved upon it, come what would; and the instincts of the good friends who had helped them were in its favour.

Accordingly, on the afternoon of a gloomy December day, she, and Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn, set out ostensibly for a walk. Jim was their pioneer, going before them to see that there were no unexpected visitors at the ruin. Jim had never failed to aid Egain as watcher and nurse during the short period that had intervened since the storm; and the old settle

"It was Alfred Johnnes, and she recognised him."—*p.* 331.

had continued to serve as screen and couch as either managed to rest.

As it happened there were two keys to Shanno's room, one of which she used herself, and the other was kept at Lynhafod. She had left her key in the lock when Rose sent her off "to the fair," so that Egain was able to lock herself in, and Jim to let himself in. He did so on the present occasion, and finding all ready, signalled to Mr. Mervyn and his companions, who walked leisurely towards the ruin, glancing cautiously from side to side. There was no person visible, and the lake and its surrounding woods and mountains seemed buried in the deep, long sleep of winter. The door was well concealed among broken arches and buttresses, so that as the trio entered the room Jim slipped out to keep watch. Alfred was sitting on the settle, now facing the fire; Egain had withdrawn to a remote corner near the door. It was she, however, who led Mrs. Johnnes towards Alfred, and then joined Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn in a dark recess whence they could neither see nor be seen. The mother and son met, therefore, as privately as if they had been at home at Glynglâs. They embraced without a word, and were long in each other's arms.

At last he placed her beside him on the settle, and took her hand. Each was much changed since they parted, and Alfred knew that he was the cause of her bent figure and careworn face, as well as of his own ghastly appearance; but it was a relief to him to find that she was fretful and irritable still, and not insensible to her own share in his dangers.

"And must you go this very night? And must I be left alone?" were her first coherent words, when her emotion allowed her to speak.

"I fear so, mother. It is all my own fault; but I want your forgiveness before I go. I have been a bad, disobedient son," he answered, with that effort which it costs a man much to make who has never habitually believed or acknowledged himself in the wrong.

"Who says so? I don't. You have been obedient enough for me, and I have nothing to forgive. But when will you come back, for I can no more go on living alone than I could bear to die without you near me. Oh, what shall I do!"

"Egain," ejaculated Alfred, clearly, almost cheerfully.

She answered his summons, and stood before him and his mother there in the firelight.

"Sit down," he continued, making room for her near him. "Mother, I have injured Egain even more than you. I was dying, and she saved me from death. I love her dearly. Let her father and mother have Peters's cottage, and she will be a daughter to you as well as to them till—till—please God, I come back—and then, though I don't deserve it, she may be a daughter still," he took Egain's hand, and laid it in his mother's. "If, after all, I turn over a new leaf," he smiled, "it will be Egain's doing; and I believe my life has been spared in answer to her prayers. All those I have injured have helped me. If the worst come to the worst, and my participation in the riots is made clear, they must not suffer for me. You must speak out boldly, mother. I have done the wrong, and must bear the consequences."

"I must say that you who had plenty of money to pay the gates needn't have meddled with them," said Mrs. Johnnes, irritably.

"That is true, mother; and now I am about to pay the penalty by transportation—voluntary, but deserved."

The word "transportation" made Mrs. Johnnes begin to cry again, and had Alfred been literally "transported," he could scarcely have suffered more than he did at that moment, or than he had done since his wild work had been brought to a close; but his strength was returning, and therewith the courage for which he had always been famed. There was good stuff in him, but it had been terribly misused.

"I dare say I may come back when all the fuss has blown over," he resumed, pressing Egain's hand. "You must both keep up your spirits, and help one another for my sake, though I know I am unworthy."

"We will," whispered Egain, in a trembling voice.

"I am sure I cannot keep up," sobbed the mother. "It is no good to try. Everything will go to the dogs. I am getting old, and shall not live to see you again."

Here the poor woman broke down, and further conversation was impossible. There was, moreover, an interruption to the scene, for the lock of the door creaked, and Alfred and Egain looked at one another anxiously. She went to the door to listen. It was opened by Jim from without, to admit Mr. Edwardes.

"I felt impelled to come, Egain," he said, "that we might unite in prayer once more before we send him forth to endure perils by land and sea."

"If you could say a word to comfort his mother, sir," returned Egain, who knew that he, of all men, could offer the most reasonable and lasting consolation.

He went to Mrs. Johnnes, and told her gently that she might now have a more enduring hope of her son's peace than she had ever felt before, because he had shown that he was sincerely penitent. His manner and words took effect, and prepared her for the message he had come to deliver—the message of pardon to the repentant sinner. The light was waning and evening coming on when he entered, and the moment of Alfred's departure drew near. He asked him if he might pray for him, and, receiving his assent, the little party knelt down between the twilight and the firelight. Then Mr. Edwardes offered up a prayer so heart-stirring and affecting that they all wept, and Alfred inwardly besought the Almighty Being whom he knew he had grieved that by His divine aid he might earnestly strive to offend no more.

When the moment of leave-taking came he again craved the forgiveness of his friends for his mis-

conduct towards them, and asked them to be kind to his mother. He positively declined that any one should accompany him on any portion of his journey, saying that he would imperil no more the safety or reputation of his benefactors. Having wished them good-bye, and sent a farewell message to Rose, he took his poor mother again in his arms, and, having kissed her tenderly, placed her, half insensible, in Egain's arms, with the words, "I leave her to your care." Then he kissed Egain fervently, and whispered, "May God for ever bless and reward you!" and went out into the gathering darkness.

CHAPTER XLII.

A BAILIFF AT SILLY SHANNO'S.

SUCH rumours as had been abroad concerning Alfred had been spread and fostered principally by Virginie. Thus, while receiving good for evil on one side, he had been treated according to his deserts on the other. Virginie had not acquired the Christian grace of forgiveness of injuries, but held the heathen maxim of hurt for hurt. She, like Egain, had watched and waited, but in a different spirit. Her intriguing mind had patched such stray hints as fell around her into a whole. The return of Alfred's horse riderless, Rose's sudden intimacy with Mrs. Johnnes, the disappearance of Silly Shanno and Egain, the unusually lengthened absence of Miss Leah and Edwyna, and above all, Rose's reticence when interrogated, were woven together by her, and so reduced to consistency. Whenever she could get away from Manorsant without suspicion, she wandered, unseen, about the neighbourhood of Llynhafod, and was several times at the ruin.

On the afternoon of Alfred's departure from Castell Lyn she had asked permission to go to the village to do some shopping, but had gone, instead, by many bye-paths, towards the lake. Unperceived by them, she had actually seen Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn and Mrs. Johnnes enter the ruin. She remained on the watch as long as she could, but her time was up before any one re-appeared, and she was obliged to turn homewards. As the evening was dark she lost her way among the wood-paths, and was so terrified, that she greatly repented having made so adventurous an expedition. She was standing looking about her in despair, when she heard the dry leaves rustle as from footsteps, and suddenly saw a man walking rapidly down the path she had just trod. It was Alfred Johnnes, and she recognised him as soon as he drew near her, in spite of the disguise of slouched hat and great-coat.

"Hein! Monsieur Jeannes, that is you. I am charmed," she said, surprising him by taking hold of his arm.

"Mamselle Virginie! What are you doing here at this hour?" he returned, as calmly and boldly as he could.

"I ask you the same question; but I have lost my way among these trees. You will put me right."

"Certainly; but I have no time to lose. Pray follow me."

He shook off her arm, and preceded her till they reached a path which led direct through the wood to the turnpike road, just opposite Manorsant Lodge. Neither of them spoke until this point was attained. Then he said that as the road was now direct he would wish her good-night. And as he spoke he plunged into the woods. She stood a moment trying to fathom the depths of their darkness, then ran as swiftly as possible towards Manorsant.

Early the following morning Egain returned to her parents, and Mrs. Johnnes to Glynglâs, while Rose went, as usual, to Manorsant. Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn were therefore left alone.

"I am thankful that disagreeable work is done. Now, I suppose, we may have Edwyna back," said the husband.

"I have written for her, Mr. Mervyn. She will be here on Christmas Eve," the wife answered.

"I wonder what will come next? It never rains but it pours, and now I am expecting a waterspout. I have told Philipps Wynne that we must give up this place."

Scarcely had Mr. Mervyn spoken when the young squire appeared. He was even in a greater fuss than usual, and had hardly said "Good-day" when he began upon the business that brought him.

"Mervyn, I am sorry to trouble you, but I hear that Johnnes has been seen about your place. Now, I suspect him of being in hiding, and not, as his mother declares, travelling abroad. If he were not Rebecca, why should he have gone abroad at all? and why should Peters have disappeared? and all so soon after your fire and the affair on Penllyn? Now, we can't convict him exactly, but I have issued a warrant for his apprehension, and I thought it only just by you to tell you that you are suspected of harbouring him."

"Indeed! by whom?" asked Mervyn, innocently, suppressing his inclination to laugh.

"That will appear when we catch him. But he was actually seen last night, not so far from Castell Lyn, taking the air; and I consider it my duty to have the ruin and Shanno's old place searched. You have no objection? You have suffered enough already, and I don't want to bring you into trouble."

"None whatever. Thanks to Rebecca, Jim sleeps there now, and he has the key. Shanno is over at Brynvawr, so don't suppose he has turned her out. I will send for him."

"Thank you. I left Thomas the bailiff in the lane with the summons. Nobody knows of this except—except myself and the person who actually met Johnnes last night."

"Sharp 's the word, Mr. Philipps. I will go and look for Jim."

"You will not mind my accompanying you?"

"Not in the least. Afraid of collusion I take it?"

Mervyn laughed heartily, winked over his shoulder at his wife, went out followed by the hot-tempered Philipps, and soon found Jim.

"Show Mr. Philipps Wynne over the ruin, Jim. You won't want me, and I'm busy. There's another gentleman in the lane," he said, with another knowing wink at Jim.

"Just rubbing down Dolly, who has to rough it; but I'll go 'rectly minute," said Jim, grave as a judge.

Jim led the way, and Philipps Wynne, the bailiff, and another man, followed. Jim made a great difficulty of opening Shanno's door, saying, "There 's rusty that bad old lock is. 'Twouldn't ruin you, Mr. Philipps, to put in another."

He had had the discretion to remove all trace of visitors. The bed was made, the settle in its usual place, the hearth cleaned up, and the remains of provisions and all extraneous appliances taken back to Llynhafod.

"A poor place to sleep in," began Jim, while the others were examining the room. "Hurry you the masons, Mr. Philipps, for if Shanno comes back I shan't have a roof to cover me. There 's wicked Rebecca was. I wish we could be catching her."

"I am sure I wish we could, Jim," said puzzled Philipps Wynne. "I suppose you haven't seen Johnnes, Glynglâs, about anywhere in this neighbourhood?"

"How should I be seeing him, sir, when he 's travelling in foreign parts? Peoples that leave their own homes is sure to be suspected, as I am saying to Dolly when she strays and gets into the pound. A wandering little mare she is."

"I dare say. I suppose Thomas could stop here to-night?"

"Pleased to have his company, sure, sir; but can't offer him half my bed." Jim grinned.

"I suppose you are not in the habit of showing this room to strangers?"

"Not 'zactly, sir."

Shrewd as Philipps Wynne was, Jim was too many for him, and he left the ruin, with the unwilling bailiff therein, convinced that he should get nothing out of him. Returning to Llynhafod, he found Mrs. Mervyn alone, her husband having left her with the assurance that "if any one could put down Philipps Wynne she could."

"I hear you had old Mrs. Johnnes with you yesterday, Mrs. Mervyn," he began. "Did she chance to say where her son was?"

"I do not remember her doing so," replied Mrs. Mervyn, coolly.

"Did she talk much about him? What did she say?"

"I never repeat the conversation of my guests; or, indeed, of any one else. Such repetitions only breed gossip."

"You will excuse my repeating a piece of gossip. It is reported that Johnnes is engaged to Miss Mervyn."

"Like most reports, it is false. My daughter was never engaged to Mr. Alfred Johnnes."

"Then you none of you know where he is?"

"I certainly do not, and, to the best of my knowledge, my family do not. But as you appear to be searching for him as for one under suspicion, you must excuse my answering any more questions. I hope Mrs. Wynne is well?"

Mr. Mervyn was right. His wife had put down Philipps Wynne; but had he continued the conversation, she would scarcely have contrived to keep a secret that hung so heavily upon her, for she was truthful and conscientious. As it was, Philipps Wynne felt convinced that the Llynhafod family knew more of Johnnes than they chose to acknowledge. When Virginie told him the night before that she had seen Mrs. Johnnes enter the ruin with the Mervyns, and subsequently met her son, he resolved to prosecute inquiries; and, after he had paid his fruitless visit to Llynhafod, he continued them vigorously. But the other country gentlemen were less keen and more timid, being quite content with the destruction of his property, and not being desirous to endanger their own.

Those interested in Alfred's escape were for some time in much anxiety about him, as no news, either good or bad, reached them. Indeed, it had been agreed that he should not write until he could do so without suspicion.

On Christmas Day the customary family party filled the Llynhafod pew, for Edwyna had returned, and Llewellen spent it at home. The corporal, his wife and daughter, were also at church; and this was the first time Egain had sat beneath the boughs of evergreen at Christmas-tide for many a long year. Her prayers, thanksgivings, and silent tears were known only to herself and to God. Major Faithfull was in the Manorsant pew, and most of our acquaintances were present. No member of the congregation was more attentive, or joined more vigorously in the psalms and hymns, than Jim. To look at him you would have thought him the most guileless and simple of men. The same might be said of many another of the well-clad peasants, whose demeanour was such that even Philipps Wynne could not have discovered a trace of the Rebecca mania beneath it.

To see the little congregation kneeling in that old and somewhat dilapidated country church, no one could have imagined the exciting scenes of the last few months. But thus it had been for the best part of two years throughout South Wales, while the insurrection had been growing, culminating, and declining—fire beneath, snow on the surface.

(*To be continued.*)

"Tower and turret rise to view."

THE OLD CATHEDRAL TOWN.

I SEE it again in fancy's dream,
As it was in days gone by :
I catch once more far ocean's gleam,
Beneath a cloudless sky.
And tower and turret rise to view,
And cloisters grey and brown,
And streets with the once-familiar hue,
In the old cathedral town.

The sycamores droop in the time-worn close,
And the rooks clang hoarsely there,
And with solemn chime the river flows,
As the curfew tolls to prayer.
The staid, grave canons are in their stalls,
And the verger dons his gown—
What times that quaint old face recalls
In the old cathedral town !

And the sound of the organ comes again,
Like the anguish of the sea,
When it wails for the dead with low refrain,
That asleep on its bosom be.
And I dream of a little lad who weeps,
As he gazes sadly down
On the spot where my own dear mother sleeps,
In the old cathedral town.

Afar in the distance the purple hills
Still preach to man, the clod,
The lesson that every passion stills
And lifts the soul to God ;
And the music of unremembered things,
Which the world awhile could drown,
Awakes in my bosom again, and sings
Of the old cathedral town.

And my father's house is before my eyes,
And the cross in the market square,
And the sheeny seas and the summer skies—
It was always summer there !
And the white sails of the passing ships,
And the sunset's opal crown,
And the smile on a long-lost loved one's lips,
In the old cathedral town.

Alas for the change which the weary years
Have wrought, old home, in *me !*
Alas for the sorrows and doubts and fears,
Which in boyhood might not be !
When life's sun sinks in the even-tide,
And weary I lay me down,
God grant me to rest by my mother's side
In the old cathedral town.

J. H. DAVIES, B.A.

ADELHEID'S DAY-DREAMS, AND WHAT CAME OF THEM.

A STORY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"Dreams grow holy, put in action; work grows fair through starry dreaming;
But when each flows on unmingling, both are fruitless and in vain."

IN the heart of the Austrian Tyrol, some years ago, there was a little cottage, set on a slope about half-way up a high mountain. With its over-hanging eaves, wooden roof, and small-paned windows, it was very picturesque, whilst below and above it were soft green slopes, a little wood to its right, through a break in which you caught glimpses of crevasses and narrow passes, and to its left were dark pine-trees growing closely together. In front of it were the towering heights of the Traunstein, with its rocky outline told distinctly out against the blue sky.

It was very quiet, and not a sound broke the silence but the murmur of Adelheid, a little dark-eyed, dark-haired maiden of fourteen, who was singing a mountain song to herself as she swept out the kitchen one summer's day.

Adelheid was an orphan, the grandchild of Herr Kager and his wife. It was a lonely life for the child, as she rarely saw any one to speak to excepting a chance passer-by; her grandfather, who had met with an accident on the mountains, could only get about with the help of his stick, and the Frau Kager, though much younger than her husband, did little else but knit.

Some years ago, when Herr Kager had been a *Jäger*, it was all very well living there, but since his accident it was different, and his wife wished to go and live near some village. However, Friedrich loved the Alm, and did not care to leave it. "Adelheid, are you hastening with the sweeping?" called out Frau Kager, who being seated on a wooden bench under some trees on this July afternoon, could see through the open door that Adelheid was sweeping but slowly.

"Yes, yes, *Grossmutter*," answered Adelheid, taking her broom with renewed vigour, and beginning to sweep again.

The kitchen, a square low room, had a stove, a long dark table on which was set some china, and a loaf of *Hausbrodt*, and an old clock on a carved wooden bracket. There was a brisk energy about Adelheid when she *did* sweep, by which you saw that once she put her hand to anything she did it with all her might. That was true enough *when* she did anything, but she being much given to day-dreaming wasted a good deal of time in that way, and day-dreams are dangerous unless indulged in very moderately, for self generally lies at the bottom of them, and makes the foundation-stone of the air-castle.

And Adelheid, in her lonely life, having an imaginative temperament, *did* indulge in them. She had been in the thick of a splendid dream when her grandmother called to her. In imagination she was no longer the peasant maiden, with short skirts, black silk head-dress called a *Kopftuch*, apron, and thick shoes. She was no longer sweeping out the kitchen of a mountain cottage. No. She pictured herself grown up as a brave nurse, bending over sick and dying soldiers in a moonlit battle-field. She could see the weird-looking clouds passing suddenly over the moon, the soldiers—all! Then she thought of hospital wards, and herself amongst them, in the long rooms working hard for her Lord. She went beyond this, and her dream—for this was a favourite one—wound up by her dying, after years of labour, and being spent in the work. She had heard her grandfather read of battles in the newspapers that sometimes found their way up to them, and the account of the work of good women among the soldiers had inspired her with a desire to do something of the kind some day.

But the grandmother's voice broke the charm, and Adelheid had to come back from the moonlit battle-field to the realities of every day. At last the kitchen was swept, and then Adelheid went and changed her dress. Being her grandmother's birthday, it was a little festival, and in honour of it Adelheid put on her best dress, and clasped a string of seed-pearls round her neck, before joining her grandmother with her knitting under the trees.

The grandmother, short and broad, with a kind face, was one to whom day-dreams never proved a snare.

"Shall I look for some strawberries, *Grossmutter?*" asked Adelheid presently, and her grandmother saying yes, she laid down her knitting, and ran off, coming back with a basket full of the red berries which grew plentifully near.

"Adelheid," said her grandmother, "I have some news for you. Your grandfather finds that as he is getting old he feels the cold so much up here, and we must go down in the autumn, and leave the cottage."

"Really, grandmother, leave the mountains?"

"Yes," said the frau; and then they talked of it as the sun set over the mountains.

Later, when Herr Kager returned from his rambles, they had the *Abendessen* (supper), after the usual "*gesegnete Mahlzeit*" (may the meat be blessed to you), they sat down to enjoy the brown *hausbrodt*, honey, milk, and the bright-red strawberries. Presently the grandmother asked Adelheid for the cream she had been told to set that morning, as a treat for her grandfather's supper, and Adelheid had to say she had forgotten all about it.

"I am *very* sorry, *Grossmutter*," said the child, in a penitent tone; and again, after supper, when her grand-

mother asked her for Herr Kager's stockings, which she had been given to mend, she had to acknowledge she had forgotten all about them.

"Never mind," said the grandfather, who did not like to see Adelheid look so grieved, "another time you won't forget."

Then, drawing out a large Bible, he read to them. The soft lamp-light casting a subdued light on the open book, the bronzed face of the old *Jäger*, the good *frau* listening attentively, and little brown-eyed Adelheid, in her simple dress, made a very picturesque scene. The holy words were slowly read, and then, after the Lord's Prayer, said together, rising, they sang the grandmother's favourite hymn of Luther's, "*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott.*" Adelheid's sweet clear voice rang out above the *Herr's* deep bass, and the *Frau's* hearty but unmusical singing; and, loving music so dearly, she forgot all her sorrow about her forgetfulness, and for the moment was quite happy. But she remembered it later when she was going to bed.

Like her grandparents, Adelheid was endeavouring to live in the newness of life which only the redeemed know, and she was earnestly trying to follow her Lord.

Perhaps you think that it was very easy for Adelheid to do that, with few things to distract her attention, much natural beauty, and the perpetual contemplation of God's grand works to raise her heart to Him. Yes, that was the case. But all the same, remember that place has very little to do with the matter. The fire of temptation may burn stronger in one place than another; but everywhere there will be temptations of some kinds—everywhere the battle with self can be fought—everywhere, no matter how lonely the place may be, victories over sin can be won for Christ. And little Adelheid, as she undressed, and then knelt by her bed-side to pray, thought over all the events of the day; and she found that it was not true that she had *forgotten* the cream and her grandfather's stockings. She had remembered them; but the truth had been that she had been in the middle of a day-dream in both cases, and while the spell was on her she did not like to break it, and go about her duties.

Then she got into bed, and that moment her grandmother came in to take her light away.

CHAPTER II.

When Frau Kager went to say good-night to Adelheid, the latter tried to explain to her why she had not done what she was told about the cream and the stockings. The good *Frau* was very stolid, and rather dense, and she did not understand the romantic and day-dreamy side of Adelheid's character at all. All she gathered was that the child had not really forgotten; that she had remembered, but something prevented her going. Adelheid seemed very sorry, and her grandmother, rather mystified at Adelheid's not-too-lucid explanation, took the light, and went away.

And Adelheid, before going to sleep, resolved that she would try and not dream so much about beautiful places she should like to see, grand towns she should like to visit, and noble actions she longed to do. She determined to try and mind her everyday duties, and if she dreamt at all, to let it be about something that had some connection with her present life.

But Adelheid forgot that good resolutions are of little use unless we ask God to help us to keep them, and except in a vague kind of way, she forgot to do that. And Adelheid forgetting to watch and pray soon fell again into her old habit of day-dreaming and indulged in it without restraint.

At the end of August they went down to a cottage on the borders of the Traunsee, and one day the grandmother told Adelheid she wanted her to walk into Gmunden.

"Very well, grandmother, I can go now," said Adelheid.

"Will it be too far for you?"

"Oh no, grandmother," answered the child.

"Then go now, and get ready. It is about an important letter, Adelheid; you will be careful, will you not, to do the commission well?"

"Yes, you must be careful," observed the Herr Kager, who was standing in the doorway, and watching the steamer going down the lake.

"Yes, Adelheid," said her grandmother, when Adelheid was ready, "you must listen attentively now. Some years ago your father had a friend who lived at Gmunden, and when he died he told his son to be a friend to your father and his family. Now his son has heard that we have come down from the mountain and are poor, and he offers us all a home on his estate near Lambach. In this letter he describes it all, and he says he will be in Gmunden to-day, and that the answer must be given him at mid-day.

"And I am to take the answer?" asked Adelheid, proud at being trusted.

"Yes. You know the Trink Hallé. You must go there, and see Herr von Altenberg. Tell him, from us, that we are glad, and grateful to him for his goodness, and that we shall do our best to discharge whatever duties he imposes upon us. Tell him your grandfather's lameness prevents his going himself. And now be careful to be in time. See, he says in his letter that unless the answer is given at mid-day at the Trink Hallé that he will give the place to others."

"Ah!" put in Herr Kager. "Just like his father. He was most particular—never wasted time—and was very eccentric in many ways."

Herr Kager was right. It was a curious way of settling matters, but the Herr von Altenberg was peculiar.

Adelheid promised to be careful, and started off for her long walk in the lovely morning. It was a perfect day, and the sky was quite cloudless. A gentle breeze rippled the waters of the lake, on which some white-sailed boats were sailing, and some heavy salt boats being rowed along.

Adelheid's thoughts were busy as she walked. She was day-dreaming as usual, for, sad to relate, all her good resolutions, made some weeks ago, had faded away and disappeared as completely as the mists beneath the sun-rays.

It was still early, and Adelheid, feeling that she need not hurry, and seeing a soft green bank near, she sat down on it, under a tree, resting her head on her elbow. The air was soft and balmy, and Adelheid, who, accustomed all her life to running up and down the mountains, was tired by this long walk which was almost all on the flat, felt in a very day-dreamy mood, and in a moment all the present was forgotten, and she was in her own dream-world.

Time slips by very quickly in castle-building and day-dreaming; and only after a long time, when feeling chilled by sitting so long, did Adelheid wake up. Then, with a glance at the sky, she saw that the sun was high in the heavens, and, feeling very frightened at the thought that she had been sitting there a very long time, she began to run. At last she reached the *Traundorf;* then, crossing the wooden bridge, was soon in Gmunden, and at the Trink Hallé.

The Trinke Hallé is a kind of shop in the town, where seltzer water is sold, mixed with syrups of different kinds, for a few *kreuzers* a glass. The place was empty when Adelheid entered. There was only the girl who served standing behind the high marble counter, and there was no one at the little marble tables.

Adelheid was so out of breath that it was a minute or two before she could ask the hour.

The girl answered that it wanted ten minutes to one o'clock.

"Oh!" exclaimed Adelheid, "what *shall* I do? Perhaps, though, the gentleman has not come! Has Herr von Altenburg been here?"

"Yes, he has been here," answered the girl; "and he said he was waiting for some one who was to have met him."

"How cruel of him to go!" exclaimed Adelheid, bursting into a passion of tears. Weary with running, the excitement of the moment, quite unnerved her.

"Yes," said the girl, "he came, but he waited until a quarter past twelve, and then, looking angry, he left."

"Leaving no message?"

"None!" said the girl, and then seeing how distressed Adelheid was she made her drink some seltzer-water, and tried to comfort her.

Adelheid spent most of the afternoon in looking for Herr von Altenberg But he had gone back to Lambach when he did not find any messenger at the Trink Hallé, and Adelheid had to wend her way home at length under the trees.

She had to reap the fruits of her indulgence in day-dreams, and had to tell her grand-parents all. She felt it deeply when she saw the tears, that came so rarely, rise to her grandmother's eyes, and the old man's lips quiver as he thought of what they had lost through her fault. They said very little, but Adelheid felt it none the less, and was sorry and grieved as she had never been before.

All through that winter, when the frost was hard and the cold more severe than it often had been before, Adelheid felt again and again how her grandparents were suffering for her fault.

It was a lesson for life for Adelheid. No longer did useless day-dreams fret her mind. She set herself to breaking away from the habit, and this time she did not forget to ask God to help her. She watched and struggled, dependent on Him, and she succeeded. But, though she broke herself of the bad habit, she did not lose her imaginative mind, only now her day-dreams were very different. They were connected with the present, and her home and work. She tried to make that more perfect, to dream about what she could put into action, to *work out* the results of her thoughts.

Then indeed her life became more fair, and, matter-of-fact though it externally was, it ceased to be so in in reality to her by reason of the spirit she put into it. And though she could never undo the past, she did succeed in time in being able to help her grandparents very much, and a friend of Herr Von Altenberg's gave them a pretty little cottage on his estate, whilst Adelheid became servant in his household.

L. E. D.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

114. Who refers to the worship on Mount Gerizim?

115. With what is the name of Sanballat chiefly connected?

116. Who was Naboth?

117. Why is it said of Jeroboam that "he made Israel to sin"?

118. What tribe of Israel was noted for a peculiarity of pronunciation?

119. Who was Crispus?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 304.

101. The high priest, Eleazar, the son of Aaron, who was buried in Mount Ephraim (Josh. xxiv. 33).

102. Each tribe chose its own prince, to govern it according to the advice of Moses (Deut. i. 13).

103. "Truly the signs of an apostle were wrought among you in all patience, in signs and wonders, and mighty deeds" (2 Cor. xii. 12).

104. The Jews—for to them he says were committed "the oracles of God" (Rom. iii. 2).

105. Fifteen, including Samuel, during whose life the Israelites demanded a king, owing to the bad government of Samuel's sons (1 Sam. viii. 5—22).

106. The leniency displayed by them to the Canaanites, whom they conquered, which led to their intermarrying with them (Judges ii. 1—4; and iii. 6, 7).

107. "Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him" (Prov. xxvii. 22).

"Dame Henderson's happiness was perfect."—*p.* 340.

STEPHEN AKROYD'S GUERDON.

BY THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY, AUTHOR OF "NESTLETON MAGNA," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.—IN MEMORIAM.

EVER since Stephen had first visited the new-made grave of Mrs. Hellier he had entertained a desire to erect a head-stone there, as his own tribute to her memory, and so affording at least a shadowy link to ensure him continuance in her daughter's mind. This project, though never dismissed, had been compelled to stand over through circumstances with which the reader is acquainted. Now that he had found rest to his soul, and had health and leisure, his grateful

about it. In poverty he had loved her, and had he been a merchant prince would right gladly have made her princess. In death, for dead he had thought her, he had by an unsyllabled vow pledged himself to a life-long fidelity to his first love, and in his heart of hearts he knew that none but he could ever be the chosen of her soul. He was right. Had Dora inherited a province, a kingdom, or an empire, right gladly would she have endowed her Lancelot with it—to her the only knight in all the world, a knight without a peer.

At Dora's own request their marriage was a quiet business, and was consummated as soon as length of residence in the suburb wherein Dame Henderson's house was placed rendered it possible on the ordinary terms of law. A friend or two from Stephen's office —Mr. Reece himself being "best man"—a companion or two of Dora's from the neighbourhood of Halston Hall, and, chiefest friend of all, Dame Henderson, made up their wedding party; and then, at Dora's strong solicitation, their wedding tour was a roundabout journey from London to the little village on the Spanish shore where her beloved cousin's grave was placed, and from thence, by such easy stages as saved them from discomfort, to Halston Hall, their future home.

By birth and blood and early training, aye, and by the business habits which Stephen had contracted in the office of Redfern and Reece, and by the all-controlling influence of those religious primciples which were now alike the rule and joy of his life, Stephen was quite equal to the change of social position that had come to him; and in the after-days, when he was promoted to the magistracy, and in other ways took up the reins of local influence held by his predecessors at the old mansion, he won universal approbation and regard, and acquitted himself in all things as one to the manner born.

Nor was Dora any the less successful in occupying the position which, by a series of wondrous Providences, had fallen to her lot. Her training and education under the guiding hand of such a mother as she had owned, eminently fitted her for the duties and responsibilities of her lot; while the manifold vicissitudes of her own life and the all-persuasive influence of the experimental godliness which she so richly possessed, together with her naturally amiable temperament, all combined to make her a wise Lady Bountiful, always judicious and always kind.

In the early spring that followed on their marriage they received a communication from honest Dame Henderson, that "Our George" had had an attack of rheumatic fever which had disabled him from performing the heavy labour which, in grimy garb, he had so long engaged in at the coal depôt, and announcing her intention to "keep him at home, an' fend for him herself," by taking lodgers—three or four, or more, as she might be able to accommodate.

Dame Henderson's epistle was read by Dora one evening as she sat by her husband's knee, after he had returned from a day's absence at a distant farm. Then she looked straight into the fire, which cast its pleasant glow back upon her raven hair and her flushed countenance; and Stephen looked down on her who was the pearl and treasure of his life.

"Stephen," said she, laying her hand upon his knee.

"Dora," said he, laying his on her hair.

The words were spoken simultaneously, and then both paused and looked at each other, waiting each for each to speak.

"It 's a good omen, darling," said Stephen, "for all our life to come, for I know that you were going to say just what I was about to utter; so please to say it, Mrs. Akroyd, that your husband may say 'ditto,' and settle it."

"I was going to say," said Dora, with a little laugh, "let Dame Henderson and 'our George' come here."

"And so was I," said Dora's lord and master, imprinting a kiss on her fair brow; "so kindly manage it for them and me. Nothing in the world will please me better than to see my dear old nurse and mother under the same roof with us, and 'our George' is doubly welcome for her sake."

"Well, sir, so it shall be," said the lady, archly; "but be careful how you treat her, for, look you, I'll have no rivals here."

No sooner said than done; the letter was written there and then. Dame Henderson was told to sell her belongings, except such household gods as she desired to bring with her, and then to come with her husband, and take up her abode at Halston Hall. That dear soul had a good cry over Dora's letter of welcome, and especially over Stephen's remark upon the subject, which that lady, jealous of a rival, had copied word for word, and at once proceeded to obey the call. In a little while Dame Henderson was installed as housekeeper at Halston Hall, and "oor George," who speedily lost his rheumatism under the new and generous régime of that hospitable mansion, was general lieutenant to his master and mistress, factotum to his honest spouse, and, without specific post of duty, had plenty of occupation to keep him from rusting and to while away the time.

Dame Henderson's happiness and content were just about perfect, when, in the course of time, there was a baby Dora to dandle on her knee. She intimated then that nursing would be more congenial than housekeeping; but to this the proud possessor of the prize would by no means consent, for, quoth the wise young matron who was now a mother, "I 'm sure you 'll spoil her all the time."

"I should never do naught o' the kind," replied Dame Henderson. "It was never possible to spoil you; an' you an' this little angel, bless her, is as like as two pins."

So the days passed by. Stephen and Dora were as happy as most mortals may be in this world of vicissitude and change. Passing clouds flung passing shadows over their pathway, for continuous sunshine

is the lot of none ; and mercifully so, for that is apt to scorch the soil on which the highest Christian virtues ought to grow. In shine and shadow they had the inner life of love and truth, the warmth and comfort of the Saviour's presence, and the clear outshining of their heavenly Father's face.

The first approach to any difference of opinion between the well-matched pair was when an heir was born to Halston Hall. Then Stephen declared that the boy should be called Henry, after Dora's father, so that a family name might still be transmitted to the generation following ; but Dora, with that perversity and strength of will which is the attribute of womankind, declared for "Stephen," and would not budge a jot. A compromise was at last effected ; and at the font in the village church, this hopeful scion of the house of Akroyd was christened "Stephen Hellier," to the satisfaction of all the parties concerned.

Dame Henderson renewed her youth, happy always, for she was always strong in faith, and lived rejoicing in God her Saviour. Probably her happiest and proudest moments were those in which she had some new and appreciative listener to whom she could tell the stirring story of Stephen and Dora's history. On all such occasions she took care to magnify the goodness and the providence of God ; and if her listener should ever hazard a remark that this or that was a wonderful coincidence, a remarkable chance, or a curious accident, she would say what, years before, she had said to Stephen Akroyd in the days of his perilous unbelief, "Accident ! I tell you it was a Providence, an' nivver a accident at all."

Here my little narrative (the leading facts of which were published in one of the public journals not very long ago) comes to a conclusion ; and unless my aim has been sadly missed, my readers have seen something of the influence of scepticism to blast and blight the life even of the young and hopeful ; something of the power of *real* religion to maintain its ground, sustain its possessors, and endow them with abiding peace in life and joyous victory in death ; something of the power of Christianity to ensure loyalty to principle and fidelity to God in the face of the most potent influences of a tempting kind ; something of the mighty and imperishable influence of a godly mother's life and training ; and something also of the gracious designs of that divine Providence which "shapes our ends" for highest purposes and with loving aims, "rough-hew them how we will." As George Herbert quaintly says—

"For either Thy command or Thy commission
Lay hands on all : they are Thy right and left ;
The first put on with speed and expedition,
The other curbs sin's stealing place and theft.

"Nothing escapes them both ; all must appear
And be disposed, and dressed, and tuned by Thee,
Who sweetly temperest all. If we could hear
Thy skill and art, what music would it be !

"Thou art in small things great, not small in any ;
Thy even praise can neither rise nor fall ;
Thou art in all things one, in each thing many,
For Thou art infinite in one and all."

THE END.

WHEN THE SUN SINKS LOW.

WHEN the sun is sinking low
And the busy day is done,
Homeward down the hill they go,
Lucy and her little one.
Lucy's life is full of care
Hard she toils from day to day ;
Many burdens must she bear
Down the rugged way.

Love can make the labour sweet,
Love can make the shadows bright ;
Swiftly tread the tiny feet
Homeward in the crimson light.
Lucy's heart is full of rest,
Though her steps are tired and slow ;
And she loves this hour the best,
When the sun sinks low.

There will come another eve
When the light grows dim and grey,
Lucy will not faint nor grieve
While she treads a darker way.
Ere the sun of life sinks low
Many joys her soul may fill ;
Then her feeble footsteps go
Down the last long hill.

Oh, how sweet the sunset seems
To the worker's weary breast !
Oh, how fair the golden dreams
Of an everlasting rest !
Though the toilsome day be long,
And the pathway rough and steep,
Comes at last the even-song,
And the promised sleep.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

THE MANY-STRINGED LUTE:

THOUGHTS ON THE SPIRIT AND TEACHING OF THE PSALMS.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, D.D., RECTOR OF ST. OLAVE'S, SOUTHWARK.

PSALMS OF PERSONAL RELIGION.

"As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So pants my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace."

AS a river widening to the ocean, but narrowing to its source, is this series of subjects narrowing to a point—from the nation, the great and wide-spread nation, to the Church, taken out of the nation; and from the Church to the family circle supplying the constituency of the Church; and now from the family and the home to the person, the individual; and all this in the Jewish sense, which ought even in a stronger and larger measure to be the Christian sense, with God the centre of all, and all revolving around Him. It is God in the midst of all, as the cloud in the midst of the quadrangular encampment of "the Church in the wilderness," or as the Temple in the midst of Jerusalem, or as Jerusalem in the midst of the Land. Thus, whether we speak of the nation, or of the Church, or of the home, it is equally true of each and of all—"God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved" (Ps. xlvi. 5).

And now we pursue this matter to its source, the origin of all constituencies—the individual. And here, if anywhere, God must be enthroned as the great central influence, enshrined within the sanctuary of the heart, the innermost holy place of the "temple of the body." A household consisting of such individual members is a family of God; a Church composed of such is a living, working, and spreading community; a nation whose constituency is made up of such elements would indeed be "a nation fearing God, and working righteousness." Thus our subject narrows to a point—the importance of the individual. Like a pyramid, broadly based on its wide foundations, it narrows gradually to its apex, nearest to heaven and pointing to the skies.

The Book of Psalms is full of allusions to this subject—personal religion and experience. The national song-book of Israel is, in fact, the most personal book in the Bible. It takes us through a man's experiences, those manifold experiences of which we are all more or less conscious—hopes and fears, faults and failings, fallings and uprisings; at one time it is "in the horrible pit," another time it is "set upon a rock;" one time it is "the footsteps sliding," another time it is "the goings established;" to-day, in the bitter discipline of tears, to-morrow, lifted up, forgiven, and rejoicing in God's favour; here is the sinner plunged in guilt and woe, and there the sinner saved by grace. Hence the challenge of the psalmist—"Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul" (Ps. lxvi. 16). Here the Psalmist speaks personally—"*my* soul;" and this expression occurs as many as eighty-four times in the Psalms; and "*my* heart" forty-one times; and "*my* God" a dozen times or more; and "*my* sin" a half-dozen times, and each in the most emphatic form; and "*my* tears" another half-dozen times; and "*my* salvation" thirteen times. I remember having once set the young people of my congregation to count up the number of times the personal words "I," "me," "my," and "mine," occur in the Psalms; and I also remember with what astonishment we all heard the full number of the tale of the hundreds and hundreds of times and places in which those words are employed to express the personal feelings and experiences of man.

Thus, if we want an example and expression of personal repentance, we have Psalms vi. and li.; or a personal realisation of sin, the earlier part of Psalm xxii., and that memorable maledictory Psalm, cix., rendered all the more intense because it is the prophetic utterance of Christ's own sufferings *for* sin—"Behold His dread Majesty in His passion! The Cross becomes a Judgment-seat, whence He utters divine verdicts as King of Kings." Then there are those expressions of personal woe, even to desolation and despair, as in Psalms xlii. and xliii., and yet not without a strong ray of hope and promise of better things. "Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."

And what a remarkable expression of personal experience is that of the 23rd Psalm. David, himself a shepherd, writes his experiences of God as *his* Shepherd. It is all written as in his own person. "The Lord is *my* Shepherd. He preserves me, and gives me peaceful rest; my soul is refreshed by the still waters beside which He leadeth me; my feet are guided, my fears dispelled; my comfort is in His rod, and my stay in His staff; my table is spread by His providence, and even 'in the wilderness' there is food; my head He anoints with oil, and my cup is full and overflowing; goodness and mercy are my retinue, and they shall follow me to my home, where I shall abide for ever." All this is personal; his own personal feelings, experiences, and expecta-

tions. It is a full and complete appropriation of God and His good things to His own personal self, "The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup: thou maintainest my lot" (Ps. xvi. 5).

Another very instructive allusion to one's personal experience is contained in the 131st Psalm,—"Surely I have behaved and quieted myself, as a child that is weaned of his mother: my soul is even as a weaned child" (v. 2). The Psalmist's personal experience here is that he is weaned from the world and sin; from the restless seeking and the restful satisfaction associated with the world and its vanities.

The world is our mother; we rest in the lap of her indulgence. But, weaned from these, we seek our food from God; we are separated from the world and its satisfactions, and enjoy the "sincere milk of the Word," and grow thereby, and are able to bear the "strong meat" of the Gospel, and are exercised thereby. And, being thus fed, as with marrow and fatness, with which God feedeth us, we would not and could not return to the (now) unsatisfying food of the world. We are weaned from the world, and find our food and rest in God.

Such is the power of personal religion, the new mother, and the new supply, of the new-born soul. Such is the moderation of the spirit spoken of by the Psalmist, the subordination of the soul to God in all things, the rest and satisfaction found in God—"My soul is even as a weaned child." And so also the other appetite—of thirst; there is the personal feeling and experience of "thirsting after God." Thirst is one's own personal appetite; all else may drink and be satisfied, but if I do not drink my thirst is not assuaged. Hence the allusion in Pss. xlii. 2; lxiii. 1; cxliii. 6; &c.; all pointing to Him who alone can satisfy this desire of man, as expressed in that grand scene of the Gospel, "In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood, and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink" (John vii. 37).

And it is well that these rich provisions are made for man; for how else could we be satisfied? The holiest saint on earth must have his spiritual food day by day, again and again hungering for his "daily bread." Yea, every man's conscience, every man's instinct, tells him he wants much; and, however much he may have received, he yet wants more. And so, among the Psalms of Personal Religion, is that in which the one great provision is set forth in these all-comprehensive words, "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?" (Ps. xxvii. 1).

How personal is this—"my light," and "my salvation! Ask what salvation means, and there are many who will tell you it means "being good." Why, this is much the same as if being asked, "What is salvation from shipwreck?" one were to say, "being safe in bed and, and never at sea at all!" or, "What is salvation from disease," to answer, "Being out and about, and in good health, and never ill in your life!" But no, salvation from shipwreck means being shipwrecked in the deeps, in danger, tossed and buffeted in the stormy waves, but ere you have gone down a rope is flung out, and you lay hold and keep hold of that rope, and are saved. And this is the salvation of which the Psalmist speaks. "Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord." (Ps. cxxx. 1, 2); and again, "Save me, O God; for the waters are come in unto my soul, I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing: I am come into deep waters where the floods overflow me." (Ps. lxix. 1, 2); and yet again, "The waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our souls" (Ps. cxxiv. 4.)

Salvation means that we have been sick, nigh unto death, "the whole head sick, the whole heart faint;" it means that we have been leprous, loathsome, "wounds and bruises, and putrefying sores"; and that the Great and Good Physician has come and healed us. Salvation means all that the Psalmist expresses of his own personal experience—"I waited patiently for the Lord, and He inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings" (Ps. xl. 1, 2). and that "rock" is Christ (1 Cor. x. 4). Yes, God has given us Christ; and if we accept that "unspeakable gift," He will "with Him also freely give us all things" (Rom. viii. 32). He will give us His love, care, mercy, peace, plenteous redemption, and all the wonderful variety of His personal dealings with men.

So richly endowed are God's children with these rich blessings of their Father, that the Apostle exhausts the expression of our real ownership of all these benefits in one single sentence. "All things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's (1 Cor. iii. 21—23). Thus all is traced up to its source and author, God; or as "the many-stringed lute" of the Psalmist says, "All my springs are in Thee!" (Ps. lxxxvii. 7).

THE WHITE ROSE OF WHITELAKE.

BY ANNE BEALE, AUTHOR OF "THE PENNANT FAMILY."

CHAPTER XLIII.

EDWYNA'S CURIOSITY GRATIFIED.

WHEN the excitement was over, and there was no longer any fear of being surprised by Rebecca, Rose fell ill. The strain on her highly-strung nervous temperament had been too great, and it at last slackened so entirely that she was compelled to yield with it. More startling events had crowded into the last six months of her life than had happened in its previous nineteen years, and they had so disturbed the peaceful course of her existence that she felt as if her days of rest and happiness were gone for ever. She had managed to continue her engagement at Manorsant till the end of January, occasionally sleeping there when the weather was very bad, but usually walking to and fro daily. But at last her lassitude and depression overcame her will, and one morning, when about to set out for Manorsant, she startled her mother and Edwyna by saying, "I am afraid I must stay at home to-day, for I do not feel well."

They knew what that meant, having anxiously watched her for many days, and striven in vain to reach the root of her despondency. We might have written "roots," for, as in an insidious disease, they were many, and had spread farther than her friends imagined. Perhaps the deepest and toughest was grown by idle gossip. She was also much distressed to find that her father's health seemed failing, and the doctor recommended change of air and scene for him, with a view, if possible, to divert his mind from the ruin which he chose to consider imminent.

It was now that Mrs. Mervyn's courage, decision, and resolution availed.

"My dear Rose, you must give up Manorsant, for the present at least," she said. "I shall write to Mrs. Wynne, and say so. Your father does not really like it, and you will be wanted at home to help him, while Edwyna and I turn farmers. If only we could get Mr. Mervyn away with Llewellen or Mr. Edwardes, things might mend."

"I am so grieved, mother. It is foolish. I am not really ill, yet my strength seems suddenly to have left me," returned Rose, and as she spoke, her words were too surely verified, for she fainted.

She was quickly restored to consciousness, though not to strength. Her mother was alarmed about her, but did not wish to frighten her husband, so she merely bade her lie down a while, and told Mr. Mervyn that she feared she was unequal to her daily work at Manorsant.

"I always said so. It was a foolish thing from first to last," said Mervyn, who was more irritable and aggravating than usual when he heard that Rose was ill. "It does seem odd that *you*, of all people in the world, should have placed her in a subordinate position; and yet you never rested till you got that commission for Llewellen, just as he is wanted at home."

It was with difficulty that Mrs. Mervyn kept down the retort on her lips. She did so, however, and returned, leaving her husband to his reflections.

"I declare she is twenty times the woman she was since we have been in trouble," he muttered. "I can't get 'the retort courteous' out of her. There 's no fun when it 's all on one side. Really, I shall not know what to do if they all give in to me in this way. There 's nobody but Jim left to tell one one's faults. But it is hard upon a man to be persecuted for nothing. If riots and strikes hit the right people, there might be sense in them; but the blow is sure to fall where least deserved. Here 's my Rose ill, who never harmed a fly, and the corporal, and Egain, and Mrs. Johnnes, to say nothing of myself and Philipps Wynne, and the peasants, all brought down because that scapegrace of a Johnnes and the rioters didn't choose to pay their pence at Llansant gate! This is the result of 'doing evil that good may come,' and there 's nothing like a little personal experience to make one understand the false philosophy of the saying."

"Rose is unhappy about something that she hides from us, mother," said Edwyna. "Is it the prospect of Llewellen's going away? That makes me miserable, too; but he will come back, and he has what he wants. I suppose she wasn 't really in love with Alfred Johnnes?"

"My dear Edwyna, how forward you are!" replied Mrs. Mervyn. "Pray do not make use of such vulgar terms. I trust neither you nor Rose will ever be 'in love,' as you term it, with that sort of person."

"But I am sure she is in love with somebody, mother; for she is just like Edgar when he moons about after her. But he is much better; and I think she may be cured. If I only could find out who it is; but I think I know."

"You are wonderfully wise, child. Pray on whom do your suspicions fall, since Mr. Johnnes, the vicar, and Edgar are the only unmarried men of our acquaintance?"

"You forget Major Faithfull, mother. If I were quite grown up like Rose, I am sure I—beg your pardon, mother, I won't say those vulgar words again—but I—well, you understand—I should—be——"

(*Drawn by* M. Ellen Edwards.)

"Breathe for him, darling, love's strong prayers."—*p.* 349.

"Pray, Edwyna, keep what you would be to yourself; and remember you are only a child—not yet sixteen."

Mrs. Mervyn spoke so gravely that Edwyna was silenced, though not convinced; while the former was pained to find that the suspicions of this, her youngest and somewhat precocious child, coincided with her own. From this period Rose was subjected to a sort of inquisitorial persecution from Edwyna; not unkind, nor even comprehensible, but searching out the secrets of her heart. Rose evaded all questions, and strove hard to recover her usual health and spirits, but failed, partly from actual prostration of the nervous system, partly from those mental struggles of which we have spoken. Edwyna's self-control was insufficient for the satisfaction of her curiosity, so one day, when they were alone in their room, she burst forth with her own overwhelming conclusions, to Rose's annoyance and alarm.

"If you loved me as dearly as I love you, I am sure you would tell me what makes you so ill and unhappy. If it is Major Faithfull, you may just as well be happy, for he is always asking for you, and cares just as much for you as you do for him."

"I wish you would not say such foolish things, Edwyna," said Rose, with an effort at composure. "What can you know of—of him?"

"A great deal, for I speak to him whenever I can, and of course I run after Llewellen under all circumstances."

"What—what did you say? That he inquired for me?"

"Yes; and I assure you, Rose, that although I seem foolish, I am more discreet than you fancy. I answer him as coldly and proudly as possible, because, if he chose he could come and make personal inquiries. Has he ever pained my darling by neglect or unkindness?"

"No, oh no! Why should he, Edwyna? He cannot think of me, and I ought not to think of him."

These simple words were drawn from Rose by the unexpected question. She was sorry they had escaped her, yet it was almost a relief to say them. Edwyna did not allow the advantage they gave her to be lost, but gradually unveiled more of her sister's hidden feelings. The warm-hearted girl was indignant that he whom she admired so much should not have at once come forward as a declared lover, and she did not understand that any obstacles could exist to such a course. Rose vainly strove to point out that she had neither fortune nor position, and that he probably had both.

"All the more reason that he should marry you; but I am sure he thinks you don't care for him," said Edwyna.

She was rapid of action, with the thoughtless rapidity of childhood. She was acquainted with most of the movements of the military, in so far as reviews, drills, and inspections went, by Llewellen, with whom she kept up a regular correspondence. There was to be an inspection in Manorsant Park, and she prevailed on her father to take her to see it. She had no doubt that when it was over Llewellen would find them out, and that she might then get a chance of speaking to Major Faithfull. Although it did not come about quite as she, in her fervent zeal, imagined, yet she had an opportunity of saying what she wished. The officers were to have luncheon at Manorsant, and once more Llewellen took advantage of the opportunity to propose to go home instead. He had joined his father and Edwyna, and having disposed of his horse, was about to proceed to Llynhafod with them, when Major Faithfull came to fetch him to the luncheon, saying that he could not again excuse himself.

"You had better go, Llewellen," said his father, turning and walking with him towards the house.

The Major fell behind with Edwyna.

"How is your sister?" he asked, instantly.

"She is very ill," was the reply. "I wish you would come and see her, Major Faithfull. It might do her good, for you know how kind you were to her on the night of the fire; and also when you met her on midsummer eve, and at Manorsant, and everywhere. She says you have always been kind to her, and I am sure you would be sorry to see her so low and poorly. Mother thinks the fire and walks have been too much for her; and I think if Llewellen and you go away it will break her heart. You will not go away without coming to see us first?"

"Certainly not," replied the Major, forced into the words by her eager manner.

"Oh, I am glad! I shall tell her so. Remember, you have promised, and Llewellen says a soldier never breaks a promise. If you have promised Rose anything, you must keep it, if it is for a hundred years. Oh, dear Major Faithfull, if you can, will you come and make our White Rose happy again? She used to bloom all the summer, and all the winter, and now I think she has drooped almost since Midsummer."

Tears were in the rash child's bright eyes, as they looked into Major Faithfull's. His were troubled, and she saw it. Her face became clouded, and her manner changed.

"I wish you soldiers had never come amongst us," she said, petulantly, "you have carried off my dearest brother, and if you take away our Rose's joy also, we shall never, never forgive you!"

"What would she say if she knew of this?" he asked, the pained expression of his face deepening.

"She would never, never forgive me!" returned Edwyna, as her father beckoned her, and they all separated.

CHAPTER XLIV.

EDWYNA'S INVITATION ACCEPTED.

THE order came, and the —— Dragoon Guards were to leave Wales. Llewellen himself brought the news to Llynhafod. The regiment had been a long time in

the country, though only a comparatively short period in that neighbourhood; and, as the riots were subsiding, it was recalled. The knowledge of this fact cast a gloom over all the inmates of Llynhafod, for everybody loved Llewellen, and one, at least, cared only too much for one of his brother-officers. But Llewellen's joyous spirit communicated some of its sunshine to his friends, and he strove to reconcile them to his departure by pointing out that had he become a clergyman he must have lived away from them, and had he emigrated it would have been worse still.

"Major Faithfull hopes to call and say good-bye before he leaves the country," continued Llewellen. "He is beyond measure good to me, and if I do not get on it will not be his fault, but mine. He is constantly inquiring for you, Rose."

"I am much obliged to him. You can say I am quite well, and then he will be no longer anxious."

There was an unusually sarcastic inflection in Rose's voice, which struck her mother and sister. The latter had not been able to conceal from Rose that the Major was to call, and that she had asked him. This had greatly annoyed Rose, who, whatever her feelings, had no desire to be forced upon him.

"What do you say to taking Rose to Brynmawr for a week?" said Mrs. Mervyn to her husband. "The change will do you both good, and Mr. Edwardes will accompany you."

"Not till we have got rid of Llewellen," returned Mervyn. "We must see the last of him."

Mrs. Mervyn's prevailing idea was to get Rose away before Major Faithfull called. She had discovered her daughter's secret without any of Edwyna's home thrusts, and dreaded a meeting that must, she felt assured, end in nothing but increased pain to Rose. It seemed so strange that a man of the very class that she had sedulously avoided should have contrived to win the heart she had striven to shield from what she knew to be the careless flattery of a military worldling; for that Major Faithful meant more than a passing admiration for grace and purity she did not imagine. She was no believer in fate, or she would have considered the late events that had so gravely influenced herself and her children fatality. Even Miss Pryse Pryse's sudden appearance at Llynhafod seemed to connect itself with it; for, as Edwyna said, she did not successfully disguise her admiration of Llewellen. Still, the *piquante* Marcia had really other and better aims, for she was good-natured, and inclined to be fond of Rose. Her conscience pricked her when she heard that she was too ill to continue her engagement at Manorsant; and she had called several times to inquire for her.

It may be as well to state here that this pricking of conscience was caused not only by what we already know concerning her small jealousies, but by the recollection that she had told Major Faithfull of Rose's intercourse with Mrs. Johnnes, and of Alfred's having been seen on the Llynhafod estate, when he was supposed to have been abroad. She had been struck with the expression of his face when she volunteered this information, but whether it meant anger, displeasure, pain, or contempt, she was not physiognomist enough to determine.

When Llewellen took his leave that night he knew that he should probably only see his family once more before he left them for an indefinite period. He was distressed at his father's and sister's state of health, but his hopeful nature saw improvement in both since they had met last, and he told his mother so as she managed to secure a few minutes of privacy with him.

"I would rather Major Faithfull did not call to take leave if it can be avoided," said Mrs. Mervyn. "Unnecessary leave-takings are always painful even with comparative strangers."

"I believe him to be a strictly honourable man, mother," was Llewellen's reply, who understood what she meant. "He is particularly cautious with women, and has already warned me never to say a word, even in jest, from which a lady could infer more than I meant to convey. This was in reference to Miss Pryse Pryse, who is so lively that she carries one away in spite of oneself."

"At any rate, let me know, if you can, when this visit is to be made," rejoined Mrs. Mervyn; "and oh, my dear son, follow this advice, even though given by one who I fear does not practise what he preaches. But, before all, ask counsel of Him whose words of advice are as unchanging and certain as Himself."

Major Faithfull did call, according to his promise, and was received by Mrs. Mervyn alone. Her manner was not only scrupulously polite, but was even more friendly than usual. She knew that she had no justifiable reason for coolness, whereas she had every reason for warmth. Not only had he interested himself in Llewellen, but he had been the means of saving Rose from an interview with Rebecca, and their house from fire. She had not spoken to him since the latter event, and she began the conversation by expressing her gratitude as well as that of her husband and children for his chivalrous conduct.

"Pray do not mention it. How is Miss Mervyn? The whole affair was too much for her delicate nature," he said, abruptly.

"I hope she is better," replied Mrs. Mervyn, quietly, with a glance at his face, which she could not but acknowledge was honest and steadfast.

"Mrs. Mervyn, will you permit me to say to you what I dare not say to her?" he added, meeting her eyes, in which he read her thoughts. "I love your daughter, but I cannot propose for her; and I know that I have given her reason to believe that I love her."

"She has not told me so," said Mrs. Mervyn, confounded by this unexpected confession.

"I am sure she has not. Hers is no common

character. She would be too reserved to boast of a conquest; too proud to speak of an injury; too modest to breathe her love. Not that I suppose she cares for me. On the contrary, I hear there is another preferred before me, though I give heed to no gossip. Still, I would not leave the country without telling you, her mother, that if I were in a position to marry, I would, rival or no rival, ask your permission to address her; but I am not. Do not anticipate what I have to say, Mrs. Mervyn. I know I ought never to have shown my admiration of her; never to have sought her out when I had the opportunity; never let drop words that I have spoken to her. I should have reprobated this in another, and have often done so. But I say, to my own shame and reproach, that I am fallible, and have acted dishonourably to her and to myself. Her manner proves that she thinks so."

He paused, and Mrs. Mervyn was so much surprised at what she looked upon as a confession quite out of the ordinary course of such matters as she had known them, that she hesitated in her reply. But she fancied that it was disparity of position and circumstances that possibly prevented this proposal that he professed to be unable to make, so, with her inherent pride, she took him on that tack.

"I thank you for your frankness, Major Faithfull, though I scarcely understand you yet. I know that Rose has been reared on what people consider a farm; that her father is careless of appearances, and would as soon be thought a farmer as a peer; that she has been a governess for a short time; that we are poor; in short, that she would scarcely be thought a suitable match for Major Faithfull; still, she is a lady both by education, nature, and, indeed, birth. Her father's family is old if decayed, and certainly the Howards ——"

Mrs. Mervyn stopped suddenly. In her love for Rose she had said more than she intended. Major Faithfull was listening with a sort of pained attention, but at the last word he started, and looked eagerly for more. As no more came, however, he felt constrained to take up the conversation, and said, warmly, "You neither know nor understand me. Were your daughter a peasant instead of the high-bred lady she is I would ask her to share my fortunes. But they are such as to make that impossible. I would not entangle her in an engagement if I could; and though I am not a very young man, I am as far from being able to marry as your son; farther, indeed, for he has some hidden benefactor, and has no one dependent upon him."

Mrs. Mervyn bowed, and the Major thought "the blood of all the Howards" is there, if that was her name before her marriage. Still, they liked one another, and what had passed thawed the ice of her manner, and added animation to his. His last words also riveted her.

"If you could give me an assurance that I am indifferent to her I should be thankful, even though it made me wretched," he continued, starting up and looking out of the window on the scene beneath.

Spring would soon be here, for stray crocuses shone amid the snowdrops in the little garden, and Jim's "anemoans" were already in the earth.

"She has sense and womanly pride enough to enable her to forget a few complimentary words. Absence will heal your wounds, and efface this military episode from her memory, as it will from yours," said Mrs. Mervyn, with unintentional irony. "I hope she will marry, though not, I think, the person you allude to; and you will certainly find some lady of rank and fortune sufficient to meet your requirements, whatever they may be."

"If I do not marry your daughter I shall never marry. I thought my mind was made up before I saw her; now it will strive to make itself up again."

"Until another Rose appear, who may take your fancy. I know your motto, true in love if not in war. 'He who fights and runs away, may live to fight another day.'"

"You are cruel, Mrs. Mervyn, but I deserve your sarcasm. Still, may I not bid her good-bye?"

"Certainly, if you wish it and think it wise. It may, perhaps, be best for her to let things take their natural course. We suffer much in this world from unnecessary concealment."

Mrs. Mervyn spoke with consideration, and then left the room.

(*To be continued.*)

YESTERDAY.

'ER mere and wold the young day leaps,
Crowned with the triumph of to-day
The mother o'er her darling weeps,
Lost in love's vanished yesterday.

She clasps her boy, and, with wan face,
Reads the loved picture line by line,
While resignation's angel grace,
Fills the lone house with light divine.

"What is thy father like, my boy?
No chieftain girt by lawless peers,
Whose stern gaze scorn earth's simple joy
And frowns at toil's unconscious tears.

"My soldier, far away from home,
Who shrines Love's memories in his breast,
Unchanged through wandering leagues of foam,
Whose love hath lulled my grief to rest:

"'Neath tropic palm, by desert stream,
His charger's hoofs in thunder beat,
A thousand sabres round him gleam,
By lonely ghauts and moonlit street.

"What is the grand old name he bears,
'Mid Britain's right-embattled van?
(Breathe for him, darling, love's strong prayers)—
A Christlike English gentleman."

ALAN BRODRICK, M.A.

GOOD DEEDS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PROTESTANT DEACONESSES.

THE question of the combination of women into societies of a charitable and religious order has excited a good deal of discussion, and unquestionably, where the institution is formed and conducted with a view to proselytising and chiefly for the spread of pronounced formularies and dogmas, there is much room to doubt the propriety of such action. In the case of the Protestant Deaconesses' Institution, however, it would cetainly appear that far higher and nobler ends have been aimed at and won. The regulations of the Society are thoroughly liberal and yet wisely restrictive; and as a tree is known by its fruits, so this excellent establishment has demonstrated its right to live and prosper by the "good deeds" which it has accomplished during the comparatively short term of its existence. The definite object of the Institution is to thoroughly qualify and send out Christian nurses, who in addition to the skilled and delicate attention they pay to the physical needs of the invalids committed to their care, shall seek in quiet, unobtrusive fashion to bring the Gospel healing within reach of those who so obviously gain by the deft and gentle treatment they are permitted to enjoy. During the Franco-German, Servian, and Russo-Turkish wars, several of these true and brave sisters did excellent service among the sick and wounded on the battle-field. The hospital at Tottenham at which the nurses receive their training has received more than 400 needy patients during the year; and branch stations at Perth, Cork, Sunderland, and Enfield, have received 800 more. Of out-door patients more than 5,600 have been relieved, and in many cases cured during the same space of time. Many private families have availed themselves of the peculiarly valuable services of these trained nurses in cases of family affliction, and many others have had to be refused, for lack of funds to train a larger staff. The numerous and emphatic testimonies voluntarily given by those who, indoors and out, have received the precious boon hereby afforded in time of their heaviest need, are in themselves abundant warrant for the continued and expanding efforts of an association of such a thoroughly "Good Samaritan" character.

MERCY AT THE PRISON GATE.

It is with peculiar pleasure that we call attention to an exceedingly interesting work of love and mercy which has been started and is mainly conducted by an indomitable lady philanthropist who has devoted herself to the rescue and uplifting of the poor wretched daughters of vice and misery which are found in sadly large numbers in the sphere of labour she has bravely chosen. Mrs. Agnes A. Bryson, together with another lady of like mind, has been for years in the habit of visiting the Glasgow prison on the Sabbath-day, and, following the admirable example of Mrs. Fry, of holding little meetings among the short-term females who were undergoing punishment for drinking, brawling, petty thefts, and similar offences. Sick at heart on hearing the ever-recurring excuses of the girls and women for continuing their low and vicious mode of life—excuses which were as true as they were sorrowfully uttered—she resolved to begin a mission, with a view to find employment for the hapless women, to rescue them from their bad surroundings, and, as far as possible, to put them in the way of earning a honest livelihood. A few friends came to her help, and at last an old house of two storeys and a garret was opened as a wash-house, which would admit of fourteen tubs being in use at once, a drying room was built to it, and the unpretending shelter for the hapless and half-helpless was opened in August last. Four women of the class she sought to aid were received at once; by this time the number has increased to thirty-two; only some of whom, the neediest, and here and there the worst, sleep on the premises. Kindly, genial Gospel influences are brought to bear upon them, and in many cases with quite a touching success. Besides the washing, sewing for the warehouses is taken in, and so the brave little mission goes on, the good lady having to put up with much that tries the patience, but going on despite all that, because of glad encouragement on the other side. Doubtless it will further expand and grow, for such a work has living power in and the Master's blessing on it. Such an instance of pious effort and generous self-sacrifice deserves chronicling, and deserves also liberal help, which may be sent to Mrs. Bryson, 23, William Street, Calton, Glasgow, whose great heart-ache is that so many applicants for the boon she offers have to be turned away.

EVANGELICAL WORK AMONG THEATRICAL EMPLOYES.

The idea of gathering the various employés of the London theatres together for "tea and talk" which appears to have originated with that indefatigable and well skilled evangelist, Mr. W. Forbes of Holloway—was a very happy one, and, being put into practice, has provided several happy and profitable evenings for those who too often and by too many are,

as a class, regarded as being outside the ordinary range of definite evangelic agency. Personal observation enables us to speak with certainty and with much emphasis too, of the good effect of this organised effort to bring the general rank and file of theatrical professionals within sound of those "good tidings," which are "to all people." On the occasion to which we refer there were not less than 120 female guests of this class, varying in age from fifty to ten years, the majority of them, however, being young women. One hardly knew which to admire most, the simple, earnest, and truly wise words of counsel and exhortation which were given them, the efforts made by the ladies and gentlemen present to interest the company and to make them feel at home, the stirring and totally unanimous singing of Gospel song, or the manifest pleasure and interest displayed by the guests themselves alike in the socialities and the more religious engagements of the evening. Some half score of these meetings have been already held, and on every occasion new faces are to be seen of those who have been introduced by such of this peculiar sisterhood as had previously attended and approved. The plan of those who are carrying out this scheme includes similar provision for scene-shifters, and other male employés, and also for the children engaged in pantomimes and similar exhibitions. Mr. Forbes, who labours with untiring zeal in this cause, is engaged in business in the City, but he finds time to conduct several other evangelic services among the poor of Holloway and elsewhere, both on Sabbaths and week evenings; and none can doubt that he merits the aid and good wishes of all who sympathise with "good deeds," quietly, zealously, and unostentatiously performed.

THE GOSPEL IN MADEIRA.

One of the peculiar features of the age we live in is the large extent to which evangelising labour is carried on, both at home and abroad, by diligent and self-sacrificing men and women, who in quiet unobtrusive fashion, are spreading the knowledge of the simple Gospel story, with no large and wealthy organisation at their back; but who trust entirely for their maintenance to the Christian sympathy and beneficence of individual Christians at home, and to the free-will offerings of the little band of converts they can gather from the wastes of heathenism, error, and indifference, which they have made their field of toil. Such an evangelist, now labouring among the poorest classes in the island of Madeira, writes down his experiences there, which are of a character to excite both interest and admiration. This solitary teacher amid the 110,000 inhabitants of that lovely island has gathered, by dint of hard and earnest toil, a little Christian community of some five-and-twenty souls; while teaching little children, conducting a night-school, distributing portions of Scripture, fill up the time which he can spare from the duties more immediately connected with his little pastorate. The poverty as well as earnestness of these poor people may be imagined from the fact that they eagerly travel many rough and difficult miles for religious instruction, and that in many cases they have to take it "turn about," in order that the rare luxury of a pair of shoes may be made available by the proprietor's voluntary absence for his neighbour's good. Mr. Rendell, the evangelist referred to, speaks in warm terms of the welcome given both to him and to his message.

A WORD FOR THE LIGHTHOUSE MEN.

Christian philanthropy is all inclusive. It knows nothing of exceptions, but yearns to bring the glad tidings of great joy prominently before the notice of the universal "all" who are interested in its message. The large number of men who are employed in lighthouses and on board lightships are deprived of the ordinary opportunities of Christian worship, and are seldom within sound even of the "church-going bell." There is much to be said, therefore, for the movement in which Miss Woodfall, of Tunbridge Wells, is showing meritorious interest—the supply of these semi-solitaries with interesting and salutary literature, which shall beguile their monotonous imprisonment, and in some degree at least make up for their compulsory deprivation of religious privilege and educational opportunity. In connection with the one port of Great Yarmouth there are no fewer than eleven lightships, requiring a staff of seventy-seven men to guard them and to keep brightly burning "the friendly light that warns the mariner of danger." To these a number of publications, such as THE QUIVER and others, magazines, tracts, gospel hymns, &c., are regularly sent, and arrangement is made by which the men can change their supplies, so that in turn all may read what each receives. The twenty-three men and boys on the Trinity steamer are similarly favoured. The captain kindly distributes the gifts among the various lightships, and testifies to the warm appreciation and gratitude with which they are received. Dwellers in seaports and coast towns who desire to engage in an easy yet very serviceable mission, might do worse than take a leaf out of the book of those who are thus engaged at Yarmouth; and in this way give much pleasure and real benefit to a very numerous and deserving class, whose almost constant isolation from their kind gives them an unquestionable claim on the Christian sympathy of those who dwell ashore.

THE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

Under the vigorous management of the Rev. W. Booth, to whom this mission owes its inception, and on whom it principally devolves to guide its action, it has rapidly developed into one of the most important and prosperous Gospel agencies of the day. During the past year especially the advances it has made and the increased hold it has obtained upon the poorer classes of our town populations are simply marvellous, and afford convincing proof of the spiritual

vitality which inspires the machinery. Though the mission is only a dozen years old, it has now nearly a hundred stations scattered all over the country, and occupied by ministers, evangelists, Bible-women, colporteurs, &c.; and of these stations fifty-one have been added during the past year! One hundred and twenty-seven evangelists are employed, an addition to the staff of the previous year of eighty-one. It is specially interesting to note that fully 100 of these agents are distinctly the product of the mission. From the ranks of drunkards, gamblers, race-runners, prize-fighters, and their kindred tribes, they have been recruited into the army of evangelic toilers, and are now wholly employed in the great enterprise which brought them into possession of a higher and nobler life. As an evidence of the force and energy thrown into the business—and as some token of its reality—we may mention that during the winter months nearly 2,000 converts of the mission are engaged night after night in open-air services; and these are winning congregations which, by their numbers and manifest interest, show that the "simple story, simply told" exerts its olden influence, and touches the heart, however lowly the evangelist may be. In-doors and out an average of 1,440 meetings are held every week, at which fully quarter of million people hear the "glad tidings," and receive spiritual instruction. Theatres, music-halls, warehouses, hired rooms, all are pressed into godly service, and, alike in all, the sowing of the good seed is rapidly followed by an encouraging harvest.

THE MALAGA MISSION.

A good work, of a similarly spontaneous character, is being carried on amongst a sadly neglected class—the aborigines of Australia—by Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, the occupants of a farm on the River Murray, on the borders of New South Wales. These good people are aided in their labours by the various religious sects in the colony, and though at times their necessities, in the way of means for carrying on their work, are much greater than their supplies, they toil on, and spare, even beyond their personal power, in order that the Sunday-schools, Gospel services, charitable agencies in operation among these—who are peculiarly ignorant and debased, even measured by a heathen standard—may not either droop or die. Alike among the adults and the children, much encouragement arises from their readiness to follow the teaching of their instructors, and their consequent efforts after a higher and nobler life. It appears to us that true philanthropy, as well as the principles of Christianity, is altogether in favour of prudent and well-advised efforts to save the aboriginal races from extinction, and to bring them within the pale of Christian civilisation; and, surely, this is most likely to be accomplished by the intervention of such local and persistent effort as can be brought to bear by godly residents—as in this case—whose daily intercourse and modes of life must be an ever-potent auxiliary in bringing about the desired results. Mr. and Mrs. Matthews have instituted a home for the little blacks of Malaga, orphans and others, and there is good reason to believe that from this humble centre of Christian work ultimate and enduring good will come to a race of people which has, in many respects, a peculiar claim upon the sympathy of the mother country.

THE "QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

120. In what epistle does St. Paul refer to Crispus as one of those whom he baptised? Quote passage.

121. What office did Nehemiah hold in the household of king Artaxerxes?

122. On what two occasions was St. Paul looked upon as one of the gods?

123. To what does St. Paul refer in the words "they used helps, undergirding the ship"?

124. What excuses did Moses make for not obeying God's command to go to the release of his brethren in Egypt?

125. Who was appointed, therefore, to accompany Moses? And why?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 320.

108. The prophet Hosea, who says, "Yea, he had power over the angel, and prevailed" (Hos. xii. 4).

109. The ancient custom of marking the hands and foreheads of servants with some letter or character, to show to whom they belonged (Rev. xiv. 1).

110. "Yea, the light of the wicked shall be put out, and the spark of his fire shall not shine. The light shall be dark in his tabernacle" (Job xviii. 5, 6).

111. Cornelius, of whom it is said, "He was a just man, and one that feareth God, and of good report among all the nation of the Jews" (Acts x. 22).

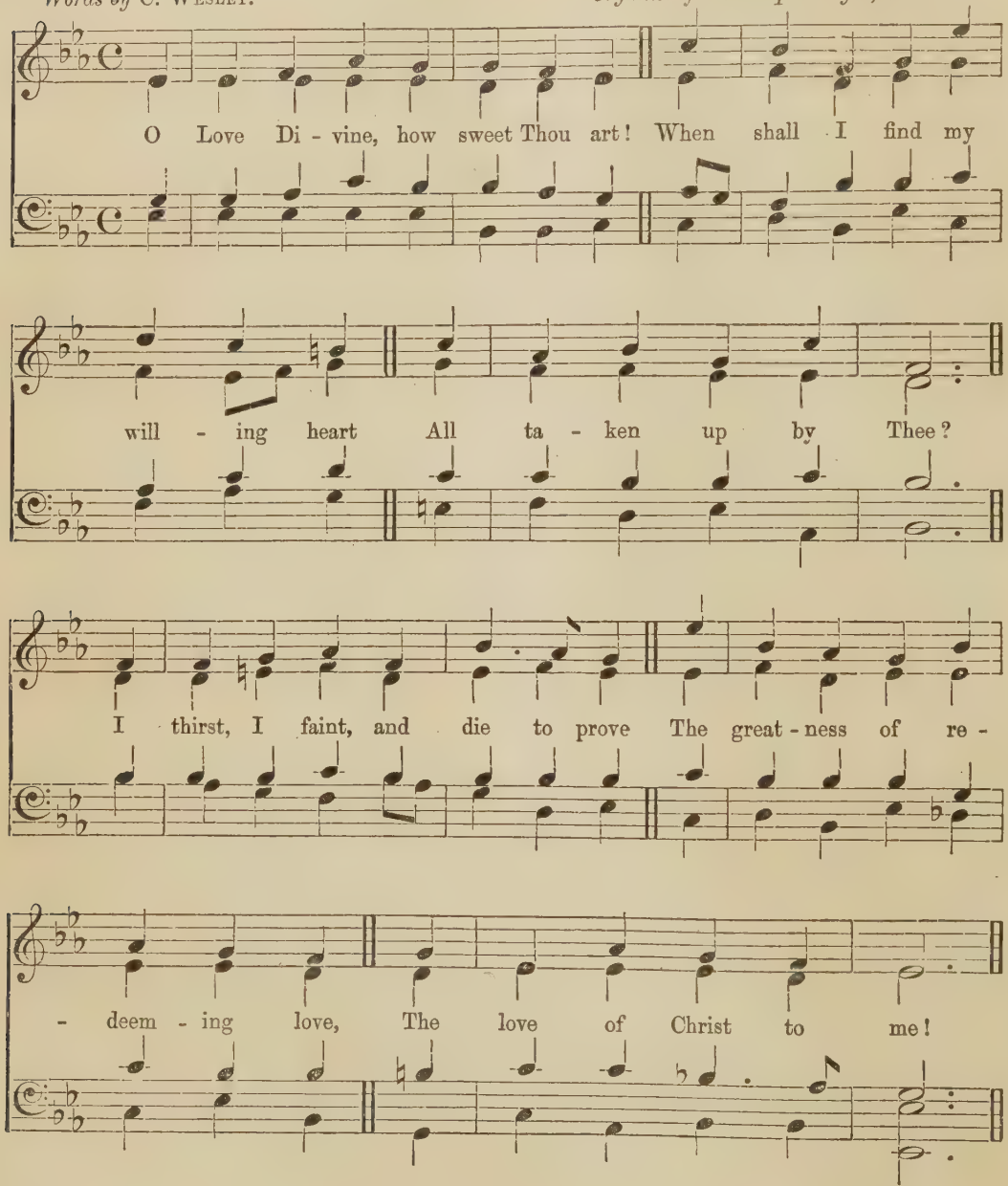
112. In the reigns of David and Solomon, when their rule was acknowledged by all people from the Euphrates to the Red Sea (2 Chron. viii. 3—9; and 1 Chron. xviii. 13, 14).

113. Mount Gerizim; on which they built a temple to rival the temple of Jerusalem (Ezra iv. 1—4).

Love Divine.

Words by C. Wesley.

Music by Sir G. Elvey, Mus. D.,
Organist of the Chapel Royal, Windsor.


O Love Di - vine, how sweet Thou art! When shall I find my
will - ing heart All ta - ken up by Thee?
I thirst, I faint, and die to prove The great - ness of re -
- deem - ing love, The love of Christ to me!

Thy only love do I require,
Nothing on earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heaven above:

Let earth, and heaven, and all things go;
Give me Thy only love to know—
Give me Thy only love.

"Golden sky and golden sea
Smile farewell to golden day."

"*WEST BAY*."—*p.* 363.

"As he knelt beside some wounded comrade."—*p.* 355.

RICHARD BAXTER.

A GLOW of ruddy fire-light on oak panels in a neat parlour, the sighing of the wind round grey gables, the view of warm rick-yards and snug farm-buildings standing out against a frosty sky, such were the things which in winter-time surrounded the earliest childish years of the author of "The Saint's Rest;" the breeze coming scented from the hay-field, the cows standing in the rich meadows, the merry jokes and songs of the lusty reapers, such were the sights and sounds that woke his first boyish fancies.

Richard Baxter was born in November, 1615, and was the son of a small freeholder at the village of High Ercal in Shropshire. His father's position was one which, in those days, brought with it a certain degree of importance and consideration, and yet led him and his family into close contact with the lower classes of society; and so the boy grew up, as it were, on the borders of the common people's life, with a full insight into all their thoughts and feelings, yet with ideas and notions that belonged to a higher education than theirs; from the working of these widely different influences upon him in his youth may have come, in some measure, his breadth of mind and heart in after life.

We can easily glance at some of the impressions that must have fallen on Richard Baxter's boyhood, and coloured his early tone of thought, and so fill in the picture of his first years. There was the rough but shrewd talk of the labourers on his father's estate, there was quiet Bible reading at his mother's side, there was the discussion of leading questions of the day among country neighbours who dropped in to dinner or supper, each bringing, in those times of no newspapers, a more or less distorted account of things that were going on in the great world, where King James was making heavy jokes and cutting and shaping the Book of Common Prayer, and Queen Anne and her ladies were acting shepherdesses in court pageants, and when stiff verses were being written, and musical prose was being poured forth from the pulpits. The fires of Smithfield, the lurid after-glow of which had not yet died out in the land, roused his Protestant zeal. The stories of the glorious reign of Elizabeth stirred up his patriotism, and made his native England dear and precious. The general waking up of thought, that had set in with the Reformation, had still its power over all young eager souls, and Richard Baxter's, no doubt, was touched with the quickening flame as well as the rest.

Baxter went to school at Roxeter, where he made rapid steps in both classical and general learning. His master seems to have been one of those sweet, large natures, that win easily the hearts of the young. The boy soon formed for him a strong attachment; but the early death of the loved friend and teacher was, before long, to break the tie upon earth.

From Roxeter he was removed by his parents to a school at Ludlow, where his master, Mr. Wickster, was as unsympathetic to him as his old instructor was congenial. He quarrelled with himself, his books, and all his surroundings, and made no advance either in intellect or character; in after years he always spoke of the period he spent at Ludlow as a barren spot in his life's story. At length news reached him that his dear friend and former teacher was dying slowly, in a consumption, but forced, even while the labouring breath was ebbing in the wasted body for the necessaries of bare life, to struggle on at his calling. These tidings were a mute appeal which the heart of the lad could not withstand; he left Ludlow, and, hurrying back to Roxeter, appointed himself under-teacher in his old school. There he remained, helping and comforting to the last the man who had laid the foundations of all that was best and fairest in his own character, thus completing his education by teaching others, and by an act of great Christian love.

For two years—from the age of twenty-one to that of twenty-three—young Baxter fell into a state of most extreme ill health, which incapacitated him for active work of any kind, and during this period he gave his mind to much reading and thought. One by one the problems of life rose up in grim array before him, and for each he found a triumphant answer in faith in God. At this time that depth of calmness, that breadth of sweet serenity which always characterised the man, seem to have settled upon his spirit, and his whole being took the earnest colouring which it was to keep throughout his story. After a while Baxter's bodily strength began to return, though his health, for the rest of his life, was always delicate, and, having resolved to give himself entirely to God's service, he was ordained by the Bishop of Worcester.

Baxter did not, however, take upon him any specific cure of souls immediately after his ordination, perhaps his still weak health made him hold back, perhaps his extreme earnestness caused him to shrink a little from undertaking at once his calling in its whole solemnity. He had acquired a taste for teaching and influencing the young during his labour of love at Roxeter, and so he took part in the instruction of a school at Dudley. He soon found out one gift that was in him—he entered some of the pulpits in the neighbourhood, and having once begun to preach, he did not give it up again. The eager faces of the listening people bade him go on, the readiness with which thoughts sprang to his lips, almost before he wanted them, bade him go on too; a great love for God and man rose up within him, and burned with a stronger and a purer flame, the more his soul went out towards his fellows in words of warning, now passionate, now tender, or in clarion tones of high encouragement. His eloquence soon began to be generally spoken of, and the churches where he preached were crowded.

His fame spread to Kidderminster; the old vicar there was getting so infirm that he could do little more than read prayers; the parish therefore offered Baxter sixty pounds a year if he would come and be their preacher. In those days this was considered no bad income by a young clergyman. Baxter now felt ready for a wider field of action; his health was improving a little; he had more confidence in his own powers, and so he went. He quickly made himself an influence that was felt in Kidderminster; there was a sweet earnestness in his preaching that found its way irresistibly into the hearts of men and women; when they spoke with him face to face, as he went from house to house among them, they owned yet more his power. Baxter was an incessant worker, as all men of intellectual strength have almost invariably been, and he would have been sure to make his mark wherever he had been placed, even if the

deep, yearning, Christian love that prompted his brain to effort had not been there; but, then, his would have been a brilliant but cold success. He now began to find that he could write for God as well as speak for Him; and forth from his pen there flowed from that time forward a long succession of books, the pervading note in which was always Christian love and unity.

After a few years the vicar of Kidderminster became entirely superannuated; the living was then given by the Parliament to Baxter, and the old man was to be paid by him forty pounds a year as long as he lived. Baxter might now, of course, have taken up his residence in the vicarage house, but to the end of the former vicar's life he left him in peaceful possession of it. This act of generous kindness to the old man was a bright sample of that gracious gentleness which was so marked a feature in Richard Baxter's character.

The storm of civil war now began to burst over England; Baxter's opinions and feelings were all on the Liberal side; he disliked the arbitrary measures of Charles I. and his ministers, he distrusted and strongly opposed by voice and pen the narrow spirit which was being brought into the Church; but still he shrank from the thought of English maids and mothers weeping for blood shed by English hands, of fair English fields made barren and desolate by men who spoke the same rich Saxon tongue as those who tilled them. Cromwell, who had heard the fame of the preacher of Kidderminster, sent to ask him to be his chaplain when he first set up his standard, but he refused, and still went on exhorting all parties to peace and moderation.

After a while, however, Baxter began to see that he was trying to struggle against a resistless flood, the minds of men were too cruelly embittered to listen to his appeasing voice; he therefore ceased his useless efforts; and his sympathies, as has before been said, being all on the side of the people, he left Kidderminster, and became chaplain in one of the Parliamentarian regiments. Probably he felt that, at such a time, he could do more needful service for both God and man on the battle-field than in his own parish. He was present at many sieges, and on many hard-fought fields in different parts of England; he shrank from no personal danger; the soldiers soon found out that their peace-loving chaplain was as brave under fire as the bravest of them, as he knelt among the whizzing balls beside some wounded comrade, holding up the Cross triumphant above death, and sin, and sorrow.

When he was about 38 Baxter fell again into a condition of most excessive bodily weakness and ill health; perhaps the hardships of his campaigns had been too much for his feeble constitution; for many months he believed himself to be drifting gently towards the eternal shore. It was during this period of entire inaction of body that he began to write the best known of his many books, "The Saint's Everlasting Rest." At first he meant only to set down a few thoughts for his own comfort, but gradually his ideas grew and expanded until they formed themselves into the volume that has been one of the joys of Christian hearts in all English-speaking lands, and is so still, 200 years after he who penned it has reached the rest which was his theme. We have no space here to speak of "The Saint's Rest" as a literary work, but it may interest its readers and lovers to know that it was written chiefly at different country houses of friends of Baxter in the Midland counties, with whom he was staying during the time of his ill-health, and who probably hoped rest and fresh air would restore him to them. We may, therefore, fancy him sitting at his desk in quaint tapestried chambers, with the cawing of rooks and the whisper of leaves near his window, and with kind faces looking in now and then to cheer him.

Though he had thought his sword almost laid down for ever, the warfare of Christ's soldier was not yet more than half over. After a time his health began once more slowly to improve, and he became at length as well as he had been before this last severe attack. He now returned to Kidderminster, where his loving people welcomed him with joy, and he was soon working in his parish with all his former vigour. He lived on there without any marked event colouring for a while his story, until, at the mature age of 47, he fell for the first time in love.

There lived at Kidderminster, with her widowed mother, a fair young lady named Margaret Charlton. She had been born near Baxter's own native village, but her mother had moved with her to Kidderminster when she was little more than an infant. Baxter had given her her early religious teaching, and the sweet girl had grown up at his side, his mind breathing daily into her's stores of hope and faith—hope that was high, faith that was deep. When Margaret reached womanhood her religious convictions were very strong, pervading her whole being, shining in the bright earnestness of her glance, and spreading a gracious calm over her very movements. And now the affection and trust that had so long been between Richard Baxter and Margaret Charlton bloomed forth suddenly into love, and Margaret became, at 23, the vicar of Kidderminster's wife.

It was a home of sunshine—the home where Baxter wrote and thought and Margaret reigned household queen, where good deeds went in and out like familiar angels, and kind words were spoken, and people came to seek their good vicar's help and love. It was a home of sunshine, but gloom and shadow were coming on fast towards it. The Act of Uniformity was passed by Charles II. and his Parliament. There were points in it which would not let Baxter remain, with an easy conscience, in the Church. He, therefore, in common with many other clergymen, resigned his living. Who can tell the sadness of the parting between pastor and people! who can tell what was in the young wife's heart as she followed her husband, leaving that well-loved home for ever!

They did not wander far; they found a quiet

nook, and set up there again their household altars. They were poor; Baxter's income had arisen chiefly from his living; but their capital of love increased with trial. Margaret's bright, calm nature took sunshine with it everywhere, and Baxter, after the training of his chequered life, bore adversity like a saint and a hero. He had his mind and Margaret; he thanked God, and took courage. But they were not long to enjoy repose, even in this modest resting-place. Baxter happened to preach in a neighbouring church. Perhaps he did not know he was doing anything against the law, perhaps the innate activity of his character compelled him to it; be that as it may, it was illegal. He was arrested, and put in prison. Prisons were dreary places enough in those days, but there was light and warmth in Baxter's cell—Margaret was with him. She went with him to prison, and stayed there as long as he did. Her hands were as unwearying as ever in going about their household fairy-work of sweeping and dusting, and bringing everything they touched into graceful order. He did not miss the song of birds, her laugh rang out so clearly; he did not miss the sunshine, her face was so full of it. He said himself afterwards he had never known her so cheerful as at this time when she was his companion in prison. We can call up before us a very bright picture of the pair, making merry over each small discomfort, and rejoicing in each little clever contrivance of Margaret to supply some want, and chatting over books they had once read, and friends they still loved in spite of separation, and praying, and speaking of past mercies, and praising God together, and making happiness for themselves, whether the world would give it them or not.

Baxter had some friends in power at Court among the nobility, and by these his release was at length procured. He was set at liberty; but the Five Mile Act forbade his returning to his former place of abode. He and his wife, therefore, went near Barnet, and for a third time founded a home. The rooms in which they lived are said to have been very small, and inconvenient, and ill-furnished. Probably they could afford no better; but their love and their cheerfulness were still with them, and did them good service again, as they had done in prison. Friends would come down from London to visit them, and find always an easy and a kindly welcome. Sweet Mrs. Baxter was never without a courteous word and a gracious glance, though the room was small and dingy, and her dress no stiff brocade.

Baxter's health grew very feeble and variable during his latest years, but he still continued to take a lively and earnest interest in public events, and still went on writing his numerous books, the keynote of which was ever, as it had been when he first took up his pen, Christian unity. We can fancy him in these latter days of his story sitting at his writing-table, with his face reflecting the great peace that was within him—peace which he was labouring to the last to pour out into other hearts—with Margaret, a middle-aged woman now, but fair still with the soul's beauty, hovering round him in watchful, loving care.

Baxter was very near being put into prison again towards the end of his life. His liberal opinions got him into trouble in James II.'s reign, and the order was given for his arrest; but on the urgent representation of the state of his health by his doctor, a remission of the sentence was granted. But the time was coming when the free spirit was to know freedom in truth—the saint's rest was to be reached, and reached the home of eternal love. After seventy-six years upon earth, an angel's whisper called the old man away.

ALICE KING.

YEARS AGO.

YEARS ago!
Glory flooded hill and dale;
Days were full of pleasant sights,
Nights were like Arabian nights;
Life was then an untold tale—
Day before the noon,
Brightening to its glow;
Tide beneath the moon,
Rising to its flow—
Years ago!

Years gone by!
Hangs a shadow on the vale,
Spreads a mist upon the hill;
Days and nights alike are chill;
Years gone by have told the tale—
Daylight in the west,
Wearing out its glow;
Restless tide to rest
Ebbing from its flow—
Is it so?

So it seems,
When with burdens of the years,
Faint and worn we hopeless lie,
Waiting only but to die;
And through eyes bedimmed with tears
See the fading West,
In our sorrow dumb;
Knowing not the best
Of life's mighty sum
Is to come.

But when we
With the eye of Faith behold,
Sunned in clear unsetting rays,
Love, that sings of coming days,
Love that never can grow cold;
Death to us is dead,
Hope our heart's delight;
All the tears we shed
Turned to jewels bright
In God's light!

JOHN HUIE.

NEW LIGHT FROM AN OLD LAMP;

OR, MODERN READINGS OF ANCIENT FABLES.

THE COCK AND THE JEWEL; OR, "ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS."

ILDING is not gold," says an old proverb, and there are few lessons of greater value than that which this brief saw contains. Old birds may not be caught with chaff, but their name is legion among unfeathered bipeds who fail to distinguish between good corn and the manifold husks which under so many guises hide the store of disappointment they contain. These buy at enormous cost "that which is not bread," and vainly seek to satisfy soul hunger by attractive secular supplies. "Fair to the een and sair at the e'en" is intensely true of many a morning pleasure which ends in evening sorrow; and so life's sunset often brings with it sad regret for the ante-meridian enjoyments of youth. "Merry music makes many mourners" may not always be true, but it applies with special force when the sound of the tabret bewitches the dancer into an oblivion that ignores the highest interests of life. "Trinkets are no true treasure," and "all that glitters is not gold." That is surely the lesson taught by the familiar little fable of the Cock and the Jewel.

As a Cock was scratching among the straw in a farm-yard, in search of food for the hens, he hit upon a jewel that by some chance had found its way there. "Ho!" said he, "you are a very fine thing no doubt to those who prize you; but give me good barley before all the jewels in the world."

You see, Chanticleer was sufficiently clear of vision to perceive that the jewel was of small practical value either to him or his numerous household. It possessed plenty of flash, and shine, and sparkle; but these were poor supplies to live on, and so their glamour was all lost on him. He had hens to provide for, and chickens to feed, as well as himself to cater for; and for this the jewel was of no more use than the dullest stone that paved the yard. So he wisely let the trinket lie, giving it nothing more than a contemptuous peck, and turned aside to pursue the sensible search for precious grains of corn. The bird in the fable is a capital illustration of the wisdom which holds the superficial wonderfully cheap, however attractive it may seem, and fixes its desires on the substantial and the real. He who lightly chooses a life of pleasure proves the badness of his bargain when he feels the burden of its after-load of pain; and then he bitterly regrets that he did not spurn the jewel, and strengthen heart and soul for the testing-time, by picking up the priceless but unattractive grains of corn. The world's conventional standards of value are mostly false. It stamps a spurious hall-mark on base metal, puts bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter, and foists on its thoughtless votaries vain delusions for sterling gold. The "apples of Sodom" may show a rosy or a golden rind, but when the tempting fruit is plucked and eaten they are found to be rife with ashes to the very core. The Cock resolved to pursue a course best suited to its nature and its needs.

"Tie an ox beside the shambles, and a lion to the manger,
Still, although the food be plenty, of starving they're in danger."

In each case the provision is unnatural. Neither can the human heart be fed with pleasure, or the soul with gold. He who lives merely to gratify the senses is like the daughters of the horse-leech, his cry is a ceaseless "give!" and, by-and-by, bankrupt pleasure can give him no response. "Mere pleasure is poor treasure," and he who hunts for it is always poorer still when the chase is over. God's fields—like those of Nature, Providence, and Grace—yield plentiful supplies of golden grain to earnest seekers, wisdom-taught. Alas, that so many pass them by, and waste their life, and spend their energies in picking up the glittering gew-gaws which folly drops in her westward flight! Westward, too, they follow, and too often set gloomily, like a winter sun, behind a hopeless bank of cloud. Life is a serious business, and mere jewellery can neither supply its needs while here, nor fit it with a fadeless robe beyond. "Get wisdom," says the wise man, "and with all thy gettings get understanding." This is the "corn of heaven, which is angel's food," and endows the gatherer with moral strength to-day, and immortality to-morrow. The songs of the syrens have sighs for their choruses; the feasts of sensuality are all Barmecide banquets; and the gleam of gold, when sought only for its own sake, is an *ignus fatuus* that attracts only to destroy.

"You may fill your purse with cash, and rejoice in the chink of gold,
But if that be all your worth, your poverty can't be told;
For cash is trash, and gear is dear, while the heart remains unfed—
Babylonian jewels and garments are but as a shroud on the dead;
The laughter of pleasure and revelry's glee are only a funeral wail,
So long as the soul is hungry still, and the mind knows nought but bale.
For the heart, the soul, and the mind, make up the immortal man,
And nought in the world can feed them, and only their Maker can!"

To Him, then, let us make our appeal; in His strength let us choose light, and life, and love, nor sell our glorious birthright of truth and happiness for any savoury mess of merely temporal pottage, though it be ever so finely flavoured, or served up in ever such a lordly dish. Eschew mere jewellery, and hoard the golden grain; the former sparkles brightly, 'tis true,

but the lustre is cold as death, and radiates a false light which leads to ruin; the latter is vital in its value, for millennial harvests lie hidden in the deathless germ! and yet withal, seek and hold for dear life one jewel—the Pearl of great Price!

THE WIND AND THE SUN; OR, "KING KINDNESS IS AYE CONQUEROR."

"Frowns will fail where smiles may win," so says the Spanish adage; and the old English proverb intimates the same truth, "You may shake me, but you cannot make me," the "making" being rendered all the more difficult by the "shaking" process, which generally hinders what it fain would help. Force may gain the verdict, but usually there are no assets to pay costs; persuasion is the counsellor that wins most cases, for it wins the defendant over, and gives the judge a holiday, "'Speak gently,' makes the deaf man hear," and though there are none so blind as those who will not see, that is the very class whose optics suddenly flash with light when kindness and patience are the eye-salve that gentleness and love applies. This is the beautiful lesson taught in the well-known fable of the Wind and the Sun.

A dispute once arose between the North Wind and the Sun about the superiority of their power, and they agreed to try their strength upon a traveller, which should be able first to strip him of his cloak. The North Wind began, and blew a strong cold blast, accompanied with a sharp, driving shower; but this, and the most that he could do, instead of making the man quit his cloak, obliged him to gird it all the more closely about his body. Next came the Sun, who, breaking through a thick cloud, drove away all the cold vapours from the sky, and pouring his genial beams upon the traveller's head with increasing warmth, very speedily gained his end. The man, under the influence of the heat, and unable to resist it any longer, first threw off his cloak, and then crept under the shadow of a neighbouring grove.

Surely the victorious power of gentleness had never a more beautiful or fitting illustration. The wind was strongly bent on winning, determined, like many other blusterers, to have his own way; nothing was wanting in the way of force and fury; but, for all that, the traveller clutched his cloak with nervous fingers, and wrapped it more resolutely around his shivering limbs. Boreas frowns, and retires from the contest; and with a quiet and genial smile of conscious power, out comes the Sun, and positively smiles the traveller into submission, and wiles his cloak away from him by the subtle influence of his silent beams. Clearly, then, the sunshine is more potent than the storm. Nothing can finally withstand the power of love. By its means intractable savages have been led in silken bonds; hardened outlaws of civilisation, long familiar with whip and chain, have been subdued in soul, and induced to lead an amended life; the wayward child, with stubborn will, has melted beneath its influence like wax before the sun, and they who have "sworn revenge on altars of undying hate," have stretched the hand of friendship to those whom they regarded as their mortal foe. The philosopher Archimedes declared that if he could find a fulcrum, the mechanical power of the lever could move the world. Mightier than the lever is the moral power of *love*.

> "'You must' doth seldom get its will;
> 'Will you' more often gets its fill."

For a kind word makes a willing heart. Insistance and resistance act and re-act on each other. A little assistance kindly rendered would slay the latter, and render the first unnecessary. "The eye that flashes anger," says one, "is like the red danger lamp, which gets only an answering scream; but the eye which gleams with the lovelight of sympathy is the green permissive signal which sets every pulse stroke in motion, and brings the object nearer to itself." *Com*pulsion generates *re*pulsion; the highest intensity of moral magnetism is born of the warm emotions of a gentle and loving heart. "Love laughs at locksmiths," says the proverb, and while it has doubtless a special reference to reciprocal affection of a peculiar kind, it is perfectly true of lovingkindness and the gentle charities that seek the advantage of our "neighbour," however forlorn and antagonistic he may be. The bars of prejudice, the bolts of selfishness—though rusted in their sockets—the slip chain of anger, and the locks of hate, all must and do give way before the silent sunshine of patient and long-suffering love. The bulky and ponderous man-of-war, that a whole navy could not drive out of harbour, proves as docile as a dog to the insignificant little steam-tug that quietly draws it through the yielding flood.

So is it ever with the smaller but constant frictions of daily life. Geniality and kindness smooth them away, so that the social or domestic machine moves in its circle with quiet ease. The door that creaks is hushed to silence by a little quiet wooing from the "oiled feather," and all the hinges on which society swings would work with equal smoothness if love were permitted to sway the sceptre and keep perpetual control. The poet sensibly advises us to

> "Never use the harsher way,
> When love will do the deed."

But it may be greatly doubted in most cases whether, when love fails, the "harsher way" can accomplish any end that is worth the winning. The poet Keble wraps a beautiful idea in beautiful words when he sings—

> "The world's a room of sickness, where each heart
> Knows its own anguish and unrest!
> The truest wisdom there and noblest art
> Is this: who skills of comfort best;
> Whom, by the softest step and gentlest tone,
> Enfeebled spirits own,
> And love to raise the languid eye
> When, like an angel's wing, they feel him fleeting by."

THE WHITE ROSE OF WHITELAKE.

BY ANNE BEALE, AUTHOR OF THE "PENNANT FAMILY."

CHAPTER XLV.

LEAVE-TAKINGS.

MRS. MERVYN knew that Rose and Edwyna were together up-stairs, and she went to them. She found the one in silent, the other in loquacious expectation, and heard the latter say, "If mother doesn't fetch us I shall go and see him, if you won't. She is very unkind."

"I am come to fetch you both," she said, gravely; "Major Faithfull wishes to bid you good-bye."

"I told you he would, Rose!" exclaimed Edwyna, vociferously.

"I think, mother, I would rather—not—say 'good-bye,'" murmured Rose, with painful hesitation.

"It might display some peculiar consciousness to refuse," rejoined her mother, looking at her meaningly.

Rose's eyes were cast down instantly, but her pride was roused. She did not choose that even her mother should suspect her of an unrequited attachment. She had already been striving to convince Edwyna of the folly of her suspicions, and of the impropriety of asking Major Faithfull to call, whether he wished it or not.

"If he wanted to take leave of us, Edwyna, he could have done so uninvited," she had said.

"And now he comes on *my* invitation, not yours or mother's, who would never see anybody if it were not for me," Edwyna had replied, independently.

She little knew the real suffering she was causing her sister by thus bringing Major Faithfull to Llynhafod; for Rose guessed that she had said more to him than she acknowledged. However, Rose nerved herself for a friendly leave-taking, and, looking very white and cold, followed her mother and sister down-stairs.

"A Christmas rose indeed!" was Major Faithfull's thought, as Rose followed her brother and sister into the pretty sitting-room. "How cold her hand is; how white she looks," he continued to think, after he had held the said cold hand a moment, and they were all seated.

But she made a great effort to join in the conversation, and succeeded. Not even the most critical observer could have supposed that the keenest pain was concealed by the exceeding quiet of her demeanour. Her mother, however, who was not critical, but loving, suspected it, and strove to shorten an interview which Major Faithfull strove to drag out to its extremest length.

"I shall hear of you from your—son," he said, looking from Rose to her mother. He had been about to say "brother." "The saddest phase of a soldier's life is that of parting with friends, who, if not of long standing, are yet—well, are yet, I hope, friends. There is no other word."

He smiled, and sighed, but Rose maintained her composure, while Mrs. Mervyn smiled, and assented.

"May I send you a message whenever I write to Llewellen?" asked Edwyna. "You know, mother, you say I am not grown up yet, and I may send one if Rose may not."

"I hope you will," replied the Major; "and if he does not deliver it, I shall ask for it."

"You are going to London, my brother says," remarked Rose, feeling that she was expected to speak, but avoiding his eyes. "Llewellyn is much delighted, for he has never been there."

"Yes; and we shall possibly be ordered abroad afterwards," he replied, looking at her earnestly.

She started, and glanced up involuntarily; so did her mother and sister. They had not heard of this possibility. They asked anxiously the when and where. It might be India, he said, but it was uncertain.

"It is always so," sighed Mrs. Mervyn, while Rose trembled.

Mrs. Mervyn was watching Rose nervously. She understood her, because she was like herself, and all sorts of projects and reflections passed rapidly through her mind, while she silently acknowledged Major Faithfull's frank declaration to have been apparently truthful. She was a devoted mother, and wishful only for her children's happiness. She asked herself how was Rose's best to be secured? She knew that under all circumstances "the worm i' the bud" would assuredly eat into her heart, and if no outlet were found for her constrained feelings the canker might be serious. In all her times of perplexity she strove to ask for direction from above; and it seemed to her that some sudden inspiration impelled her to say, what at a less trying moment she would never have uttered. This was—"Major Faithfull, would you have any objection to repeat to my daughter exactly what you have said to me, neither adding to nor taking from one particular?"

"Certainly, if"——he hesitated and looked at Rose, whose marble face and cold manner almost frightened him.

"I think it is best. Edwyna, come with me. Wish Major Faithful good-bye first," said Mrs. Merwyn, hastily.

In less than a minute he was alone with Rose. The situation was peculiarly trying. He saw that she glanced back entreatingly at her mother, and seemed about to follow her, but recovering her natural dignity

and collected quietude, she remained. She sat down on an isolated chair near the window, he on the couch at a little distance.

"I have your mother's permission to speak to you," he began with some hesitation, "to repeat, only, what I have already said to her. That will be difficult, if not impossible. It is only what you must already have guessed by my unguarded words and manner. It is that I love you, Rose, yet dare not ask for your love in return."

There was sudden colour in her face, almost for the first time. She did not speak, but she clasped her hands and listened—listened as if her fluttering heart would burst.

He said to her as nearly as possible what he had said to her mother, only he accused himself still more bitterly. He abstained from seeking to ascertain her feelings, knowing that he could not, or would not, as might be, ask her to marry him. The tale did not take long in telling, and when he paused, as if for an answer, she had none to make him.

What could she say? She could not, unasked, show him her heart, though, at the moment, it thrilled with a strange joy. She could not say that she would have gone with him to India or elsewhere, as he declared that he could not marry her. She could not, in short, change his purpose, though she rejoiced that he loved her. But while they both sat a few moments silent, not knowing what to say, there came a revulsion to her feelings, and the demon pride again stepped in.

"Have you said this much to my mother and me because Edwyna told you I was ill, and begged you to come and see us on that account?" she asked.

"No; though I should not have come but for her," he answered, honestly. "I believed it best to bear my burden alone, until she hinted that you might, perhaps, in some small measure feel sorry if—if—well! if you never saw me again."

"I should, and I am glad you have come," said Rose, her lip trembling as she uttered the simple words; "I may now think of you as honourable and truthful."

"And as nothing more?" he asked, aggrieved at her taking what he had said to her literally.

"As a friend, I hope," she replied, looking him in the face at last.

There were tears in the dark-grey eyes, and the slight flush, that had been like the dawn on the white rose, had vanished. Still, he saw that the sad expression of her face had disappeared also. Her mother had been right. Whatever her secret feelings might be, the truth was pleasant to her. He could not know what she would fain have told him had he but asked her, that she would be constant to him till death if he would be true to her, that she would engage herself to him for weal or woe, if he wished it, and that the consciousness of his love and truth was all she needed. But he "spake never a word" beyond what he had already spoken to her mother. It was evident to her that he could not marry, and that he would not subject her to a long and uncertain engagement. He knew, if she did not, that such engagements generally terminated in disappointment or satiety. He got up and stood against the window-frame opposite her. Had he not been well convinced before that she was a lady in word as in action, he was so now, for she withdrew slightly as he advanced, and said, simply, "Thank you for thinking so much and so kindly of me and my health. I shall be better now that I know how good you are."

He would fain have knelt to her—taken her in his arms—promised her his faith—but he restrained himself. He was "every inch a man," and would take no advantage of one so sweet and pure. He did not even tell her that he would come back, God willing, and ask her to be that "soldier's bride" he had once told her she was created to be. He only said, "You will try not to forget me, Rose."

"I do not think I shall," she answered.

There was a step in the passage, and both thought it was Mrs. Mervyn. She got up in some trepidation.

"God bless and keep you till I come back! Wish me God-speed, White Rose," he said with much agitation, taking her hand.

"'Come back, come back!' I cannot say good-bye," she answered, suppressing a sob,

"I will," he cried; bent over her hand, kissed it, and was gone.

The step was not Mrs. Mervyn's, but Llewellen's. He had just arrived, and was entering the dining-room as Major Faithfull left Rose. The Major was thus enabled to avoid him. He hurried through the front door, and passed the window near which he had bidden Rose farewell. He paused just to glance in. She was standing where he left her; her back to the window, her hands over her face. He went nearer, and distinctly heard a sob.

"Have I found some one at last to shed a genuine tear for me!" he muttered, and pressed his brow against the window, as if he would fain have called her to him.

She was unconscious that he was so near to her, but remained a short time in the same attitude. Then she fell on her knees before the couch on which he had so lately been seated. And thus he left her, with a prayer for her and for himself. Could he ever forget that kneeling, tender girl?

Llewellen had also come to take leave. It was a sad day at Lynhafod. He and his father had been occupied all the morning in going from house to house to visit his many friends, and now he was to spend the remaining hours of daylight with his relations. In spite of his yearning to see the world and enter upon the reality of military life, his heart sorrowed at the grief of those he loved. His mother, who was, perhaps, dearest of all to him, and who loved him with an absorbing devotion, kept up the best.

"Day before the noon,
Brightening to its glow."—*p.* 356.

"I am sure you will do your duty," she said to him. "If you should discover your unknown benefactor by some strange chance, be yourself—natural, and, if you can, affectionate."

His father's advice was different.

"Stick to your principles, my boy, and truckle to no man."

"You will write long letters, and tell us everything," said Rose. "We can afford it now the postage is so cheap."

"And be sure to say what Major Faithfull does, and to give him all my messages," put in Edwyna, glancing at her sister, on whose face traces of tears were visible. "And you will see Miss Pryse Pryse, for she is going to London for the season. I wonder whether I shall ever go to London, and say to some fine gentleman, 'My face is my fortune, sir,' like that other milkmaid who came before me?"

Mr. Edwardes arrived, to see the last of his favourite pupil, and to cheer and encourage the friends he was to leave behind him. He was the bearer of one or two touching memorials. Llewellen was a general favourite, and the villagers had clubbed together to present him with a somewhat cumbersome inkstand, the school-children a blotting-book and envelope-case.

"They do think you are going to be married," remarked Jim, with a wink. "But have you nothing to do with the 'oomen. They do stick like pitch, and there's no getting away from them. There's Mally, now. Why, 'tis as much as I can do to keep her at a distance; what 'ould become of me if we two were one?"

So, amid tears, advice, jests, and prayers, Llewellen spent those last hours at home. He would meet his father and Mr. Edwardes again, as they had resolved to be early enough at the county town on the following day to see the regiment depart; but when should he meet his mother and sisters? This was the question they all asked themselves, as they embraced him over and over again. He, especially, felt as if he had been selfish and even rash to enter upon a life which should take him from them when they most needed him; but the next moment, with the elastic rebound of youth, he was promising to perform prodigies of valour, and gain promotion at the sword's point.

"Tell all my friends, in return for their kind remembrance, that I will strive never to disgrace them," he said. "Tell the corporal that if I cannot bring back a Waterloo medal, I will fight for another in my first field. Don't sigh, dear mother. Let it be 'God and my right,' a fair fight, and a foreign foe."

"If enthusiasm will buy bread and cheese you will never starve, my boy," said Mr. Mervyn, with tears in his eyes.

Tears! How freely they flowed! And what a touching scene shortly succeeded those words. Father, mother, sisters, friends, servants, were all outside the gate, watching the young soldier as he rode slowly and sadly down the road, beneath the crescent moon.

CHAPTER XLVI.

ORDERED TO INDIA.

SOMETHING akin to lassitude and languor fell over the country when the military left it and the riots were suppressed. As all the counties of South Wales with the exception of Brecknockshire were subjected to this singular insurrection, the fable that there was only one Rebecca was soon exploded. There were, of course, many ringleaders, of whom three only were taken and made examples of, a special commission having been appointed to try the offenders. Others, like Alfred Johnnes, escaped, and either were undiscovered, or, being suspected, yet uncaptured. But as the turnpike Acts in force in Wales were in many instances oppressive, a commission of inquiry was appointed to examine into them, and an Act was passed for their amendment. The large body of troops that had been sent into the country, together with the London police, were gradually withdrawn, and succeeded by a rural police, who, with their superintendents, managed to maintain the order restored with difficulty by the military. This, however, took some time to effect.

Llansant was merely one of numberless parishes possessed of an obnoxious gate, and has been, therefore, chosen as a specimen; for much the same kind of events were happening in various other parts that we have attempted to describe in this story. But Llansant was more fortunate than most, inasmuch as, thanks to Johnnes, the house was not destroyed. But the gate was never re-erected, and the corporal's occupation was gone.

He stuck to his house, however, until in the course of some months it was finally settled that the toll should be done away with, and then he accepted Mrs. Johnnes' repeated invitation to occupy the cottage vacated by Peters. As this was partly lodge, partly labourer's abode, it was near the main road, so that the corporal could sit at his door when otherwise unoccupied, and gossip with the passers-by.

"I'm a general officer at least," he would say to his neighbours. "I have my kitchen, and parlour, my sleeping apartments, and my pension. 'Tis brevet rank, but what's the odds."

His new abode contained four small rooms, and it was found that there was almost furniture enough crammed into the gate-house to fill them. Egain divided her time pretty equally between her parents and Mrs. Johnnes, but she nominally lived with the former. Only one letter had arrived from Alfred since his departure; for so long as the commission lasted Philipps Wynne took care that the addresses and post-marks of all letters that came to Llanmaes should be watched. He was accounted the only magistrate who had not lost his head during the

riots, and his had not been of much use to him. Mrs. Johnnes was, therefore, very miserable ; she did not believe in her son's prudence, and would have it that he must be either dead or lost because he did not write. Egain did her best to comfort her, and bore with the irritable, exacting old lady as bravely as she had borne her own long illness. She, knowing Alfred and his changeable nature but too well, was not without her own misgivings concerning him ; though by degrees people accepted the fact that he was following his natural bent, and seeing the world, Llewellen Mervyn's letters, on the contrary, were great comforts to his family, until at last came the expected and dreaded blow—his regiment was ordered to India. The letter which contained this announcement was as follows.

My Dearest Mother,—You must prepare yourself for bad news—bad to you all, though glorious to us. We are ordered to India. A rebellion has broken out, as you know, and is spreading rapidly, A different sort of insurrection from our Rebecca riots, where one had to fight one's countrymen. We shall be face to face with the Sikhs, and at any rate we shall be able to recognise our enemies. We sail in a week. I wish father would come and see me off; and I wish—but it is useless to go farther. I will only say, therefore, God bless and protect you all till we come back.

I am inclined to think I must have met my fairy godmother. I went with the major the other evening to a grand party at our lieutenant-colonel's, through whom, you will remember, he made his application to the Horse Guards for my commission. I saw Colonel Grant and Major Faithfull engaged in conversation with a fine-looking, white-headed man, who seemed to be a person of consideration. They were all looking at me. I walked to a little distance where—now, Edwyna, spare your jests—Miss Pryse Pryse was standing ; for the Wynnes have become very intimate with the Colonel's family, on account of their Welsh hospitality during the riots. To my surprise the three gentlemen drew towards us, and, thinking they were coming to speak to Miss Pryse Pryse, and the friends she was with, I walked off. They, however, paused near me, and, after a few seconds, my two superior officers left their companion, who sauntered up to me. As we were all in full uniform, he made our regiment the excuse for addressing me, saying that he understood we were ordered to India. He scrutinised me so keenly, and had such a decided and commanding manner, that I am afraid I was as bashful as the ladies are—supposed to be—as Rose is, for instance, but not Edwyna, or Miss Pryse Pryse. However, I did my best to answer a variety of questions which in a less gentlemanlike or younger man would have seemed impertinent; and I fancy he must soon have learnt my whole history. He asked me if I had left relations behind me who would grieve over my departure, and I enumerated my home quartette, and especially said how you, dear mother, would lament my going so far. I perceived that he turned away for a few moments, and was silent. Then he made many inquiries concerning Rose and Edwyna, and I need not say I became too eloquent for the occasion. But when he said he hoped I had not, like many young officers of his acquaintance, any pecuniary or other anxieties to leave behind me, I drew in. "You must excuse my curiosity," he said ; "but I am an old man, and you interest me." I then gave him a sketch of what Rebecca had done to us, and of the general difficulties of the position of a gentleman-farmer who did *not* farm his own estate. He listened attentively. "I suppose your mother understands the dairy sufficiently to superintend?" he asked, with a sort of cynical air, as if he thought a farm beneath contempt. "She has had enough to do to superintend my sisters' education," I replied, I am afraid rather proudly, for he said no more. I afterwards wished I had held my tongue, for he only remained a little while longer, then rose, and shaking hands with me—very warmly I must say—went away. When I had an opportunity, I asked Major Faithfull who he was ; but he said there was such a crowd of people that he should find it difficult to know to whom I alluded. It might be Lord this, or Sir Thomas that, or General t'other. He was too much occupied to be pressed, so there the matter ended, and I have not seen my grand but inquisitive old gentleman since. I must not forget to tell Edwyna that the major always asks for her particular messages to him, and I give them ; but he has so much to do just now that he has little time to think of anything but India. Neither, indeed, have I ; though I would fain write volumes if I thought they would comfort my dear parents and sisters. They may be assured that I am perfectly happy, and if only I could feel that you were all well and prosperous at home I should have nothing to wish for but to see your beloved faces once more before I quit Great Britain. I will write again before we leave, Fondest love to all.—Your devoted son,

Llewellen Mervyn.

It is scarcely necessary to say that when Mrs. Mervyn read this letter aloud to her husband and children, she was much affected, so, indeed, were her hearers.

"I will go and see the lad," said Mr. Mervyn, with more spirit than he had shown for some time.

This proposal was thankfully welcomed by his wife and daughters, and before the week was out he started for Portsmouth, laden with blessings and prayers for his only son.

(To be continued.)

WEST BAY.

DOWN in the west the sun sinks low ;
Down in the west the breezes die ;
Down in the west the light sails show ;
Down in the west a-calm they lie :
Golden sky and golden sea
Smile farewell to golden day ;
Fairer vision ne'er could be
Than the glad West Bay.

Up from the west the sea-mew flies,
Up from the west to the eastward cliff ;
Up from the west the fisher plies,
Up from the west his home-bound skiff :
Leaden sky and leaden sea
Greet the twilight's leaden grey ;
Drearier dreaming ne'er could be
Than the sad West Bay.

Out of the west grows gathering gloom ;
Out of the west the shrill winds leap ;
Out of the west rolls hurrying doom ;
Out of the west the storm-fiends sweep :

Iron sky and iron sea
Hail the tempest's iron sway ;
Wilder nightmare ne'er could be
Than the mad West Bay.

J. J. S.

SORROW AND SONG IN THE EVANGELISTS.

BY THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM ALEXANDER, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF DERRY AND RAPHOE.

SORROW.

THE LEADING IDEAS OF THE GOSPEL HISTORY OF THE PASSION.

ST. MARK.

"My meditation of Him shall be sweet." *—PSALM civ. 34.
"I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live."—GALATIANS ii. 20.

IN St. Matthew the Passion is represented to us as Hebrew prophecy consummated and fulfilled. We have the true king, the true priest, the true universal Judaism.

St. Mark's Gospel is, as he tells us at its commencement, and inscribes over the front, "The Gospel of Jesus Christ the Son of God.† Therefore, his is the Passion of the *Son of God*, the picture of divine heroism in suffering. In St. Matthew the Passion is that of the Messiah and high priest. The Cross is that which was presented to the eyes of the prophet and psalmist. St. Mark gives us in brief incisive lines with grave reserved touches, the death of the Son of God in its strength and majesty. Let us (1) dwell upon the peculiar vividness of the narrative; (2) and then contemplate St. Mark's great idea—the majesty of the suffering Son of God.

It has been said that there are historians who "see history as it were by lightning flashes." St. Mark is one of these men, who possess a quick temperament and wield a vivid pencil. Let us look at the most remarkable indications of this in the narrative before us.

(50)‡ "And they all forsook Him, and fled. (51) And there was one young man who followed Him, having a linen cloth‖ cast about his naked body; and the young men lay hold on him. (52) And he left the linen cloth, and fled naked from them."

It seems something more than possible that this young man may have been St. Mark himself; that we may here find "his modest signature in the corner of his picture."* The incident is certainly quite of the same class with the strong impulses and quick retreats which were congenial to his nature.† However this may be, it is impossible to show more vividly how truly the Shepherd was smitten and the sheep scattered.

We have many other touches of the same kind. "Peter was warming himself close to the blaze." We see him, therefore, as if by a stroke of Rembrandt, with the light thrown upon the working of his bronzed features. This makes us understand how easily his countenance was recognised, first by one and then by another of the maids.‡ Is it going too far to gather from this incident, with the sententious Bengel, that dangers often glide in unsuspectedly, while we are occupied with attention to bodily comfort, however innocent in itself? Again, the two cock-crowings are sharply distinguished. "And he went forth without into the vestibule, and the cock crew; and for the second time the cock crew."‖ Once more St. Peter's repentance is painted with such intimate knowledge as to confirm the ancient belief that St. Mark was guided and assisted in his Gospel by the apostle himself. The last verse of the 14th chapter is a great psychological description. He did something more than remember "the saying how Jesus had said unto him." He "called it to mind, and dwelt upon it. He threw his whole mind and soul into it, and kept on sobbing."

The narrative of the two mockeries is peculiarly rich in these vivifying touches. In the first Jewish mockery, the incident of the "covering" or muffling the face, is peculiar to the second evangelist. In the mockery by the soldiers in the Prætorium, the majesty of the idea which the fierce soldiers brought out unconsciously, tinges the picture in every line. "They clothe him in a purple. It is purple rather than scarlet for the Evangelist's eye, as lighting up the ideal before him. The king is purple-clad, "and when

* This might, perhaps, be translated so as to bring out the force of the two chief words in the original, by a short paraphrase:—

"And my self-communing shall well be sped,
A well-hov'n woof with many a pleasant thread."

† St. Mark i. 1. ‡ St. Mark xiv. 50—53.
‖ Translated "smock" by Mr. McClellan, whose note is—"Gr. *Sindon;* Heb. *Sadim;* or *woven fabric, cloth,* or *sheet;* whether of flax, or cotton, or hair, used for sheets, curtains, napkins, shrouds, smocks, either as loose cotton or linen garments."—*p.* 152.

* Lange.
† See Acts xiii. 3; lxv. 38.
‡ vv. 66, 67.
‖ vv. 68—72.

they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it about His head."* This implies the calm, hideous deliberation, the measuring coolly, and interweaving. The wreath may have been of thorn-twigs, a caricature bay-crown, or diadem. Nay, possibly it was formed of the lithe twigs of the Syrian acacia bent into a circle, with thorns each of which was a finger's length. The mock adoration is very fully given. "And having bowed their knees, they worshipped Him."† In that which immediately follows we are not expressly told whether the crown was left upon Him, as He was led forth to be crucified, and upon the Cross itself. Most probably it was, to distinguish Him from the others, and to give point to the superscription of Pilate. It will not be overlooked that Simon is more fully described, as well known, in the Roman Church.‡

It has lately been said in reference to the second mockery, that its circumstances are evidently exaggerated, and that all the detailed cruelty is below the dignity of Roman legionaries. But the amusements of any people must always bear the impress of their character.‖ A cruel and ferocious people will have cruel and ferocious amusments. The Romans loved and played with executions. Those found guilty before all the tribunals of the empire furnished the Roman arena with its choicest pieces of popular entertainment. In the Coliseum they were covered with skins, and hunted to death by dogs, or torn to pieces by beasts; clad in shirts steeped in pitch, they were fastened as torches to light the garden of Nero, upon the site of the present Vatican. The mockery of our Lord was, therefore, quite consistent with the amusements of the soldiery of such a people.

This may be a fitting place to speak of the cross itself. The cross assumed one or other of three shapes--sometimes it was like a capital X, sometimes like a T, more frequently it is described as being exactly like a mast with the cross-yard. It had three parts—(1) an upright stem, (2) a cross stem, (3) a projecting rest or seat, without which the whole weight of the body would have been thrown upon the hands or hands and feet. In all cases the hands were nailed. The hideous idea was to expose the slave, nailed by the very member which he had misused. Our Lord's feet were certainly nailed also; and we have the highest authority for believing that this was the usual course. The cross was not very high, generally not more than three or four feet from the ground. In cases of what was considered singular guilt, the elevation was, however, much higher; and this was probably the case with the cross which bore Jesus upon Calvary.

* v. 17 † v. 19. ‡ Romans xvi. 13.

‖ Byncus mentions that the Alexandrians derided Agrippa by taking an idiot, and going through a mocking coronation strangely like this.

Let us pause, and think over some of these incidents recorded in St. Mark.

The young man following Jesus, though for a time his heart failed him, came back again, and walked with Him. This is a sign ever attending the Church. Still, as the darkness deepens round her, one follower after another comes to her side out of the darkness. The Church, like her Master, has ever with her a young enthusiasm that never quite fails.

Simon is compelled to bear the cross. And has not many another been forced, as if by chance, to carry the cross, to whom it becomes life and blessing? We think *we* carry *it;* after a time it becomes elastic, and carries *us.* Once more, in St. Mark's Gospel, we have that one strange, last word—and it alone—out of the seven.* Why? Stephen can die, with the light upon his brow. Saints whom we have known, depart in peace; they say, at the last moment, "can this be death? is this really all?" But death is the wages of sin. And the death which is to redeem must have an agony and terror which are not its own.

Let us look connectedly at the anguish and majesty of our Lord in St. Mark.

1. The anguish.

The first mockery includes the muffling of the face. The scourging stands before the second.† Jesus was not beaten with the lictor's rod. He was bound to a pillar in a stooping position, the skin of the naked back stretched tight. The whip had thongs skilfully stiffened with bone or lead. The back was literally flayed with this tremendous implement; the sufferer fainted, and sometimes died, under the infliction. Then follows, in succession, the second mockery—the clothing in a purple, the measuring and platting of the crown, the caricature of adoration—and then the three long hours in the sultry darkness; the blasphemies; the sponge; the short wailing cry, so deep, so pathetic, so wonderful.

2. But St. Mark shows us that there was majesty in that anguish of the Son of God.

Especially is He majestic in that Divine silence.

The witnesses garble very judiciously by a slight alteration. The high priest "started forward into the midst," as if stung by His silence. Still He is steadily mute.‡ Before Pilate the silence is broken; but with the high stern resolve of one who speaks from another sphere. It has been said that the deep and thoughtful German "knows how to keep silence in seven languages." Here *He* keeps silence whose silence is as that of God. "And Pilate asked Him, Art Thou the King of the Jews? And He, answering, said unto him, Thou sayest it. But Jesus answered him nothing any more, so that Pilate wondered."‖

II. An objection to this mode of meditating

* St. Mark xv. 34. † St. Mark xv. 15.
‡ v. 62. ‖ xv. 2–5.

upon the Passion as connected with a special season, has often been made in recent times, which may best be expressed in the language of an eloquent living writer.

"In the calendar of the Church," says this writer, "the several acts of the drama are played out with a hard precision which reduces the pathos and the mystery to rule. When Piety would pour out the story of its own times and seasons, which bring the sunshine or the frost upon its inward life, it finds no more sacred year than the cycle of festivals which characterise a mixed or legendary history. This hardly touches those who find it to be the most deeply impressive way of bringing home to them a true history, in which they are deeply concerned."

In dwelling upon the bodily sufferings of our Lord, two opposite extremes are to be avoided.

1. The first is that of the Church of Rome.

A traveller in Spain has recorded what he saw, during the Holy Week, a few years ago at Baeza.

A procession was formed. The light showed wan against the sinking sun; the dark images stood out against the "steel blue sky." The Christ was carried, crowned with thorns and bleeding, his *real* hair clotted with *real* blood. He is bound to a pillar. He bears his cross, fainting, lacerated, weary! Now he is raised aloft in the dim square, nailed upon the tree, the place where he is uplifted barely lit up by a few feeble and flickering torches. Little thin red streams of actual blood show from the nail-pierced hands, and trickle slowly down the side.

But all this materialisation does not tell the secret of the cross. Not the physical act of death, but the perfect will of Him dying so willingly interprets the "I lay down My life for the sheep."

2. But the opposite and much more common extreme consists in not dwelling upon those sufferings at all, or with the most ordinary and general forms of expression.

To hear some criticisms upon hymns, for instance, and the supercilious objections to every mention of our Redeemer's blood and anguish, it might be supposed that the old Docetic doctrine was true, and that a shadow phantom without a body hung in a scenic illusion upon the tree.

St. Mark, indeed, narrates the agony and Passion with a strong natural simplicity. Elsewhere he tells us in his brief way, what chords of the human heart rang out at the touch of Christ—amazement, astonishment, anger, fear, attraction, and the like; here he does not. But the object of his silence is that we may feel more intensely for ourselves.

On the whole the impression left by the narrative of St. Mark is that this is the Passion of "Jesus Christ, the Son of God." * The cry which it is calculated to produce is that of the Roman centurion, "Truly this Man was the Son of God." *

The cross, as contemplated by the second evangelist, is a *victory*, and *gives us a power*.

It is a *victory*. The best expression of this is in the great words of St. Paul, obscure from their sublimity, but which we may attempt to paraphrase.

"In whom also ye were once for all circumcised with a circumcision, which is ennobled by three characteristics—that it is deeply *inward, universal, Christ's own work*—having been once for all buried with Him in your baptism, in which you were co-risen through your faith in the operation of God who raised Him from the dead. And you—being dead with a twofold death, in your own miserable transgressions and in your thorough unregenerate, uncircumcised condition—you God so quickened with Christ, having given to *us*—aye, to me and you—once for all, of His free grace, the gift of remission of all sins; having blotted out the bond against us consisting in ordinances—aye, and he has taken it out of the way, from intervening between us and God. His Person has been enveloped by false teachers in a cloud of spiritual beings, by a host of angels; in the glory of His cross, He has stripped Himself of all that. He has shaken off the principalities and powers which clung to Him, and made a show of them boldly and without fear, having triumphantly borne them in it." † Such is the "divine paradox of the crucifixion—triumph and glory. The convict's gibbet is the victor's car. No conqueror in his car was ever half so grand. No tree was ever hung with trophies like those." But, finally, the cross gives power. "The Lord working together with them" is the very concentrated essence of the meaning of the cross in St. Mark. ‡

When we are called upon, therefore, to nail our sins to the cross, which we contemplate under St. Mark's guidance, we know that we *can* do it. The cross has a strange power of killing sin at the very root.

And the cross gives a *new life*. "I am crucified with Christ," cries St. Paul. || But for many the regenerate life is faint and low. The old life is poor—is such that many a sinner dies of it, or rids himself of it by his own hand.

Let us get rid of it by crucifying it. Some may say, "It is too late." Not so. It is hard to draw any line in any life beyond which there can be no life, sweet as the balm of spring, with true health of childhood in it. "I am crucified." Oh, the long, slow, painful dying—the head-ache and the heart-ache of it! But a cry of joy, a lyric of light and liberty, rushes to his lips, as he feels the stir of that new life. *But I live!*

* St. Mark i. 1.

* xv. 39.
† Colossians i. 11, 15.
‡ St. Mark xvi. 20.
|| Galatians ii. 20.

"I WILL GUIDE THEE WITH MINE EYE."

"I will inform thee and teach thee in the way wherein thou shalt go: and I will guide thee with mine eye."—Ps. xxxii. 8.

I WILL guide thee with mine eye,
I will watch when dangers lour,
And when Satan draweth nigh,
I will guard thee from his power.

Nought of ill shall thee befal,
When from sin thou striv'st to fly;
I to thee am all in all;
I will guide thee with mine eye.

When 'midst troubles thou hast fears,
When in sorrow sounds thy cry,
Banish cares and dry thy tears;
I will guide thee with mine eye.

Safe amidst thy many foes,
Thou my praise shalt magnify;
For, should all the world oppose,
I will guide thee with mine eye.

I 'll inform thee, yea, I 'll teach
In what way thy path should lie;
For my words thine ear shall reach,
And I 'll guide thee with mine eye.

Paglesham. REV. JAMES HARRIS, M.A.

THE POT AND THE KETTLE.

A STORY FOR GIRLS. IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a snowy day in January, and the cold twilight, the leafless branches of the trees in the Square, and the general chilliness of everything outside, was a great contrast to the long school-room in the Rodwells' London house. School-rooms are proverbially ugly, and one generally associates hard-backed chairs, uncompromising looking tables adorned with ink-spots remaining as relics of departed fines, exercises, and untidiness; with tall book-cases, an occasional globe, an ugly clock, and a general absence of anything appertaining to comfort; but the school-room at No. 9, Clifford Square, was really a charming room. There were heavy maroon curtains, a low chimney-piece on which was a French clock and some old Roman vases; the table had a pretty cover on it; the books were well arranged; there were many good pictures, and ever so many comfortable chairs, foot-stools, and tiny tables. Now a bright fire was burning, and curious shadows danced over the walls, while its gleams of light showed a group of young people gathered round the crimson sheep-skin rug.

Harry, the son and heir of the Rodwells, was stretched full length on the sofa; Amabel, the youngest of seven, was bending over a picture-book; Dick and Arthur were talking over the last cricket match they had had before they left school; and the twins, Dora and Maud, were standing near the large table that ran down the centre of the room. They were rather like in face, having both fair complexions, large blue eyes, and plenty of brown hair.

"Dora, lend me your pencils this evening—do," said Maud, as she shut a large drawing portfolio, and laid it on the table. The twins had just returned from a walk.

"No, I can't," said Dora, shortly.

"You won't, that means," answered Maud. "Now why won't you, Dora dear?" she continued, changing to a persuasive tone of voice.

"Because you spoil my pencils, Maud; and, besides, you should use your own."

"Dora, you know all my pencils were left at the class last Monday; and I do so want to finish this drawing this evening!"

"Well, I shall not lend you mine," said Dora. "Why were you so careless as to leave your pencils?" and, going to a drawer, Dora took out her knitting, and then drew towards the fire, while her sister remarked that Dora was the most selfish girl she had ever met. And with these words Maud seated herself in a very specially favourite chair. Now, all the school-room chairs were comfortable, but this low one, deeply stuffed, was a great favourite, and the twins were uncommonly fond of it. However, as both could not sit in it at once, they generally took their chance, and it was a case of first come first served. But this evening Dora wanted to sit there, and politely, but firmly, she asked her sister to move. Maud, who generally took the cue from her sister, as politely, but quite as firmly, declined; and Dora, who was as quick-tempered as Maud, went over to the large green chair, which she hated, and began knitting at a furious pace.

"I wish mamma was here," said Amabel, looking up from her picture-book with a sigh.

"So do I," said Harry. "These holidays have been so slow without her."

"Why does she not come?" asked Arthur.

"Because, stupid," said Harry, "they have the scarlet fever at Holmehurst, where she went to stay before Christmas, and she is afraid of bringing the infection home to any of you chicks."

"She knows we are all safe with Aunt Hester," said Maud; "and by the time she comes perhaps papa will have come from India, and they will both be at home together."

"Well, children, what have you been doing all the afternoon?"

They all looked towards the door, and saw Aunt Hester, their mother's aunt, a sweet looking old lady, coming into the room.

"Oh, come in Aunt Hester, do!" exclaimed Maud, jumping up, and Amabel, shaking back her long fair hair, ran to her aunt, and dragged her towards the fire.

"We went out for a walk," said Maud, knowing that Aunt Hester would understand that "we" meant the twins. "Harry stayed in to read, and nurse thought it too cold for Amabel to go out."

"Dick and I," said Arthur, "walked into Oxford Street about those boots for mamma."

"I wish everybody remembered mamma's commissions," said Aunt Hester, as she took down a screen to shade the fire from her face.

"Oh, well, Aunt Hester, if you mean me," said Harry, "I have been to Mrs. Hanson's about that parcel, though you thought I was never going."

"That is right," said Aunt Hester, with a smile, "but all the same I did *not* mean you when I spoke. Dora, my dear, I was wishing you had remembered what your mamma spoke of in her letter of yesterday."

"Oh, about having those books bound before we begin lessons again. Yes, I must try and remember," said Dora, going on complacently with her knitting.

"Dora was preaching to me only a minute or two ago, Aunt Hester, for being careless, just because I left my pencils at the class last time," said Maud, eagerly; "now, is it not worse being careless of mamma's wishes. I am sure if she had asked me I——"

But a gentle touch of Aunt Hester's hand stopped Maud's self-satisfied words, and, though shaded by the screen, she could see that there was a pained expression on the sweet face they all loved so well. For Aunt Hester was a wonderful woman, ruling by influence and love rather than fear and command, who never dictated, rarely reproved by scolding, but who still left it quite clear what she thought right to be done, and how that was to be effected.

Little Mrs. Rodwell had very delicate health, and since she had returned from India had not been strong. Aunt Hester had lived for a long time with the children, but had been away during the last two years, during which time they had run very wild, and Mrs. Rodwell was glad that Aunt Hester was again with them. It was more the twins who wanted guiding than the others, for the boys were generally at school, and Amabel was a docile pet of a child. Nothing more was said, and soon the curtains were drawn, and they had tea.

During the evening Dora and Maud had several little disputes. They both wanted to send their mother a drawing, and having chosen the same subject, neither would yield to the other, until they became quite cross, and called each other "selfish" and "unkind." The words caught Aunt Hester's ears, and, though she rarely interfered, as the twins came to say good-night she held them for a moment near her.

"Children, I don't like to hear you calling each other selfish," she said, gently.

"But it 's true," said Maud.

"Maud *is* selfish," said Dora.

A curious smile passed over Aunt Hester's face as she said, "Did you ever hear of the pot calling the kettle black?"

The children laughed.

"Why, how absurd, when the pot was black itself!" said Dora.

"But what has it to do with us?" asked Maud, practically.

"I will leave you to find out," said Aunt Hester. "Now, good night. It is late, and you must go to bed, so as to be up early, and begin your birthday well. Fourteen to-morrow! Dear me, what big girls!

And thoroughly puzzled to know why Aunt Hester had referred to the old story of the pot and the kettle, the twins went off to bed.

They were alike in disposition as in face, and alike on another point of greater importance by far than these. Both had some months ago been led to their Saviour, to find in Him all they needed; and now, earnest and true, they were really desirous of living out the life of the better part they had chosen.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

126. Quote a passage which shows the degraded condition into which man had fallen prior to the Flood.

127. In what words does St. John show that charity towards our neighbours is a necessary consequence of our love towards God?

128. In what district is the garden of Eden supposed to have been situated?

129. Before the building of Samaria where was the chief residence of the kings of Israel?

130. Of what country was the wife of Joseph?

131. Besides the letters of the apostles to the various Churches, from what sources of information did the Christians obtain their instruction? Quote passage.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 336.

114. The woman of Samaria in her conversation with our blessed Lord (John iv. 20).

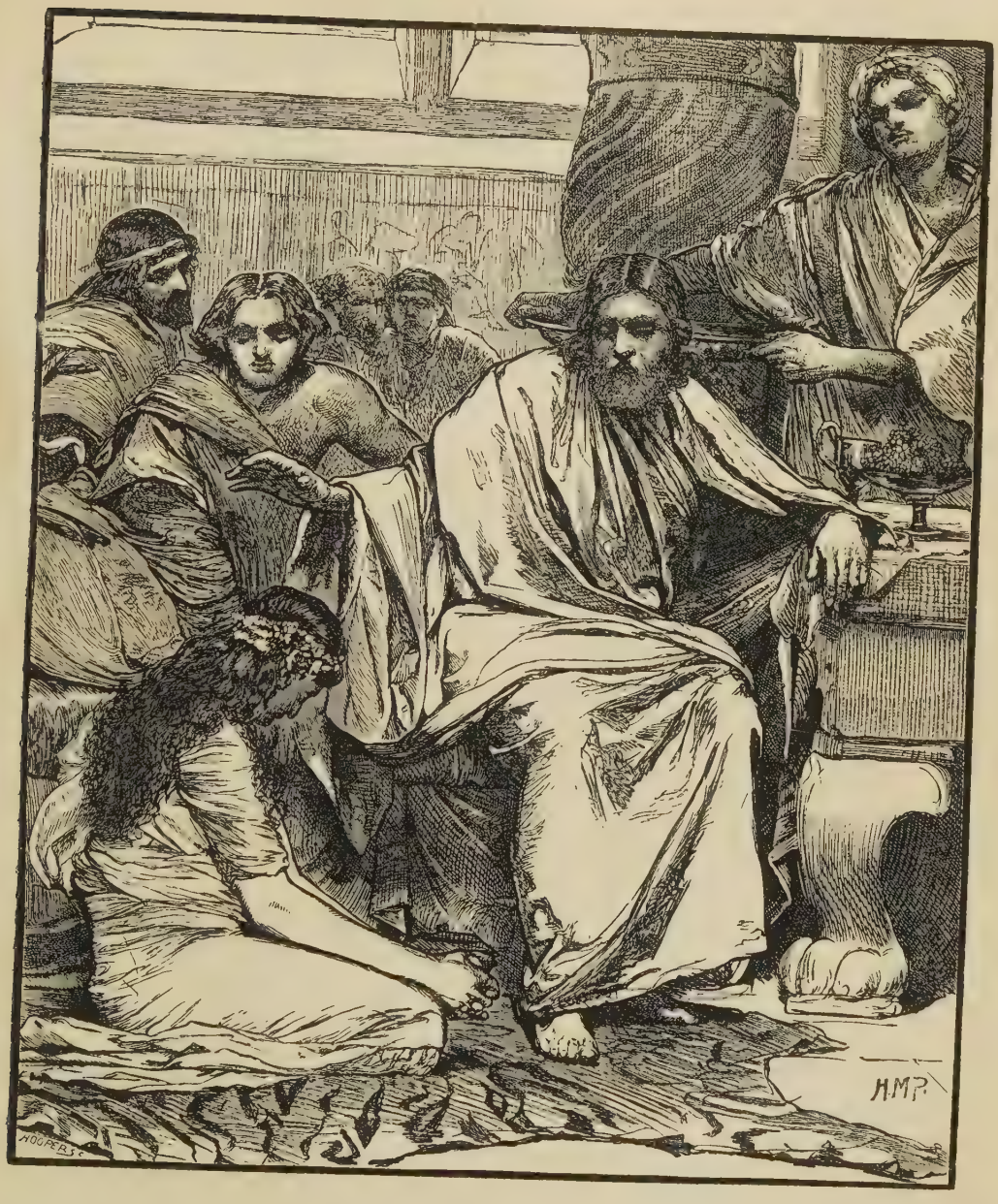
115. The opposition which was made to the erection of the second Temple (Neh. ii. 10—20; vii. 1—4).

116. A Jezreelite, whom Ahab caused to be stoned to death, that so he might obtain possession of his land (1 Kings xxi. 1—13).

117. Because he set up two golden calves, the one at Bethel, and the other at Dan, (the two extremities of his kingdom) in order to draw the people away from the worship of God at Jerusalem (1 Kings xii. 26—33).

118. The tribe of Ephraim (Judges xii. 5, 6).

119. The chief ruler of the synagogue at Corinth, whom St. Paul converted to Christianity (Acts xviii. 7—11).



THE PRAYER OF FAITH.

SHE kissed, she bathed the Saviour's feet
With tears, she wiped them with her hair;
Bowed down with grief, the faith was sweet
That filled her heart with prayer.

They looked, reclining at their ease,
And knew her, and their scorn increased;
The haughty Scribes and Pharisees,
They watched Him at the feast.

For their self-righteous souls sufficed
The scorn that would as lightning fall;
O Friend of sinners, Jesus Christ,
Thy grace is free for all!

He speaks in pardon. Who but He
Could so confirm the faith that trod
In paths that turned from misery
And sin, and turned to God?

J. R. E.

HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST IN THE WINNING," "FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE."

CHAPTER I.

MRS. GRADDON'S PERPLEXITIES.

MR. GRADDON'S chaise was at the door, the high-stepping grey horse—for which many of the neighbouring squires envied him—was eager to be off, and Mr. Graddon, who besides his legitimate avocation as builder, dealt largely in timber, and was now going with his foreman to look at some elms that had been offered him, had only paused on the threshold to write down an order for one of his men. But as he searched his pocket for an old envelope whereon to pencil it, he came upon a letter that brought a perplexed look to his handsome, pleasant face.

Dismissing the carpenter, and shouting a request to the foreman already seated in the trap to drive slowly on till he overtook him, Mr. Graddon went back into the house, crossed the hall, and pushed open the door of the cool shady parlour that looked into the garden.

He knew he should find his wife there, for it was the hour when the younger children took their after-dinner nap, and she could sit down with her work-basket beside her, and sew or rest a while. Mrs. Graddon used to think that she should not be able to get through the day if it were not for this refreshing interval, for she was far from strong, and her cares were many. There were six children—besides the busy little maiden of ten summers now sitting on a low chair beside her own, absorbed in her first attempt at crewel work—two of whom inherited her own delicacy of constitution, while the others—including baby—were healthy noisy boys, whose boisterous frolics and hairbreadth 'scapes kept the house in an uproar and their nervous mother in a state of chronic alarm from morning till night.

Mr. Graddon, loud, hearty, and robust, like his boys, did not see that his fragile wife's needlework lay on her knee, and her eyes had closed, till his loud slam of the door had startled and awakened her.

"Asleep, Mary? I'm sorry I came in, but I quite forgot till a minute ago that I had not shown you this."

He threw the letter into her lap, putting his hand on hers as she would have unfolded it, with a hasty—

"No, don't read it till I'm gone, for I'm in a hurry, and the writing's not very legible. It's from poor Collis's widow—Collis, my old schoolfellow, who has just died at San Francisco. You remember"—seeing by her confused air that she did *not* remember—"I told you how his lawyer called on me to say that he had willed the guardianship of his little girl to me. I must have mentioned it to you at the time, Mary."

"Perhaps you did," she acquiesced, doubtfully, "but——

"Oh well, dear, if it did slip my memory in the hurry of business, it doesn't signify, does it? Why people fix on me to look after their children I can't imagine," Mr. Graddon added, partly flattered, partly irritated; "as if I hadn't enough of my own! This is the second time within a year or two: first my cousin John's boy is thrown on my hands, then Collis singles me out—but you'll read the letter, Mary, and I know you'll do what you can to make poor Mrs. Collis comfortable."

"Is she in England? Is she coming here?" asked Mrs. Graddon, now sitting upright and speaking in a tone that made her husband turn back at the door.

"Why, yes; I fancy I asked her to make our house her home till she could decide where to settle down. I couldn't very well do less, could I? Very stupid of me not to have named this to you sooner. But the mischief is that she's quite the invalid, as you'll see by what she says: hopes to live till she has confided her child to us, but case incurable according to doctors. However, you'll find it all in the letter, and I know you'll do your best for this poor creature as you always do for every one, eh, love?"

Mrs. Graddon smiled as she raised her face for her husband's kiss; it was pleasant to know that his faith in her abilities was unbounded, but after he had turned away, she sat thinking so long and soberly, that at last Winnie, who had been a silent but interested auditor of the conversation between her parents, ventured to speak.

"Are you sorry this Mrs. Collis is coming to us, mamma?"

"Yes and no, dear. I shall be glad to help papa comfort her in her trouble, but I'm afraid this isn't the best of places for an invalid to come to."

"She might get better, mamma; I did when I had the fever, and papa said it was all owing to your good nursing. Now if you nurse Mrs. Collis as you did me——"

Her mother laughed as she leaned forward and pressed her lips to Winnie's upturned face.

"I'm afraid, little daughter, I'm not as skilful as you fancy me. But it isn't the attendance Mrs. Collis requires that makes me feel anxious, though it does trouble me, too, for cook and Jane have quite enough to do already, and so has nurse ; I am wondering how she will be able to bear the noise of the little ones."

"They will be very good, mamma, if I tell them there is a poor sick lady in the house," Winnie asserted, confidently.

"Yes, but will they be very quiet? The house is so small and the nursery so close to the bed-room she will have to occupy——"

And then Mrs. Graddon found herself wishing for that new wing projected soon after Winnie's birth, but the building of which had been so often deferred to some more convenient time, that she had ceased to hope for its accomplishment. That convenient season had never arrived, not from any want of will on the part of her energetic spouse, but simply because his business had always kept his men fully employed. For some years past Mr. Graddon had established a name in the trade as one of the most successful and conscientious builders of churches and chapels in his own and the adjacent counties. It was his speciality ; he took an honest pride in his work, superintending it himself, and submitting occasionally to a heavy loss rather than lose his character for using the best materials and giving all in his employ a fair day's wage for a fair day's labour. And as honesty, in spite of the sneers sometimes levelled at the old proverb, does undoubtedly prove the best policy in the long run, Mr. Graddon's men were always able to make full time, and their master's balance at the bank steadily increased, the only inconvenience being that his wife had still to content herself with the old-fashioned square-built house just beyond the High Street to which he had taken her at the close of their honeymoon.

"Winnie, darling," she said, presently, to her little daughter, who had returned to her work, and was exulting over the plum-coloured rose growing under her fingers, "I have a good thought. You shall go to Mrs. Parnell for me, and ask her if she will have the boys at her cottage for a week or two, as she did when you and your sisters were ill. We could manage baby and the twins if the others were away."

"I wish I was a boy too!" sighed Winnie, for the proposition set before her eyes a score of pleasures in which she could have no share. The widow Parnell's cottage was on the southern side of the hills that rose beyond the town, and stood on the verge of a wild wide piece of waste land, known as Enford Green—a spot delightful to children for its thymy hillocks, its short thick sward, its shallow duck-ponds, a fir copse or two at one extremity, at the other a regular thicket of brambles, on which grew blackberries larger and juicier than could be found anywhere else ; and—best of all in the opinion of Winnie and her brothers—there were a couple of disused gravel-pits not deep enough to be dangerous, and therefore capable of being converted into such castles, such fortifications and Alpine heights, as town children never beheld.

Mahala Parnell had been a servant in the house of Mrs. Graddon's parents, and had always retained her affection and admiration for her young mistress, though the latter lost sight of her for some years, a foolish attachment having led to Mahala's marriage with a stranger. When she came back to her native place she was a widow with two children, whom she supported by her unflagging industry. Mrs. Parnell could get up fine linen, so she took in a little washing ; she was handy with her needle, so she made dresses for her poorer neighbours and the servants of her richer ones ; she could grow vegetables in her neat garden, and keep bees, finding ready sale for her early peas and her honey ; and when all other work failed, there was generally something to be done for the farmers—weeding, or stone-picking, or hop-tying—and always a few pounds to be earned in the autumn in the hop-gardens amidst which the town was situated.

It was here Winnie Graddon and her attendant found the widow presiding over a huge basket warranted to hold seven bushels of the green, crispy hops she was plucking from under and amongst their rough green leaves. This she was doing with a celerity only to be acquired by practice, keeping at the same time a watchful eye over Ann and 'Lisbeth, who were similarly employed at a smaller basket, which they were bound to fill a certain number of times in the course of the day. Mrs. Parnell's once fair skin had been browned and reddened by exposure to all weathers, and the ugly calico sun-bonnet perched on her head was anything but becoming ; but the face that expanded into smiles as Winnie came tripping up one of the green vistas was so honest and good-natured, though it had no claim to be called anything else, that everyone liked it.

Leaving Jane to gossip with an acquaintance who hailed her as she passed, Mrs. Graddon's little daughter repeated her mother's message, listened heedfully to the widow's assurance that she should be proud and happy to have the charge of the children, "'specially as there was the bed-room she 'd been thinking of letting to help off with the rent all clean and ready," and then gazed around her with eager interest.

CHAPTER II.

THE BOY FROM LONDON.

WHEN Winnie's eyes had been feasted long enough, and her thoughts came back to the widow Parnell, who had been winking and frowning at her round-eyed open-mouthed children for staring at the young lady, she petitioned to be allowed to help till Jane, who was in the full tide of picking and gossiping, was ready to return home. With many injunctions not to let the juice of the hops stain her pretty

cambric frock, she was supplied with some of the finest bunches within reach, and it was while she was daintily plucking them off one by one that she discovered she was not the only stranger at Mrs. Parnell's basket. As far from the rest as he could station himself there stood a pale thin lad, very little taller than herself, though he must have been at least three or four years her senior. He worked steadily but awkwardly, as if unused to such employment, and while the widow's little girls, like the other children around, chattered and laughed, and wrangled, he neither spoke nor looked up.

A yellowish-green round frock, such as our field labourers commonly wore some years since, but the use of which the younger ones, at all events, are discarding, had been cut down to be nearer his size, but, as allowance had been made for his growth, it hung about him in clumsy folds, and the sleeves were continually slipping over hands that were too white and slender for a country urchin's; and when he was sent to fetch one of the poles he walked as though the weight of the large hob-nailed shoes he wore was as strange to him as it was unpleasant.

Winnie had cast two or three inquisitive glances at the silent or sullen lad, and as soon as he was out of hearing she whispered an inquiry, which the widow answered aloud.

"Who 's he, missie? Why, Percy Gray. Aint that a name to give a boy—Percy! I don't believe it 's a proper Chrissen name, but his father were a printer, and mought hae found it in one o' the books he made. He 's uncle Dan'l's boy, his nephy; leastways his nephy's son. You mind (remember) old Dan'l, don't ye?"

Yes, Winnie had heard her father speak of Daniel Gray as one of those shrewd, active men whose indomitable energy and perseverance render them remarkable in their generation. The son of a labourer, and reared in extreme poverty and ignorance, he had worked his way to something like independence. The first few pounds he amassed were spent in the purchase of a piece of waste land beside Enford Green; on this his own hands had at odd times erected a hut, in which he lived, improving it whenever he was able, till, by slow degrees, the mere hovel became a decent cottage. While this change was progressing in his dwelling, the acre of ground roughly fenced in around it became a well stocked productive garden; the one pig, bought for a mere song when believed to be dying, had given place to half a dozen; a couple of cows, for whose milk their owner found a ready sale in the town, picked up the greater part of their maintenance on the green, and no one reared such chickens or possessed more prolific hens than old Daniel. His neighbours said that he must be growing rich, but if he was he gave no signs of it. He still wore his round frock and leather gaiters, still carried his milk to his customers, and took his eggs and butter to market himself, made no change in his frugal mode of living, and, eschewing matrimony, dwelt alone in his cottage by the green side.

"Yes," said Mrs. Parnell, nodding good-humouredly to the lad, who, on finding himself the subject of her discourse, hung his head more dejectedly than before. "He 's uncle Dan'l's boy now, and when he gets into uncle's ways, and have got regular work he'll do capitable—won't ye, Percy? He 's just picking along with we till he can get taken on at one of the farms. He 's a deal to learn, for he have come from London, missie."

"He do clip his words off so funny!" tittered one of the widow's little girls, "and he didn't know what a herny-gurny (a snail) meant."

"Nor a mosy" (toad), chimed in the other, contemptuously; "and he hadn't never seen taters growing, and he couldn't tell which was ducks and which was gooses when he see them swimming in the pond!"

"Our Hann! our Lisburth!" cried the mother, severely; "hold your silence, and scratt off them hops. The boy can't know what he haven't learned. Don't you mind 'em, Percy; you 'll do well enough by-and-by."

Still Percy neither answered nor raised his head; and Mrs. Parnell, pleased to have something to tell, began to relate his history to Winnie. Not being endowed with much delicacy of feeling, she talked aloud, and referred ever and anon to the lad himself. She never saw, though the more observant little girl soon detected it, that those thin white fingers were trembling violently; she never saw how once, as she came to the most exciting part of her narrative, Percy Gray clutched the side of the basket to steady himself, and looked up for a moment, his lips parted, as if he were gasping for breath, and his eyes dim with the hot tears he was ashamed to let these strangers see him weep.

But, all unconscious of the agony she was inflicting, Mrs. Parnell talked on. Percy's father had been employed for years in one of the largest printing offices in the metropolis as a pressman, and had resided in one of the streets on the Surrey side of Blackfriars Bridge. There the calamity had overtaken him that made his boy an orphan, dependent on the only relative he had. In careless security the little family went to rest one night; they knew that the couple occupying the rooms below their own were of dissipated habits, but it never entered their heads to take any precautions against accidents. In the dead of the night a candle left burning, or a match dropped on the floor, ignited some paper, and it was not till the fire had made rapid advance that a policeman, going his rounds, observed volumes of smoke issuing from the windows.

Only those who have witnessed such scenes know how difficult it is to arouse the sleepers in a burning house. The miserable cause of the accident, a half-intoxicated woman, was dragged out of the flames frightfully burned, to end her wasted life in a hospital, and Percy, who slept on a sofa in a front room, was rescued by the aid of a fire-escape; but when the courageous firemen contrived to make their way

into the chamber where his parents slept, the smoke had done its work. His father appeared to have started from his slumbers, and tried to reach the window beneath which his lifeless body was found; but Mrs. Gray, with her baby on her arm, had died apparently without a struggle or a pang.

Percy was not the only sufferer by Mrs. Parnell's narration. Winnie, an imaginative and sensitive child, writhed as she listened, and when the widow, gloating, as women of her class often do, over the terrible or sensational, began to heighten her description with morbid details, her auditor could endure it no longer.

"Oh, don't tell me any more! Pray don't tell me any more! Oh, poor, poor Percy!"

Mrs. Parnell's children gaped in astonishment, and Jane came running up to know what Miss Winnie was crying for, and propose their departure. The little girl lingered for a minute or two, apparently listening, while Mrs. Parnell repeated the message she was to carry; but she was wishing the while that she could say something to comfort the lad, whose grief she alone seemed able to understand. Winnie was chilled and saddened by the tale she had heard to an extent a more heedless child could never have known. Some person had once thoughtlessly said in her hearing that Mrs. Graddon was not long for this world; and whenever that lady looked more fragile than usual, or was forced to be on the sofa with nervous headache, the prediction recurred to the mind of her little daughter; for children's memories are tenacious, and some of the impressions made upon their young minds sink very deeply. Should she, Winnie asked herself, with a shiver—should she ever be motherless and fatherless like this boy, deprived in a single night, and under such frightful circumstances, of those nearest and dearest to her?

Winnie's tears fell faster as this idea presented itself; and Jane was hurrying her away, when Percy came stumbling and shambling towards them. More self-possessed than a country boy would have been, he held out a little basket, asking if the young lady would like to have it.

His only pet, a little tortoiseshell guinea-pig, given to him by a kindly costermonger when he was leaving London, as a token of sympathy, nestled within the basket. Old Daniel had grumbled at the idea of keeping a creature that could not be fattened for eating, and Percy had been careful to carry it into the hop-grounds with him daily, for fear it should be destroyed in his absence.

Winnie took all dumb creatures into her affections. and her rapturous delight when she saw this one lasted till long after the now impatient Jane had led her away. It was not till it was too late that Winnie remembered she had not spoken a word of thanks to the shy and silent donor. The little brothers went to Mrs. Parnell's in due course, remaining there till the invited guest of the Graddons had succumbed to disease, leaving her only child to their care; and they came home rosier, but, their mother secretly thought, noisier than ever, to talk frequently of old Dan'l's boy. In his leisure hours he had woven rush baskets for them, constructed dams and bridges over a tiny brooklet, and taught them to make rude but ingenious stands for mamma's flower-pots, of moss and fir-cones. But the autumn had gone and the new year set in before Winnie herself encountered Percy Gray again.

The day was frosty but invigorating, and the barrenness of the earth was hidden by a slight sprinkling of snow, when the lad, still struggling with his uncouth smock-frock and huge heavy boots, stood with hands folded on the top bar of a gate and his chin resting upon them.

It was drawing towards sunset, and Percy was both cold and hungry, his discomfort making itself felt more keenly as he glanced to where, some few hundred yards away, he could see the smoke curling up briskly from the chimney of Mrs. Parnell's cottage.

It was his home now, for at the commencement of the winter old Daniel had proposed himself to the widow as her lodger. It would be cheaper, he averred, to rent her spare room and let his own cottage to a good tenant, especially as he was burdened with a boy who had always been used to be molly-coddled and waited on.

As he stood there staring vacantly at the setting sun, his thoughts flew away, as they had often done before, to the old home in London, where he had been so busy, so merry, and so tenderly beloved. It had only been a couple of rooms, up weary flights of stairs, and in a street so narrow that a very small strip of the sky was visible between the houses. Yet how cosy it had been! How strong the contrast between the bare walls and "bricks for the floor" of Mrs. Parnell's cottage, and his parent's sitting-room, with its neat engravings hanging around, the cheap but well-chosen ornaments on the mantelpiece, the well-filled bookshelves on which his father prided himself, and the air of comfort his mother's taste and industry imparted to all her surroundings. Looking back at these things it was difficult to believe that he was the same Percy Gray he had then known. How happy they had been—his father and he, his active cheerful mother, and the baby sister, of whose beauty and precocity they all were so proud! Generally these memories were soothing ones, for time soon reconciles the young to their greatest losses, and Percy was wont to beguile many a lonely hour in recalling the features of his parents and some little simple pleasure he had enjoyed with them; but to-day his recollections irritated him; he was in trouble, and there was no mother to act as the mediator, no kind sensible father to help him out of his difficulties. He was very miserable, very desolate; all the petty annoyances he had been subjected to since old Daniel brought him from London came surging into his mind, paining him far more keenly now than when they actually occurred.

He was out of place, and he knew it. There had

been nothing to soften the sudden change to which he had been subjected, and as the grief that rendered him apathetic wore off, the more trivial vexations, hitherto unheeded, were beginning to prick and sting him sharply.

His musings were interrupted by the prattle of merry voices. A pony chaise was coming up the steep lane, and Percy, listlessly turning to look at it, suddenly stood erect, with brightening eyes, for the pretty rosy face of the girl sitting beside the driver was the face of Winnie Graddon.

(*To be continued.*)

SILENT PREACHERS;

OR, NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS USED IN THE TEACHING OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

CROSS. Ever since the death of our blessed Lord the Cross has been a "silent preacher" to the world of Christians. Even the mention of it preaches to us of the love of Christ, as manifested in the sufferings which for our sakes He willingly endured, and calls us to live our lives mindful of those sufferings and worthy of that love.

But in addition to this teaching, which the Cross would in itself suggest to us, we find mention of it made by our Lord on more than one occasion for the purpose of enforcing other lessons on the Christian.

In St. Matt. x. 38, when the apostles were receiving their instructions before going out upon their mission to work for Christ, He is recorded to have said to them, "He that taketh not his cross, and followeth after Me, is not worthy of me." Again, in St. Matt. xvi. 24, after He had foretold His coming suffering and death, and had rebuked St. Peter for suggesting that those sufferings might be avoided, He added, "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me."

It is possible that even at that time the bearing of pain and suffering was commonly referred to as "carrying the cross." Crucifixion was a Roman punishment, and the expression may have been adopted from the Romans by the Jews; but even so, we cannot suppose our Lord to have used the expression without a distinct reference to his own death, which he must have had constantly in view; and although this reference may not have been understood by the disciples, the mention of the Cross must always now send back the Christian's thoughts to that memorable Friday, when the God-man died to save the world from sin. We seem almost to forget that there was ever any other cross than that one, and we speak of *the* Crucifixion, as if no other besides the Saviour had ever undergone that punishment. There was a time, indeed, in the history of the Church, in which the followers of Christ had to face the possibility that the words of our Lord might find a literal application in their lives; and we know that of the twelve apostles to whom the words were spoken three at least were crucified. But to us (for whom there is little danger of martyrdom of any kind) the words of our Lord bring a message of warning and of comfort. They warn us that if we are in earnest in our efforts to live Christian lives, we shall meet with difficulties, both in ourselves and in the world; and they comfort us by reminding us that in *our* sufferings we are sharing the sufferings of Christ.

But the Cross is not only a sign of suffering, it is a sign of triumph too, for the death of Christ upon the cross—although it *seemed* like failure and defeat—was really a victory; for by death He overcame "him that had the power of death, that is the devil" (Heb. ii. 14). And so for us the road of suffering is the road to glory, the bearing of the cross is the preparation for the crown. And yet suffering does not *of itself* work good for the Christian soul; oftentimes it hardens the heart, and brings evil instead of good. There were two thieves crucified with our Lord, but the promise of paradise was not given to both. Therefore, the result of suffering on the soul depends upon the spirit in which it is endured; if it is regarded as an accident, or as a fate from which there is no escape, then no good is likely to come out of it; but if it is recognised as the voice of God speaking to the soul, as the best means of bringing us very near to Christ, then it will be likely to soften our hearts and make us more earnest in our prayers to God for help.

Let us, therefore, meet the sufferings of life in the spirit in which the Son of Man met His; and let us use them to wean our hearts from earth, and point our hopes to heaven, that having suffered here with Christ, we may hereafter be partakers of His glory.

CUMMIN. The reference to this plant in St. Matt. xxiii. 23, and the teaching intended by our Lord, has been sufficiently explained under ANISE, (see p. 12).

CUP. The references to a "cup" in the teaching of our Lord are twofold. On some occasions His use of the word is in its literal sense, on others He employs it figuratively.

I. A cup in the literal sense of the word is referred to in St. Matt. x. 42, whereby the promise is given, "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." This promise is for those whose position or circumstances in life gives them few (if any) opportunities of doing great things for Christ. Such persons need often to remind themselves that if there be first a willing mind the gift is accepted according

to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not (2 Cor. viii. 12). Those who do what they *can* for Christ, will be more favourably received by Him than those who do much greater things, but not to the limit of their power. The latter only give Him part, the former keep back nothing. This is the principle of the Lord's comparison between the widow who cast "two mites" and the rich men who cast "much" into the treasury (St. Mark xii. 41). The question, therefore, for the Christian, whether his opportunities for working for Christ are many or few, is, Have I used, and am I using, such opportunities as I have? Sometimes people are tempted to waste time regretting that they cannot do *much*, instead of considering what there is which they *can* do; these persons would do well to remember that if we do not use diligently the opportunities of doing a little which God has given us, it is not at all likely that we should make a good use of opportunities of doing great things if they were granted to us.

II. The *figurative* use of the word "cup" by our Lord appears in two different forms, and for the purpose of conveying two distinct lessons.

1. In rebuking the hypocrisy of the Pharisees, He says, "Woe unto you . . . . for ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess" (St. Matt. xxiii. 25). The point of this rebuke is very evident. A man would be very inconsistent who should take great care to have the outside of a drinking vessel clean while neglecting to cleanse the inside, and so allowing the contents to be defiled; for it is more important that what a man *partakes* of should be clean than that what he *looks* at should be clean. So in the religious life, the outward act is only the appearance, what is within is the reality; and it is therefore absurd for a man to make his acts religious while in his heart he is not serving God. The heart is the fountain, and if that be pure the acts which flow from it will, as a matter of course, be pure also. But the actions may be carefully guarded while the heart is all wrong. We are not, however, to understand our Lord as depreciating outward acts of religion except when they do not express the true condition of the heart. Just as in the case of the cup which he refers to, the only satisfactory condition would be that in which *both* inside and outside were made clean; so in the Christian the true condition is that in which the inner and the outer life agree, in which the outer life is good *because* the inner life is pure.

2. There is another use which our Lord makes of this figure, which perhaps is the one which most readily comes to our minds, that one, namely, by which he speaks of His own sufferings as the drinking of the contents of a cup. This use of the illustration is made chiefly in three passages. In St. Mark x. 35—37, it is related that two sons of Zebedee, James and John, came to ask their master that they might have the places of chief honour in His glory (or, as it is in St. Matthew xx. 21, "in Thy kingdom," meaning, no doubt, in the glorious kingdom to which He was to be exalted after the humiliation of His life on earth). The request was gently rebuked by our Lord, who said, "Ye know not what ye ask;" and then, instead of either granting or refusing their request, He asked them the question, "Can ye drink of the cup that I drink of? and be baptised with the baptism that I am baptised with?" His intention was to suggest to them what, perhaps, had not occurred to them, that a place of honour in the kingdom of heaven was not to be attained without much difficulty; that those who would be nearest to him in glory must be willing to suffer in the world as He had suffered. The answer to his question was, "We can." It was an answer given in the enthusiasm of the moment, without knowing all that it implied. And yet, when troubles came, there is sufficient evidence that they were courageously endured for Christ's sake. In the early chapters of the Acts of the Apostles we are given an account of the sufferings of St. John in company with St. Peter; and in Acts xii. 2 we are told of the martyrdom of St. James. No doubt, in the time of their trouble they often remembered their request and the warning of our Lord.

To us this conversation of Christ with His apostles brings much the same message as that which we have seen already to be contained in His reference to carrying the cross; it tells us, namely, that those who enter on the Christian life must not shrink from the sufferings which may come to them in consequence of their Christianity. We know as little as the apostles knew what the future has in store, but whatever it may bring us of pain, or suffering, or trouble, strengthened by the strength of God, we may face it without fear of being overcome; relying upon the help of His grace, we may say, not merely in a moment of enthusiasm, but in the contemplation of all the possibilities of the future, "we are able" to bear whatever He sees best to send us.

In the garden of Gethsemane our Lord again made use of this illustration—first in those well-known words of earnest prayer, "My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt" (St. Matt. xxvi. 39); and, afterwards, in rebuking St. Peter for using his sword in His defence—"Put up thy sword into thy sheath: the cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" There is something of encouragement for us in these words of our Lord; they show us that He felt His suffering keenly, that there was in His humanity a natural shrinking from pain, even though He was determined to bear it as the Father's will. We need not, therefore, be surprised if we do not find ourselves indifferent to the troubles of our lives; we need not even suppress the wish and prayer for deliverance, if only we pray also for the grace of God to make us contented with the result, and to wait patiently for deliverance until He sends it. The great apostle of the Gentiles has told us how in his life he followed the example of his Master in this as in other respects, joining together the wish to be re-

lieved from suffering with submission to the will of God—"There was given to me a thorn in the flesh. . . . For this thing I besought the Lord thrice that it might depart from me. And He said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me" (2 Cor. xii. 7). Thus the spirit of the Master appears in the servant, and thus we are taught the true attitude of the Christian in relation to troubles from which he naturally shrinks, but to which, for Christ's sake, he patiently submits, "wishing, not struggling, to be free."

DITCH. Upon two occasions (St. Matt. xv. 14, and St. Luke vi. 39) our Lord is recorded to have spoken the following words, which St. Luke calls a parable:—"If the blind lead the blind both shall fall into the ditch." The literal application of this saying (which from its repetition would seem to have been almost a proverb among the Jews) is evident, a blind man could not be a trustworthy guide, he would almost of necessity lead his companion wrong; walking on the road with a ditch on either hand, it would scarcely be possible for two blind men to avoid falling on one side or the other.

The spiritual application of this parable seems to be slightly different in St. Matthew's Gospel from that which is intended in the account in St. Luke's. In the former case our Lord was dealing with the Pharisees; they were blind themselves, inasmuch as they were unable to understand the true meaning of the law, and also, as a consequence of that misunderstanding, unable to receive the teaching of Christ; they had gone astray themselves, and were therefore unsafe guides for others, whom they would certainly mislead. In the latter instance our Lord was apparently addressing His disciples only, and it is in its relation to them that we must seek for the meaning of the parable. It was probably intended to remind them that as he was about to entrust to them the great work of teaching and guiding others, it was necessary first of all that they should learn from Him, and allow their lives to be guided by Him; if His teaching had not been used by them to regulate the practice of their own lives, their preaching to others would have been worse than useless.

This parable, therefore, in its twofold aspect has a lesson both for teachers and for learners: for the former it contains the obvious caution that those who wish to guide must take care that they know the way themselves; for the latter it has a warning, namely that they should be careful to compare the teaching they receive with the revealed will of God, and especially that they should not accept from the hands of their teachers a part of the truth as if it were the whole. Those who allowed the Pharisees to lead them need not have been blind to the mistakes of their leaders, and should have refused to follow their guiding; and we must be careful in the present day that we do not give heed to any who may distort the truth of God, or who put forward one part of it, however important, to the exclusion or obscuring of the rest.

THE WHITE ROSE OF WHITELAKE.

BY ANNE BEALE, AUTHOR OF "THE PENNANT FAMILY."

CHAPTER XLVII.

MERVYN IN TROUBLE.

MERVYN returned from Portsmouth more cantankerous than ever, and it was only by Rose's skilful management that the account of his visit to Llewellen, could be obtained at all. He said that he had seen next to nothing of his son, and almost wished he had not gone. He did not name Major Faithfull, so that she was doubtful if they had met, until Edwyna, in answer to one of her direct questions, was told that, of course he had seen him, but he had no great opinion of him, so he had not improved their acquaintance.

The fact was that Mervyn was out of health, and his affairs pressed heavily upon him. He had reached that unfortunate point when a man is tired of rowing against the tide, and resolves to let the current carry him whithersoever it will. But his depression served as an incentive to exertion to his womankind, and they strove hard to row against the stream. Rose roused herself to her customary spirits, and while her mind often wandered to India, she yet maintained a composure that sometimes alarmed her mother.

The war in India was sufficient anxiety without home troubles, and Llewellen's regiment no sooner reached the country than it was engaged in active service against the Sikhs under Lord Gough. Letters were consequently uncertain, and the newspapers were full of details that terrified friends.

"Why did you let the boy go?" was Mervyn's constant cry. "I wish I had apprenticed him to a trade—a blacksmith, for instance—then he would have been blackened, but not killed."

One day Mrs. Mervyn received a letter that greatly troubled her. Rose brought it to her, so that no one else was aware of it. She shut herself up in her room to read it; and, after due deliberation, she

"One man uprears
His joy upon another's tears."—*p.* 381.

summoned Rose, and communicated to her the nature of its contents. She had been crying, and looked excited.

"Rose," she began, "you must prepare yourself for a strange offer." (Poor Rose thought only of Major Faithfull.) "Some one that I knew before I was married proposes to introduce you into society. You would be thus placed on an equality with those who now consider you many degrees below them. When Major Faithfull returns you would have an opportunity of meeting him in the sphere in which he moves, and even in a circle above it. He would then be able to prove his attachment, as there could be no obstacle to your marriage."

"If he cannot surmount the obstacles that lie between us now, mother, I should not care to have them set aside in the way you propose," said Rose, proudly. "Am I asked to go amongst strangers that I may rise out of my own sphere?"

"Yes. The proposal has astonished me; for *I* have been allowed to remain where I am, unsolicited to change, while my children are favoured."

"Are these your relations, mother?"

Mrs. Mervyn hesitated, coloured, and then said, "Yes. My marriage with your father offended them. But I would rather still continue silent concerning them, unless you incline to accept this invitation, which would be undoubtedly to your advantage."

"Would it be to your and my father's advantage also?"

"That I have not considered. We desire no favours for ourselves, but for your good we would sacrifice much private feeling—at least I would."

"It could not be for my good, mother, to leave you and my father in sickness and sorrow. I would rather remain here, unless by going away I could relieve you both of this weight of trouble."

"You might sparkle with diamonds, have lovers of high degree, be the belle of a London season, be presented to our gracious Queen, be idolised, I believe."

Rose was dazzled for a moment. In spite of her declaration so lately made, her thoughts fled to Major Faithfull, and she reflected that thus they might at least meet again. Her mother watched her anxiously.

"Tell the friends or relations who have written to you that I will not leave my father sick, my mother sorrowing, and my sister lonely," she said at last. "I am much obliged to them for asking me, but I prefer continuing in the rank in which I was born, unless those I love best leave it with me."

"My darling, I knew you would say so!" cried Mrs. Mervyn, embracing her. "Write those words yourself, just as you have said them. Oh, Rose, you are fitted for the change they propose; but your father has been despised and your mother neglected! Rightly, perhaps, but too rigorously. And we are both proud, and so it has come to pass that we are what we are."

Rose sat down at her mother's little writing-table, and put on paper, as nearly as she could remember, the sentences she had spoken. She trembled as she wrote, but her resolution was not shaken. Her mother bade her add her signature of Rose Mervyn, and she did so. Then she heard her father calling for her loudly at the foot of the stairs.

Old Mr. Wynne wanted to see her. He had come personally to entreat her to return to his grandchildren. Mrs. Wynne had brought a governess from London, who did not keep them quiet, and, although Teddy had been sent to school, the little girls were not so obedient as under Rose's rule. She was repaid for her late decision by her father's taking the matter into his own hands.

"I cannot do without her," he said, testily. "We must all starve together, Squire. She is my right hand, and I can't consent to cut it off for anybody. I was never so ill in my life, and I don't think I shall ever get better."

"My dear friend, pray don't say so. You take too gloomy a view of things. What do you say, my dear young lady?" nervously ejaculated Mr. Wynne.

"I am very much obliged to you, but I cannot leave my father," was the reply.

"You will be quite one of the family; you shall have your own terms," continued Mr. Wynne.

"I would rather she were one of her own family," interrupted irritable Mervyn. "She ought never to have undertaken the position. It brought nothing but annoyance from beginning to end, and I don't believe any of our troubles would have happened if she had stopped at home."

Fortunately Mrs. Mervyn entered at this moment, and made Rose's excuses more politely. But it was finally settled that she should remain at home, for the present at least. Mr. Wynne was sadly disappointed, but he understood all the reasons better than was imagined, for he had heard all the gossip.

"You must do me one favour, Mervyn," he resumed, gently rubbing his hands. "You must allow me to decline taking your notice. I assure you nothing should persuade me to have any tenant at Llynhafod but you."

"They will soon carry me out if I stop on," replied Mervyn, despondingly. "I assure you I don't know where to turn for my next rent."

"Never mind. All will come right. The crops are very promising this year, and——"

"Never saw them worse in my life," interrupted Mervyn. And the squire left Llynhafod, consoled for his disappointment by having seen a man more nervous than himself.

A few weeks after these occurrences, as Rose and Edwyna were returning from the village, they were accosted by a stranger. They were just about to cross the stile into the fields that led to the lake.

"I am told there is a ruin in this neighbourhood," he said; "is it far off?"

"We are going past it, and can show you the way," replied prompt Edwyna.

"You would soon outstrip me," he returned, glanc-

ing from her to Rose. "Should I have to mount those hilly meadows?"

"Castel Llyn is by the lake, which lies amongst yonder wood," said Rose, pointing upwards.

"I am afraid that is too far for me," returned the stranger. He was an elderly man, and struck Rose as being not unlike Mr. Wynne, only his features were more marked, and his figure more erect. "Can one ride or drive to the ruin, and to the encampment, where, I am told, Rebecca and her children met?" he continued.

"You can ride more easily than drive. But there is a still shorter road at the bottom of the hill," replied Rose, pointing towards the village.

"Ah! I am staying at your 'Angler's Arms,'" he rejoined. "I dare-say I shall meet you both again. Thank you for your kind information; good morning," he said.

"Why doesn't he say good afternoon?" asked Edwyna, as he raised his hat and walked on towards the village. "He isn't half as nice as Major Faithfull was; but then he is very old."

"I liked his looks. He was such a gentleman," replied Rose.

"I am sure I hope we shall meet him, for it is horribly dull now they are all away. Even Edgar is as good as lost to us now he has his curacy, and father doesn't care for a joke now, and gets cross if I tease him, and you are as dull as the rest. I shall certainly improve my acquaintance with this old gentleman by going to the 'Angler's Arms' for a dobbin."

"He looks much too fastidious to join you," laughed Rose.

Edwyna, however, *did* manage to improve her acquaintance with the stranger, though not exactly in the way she threatened. Not being shy, she stopped to speak to him when she met him, and as he seemed eager for conversation, and made many inquiries concerning the neighbourhood, she made some way with him. His name was Le Marchant, and the landlord of the "Angler's Arms" declared that he must be "quite above the common," because he had a man-servant with a cockade, made a great fuss about his bed and his bath, and spent his money like a prince.

"I wish he would give us some," sighed Edwyna. "But he never goes to church, and Mr. Edwardes is thinking of admonishing him."

In the course of a few weeks even the high-spirited Edwyna was low and anxious, and forgot to seek her new friend. Her father became dangerously ill, and was wholly confined to his bed. There had, besides, been bad news from India. The battle of Chillianwallah had been fought, and the official account was that over 700 of the British had been killed, and double that number wounded. Although the loss of the Sikhs was still greater, these numbers sufficed to alarm friends at home, and the Mervyns feared that Llewellen might be amongst them. There was, moreover, a report that in the confusion, and owing to a misunderstanding of orders, a regiment of Light Dragoons had retreated, and another cavalry regiment fled, and all trembled lest one of these should be Major Faithfull's regiment—"Death rather than dishonour," was the feeling at Lynhafod.

Telegraphic communication had not been established at that time, so agonised friends at home had to wait for further details till the next mail. The battle took place on the 13th of January, 1849, and some of the enemy's shot had fallen close to the commander-in-chief, therefore it was no wonder that Mervyn, in the irritability of illness, gave up his son for lost.

It was now that Mrs. Mervyn's really high character displayed itself, and that Rose showed her courage and her devotion to her father. It is needless to say that they were supported and aided by their kind friend Mr. Edwardes, and that Egain evinced her gratitude by volunteering to assist. What made the case more painful was that Mr. Mervyn was constantly calling his family round him, because he believed the supreme moment to be arriving. He would credit no assurances that he was not actually dying. That he was in imminent danger of death was apparent to all, and not concealed by his kind friend, Dr. Jones, either from himself or his family. But he was not absolutely doomed; and Mr. Edwardes, while ministering to the wants of his soul, strove to encourage him to bodily exertion for the sake of his wife and children.

One good result of this extreme depression was a perfect understanding with his wife. He never ceased lamenting his irritating ways and words, and all she said concerning her own pride and reserve could not convince him that he had not been a bad husband.

"When I am gone your friends will see to you and the girls," he said to her one day, in an interval of comparative strength.

"It may yet please God to give you back to our prayers, love," she replied, suppressing her tears.

"You do not really wish me to recover?" he asked, pressing the hand that held his. "You would rather return to your proper position?"

"My position is and will ever be yours; and God knows that if you only regain even a portion of your health I will strive to be more loving, patient, and humble than I have ever been before. We do not know how much we love until separation threatens."

"Kiss me, my Eveline," he murmured, and as she bent over him he put his feeble arms about her neck, and strained her lips to his.

He had not called her by her Christian name before since the early days of their marriage.

Scenes such as these were of daily occurrence, sometimes in private, sometimes in the presence of Rose, whose tender heart was deeply affected by them. Edwyna was too impulsive to be much in the sick room, but she found vent for her emotion in poring over cookery books to discover some new dainty that might tempt her father to take nourishment.

She was on a vain search for an ingredient in one

of these condiments in the village shop when she was accosted by Mr. Le Marchant, who had seen her enter, and followed her in.

"I have not seen you for some time," he said. "I suppose you have been from home."

"No, I have not. I was never from home in my life but once. But my father is very ill, and we—we—don't like to leave him," replied Edwyna, breaking down.

"Come you, miss *fach*," said Pal the Shop. "He will be coming round. Dr. Jones is saying so."

"Pal says he will get better!" cried Edwyna, turning to Mr. Le Marchant. "Oh, sir, will you go to church and pray for him with all the congregation?"

"Do you love him so much?" asked the stranger.

"Love him! my own father? Of course I do!" she answered, aggrieved, even, at the question.

He turned, and hastily left the shop, much to Pal's annoyance, who had expected that he would make purchases.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

NEWS OF LLEWELLEN STRANGELY BROUGHT.

"I AM a long time dying," said Mervyn one day to his wife. "It seems as if I could not go until the Indian mail comes in with certain news of Llewellen. It must be due by this time."

"They say it has been delayed," replied Mrs. Mervyn, who dreaded while she longed for positive intelligence.

Then Egain came in, and crossed the room to Rose, who was sitting at work near the shaded window.

"Has Mrs. Johnnes heard from Alfred?" continued Mervyn. "I can feel for her now. 'Tis hard to be in doubt as to an only son. He wasn't so bad either, only wild and carried away. I'm sure I forgive him with all my heart, for I don't believe he meant me harm."

"I hope not, sir; I think not," said Egain. "It is the gentleman from the 'Angler's Arms,' and he asks for you," she added, when outside the door.

"A stranger, and at such a time! What can he want?" said Rose, going towards the sitting-room.

"Dr. Jones is in the dining-room, Miss Rose. May I go in, and ask him to come to Glynglâs when he has seen Mr. Mervyn?"

"Of course you may, Egain. I hope poor Mrs. Johnnes will be spared to see her son again. What trouble he has brought upon us all!"

"Oh, Miss Rose! Perhaps good may yet spring out of it. I believe it must, for you do not deserve it at his hands, and he was penitent."

"Forgive me, dear Egain. I did not mean to reproach him."

They went into the respective rooms. Rose found Mr. Le Marchant examining the drawings on the walls. He turned and bowed as she entered.

"I must apologise for my intrusion," he began, when they were both seated; "but I understand you have a brother in India engaged in this Sikh war. As I chance to have official intelligence that cannot reach you for a day or so, and as I am informed your father is very ill, I could not resist coming to tell you that Mervyn is not only safe, but has so distinguished himself that he has been promoted."

Rose uttered a cry, clasped her hands, and almost threw herself on her knees before the stranger in her sudden joy. "Thank God! I must go and tell my father. It may save his life!" she exclaimed.

"Wait a moment," he said, rising, and laying his hand on her shoulder. "Sudden joy kills as easily as sudden sorrow. I once nearly died of grief, and I know I could die of joy, were it to come to me."

She looked up at him, and saw a face so stern and calm that she could scarcely believe his words. She waited, for might there not yet be a sorrow that would nearly kill her?

"And my brother's regiment? What of the—the officers—what of the soldiers?" she asked with an effort.

"It has been sadly cut up, but behaved gloriously."

"Llewellen's kind friend—Major Faithfull?" she murmured.

"Ah, poor fellow. He is among the wounded, but is also reported to have behaved so gallantly that he is sure of promotion, if he survive. He deserves it. I know him. He has been supporting a widowed sister and three orphan nephews, who are off his hands now. What is the matter?"

The question was caused by another cry from Rose, louder and more bitter than the first.

"Nothing, nothing!" she replied, with the courage of one who would not choose to show her love and grief to a stranger. "But is he dangerously wounded?"

"Dangerously, but not mortally. I have the list."

He took some papers from his pocket, and having carefully concealed the address on the envelope, showed Rose a list of the killed and wounded. Too surely there were the words, "Major Faithfull—dangerously, but not mortally."

"I—I—will tell my mother," she said, staggering towards the door.

"Send me your younger sister meanwhile, and come back to me," he rejoined, with a voice of authority that even at that moment of pain surprised Rose.

"Our father is ill—dying, we fear," she cried, with a burst of grief no longer to be controlled. "Oh, sir, God bless you for your good news, it will at least comfort my poor mother!"

"Your mother!" he repeated in a loud, unnatural tone. "What of her? How is she?"

"In much grief and anxiety, but she bears up as she alone can. Oh, let me go to her!"

He opened the door, and she managed to reach the hall, where Edwyna was awaiting her.

"What does he want? What can he want?" she asked.

"You—you—go to him," stammered Rose.

Edwyna went gladly, while Rose tried to mount the stairs. She could not have done so had not Egain appeared, and helped her. They went into her room.

"It is all too much for you, dear Miss Rose," ejaculated Egain.

"No—no. It is only—good news!" said poor Rose. "If only mother would come, that I might tell her Llewellen is—is safe!"

"I will fetch her!" cried delighted Egain.

She went, leaving Rose to her joy and greater grief.

Mrs. Mervyn found her on her knees, but half lying across the bed.

"Rose, my darling, you must not give way. Dr. Jones does not think him worse. We are in God's hands."

"Oh yes, dear mother. It is—it is—it ought to be—only joy," replied Rose, getting up slowly. "Llewellen is safe. Neither killed nor even—wounded dangerously—like——"

"What do you mean, Rose?" asked her mother, starting back, and standing opposite her daughter as if transfixed.

"Sit down by me, mother, and I will—try—to tell you," she replied.

Mrs. Mervyn sat down, and Rose recounted, as calmly as she could, what had been told her.

"My merciful Father! I thank Thee. It is more than I deserve!" said Mrs. Mervyn, falling upon Rose's neck.

Who can wonder if, at such a moment, the mother thought only of her son and husband, and forgot him whom her child loved.

"It may save your father. We must tell him cautiously," said Mrs. Mervyn, when she had recovered some composure. "You will tell him best, my darling, having just heard it. I could not; there is no time to lose. I will go and thank this kind stranger for bringing us this good news! Good news!"

In this unusual excitement, and without further consideration, she hurried down-stairs.

Rose went to her father, but found him sleeping. Egain was with him, who withdrew as soon as she appeared, because she was expected to return to Glynglâs. Rose seated herself by his bedside, and was thankful to have a few moments of quiet solitude. She reproached herself for letting personal feeling overpower her at such a time; still, she thought, "I can but grieve for one so true and good, even while I rejoice for Llewellen. For, oh! I can never, never, forget him!"

Her tears flowed naturally, and then remembering their still greater anxiety for the parent uneasily slumbering near her, she knelt down and prayed for father—lover—brother—friends.

Meanwhile Edwyna had heard the glad news, and in her eager delight had been answering a variety of questions put to her by Mr. Le Marchant. She had poured out to him the grief they were all suffering from her father's state; the uncertain condition of his affairs since Rebecca's inroads; details of the fire, and Major Faithfull's part in it; and, finally, the courage and endurance of her mother.

"I suppose you have relations who are with you at such a time?" asked Mr. Le Marchant.

"I don't think we have a relation in the world. Father says he has cousins in New Zealand and Australia, but we have never seen them. He was an only son, you know. And mother never speaks of hers. Between ourselves, I don't think she ever had a father and mother."

Just at this moment her mother entered, who did not give herself time even to look at the stranger before she began to utter words of gratitude.

"Thank you for bringing such good news of my boy! It is life to me; it will perhaps give life to my husband. It is, indeed, good of you, a stranger, to take such interest in us."

She held out her hand in her eager thankfulness—she, the reserved, proud woman, who shook hands with no one whom she did not intimately know. But the offered hand was not taken. The stranger withdrew a little, and fixed his eyes upon her; she looked at him. She saw before her a white-haired, erect, distinguished-looking man; he saw a lady of middle age, pale, dark-haired, simply dressed, and with drooping figure.

"Eveline!"

"Father!"

These were the words they said, and no sooner were they uttered than Mrs. Mervyn fell fainting to the ground.

(*To be continued.*)

JOY AND SORROW.

WHO in the happy spring-time grieves
Over last autumn's faded leaves?
They lie unseen, unwept, below,
But from their dull decay they give
The flowers above that bloom and live
A brighter life and glow.

'Tis ever thus. One man uprears
His joy upon another's tears;
The widow, in her anguish sore,
Hears the glad voices on the stair
Of those who come to sojourn where
She has a home no more.

The corn that grows where brave men fall
Is broadly-bladed, rank, and tall;
And golden harvests long repay
The farmer with their high-heaped wains
For all the losses and the pains
He suffered from the fray.

That I may live some other dies,
E'en as I breathe the missile flies,
The knife is fleshed, the net is spread ;
At every meal death meets our face ;
O'er slaughtered innocents our grace
Is daily to be said.

And higher yet the law ascends ;
All men one precious death befriends ;
Pardon for all His murder buys ;
It speaks, and every fear is stilled ;
Upon His cross our hope we build,
And pass into the skies.

Spoiled, yet how rich—these bodies wrought
Into a fashion passing thought ;
As though the tyrant's dread embrace,
Relaxing in his own despite,
Must prove a triumph robe of light,
To every child of grace.

GEORGE S. OUTRAM, M.A.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. NEW SERIES. No. 7. SAUL'S DISOBEDIENCE.

Chapter to be read—1 *Sam. xv.*

INTRODUCTION. Must pass over some scenes in Saul's life, pick out most important, most useful to notice. Have seen him beginning reign well ; shall read to-day a sad story—disobedience to God. Remind of great nations near Israelites. How many were there? Of these seven Philistines seem to have been strongest, in south and west of Palestine. Saul and his son Jonathan had for a time conquered these (ch. xiv.), were now to be sent against another enemy.

I. THE COMMAND. (Read 1—9.) Who brought the message to Saul? As Samuel anointed him, charged also with God's command to him. Against whom was he to go? and why? Remind of Amalekites coming up against Israelites in Rephidim (Ex. xvii. 8), their attacking them unprovoked, the great battle, Moses on top of hill praying, Joshua in plain fighting, and what God had said about Amalek (ver. 14.) Nearly 500 years passed since then, but God's word cannot fail. Now time come to punish Amalek, and Saul is to do it. What was he to do? All the people, and even cattle, to be destroyed. Thus would their name, indeed, be blotted out (Ex. xvii. 14). Enemies of God's people were enemies of God. Who were told to depart? Shows merciful spirit on part of Saul—innocent not to be punished with guilty. Now the massacre begins ; 210,000 soldiers spread over the country, and spare none. What a fearful sight? But who was saved? Perhaps to show the king in triumph, perhaps reserved for some cruelty. What else was not destroyed? Kept back what was good ; could not make up their minds to destroy anything worth keeping. Why did Saul let people do so? Probably to please them, keep them in good humour, so let them have the spoil, thus disobeying the positive command.

II. THE REPROOF. (Read 11—23.) How did Samuel hear? What did God tell him? What had happened? How did Samuel take it? All night praying to God for Saul! No rejoicing over another's sin, only a desire that he should repent ; we shall see how his prayer was answered. Now Samuel comes to Saul. Picture the meeting, Saul's surprise at seeing him ; his quick words before Samuel says anything ; Samuel's grieved question ; Saul's answer. Notice his double excuse. (*a*) Upon whom does he throw the blame? But could not the king restrain the people? And (*b*) why does he say the cattle were spared? Was this true? And if it were true, was it right? So Samuel speaks gravely and sternly. Reminds him of his call to be king, and of this, God's first command to him. Why has he not obeyed? What does the king say again? Now what is Samuel's answer? Which is best, obedience or sacrifice? Rebellion against God's command is idolatry, putting self before God. This must be punished. What was the punishment? Already rejected! Yes, because so soon turned away from God.

III. THE PUNISHMENT. (Read 24—35.) What does Saul say? He confesses his sin, and shows its cause. No longer speaks of keeping cattle for sacrifice, states true cause—it was out of fear of the people. What does he ask Samuel to do? Surely Samuel will turn at once, and sacrifice! No, he does not see true repentance, only sorrow for consequences of sin, not for sin itself. Again repeats the sentence, and turns to go away. What does he do to Saul's mantle? What does this mean? We shall see in next lesson who this neighbour was. Once more what does Saul say? What does he urge now? Does not want to be disgraced before his people. This time Samuel consents ; sees Saul is really in earnest ; together they worship God. One more scene. God's word must be obeyed. There is a royal prisoner, he must be executed. Picture the scene ; the king brought from his prison, loaded with chains, led by guards ; his mournful words ; Samuel's stern answer ; the sword brought, the captive king solemnly put to death "before the Lord," as one of his enemies. So ended the nation of the Amalekites.

IV. THE LESSON. (1) *Implicit obedience.* Saul thought might obey in part only, and please himself and people as to the rest. This a common sin. Will try and please God, do what is right, but, cannot give up this, or do that. Remind of what St. James

says (James ii. 10) about offending in one point; ask for spirit of Christ, not do mine own will. (2) *Impossible to deceive God.* Saul lays blame on people, and professes a wish to sacrifice. God knew better. So often children make excuses; may deceive others, cannot deceive God. He knows exactly, and will call to account. Far better confess sin at once than add to it by false excuses. (3) *Service before sacrifice.* Sacrifice and worship the outward expression of devotion. God looks further. What is the life? all say prayers, do we truly obey? Let each ask himself, Am I doing God's will? pleasing myself or Him?

Questions to be answered.

1. Who were the Amalekites, and what had they done to Israel?
2. What prophecy had been made about them,?
3. How did Saul carry out God's command?
4. What double wrong excuse did he make?
5. How was he punished?
6. What lessons may we learn from the story?

THE POT AND THE KETTLE.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN. IN TWO PARTS.

CHAPTER II.

NO one was late for breakfast next morning. The twins were anxious to see what they would find in their plates, and the others joined cordially in the festival feeling that seemed specially to mark the birthday of the twins. There were several tempting-looking parcels done up in brown paper by their plates, and Aunt Hester, as she poured out the coffee, looked up now and then to watch the delighted faces of Dora and Maud.

Then, just as they sat down to breakfast, feeling far too excited to eat, and thinking Aunt Hester very matter-of-fact when she suggested they had better put their presents aside until later, the sharp rap of the postman was heard, and Biggins, the solemn-looking footman, brought in the letters.

Several more parcels for the twins, and a letter apiece from mamma. But mamma always wrote them each what they called a "goody" letter on their birthdays, and they put them aside, preferring to read them afterwards. Then, when breakfast was over, the twins, carrying all their presents, went up-stairs, Maud to her bed-room, and Dora to the school-room. Maud wanted to hang up at once the framed photograph, Aunt Hester's present to her, and Dora was anxious to try over at once a new piece of music that Harry had given her. So, for the moment, their mother's letters were forgotten, and in a few minutes they heard Aunt Hester calling them. She said that as it was such a fine bright day, with no fog to cloud the sky, that if they got ready at once she would take them all down to Windsor. The children tore up to get ready, and soon the whole party started off, Aunt Hester and four of the children crammed into a cab, and Harry delighting Dick by taking him in a hansom. They were soon at Paddington, and, arriving at Windsor, they had lunch, and then went over the castle.

It was a very pleasant day for them all, and, the weather being clear, they saw the view from the top of the tower very well.

In coming down the stairs, Amabel, whose little legs were very tired, slipped, and twisted her ankle, and it was with some difficulty that she managed to walk as far as the bookseller's shop, where they bought some photographs. They were a long time choosing, and it was nearly time for the afternoon service in St. George's Chapel before they had done. At last they were ready.

"Oh, but Amabel, what is to be done with her?" asked Maud. "She can't walk so far."

"She must stay here," said Aunt Hester. "And one of you must remain with her."

The boys had all three gone off for a walk in the park, and had agreed to meet their aunt and sisters in church.

"Can't she stay alone?" asked Dora.

"No, dear, she cannot. I would remain, but that I do not wish you to go by yourselves to the chapel."

"It is time to be going, ma'am," said the shopwoman, "if you wish to see over the monuments and all that before the service begins."

"I shall walk on, and one of you follow me," said Aunt Hester.

"Oh no, Aunt Hester; you must say which of us is to stay with Amabel."

But Aunt Hester shook her head. "No; but I will wait, if you like, for you."

"I will go to the chapel," said Dora, decidedly.

"So will I," said Maud.

"You can't both go, dears," their aunt reminded them; and then the shopwoman offered to look after Amabel if Mrs. King liked to go. But Amabel was shy, and looked so white and frightened that she could not be left. At the very idea of it she began to cry, in a way that was rather uncomplimentary to the shopwoman.

"I want so to hear the anthem!" said Dora.

"And I to see the Princess Charlotte's monument!" murmured Maud.

"Come, I can't wait," said their aunt, who began to think they would never decide.

"I do want to go!" said Dora.

"Go, then," said Maud; "but you are selfish, Dora, I must say."

"So are you, or you would not make such a fuss about staying," said Dora, and she walked off. As they went up to the chapel, Aunt Hester said,

"Dora, my dear child, I know you are trying to do right, and I am sure you ask God to help you. Do you ever ask Him to make you less selfish?"

"*Maud* is very selfish," said Dora.

"I am not speaking of Maud, but of you," said Aunt Hester. But Dora made no answer. When they were walking to the train, after service, Maud was with her aunt, and she began saying how unkind Dora was, and Aunt Hester said, very gently, that she thought they all had faults, against which they should struggle, and that not only Dora was selfish.

"But, Aunt Hester, I stayed to-day with Amabel!" said Maud, surprised.

"Yes; but was it graciously done?" asked Aunt Hester. "You know that in these little matters of yielding up one's will, and being unselfish, the way it is done adds grace to the action or spoils it altogether."

No more was said, as they were at the station, and soon were on their way back to London. Both the twins felt that their aunt misjudged them, and that their dear little mamma would never find such fault with them.

In turning out her pockets for the night Maud came upon her mother's unopened letter. She was alone, as Dora was with Amabel, and had not come up yet, so Maud broke the seal, and began reading it.

The letter began, "My dear child," and it was full of loving birthday wishes. Maud read them slowly, and then came upon a bit which she could not understand. "I hope, dear child, that you will begin this new year of your life with the earnest determination of fighting against the selfish spirit which I am so sorry to see so strong in you." Much more was said, and Maud, pausing, thought, "It *must* be a mistake, I am reading Dora's letter by mistake—how vexed she will be." Then looking at the envelope, she saw it was addressed to herself, "Miss Maud Rodwell, 9, Clifford Square, London, S.W."

"But it must be for Dora; mamma must have put the letters into wrong envelopes," said Maud. Then, without reading the rest, she folded the letter in two, and as she did so she caught her own name—"good-bye my dear little Maud."

It *must* be, then, for her! Maud's cheeks flushed as again she drew out the letter, and this time she was sure there was no mistake. Their mother, then, thought as Aunt Hester did. As she read it Dora entered. "I was reading mamma's letter in Amabel's room," said she, "but I did not finish it, as I am sure it must be for you. What mamma says does not apply to me."

It all seemed very absurd, but Maud was feeling much too sore to laugh. "The letter must be for you, Dora, for I—I thought just the same until I saw my name, and then was sure it was for me."

"But mamma tells me I am selfish," said Dora, "and I am sure I am not." Then, looking again at her letter, she found no mistake. It was for her.

The twins stood in their pretty room looking at each other; and then followed a long explanation, some serious talking, and that half hour, in which they became firm friends, was never forgotten by either.

The next evening they both went to Aunt Hester, and had a talk with her, and the supposed mistake about their mother's letters was told of.

"And, Aunt Hester," said Dora, simply, "we understand now what you meant about the pot and the kettle."

"Do you? I am glad of that," said Aunt Hester. "It is a homely illustration, but a good one."

"Yes," said Maud, "and for the future we are going to try and fight against our own faults, and not be judging each other."

"Ask God's help, dear children, and He will grant it you, for His blessed Son's sake."

The twins did do so. Day by day they learnt to know themselves better—their sins and failings—became more gentle and kind, judging others with greater caution, feeling that the very sins they see plainest in them may lurk unawares in their own hearts. Thus, when they are tempted to be harsh or intolerant, they remember Aunt Hester's old illustration, which had come so home to them, of the pot and the kettle.

L. E. D.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

132. In whose reign did the prophet Jehu live?

133. Which of the sons of Jeroboam died a natural death? and why?

134. What prophecy did Jeremiah give forth concerning Baruch his scribe?

135. Quote the words of St. Paul, in which he declares the equality of all men in the sight of God.

136. Which of the prophets is mentioned as being blind because of his great age?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 351.

120. 1 Cor. i. 14.

121. He was cup-bearer at his palace of Shushan (Neh. i. 11).

122. When he healed the cripple at Lystra, and when at the Island of Melita he suffered no harm from the bite of the viper (Acts xiv. 11, 12; and xxviii. 6).

123. To the ancient custom of passing chains or ropes round the hull of a vessel during a severe storm in order to prevent her being broken up by the action of the waves (Acts xxvii. 17).

124. That he "was slow of speech, and of a slow tongue" (Ex. iv. 10).

125. Aaron, his elder brother, because he could "speak well" (Ex. iv. 14).

"He painted this picture that it might speak to you."—*p.* 387.

THE NOBLER CHOICE.

"AIMEE, where are you? I want you."

"I am here, Bertie; come in. What do you want?"

"Put down those scraps, Aimée, they can wait till another time—I can't. I am angry. Look at me. What do I look like?"

"Your face is very red!" cried Aimée, laughing. "And your eyes so wild and fierce, for you."

"Don't I look terrible, Aimée?"

"Well, no," Aimée replied, shading her head, and looking up with an incredulous smile at the fair, gentle face of her companion.

"Determined, then?"

"Just a little."

"Obstinate?"

"Ah yes—perhaps."

"And is that all, Aimée? A red face, and eyes wild and fierce, *for me*. You cannot see in my face anything terrible, nor determined, only I look a little obstinate, perhaps."

As Bertie spoke he imitated perfectly the tones and gestures, even the peculiarity of speech, of the little French maiden.

"You do not console me, Aimée. If I thought I could frighten mamma with my terrible looks, I would go to her, and bluster and storm like Jacques does to his poor old mother, and say, "Hah, hah—I will—I will not—I won't—I shall; but if I do not frighten her she will punish me for being saucy, so I will not go."

"But, Bertie, wherefore would you frighten your good, your kind mother?"

"She has said a very bad thing of me," Bertie replied. "I am angry to think of it, it makes me hot and red. If she says it very often it will make me feel that I could run away."

"Oh, Bertie, for shame!" cried Aimée, reproachfully. "What did she say?"

"I was coming down-stairs," Bertie replied, pleased to have excited his little companion's interest, "and as I passed the *salon* I heard grandpapa say, 'What will you do with the boy?' and my mother said, 'He shall never be an artist.' I heard no more, for I was out of hearing then. But, Aimée, I was very angry, for I *will* be an artist, and I have told mamma so many times. It is very wicked of her to say I shan't, for I will never be anything else; and, if she doesn't have me taught, I will run off, and beg my way to the door of some great artist, and pray him to take me in, and let me be his pupil, as I have read one great painter did."

"Bertie, Bertie!" cried Aimée, soothingly, "how fast you go on! You are angry, and say angry words, which are not good words. Be patient, and always work hard, and when your good, your kind mamma will see you are clever to be an artist, she will change her words that you shall never be artist. It is many years to come yet."

"I know it is many years," Bertie replied; "and yet if she says already that I shall never be an artist, will she not say it always? But I will never be anything else. Grandpapa used to say that of poor papa, I have often heard mamma say; but *he would* be an artist, and so will I. You don't believe me, Aimée; but I mean it. If I am only twelve years old I am old enough to know that."

"Your papa had such misfortune," said Aimée, musingly. "He could not make the people give him the money. I have heard grandpapa say it, and he was weak and ill, and died. It is sad. Perhaps it is not good to be artist, Bertie."

"Aimée, you are going to turn against me!" cried Bertie, hotly. "Papa was weak and ill, and afraid of people. I am strong, and not afraid. They shall buy my pictures when I 'm a man, for I will paint wonderful ones, and they shall give me money. Then I will buy you pretty things, Aimée. You are my good little sister."

"Thank you, Bertie. And your good, your kind mamma?"

"I will let her live in my beautiful house, and buy her everything, if she lets me be an artist, but if not—then——"

"Ah, Bertie, still angry. It is not good of you. If I had a good, kind mamma I would not be angry at her, but I am a poor orphan. How I would love my mamma!"

"Come out and play, Aimée," cried Bertie. And the little girl went away from her cherished scrap-book with only a silent regret.

When they were tired of chasing each other through the large old-fashioned garden, with its shady arbours and pleasant avenues, they rested by the cool fountain, and watched the gay fish dart hither and thither in the clear water.

"Are you angry now, Bertie?" Aimée asked, smilingly.

"No, I have forgotten. You are my good little sister, Aimée. When I am a man I will put you in a beautiful picture."

"I am glad you have forgotten. Here is Madame coming after you. I will go back to my book."

"Bertie, dear," said a tall, fair lady, to whom the boy bore an unmistakable resemblance, "I have come to fetch you to see something you will be very pleased with. Come along with me."

Bertie followed his mother through the devious pathways into the house, along a long carpeted corridor to a closed door. Ever since Bertie had come with his mother to live in his grandfather's house, that door had never to his knowledge been unlocked. He knew why, very well. He had often heard from his grandfather's servants the sad story of his father's death, and how the room in which he had spent most of his last hours had been locked up and left untouched, only visited at times by his mother and grandfather. It was with a feeling of awe that Bertie followed his mother into the room, a quaint old atelier, such as might delight the heart of an artist. This, like many other rooms in the ancient French château, had a polished wooden floor, covered in places with warm bright rugs, and the deep wainscoting of oak was as black with age as that of a rare old cabinet which stood on one side, and the frames of the antique Venetian mirrors that adorned the pilastered walls. There, on one of the rugs, stood an easel, with a picture still upon it, and before it an empty chair, at the side a little table on which was laid an open Bible.

"Come here, my child," said Bertie's mother,

"and look at this picture, the last one your father ever painted, just before he died. He did it for you, Bertie. It was to have been hung in your nursery, for you were a little fellow then, but when your papa died, and we found this still on the easel—for he had never strength to begin another—your grandpapa and I agreed that it should remain there just as he left it, till you were old enough to value it properly. Do you see who the picture represents, Bertie?"

"Yes, mamma, the child Samuel, praying."

"Quite right, dear. Your father was very anxious that you should grow up to be a good obedient boy, and in time, if God spared you, an upright God-fearing man. He painted this picture that it might speak to you, and remind you of the duty of yielding cheerful obedience to your best friends, for he had very bitterly repented of one disobedient action in his own life. You will soon be thirteen years old, and on your birthday I shall give this picture into your own keeping, hoping that it may always speak to your heart the lessons your papa intended it should when he painted it."

Bertie stood gazing at the beautiful, life-like face of the child Samuel with looks of eager admiration, but presently his countenance became pensive and downcast.

"What is it, Bertie?" his mother asked, kindly.

"Mamma, why did you say I should never be an artist? I can never be anything else."

"I said you should never be an artist, Bertie, unless I could see that you had exceptional talent—that is to say, I would never otherwise allow you to make painting your profession—for of course you could always make it a pastime. And I say this for a good reason. It would only bring sorrow and disappointment to you all your life if you were allowed to give way to an idle ambition. But there is plenty of time yet. Rely upon me, Bertie, to do what is best for you, and remember that little Samuel went readily when he was called, though it was to hear sorrowful tidings."

"And perhaps you will let me be an artist, mamma? I am glad of that. I felt so angry when I thought you said I should never be."

Bertie's birthday came quickly, and the beautiful picture was hung up by the side of his bed. Aimée was called in to admire it, which she was very ready to do.

"It is vare beautiful, vare grand!" she said, enthusiastically. "It shall make you feel good when you look at it."

"Yes, Aimée; and must I not be an artist? is it not a splendid thing to make people feel good with your pictures?"

"Yes, Bertie; but not all the *artistes* can do that; only a vare few. There is one thing to be better than *artiste*. It is *ministre*. To save the poor souls in this gay country, and teach them the true faith, like our own good *ministre*. I would see you be that, Bertie."

As Bertie year after year gazed morning and night at the beautiful holy face of his father's Samuel, and grew to discern the earnest love which had guided his dying hand, the inanimate form seemed to speak to him as with a voice from another world, and as his mother's earnest teaching took deep root in his naturally gentle heart, there gradually sprang into life another desire, so deep and strong, that he could not decide which of his two cherished ambitions swayed him most strongly. Then his old friend and companion, formerly the adopted grandchild of his grandfather, now, since the old man's death, his mother's adopted daughter, came to his aid, and was, as of old, true to herself and him. "How grand to think you can give up something for God in making your good choice. Do not hesitate, dear brother."

So a day came when Bertie thanked God that he had not recklessly made choice of a path in life which would have prevented him from devoting himself heart and soul to the labours which have brought him a purer pleasure than any worldly success could have done; and he cannot think now he could ever have hoped to be satisfied with such a career as he once would have chosen.

Yet Bertie is an artist, too, and in his hours of recreation has painted the fair sweet faces of his sister Aimée and his proud, loving mother.

OUR LORD'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

BY THE REV. HENRY ALLON, D.D.

III.—HARMONIES AND USES—CARE AND ITS REMEDY.

MATT. vi. 24—34.

I HAVE spoken of this passage as a great philosophy of life; setting forth—first, the two treasures of a man, treasures on earth and treasures in heaven; both necessary, but not equal in value and importance; and next our proneness to false estimates of these, through—(1) unspirituality; and (2) false spirituality. Then the evil that is wrought in a man when he makes the earthly treasure his chief good, and sacrifices the heavenly treasure to it. (1) It perverts the affections, fixes the heart upon the inferior thing; (2) it confuses the moral judgment, disorders and disables the eye of the soul; (3) and it subjects the man to the terrible bondage of mammon.

It remains for us to see how the Divine Master harmonises the claims of the two treasures by insisting upon a true and high religious feeling. A true spiritual life will use all things spiritually. He sets our life and all its interests in a blaze of spiritual light, and teaches us not only what are the true estimates to be put upon the two treasures, but also what is the right religious conduct of a man in seeking them. The secular spirit manifests itself in two ways. First, in the sordidness which accumulates; and next, in the unbelief which distrusts. Both feelings spring from the same root of unspiritualness, but they are different in their expression.

Sometimes we say that sordidness is the sin of the rich man, and distrust the sin of the poor man; only the poor man may be very sordid, and the rich man trust in nothing but his money. Still, the distinction has some reason; and our Lord does seem to turn from the man who is laying up treasure to the man who is anxious about necessary food and raiment. Hence these verses have always been regarded as a poor man's homily, urging him to trust in God for all things necessary for him.

The two mottoes of these two sections of this religious philosophy of life are "treasure no treasures," and "taken no anxious thought." Both these injunctions our Lord urges by various arguments addressed to reason and to religious feeling. His arguments against making the pursuit of wealth supreme we have already considered; we have now to look at His reasons for rebuking over-anxious care. His tone is more gentle, His feeling is more sympathetic than His rebuke of the money-getters. His great inclusive position is, You have a Father in heaven, wise, pitiful, and tender, confide in Him; He gave you life, and ordained its conditions; He knows your need; He sustains the fowls of the air and the lilies; He has appointed the laws of things, and if you will put yourself in harmony with them, He will take care of you. Very wonderfully does our Lord put tender sympathy into His tones and arguments when speaking of a poor man's temptations to distrust. He himself was poor, "He had not where to lay his head," He knew what straitened circumstances were; He could sympathise with the fear of the industrious man as his employment began to fail, and with the desolateness of the widow left with her children penniless and helpless, and with the pitiful destitution of the orphan, the sore straits and temptations of the sempstress, of the artist, of the bankrupt, of the victims of waste and unthrift, such as every day make their piteous appeal to those who have known them in their plenty. Jesus cannot speak severely to sorrow and fear such as these. He cannot speak lightly. His words have meaning as well as tenderness. His prescription of trust in the Heavenly Father is intelligent as well as pious, wise and helpful as well as soothing; the greatest, truest words that have ever been spoken to men struggling with material necessities.

Our Lord's first injunction was "Treasure not up treasure;" His present injunction is, "Take no thought." I scarcely need say that He does not mean, as some have foolishly said, to prohibit either prudent provision in the one case, or wise care in the other. He does not thus recklessly war against either our human instincts, the dictates of both prudence and religion, and the express teachings of Scripture both Jewish and Christian. It is the great duty of life in all things to provide for the morrow. The education of children, the culture of faculty, the possibilities of marriage and children, the anticipation of sickness and weakness, the very laws of providence, which help only those who help themselves, all array themselves against an interpretation so preposterous as that our Lord is inculcating or countenancing improvidence.

The phrase, "take no thought," really means "be not over-anxious." There is a care for temporal things that is right, a prudent, self-controlling provision, which is needful in all circumstances and things of life. It is a religious duty to exercise foresight; it is religiously right to become rich, if God give us the opportunity, so long as we do it in righteous ways, and compatibly with religious benevolence. But, besides this rightful care, there is a wrongful care, which is distrustful, discontented, inordinate, restless, always suspicious, gloomy, irreligious, leading a man to do things that are practically unbelieving and resentful towards God. This is the care which our Lord prohibits—over-anxious, irreligious care. He speaks in a proverbial, Oriental way, as when He says, "Judge not that ye be not judged," "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." And he leaves the qualification to common sense. Only a fool will interpret a proverb or an apothegm as literally as a proposition. He means just what Paul means when he says, "Be careful for nothing." Do not care in such an anxious way as to poison life, and deny God's providence. This wrongful care begins only where rightful care ends; it is purely a matter of degree and of religious feeling. And this our Lord urges by various reasons, drawn, some of them from common sense, some from religious obligations, some from nature, some from the kingdom of God: the supreme thought being, God your Father careth for you.

I need not dwell upon the forms in which over-anxiety about temporal things will embody itself. For example, the restlessness, the disturbing solicitude, the gloomy apprehension that is often permitted to predominate in the man, the black care that sits at his heart; he is kept in perpetual disquiet through imagining the possibilities of evil. There is no limit to the possible calamities of life,

and if a man will be ever conjuring them up before him they will effectually destroy his peace.

Life has a thousand contingencies—it never runs in unvarying channels. No forecast can provide against all possibilities. Most great sorrows and joys of life come unexpectedly. The evil that we fear is not always the evil that comes. If it be, "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," why should it "torment us before the time?" why add the misery of presage to that of presence? "We die a thousand deaths in fearing one." An unquiet spirit, an uneasy restlessness, poisons all enjoyment; life is misused; the dread of losing renders us incapable of enjoyment.

One effect of which is an undue value attached to property, an over-eagerness in accumulation, in hoarding for the future. This tells, first, on the generosity of a man's spirit. He begins to grudge even necessary expenditure; he becomes stingy and hard; his family and servants begin to feel his parsimony. Life becomes an experiment how little he can do with. Then his charities are diminished. His bowels of compassion are shut up. No misery can touch him, or, if it does, he gives with qualms and regrets. He knows nothing of the generous self-forgetful joy of relieving.

Then the claims of religion are evaded. He becomes ingenious in reasons why he should not give; or why his contribution should be diminished. That men should remain ignorant, and perish, is little compared with the saving of his money. It is well if he maintain his strict honour in business, if he refrain from evasive representations and unfair advantage, and thus he becomes a hard, griping man. He has not much confidence in God's providence, and tries to make himself independent of it as soon as he can. Instead of permitting worldly cares thus to torment and demoralise you, marring your generosity of heart towards men and your trust towards God, "take no thought for these things;" check these undue anxieties, and trust yourself to your Heavenly Father's care.

1. The first argument by which our Lord urges this is the surpassing value of life. "Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?" The man is more than the things that he possesses. In God's order of things the living man stands first. God creates man to live; food and raiment are but ministers of life; it would defeat God's gift and purpose of life were necessary food and raiment not provided. God has ordained the subtle supplies of life, the material, the chemistry, the nurture of food. Life does not minister to food, food ministers to life. God has made life dependent upon food, and he will give us food to sustain it. Man's being is the gift of God, and food is the gift of God, and one is bestowed in order to sustain the other. If our life were the product of mere chance, there would be no certainty of life and food coming together; we could put no trust in God for the food that is to sustain it. As the giver of life, He will provide what is necessary for life. It is an argument not so much from the greater to the less, as from the end to the means. God has created you that you might live; He will, therefore, provide all things necessary for your life. The apostle employs the same kind of argument when he says about spiritual life, "He that spared not His only begotten Son, but delivered him up for us all, will, with Him also, freely give us all things." Having given us life, God has virtually pledged himself to its support.

In like manner we might reason from the soul to the body. It takes a body to sustain a soul. If God has made me a living soul he will sustain me in all things necessary for the existence of the soul. For the nurture of my soul my body must live. If, then, I can trust God with my soul, surely I can trust him with my body? And yet we often find it easier to trust God with our spiritual life than with our temporal life. We often feel less anxiety about pardon and holiness than we do about food and raiment; which simply shows the thorough hold upon us that temporal things have taken.

2. Over-anxiety is a practical distrust of the providence of our life, which even natural theology rebukes. God "clothes the grass of the field," and feeds the fowls of the air. The lily blooms in unconscious beauty; the bird carols in unthinking joy, neither sowing nor reaping; and yet He careth for them. He gives them more than is necessary for life; He lavishes upon them beauty and melody. "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Out of His rich full heart He adorns even these feeble insignificant creatures, which neither toil nor spin, which are without power of foresight or provision; they labour not, and yet they are fed. Whereas we, God's nobler creatures, can think of Him, and love Him, and fulfil His purposes, and provide for the morrow. We can both toil and spin; we need not live from hand to mouth; we may toil in blessed trust that He who made us capable of thought and toil will bless the work of our hands. We are greater than they by the prerogative of toil and trust. Every lily of the field is joyous in its beauty, every bird of the air is free in its song; shame on me if I pore and sorrow in gloomy care! To-day it blooms, to-morrow it will be dead grass; and this ephemeral life is cared for and beautified, the withering of to-morrow does not sadden the blooming of to-day. I, who am to live for ever a noble spiritual life, permit care to poison my life and demoralise it.

Nature itself has a gospel of providence for us; it can tell us of God's loving care and fatherhood. "All God's works praise Him." It is the book of the unlearned. We need not have recourse to learned argument, the museums of the curious, the phenomena of distant lands. How little our Lord makes use of learned authorities; the spar-

row in our eaves, the lily at our feet, we have only to consider them. How much more than their Maker's skill they demonstrate! how much more than science finds in them! We may hear praise in the melody of birds, read sermons in the beauty of flowers, "find tongues in trees;" see the benevolent care of the Creator in all the works of His hand; not in the revolutions of planets or the convulsions of Nature only, but in the whirr of a sparrow, the tinting of a lily. God takes care of them. It is an argument from the less to the greater. The eye of the Divine Preacher, standing in the sweet spring-time on the slope of the enamelled mount, glanced from earth to heaven. There flew the carolling birds, active, cheerful, happy, without care or fear, without granary or hoarded food, yet carolling as blithely as if the wealth of the world were theirs, folding their wings when the night shall deepen, and trustfully sleeping beneath the lustrous stars. "Your Father feedeth them." There grow the lilies, unconscious, without human ministry, unfolding a gorgeous beauty. God clothes them. "The eyes of all wait upon Thee; Thou givest them their meat in due season." "He giveth the beast his food, and the ravens when they cry." "He satisfieth the desires of every living thing."

"Are ye not much better than they?" *Potentially* better; creatures of larger capacity and capability. They, without reason, live by mere instinct; they, without faculty, neither sow nor reap, nor gather into barns, yet they are fed; they neither toil nor spin, they are capable of neither the labours of the husbandman nor the processes of the artist, yet they are clothed. *Economically* better, intended for nobler use. These are creatures for man's use; man is a creature for God's service. The beasts are given to him for food and service, the flowers for the adornment of his dwelling. Will the Creator care for the one and neglect the other? *Morally* better. They are "brutes that perish," grass that is gathered into the oven; we have reason, and will, and conscience, and soul; we can remember, imagine, love, live for ever; "we are His offspring." He has taught us more than the beasts of the field, made us wiser than the fowls of heaven. What comparison is there between the bird that sings and the man that listens? between the lily that unconsciously blooms and the man that thrills with delight at its beauty? "Shall he not much more clothe you?" Will you not rest—as free from care as the sleeping bird, the closing flower—waking, at the first touch of light, to bless His goodness and trust His care?

3. Another argument is the sheer inutility of inordinate care. "Which of you, by taking thought, can add one cubit to his stature?" The word for "stature" also means "age." "He is of age, ask him." The meaning is, Which of you by taking thought can prolong his life? To speak of adding a cubit—two English feet—to a man's height is ludicrous. Had this been the reference the addition would have been an inch or a handbreadth. Natural rules of rhetoric would have demanded this. It is more congruous to speak of adding a span to life. Sensible men hardly take thought about their stature; it does not greatly affect a man's happiness whether he be tall or short; men do care about lengthening their days. The argument, thus put, is pertinent and strong. If you cannot by your care prolong your life, how vain it is to care; do what you will you cannot lengthen it. Or it may be put the other way: how presumptuous is such care! it assumes a certainty of life; it is a boasting of to-morrow. A due impression of the uncertainty and dependence of life would abate undue anxiety about the providence of it; long before the anticipated evil comes you may be out of its reach, why disquiet yourself in vain? When men fight against the impossible, they simply wound and disable themselves; they disorder their own vision with their morbid feelings, and things do not look to them as they are. When fear stands on the watch-tower there is only a disquieted life for a man; he is tormented with shadows, imaginations, and superstitions; the fear of evil is often far worse than evil itself.

4. Another argument which our Lord urges is the paganism of over-anxiety. It proceeds upon a heathenish conception of God, and prompts heathenish littleness and carnality of feeling. Instead of the grand conception of God as the universal Father, we fall into an unavowed conception of Him as having the limitations or the waywardness of heathen deities. We live and act on infidel principles, losing sight of God's fatherly care; we rely upon our own poor and fitful striving, and sacrifice our peace and well-being; we fancy that we could govern the world better than He, like him who thought he could drive the chariot of the sun and set the world on fire. It would be a strange world were every man his own providence.

What a nobler, more restful feeling, to be assured of His divine power and love—that no snare can entrap, no entanglements crush, no evil harm us; "no man is able to pluck them out of my hand!"

It is a Gentile seeking, it is not Christian trust. We know not the care that watches, the love that provides, the calm confidence of His heavenly fatherhood. What is it but a Gentile seeking so to mind the things of the flesh?—"Let us eat and drink, to morrow we die"—to permit this world to bound our consciousness and hope? We do not "commit our way unto the Lord." We are men of "little faith."

5. And, lastly, our Lord urges that over anxiety is a gratuitous anticipation of evil. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." We need not

borrow to-morrow's trouble to torment us to-day; each day has its own sufficient anxieties and burdens. It will not lighten the burdens of to-morrow to anticipate them to-day, while certainly it increases those we to-day bear; the burdens of the day are sufficient for the day, the bias and temptation to worldliness sufficiently strong, the disquieting forces and solicitudes quite enough.

In many ways such forebodings work disastrously; they make piety and faith more difficult, they disqualify rest and joy, we conjure up a prophecy of evil to disquiet our peace. God's promise is for to-day, "As thy days thy strength shall be." We discount to-morrow, our prayer is, "Give us bread for to-morrow."

Evil itself is often far less than the anticipation of it; the morbid fear that forecasts evil also exaggerates it; the cloud that hangs round the mountain side is blacker when seen from below than when we enter it above. When evils come they bring their unforeseen alleviations; fear is always more than endurance.

If the evil come it will bring its own bitterness, why anticipate it? why add the torment of imagination to that of endurance? why surrender the calm serene joy of to-day for the possibilities of the morrow?

The evil may never come at all; the cloud may roll away to the horizon; why torment oneself about what may never happen? No ordination of God's love is greater than that which makes the future to be unknown and undiscoverable; and no dictate of piety is more obvious than that which enjoins us to trust, where He knows and we do not.

So far from a disparagement of prudent care, it is the wisest of all teachings. Do what ordinary wisdom suggests to prepare for the morrow, and then trustfully leave it in the heavenly Father's hand. This lifts life to a high level; it harmonises man's care and God's control; Providence becomes a piety, wise worldly care is married to restful faith.

The practical application of the whole is to put the highest things first, to "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," serve, honour, love God supremely. Let right doing be the supreme determination of life, and whatever is needful for living to do right shall be added. Hunger may kill a man just as disease may; that may be God's appointed method of his death, which is determined by higher and broader reasons than mere enjoyment; neither affects the broad doctrine of providence, or the general truth that God does for us whatever is best. "Blessed are they who trust."

HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST IN THE WINNING," "FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE."

CHAPTER III.

A DISPUTED POINT.

WHEN Mr. Graddon first set up in business he had received valuable aid from a kinsman, a kind-hearted, thoughtless spendthrift, whose generosity to himself he remembered when John Averne's reckless expenditure had so impoverished him that his last hours were tortured with anxiety for the future of his son. Mr. Graddon not only promised to look after the boy, but he fulfilled that pledge nobly. He gathered together the wreck of Mr. Averne's property, invested it for his son Marmaduke's benefit, and charged himself with the boy's education. He should not, he contended, miss the small yearly sum this would cost him; and if Marmaduke's few hundreds were suffered to accumulate, they would enable him to enter one of the professions.

"Or if Duke should belie his name, and prove humble-minded," Mr. Graddon said to his wife, half in jest, half in earnest, "he shall come into the business as junior partner, and marry Winnie."

"I don't like to hear you speak in that strain," Mrs. Graddon replied, with a pained look. "Winnie is a child, and you must not forget that we have boys of our own."

"Yes; but it will be years before they can be of any assistance to me; and Duke promises to have a good head for figures, and to be a clever draughtsman."

Mrs. Graddon shook her head slightly, and said no more.

But it was holiday-time now, and Duke, having exhausted all other amusements, had obtained permission from his guardian to use the pony and chaise in which Mrs. Graddon sometimes drove herself and Winnie along the lanes in the summer.

Winnie had gladly accepted his offer to take her with him, and Henrietta (or Hattie) Collis, muffled in so many wraps and veils and rugs that Duke compared her to a mummy, was tucked into the back seat by Mr. Graddon, who had found her in the nursery eating the bon-bons in the purchase of which all her pocket-money was spent, and pouting over the lad's peremptory refusal to be hampered with a girl who was always sticky.

The youthful driver had not been permitted to start till sundry injunctions to be careful, &c., had been given to him; but Duke was too confident of

his own skill to pay any heed to them, and his incessant jerks at the reins, and fleckings of the whip, made the ordinarily-quiet pony so fidgety that Hattie screamed more than once, and Winnie lost all pleasure in the drive, and heartily wished herself at home again.

The gate over which Percy Gray was leaning barred the lane, and he had moved aside to unlatch it before the loud "Hi, you fellow there! let us through, will you?" had been fully uttered.

But Winnie's voice arrested him. Her fears lent her courage to oppose any extension of their drive.

"Am I to open it, Miss Winnie?" asked Percy, his colour rising.

"Oh no! no!" she cried, as she recognised him. "Turn the pony's head, please, that we may go home."

But Duke jerked the pony round himself in a manner that made that much-exasperated animal prance and jib, while Hattie screamed again till she choked herself with a lozenge, and Winnie grew pale with terror.

"It's the last time I shall trouble myself to take a couple of girls out!" Duke proclaimed, when Jerry had been reduced to passive endurance once more. "Catch hold of the reins, Win, I'm going to give that chap a drubbing. If he had done as he was told we should have been through the gate and half a mile ahead before you could help yourself, and we should not have had this bother."

In spite of Winnie's expostulations he jumped out of the chaise, and, with his hand upraised in a threatening manner, advanced upon Percy. The latter, although about his own age, was no match for him in size or strength; besides, Duke, fresh from a public school, had come off victor in sundry encounters, and was proud of his skill, and confident of an easy victory.

For a moment Percy cowered before the stronger lad, feeling that he must take his punishment patiently; but as Duke came nearer a spirit of resistance suddenly sprung up within him, and, darting forward, he intercepted the attack, planting a blow in the chest of his would-be assailant that made him stagger back.

Before the astonished Duke could recover himself Winnie's arms were around him, but whether her threat to tell papa if he persisted in fighting would have had any effect it is impossible to say, for Jerry, finding himself at liberty, set off down the hill. Alarmed on Hattie's account, away went both the cousins in pursuit, and Percy turned his steps homeward. His courage and his faith in himself were reviving. The encounter had, though as yet he knew it not, sown the seeds of a resolve, a purpose, that when fully wrought out must make or mar his life.

With his pulses still beating quickly he walked into the cottage. Daniel Gray, hale and upright despite his silver hairs and advancing years, sat in his wicker elbow-chair beside the fire, his surly-tempered dog at his feet, while Mrs. Parnell bustled about the table, waiting first on her lodger, then on herself and her children, and good-naturedly setting aside a wedge of the bread she had been baking for Percy, who had not learned to accustom himself to the pork and bacon, of which the lean was always the minimum when cooked for his uncle.

"Now, lad," said the old man, sharply, as soon as he crossed the threshold, "eat your victuals, go across to the cow-house, make all right there, chop Mrs. Parnell wood enough for the morning, grease your boots, and then to bed. It's only wasting fire and candle to sit up, and you must be at your work in good time in the morning."

But Percy did not take his accustomed place; he even, in spite of his hunger, turned his eyes away from the savoury new bread Mrs. Parnell pushed towards him, and manfully faced his uncle.

"There's no work for me to go to in the morning," he said; "Mr. Evans has discharged me."

Old Daniel turned upon him sharply. "Done what; sacked you? Then I know what for. You've been loitering of errands to see the gentry skate on the lake in the park."

"No; I've not been on any errands to-day. It was because Tom the carter told the master I was idle, and no use to him."

"Tom Warner said that!" and old Daniel's stern gaze travelled slowly from the boy to the fire, and back again. "What made him? eh! what made him? You're stupid and ha'nt the strength of a rat, but I ha'nt seen you idle yet. Why did he call you that?"

Percy hesitated a little, and then answered, "I offended him last night. He wanted me to carry a bag of oats to his cottage for him, and I said I wouldn't.

"Because they were the master's?"

Percy assented, and old Daniel rubbed his hands together with relaxing brows.

"If you had done it, my lad, if you had lent yourself to thieving, I'd have made ye repent it. I can drive a sharp bargain with any man, but it shall never be said that me or mine took what wasn't their own. Sit down, and eat your supper. I'm not angry now I know the rights of it, and there's more work to be had than old Evans'. I did hear that they're wanting a chap at the Court farm. May-be I'll see some o' their people in the market to-morrow, and I'll speak for you."

To his intense surprise Percy walked up to him, and timidly laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Uncle, don't send me to farm-work any more! I can't do it; I hate it. I'd rather, yes, I'd rather run away to sea!"

A sudden hush fell on the cottage. The children left off eating to stare at the bold speaker, Mrs. Parnell set down the cup she had just raised to her lips, and Daniel Gray drew himself farther away that he might have a fuller view of his nephew's agitated countenance.

"What d'ye say? not send ye to work? What

"'I'm afeared Master Jack's badly hurted,' said Willie McBride."—*p.* 399.

then? Do ye want to sit in the sun twiddling your thumbs all day? Your father worked for his living like an honest man."

"But not in the fields. Oh, uncle, he meant to make something better of me than a carter or a ploughman; he did, indeed!"

"If it's your pride that's in the way," retorted the old man, "I'd like to know in what you're better than me. I've led the horses at plough and harrow when I were scarcely tall enough to reach their heads, and what am I the worse for it?"

"Aye, master," interposed Mrs. Parnell; "but you wouldn't liken a poor peaky lad like Percy to yourself. There aint many men could compare with you."

She was unceremoniously told to hold her tongue; but the flattery had softened Daniel Gray, and in gentler tones he inquired what his nephew wanted to be at.

"If you'd only send me to school, as father did, till ——"

But an angry exclamation drowned the rest of the sentence.

"School! Why, I never went to school in my life! and, what's more, I don't hold with it. I can set my name to a receipt, and that's enough for any man. If I've earned my own living and a little more without book learning, why should you have any? I can teach you all you want to know out o' my own head. Go along with ye, and take your supper; I earned that for ye without a book to tell me how to do it. The first man God made lived by the sweat of his brow, and so must you, lad, if you don't want to fall out with your only friend, and that's me."

Percy sat down, and tried to swallow his bread, but he was choking. Must he be content to walk all his life long in the steps of the dogged old labourer, whose ideas were centred in his pigs, his cows, and his poultry?

Old Daniel watched him silently, but with gloomy looks. He, too, had a disappointment to endure, and it irritated him. His heart had warmed towards the boy when he saw him suddenly bereaved of both parents, and he had brought him to his own home, fully expecting that Percy's gratitude would make him eager to enter into his plans, and form himself on his uncle's model.

Presently Percy got up, and in the customary hopeless, indifferent way, went about the tasks alloted to him, and then, slipping off his heavy boots, said his good-night.

"Shall ye be here in the morning?" asked old Daniel, jeeringly. "Best lock the cupboard to-night, mistress, or my gentleman will be helping himself when he gets up at daybreak to begin his runaway journey. He's going to sea, ye know. He looks as if he were cut out for sailoring, don't he?"

Percy crept away without answering, and feigned to be asleep when the old man came up-stairs soon after. But he was roused with a rough shake.

"I don't know, lad," said Daniel, deliberately, as he stood over him—"I don't know whether to give ye your own way or a thrashing; but I've a mind to see how far your whim'll carry ye, so to school you shall go. It mought be as well that one or t'other of us should know how to read and write a letter, and if you could do it you'd be able to take care that I wasn't cheated."

Percy was too thankful for this permission to cavil at the motives that dictated it, though his delight abated considerably when he found that it was only the evening school he was to attend, his uncle declaring that as he had just rented another piece of land he could find him plenty to do during the day.

Enford Green was nearly two miles from the parochial school, and Daniel gave his nephew an inquiring look as he reminded him of this. Would he have perseverance enough to tramp the distance in all weathers?

If he let this chance slip he might never have another; and, conquering his fears, he cried, resolutely, "I'll do it, uncle!" And, to the astonishment and annoyance of the old man, he kept his word.

The school fee was never taken out of old Daniel's pocket without a sigh and an exclamation of surprise at his own weakness in parting with it, and his wrath rose higher than ever when Percy ventured to ask for the few elementary works he would have to study.

"Give an inch, and some folks is sure to take an ell. I ha' let you go to school, and now I mun set you up with a libery (library)! When you'd got that, you want a palace built to put it in. No, no; I ha' done too much, and I'll do no more. 'Taint in nature that I should let all my earnings be wasted for the fads of a headstrong boy! If you mun have books, borrow of them that's more money than wit."

Percy looked downcast, but he knew it was useless expostulating, and he went on for another week, learning his lessons whenever a good-natured schoolfellow would lend him a book, and at other times submitting to be considered an indolent pupil.

At the expiration of that term, however, old Daniel flung down before him a very ancient-looking volume, saying, "There, if you mun have books, here's one for ye. It cost a shilling, and that's more than I ever thought to spend on a thing that's no good to me."

"Well, where's your manners?" he queried, when Percy turned the pages over and over with perplexed looks. "Aren't ye going to say thank ye for it?"

"Oh yes, I'm very much obliged, but—but it's Latin, and I haven't learned any."

"Latting! What's that? You don't mean to say they've been cheating me? I asked the man at the second-hand shop for school books, and he showed me a dozen, all the same price, and this was the biggest and best. What's Latting? Nothing wrong, is it?"

Percy explained to the best of his ability, and after a great deal of self-communing, Daniel decided that the way to make the best of a bad bargain would be

for his nephew to go with him to the shop, and change the Delectus for the book he really wanted.

And so the months went on, and summer came again, and Percy Gray had undergone a change both mentally and bodily. The regular living—of which milk and oatmeal formed such large components—and the clear pure air he breathed, gave him strength for the labours exacted from him; and however hard and uncongenial they might prove, there was always the evening to look forward to. For some time the schoolmaster had taken but little notice of the pale lad in the uncouth round frock and battered felt hat, but when he found that Percy was intelligent to a far greater degree than his companions, he treated him with more consideration, and gave him a little assistance in his studies.

Then, again, not all the troubles of the week could spoil the boy's enjoyment of the day of rest. He could generally time his walk to church so as to catch a sight of Winnie Graddon walking there between her father and mother, and by taking a circuitous route he could pass Mr. Graddon's house, and, through a crack in the garden pales, watch the younger children as they clustered round their parents. It was Percy's only glimpse of a more intellectual life than the one he was leading, and he never tired of gazing at the refined, gentle mother and the bright little daughter who clung about her so caressingly.

It was during these stolen peeps that Percy Gray's steadfast purpose took stronger root. As yet it was but a dream, but it would not be one always.

CHAPTER IV.

ANOTHER STEP TAKEN.

THE first check to the lad's content came when the evening school was closed, and he proudly displayed a prize volume given to him for regular attendance. Old Daniel was too staunch to his own opinions to admit that he was gratified at his nephew's good fortune, and though he condescended to observe that it was as smart a book as ever he'd seen in a shop window, he added an expression of thankfulness that the school was closed.

"So that's done with now, and there'll be no more waste of good shoe-leather."

"Oh, but uncle!" cried Percy, anxiously. "Mr. Simpson, the master—he's very kind, you know—Mr. Simpson says it's a pity I should lose what I've learnt, and he don't mind helping me for an hour twice a week if I'll go down to his house. He don't want to be paid for it, and so you'll let me, won't you?"

Uncle Daniel made no direct answer, but, fumbling in his pocket, produced a piece of newspaper, and, unfolding it, asked his nephew if he could get through this, hard words and all, and no shirking.

Proud to display his accomplishment Percy laughed, and read aloud a long paragraph, stopping now and then in obedience to his distrustful hearer, who made him point out where he was, and spell over some of the polysyllables he pronounced so glibly.

"Now, on your word and honour, have you said it off just as it was printed?" he was asked; "or is this a bit you have learned by heart?"

When assured that no deception had been practised upon him, his uncle sent Percy to a neighbour's to borrow a pen and ink, and then, standing over him the while, in his jealous dread that his ignorance might be played upon, he desired the boy to write down his (the old man's) name.

When this was done, Percy was rewarded with a nod of approval.

"Yes, that's right enough. There's the D for Dan'l, and the G for Gray. I should like 'em better, though, if you made 'em bolder—more like my own. But they'll do. I'm satisfied, and so mun you be. As for any more school going, if you can read the news and write your name you can't want more."

"Then you'll not let me accept Mr. Simpson's offer, uncle?"

The answer was a very decided negative; and for a little while Percy moped about and lost heart, but Daniel Gray was quicker to detect this than he used to be, and irritably demanded the cause.

"Ha'nt you cost me enough? What do ye want to be at now?"

"If I told you, uncle, I'm afraid you'd be angry."

"May-be, but out with it," said Daniel, tersely.

Percy cleared his throat, and desperately broke the ice.

"Father always said he'd apprentice me. I would dearly like to be a carpenter if Mr. Graddon would take me into his shop."

The old man's brows lowered.

"You would, would ye! Then you'd better go and ask him, and bid him tell ye where the money's to come from for tools—saws, and planes, and hammers, and chisels—you could manage perhaps with ten or twelve pounds' worth."

Percy was silenced for a while, but just as old Daniel was exulting in having knocked this extravagant notion on the head, the lad exclaimed, "Go and ask Mr. Graddon! I will, yes I will! and I'll offer to work for him for nothing until I'm out of his debt. Mrs. Parnell says he's a kind-hearted man, and he might listen to me."

"You'll do no such thing," he was sharply told. "Master Graddon 'd laugh at you, and I should be the scoff of his workmen; they'd set it all over the town that Dan'l Gray can't afford to buy a few tools to start his boy in his 'prenticeship. If Mr. Graddon do agree to have you I suppose I mun do the rest."

"And you will ask him, uncle? You'll go and see him?"

The proposition was angrily scouted. Little by little the old man had relinquished all his own wishes, but it was never without reluctance; and though he had consented to open his purse, the promise cost him such a struggle that for days he was so ill-humoured that even Mrs. Parnell was afraid to speak to him, while Percy was kept in

continued dread lest the promise should be retracted.

The widow saw this, and gave him a piece of advice. "If you are going to ask Mr. Graddon to take you as 'prentice, just you go and have done with it. Dan'l will be easier in his mind when he knows it's past altering."

Away went Percy immediately. His uncle was too busy to miss him for the next hour or two, and if the deed was done at all it must be done while his own courage was screwed to the sticking place. The workmen would have gone to their dinners by the time he reached the builder's yard, and he would not therefore be exposed to their curious looks and remarks. He knew the way to the office, and if he could intercept Mr. Graddon there, his errand could be achieved with but little trouble.

But his timid tap at the office door was answered by Duke Averne, who had been hurt in a cricket match at school, and sent home to be nursed.

When Percy had told his errand, and was heard with a burst of mocking laughter, his mortification became intolerable.

"Let's see, said Duke, lolling against the door-post, and surveying him with all the consequence of a saucy school-boy, "you're the lout who was rude to me in the lane one day; you wouldn't suit here. We take none but respectable lads in our firm. Mr. Graddon's out, and you can go home again, hobnails."

"Who is it, Duke?" asked a girl's voice, and Winnie peeped over his shoulder. "Why did you say papa isn't here? he's in his own little room."

"Never mind, he won't thank us to disturb him; he'll not care to come and speak to such a boy as this. Do you hear, hobnails? you've had your answer; be off with you!"

"But it 's Percy Gray!" cried Winnie, as the face of the exasperated, humiliated lad, was turned towards her, and she saw something in his eyes that evoked her quick sympathies. "Oh, don't let him go till papa 's seen him!"

But Percy did not stay to hear the effect of Winnie's remonstrance; choking with shame, longing to retaliate but conscious of his inability to do so, he was rushing away, when some one took hold of his shoulder, and in spite of his passionate struggles, forcibly detained him.

(To be continued.)

THE MANY-STRINGED LUTE:

THOUGHTS ON THE SPIRIT AND TEACHING OF THE PSALMS.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, D.D., RECTOR OF ST. OLAVE'S, SOUTHWARK.

PSALMS OF SORROW AND CONTRITION.

"O that thus our eyes were resting
Evermore on Christ our King;
Until conscience lose its burden,
Life its load, and death its sting!"

RELIGION may be defined as "the relationship subsisting between God and man, and the intercourse established on such relationship." We propose to review this intercourse with God in the light of our belief in the forgiveness of sins. Man is a sinner; he continually sins. He must be forgiven, or else there is for him no salvation. There are three essential elements included in the subject of pardon of sin. (1) The sin must be felt and sorrowed over; (2) The sin thus felt must be confessed; and (3) the sin thus felt and confessed must be departed from. Either God must take His course and deal otherwise with evil than with good, or else man must avail himself of the means suggested and provided for the return of the soul to God. And as sin is a thing to repent of, to confess, and to forsake, so, first of all, there must be sorrow and contrition; and thence through the onward and upward stages of the prodigal's return to his father's home.

And this is set forth clearly and distinctly in the Holy Scriptures, and, perhaps, most of all in the Book of Psalms. Here, indeed, are deep searchings of heart; and into those experiences, down into "the depths," we would conduct our readers to-day, and then "out of the depths" will they "cry unto the Lord" (Ps. cxxx. 1). The Psalms are not all songs, in the usual meaning of that word. There are penitential psalms, psalms of sorrow and contrition, psalms of confession of sin to God, when the soul is brought low, "in the dust," "cast down," and sore "discomfited." And it is well it should be so; if only to prepare us for the harps and trumpets and songs of the redeemed in heaven, we do well to practise the deeper notes of human sorrow and repentance. And the Psalmist's own table of contents includes both. "I will sing of *mercy* and *judgment*: unto Thee, O Lord, will I sing" (Ps. ci. 1). There are twenty, at least, of the psalms which were evidently written under deep heaviness of soul, and under the heart-searching discipline of God's dealings with the Psalmist. To some of these we propose to call attention in this paper. The reference is, not to sorrow arising from temporal causes, for loss of money, or of family, or of friends; yet, for even these troubles there is many a balm of comfort in the psalms; but now it is sorrow for sin, the upheaving of the awakened conscience, the agony of the convicted soul.

These various states of mind, as expressed in the Book of Psalms, may be classified under the following headings :—

I. *Psalms of the Captive Soul.*—Here the sorrowful wail of the captivity-song of Judah presents itself to our notice : "By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof" (Ps. cxxxvii.). This is, no doubt, the cry of a captive nation, in a historic ballad commemorative of that great national calamity which befel the Lord's people. But it means much more than that. Under the hard and actual experience of the kingdom of Judah, the psalm represents our own individual case, *ourselves* taken captive by sin and Satan, far from home, and from Jerusalem, and from the Temple, and far from God. The people of Judah had sinned against God, and God was angry, and He brought them down into that deep sorrow, and they *felt* it, keenly and sensitively they felt their position; their harps are unstrung, and their hearts too; and the enemy mocked them in their woe. Thus it is that sin takes us captive, and mocks us, "And they that mocked us required of us mirth." And what so wasting as sin? It is a desolation, wringing the soul of every drop of true peace, and leaving it desolate of all joy and gladness. Sin is our Babylon, more mighty than we are (in our own unaided strength), it lays us low; and then, scornful and defiant, it tramples us in the dust, and in bitter mockery bids us sing the Lord's song in so strange a land! And, consistently with this captivity of the soul, there is the feeling of *restraint* under the heavy bondage, "I am shut up, and I cannot come forth" (Ps. lxxxviii. 8). Hence the prayer of another psalm, "Bring my soul out of prison" (Ps. cxlii. 7.) And this prayer is according to the promise, "He bringeth out those which are bound with chains" (Ps. lxviii. 6); "and brake their bands in sunder" (Ps. cvii. 14). Such, again, was the feeling of restraint, as expressed in another psalm, "Because of the voice of the enemy, because of the oppression of the wicked, my heart is sore pained within me, and the terrors of death are fallen upon me. Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and horror hath overwhelmed me" (Ps. lv. 3—5). And under such feeling of oppression and restraint, how welcome would escape and deliverance be! And so the psalm proceeds, "And I said, oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest!" (v. 6.) "Wings!" but where are the wings to come from, while the soul is in captivity, fast bound in misery and sin? Let the Psalmist give the answer, "The Lord looseth the prisoners" (Ps. cxlvi. 7).

II. *Psalms descriptive of the Sinner in his Sin.* These are many, and remarkably diversified in their modes of expression, illustrating by a variety of figures and metaphors the inveterate nature, the demonstrative character, and the natural and necessary results of sin in the heart of man. Thus our state in sin is described as a state of disease. "There is no soundness in my flesh; neither is there any rest in my bones because of my sin." (Ps. xxxviii. 3); and not only sin-sick and restless, but worse, "My wounds stink, and are corrupt because of my foolishness; my loins are filled with a loathsome disease" (vv. 5—7). Our state in sin is further described as that of a drowning man—"Save me, O God; for the waters are come in unto my soul" (Ps. lxix. 1); "and mine iniquities are gone over my head" (Ps. xxxviii. 4); as a weary burdened man, "As an heavy burden they are too heavy for me" (*ibid.*) Also he speaks as a man hunted and snared by the enemy; thus the Psalmist complains of those that "seek after my life," of those that "seek my hurt," and of those that have "laid snares for me;" and the joy of the delivered soul is described as that of "a bird escaped out of the snare of the fowler" (Ps. cxxiv. 7). Yea, more bitter than even the pursuit of the enemy is the flight of the sinner from his own conscience—"There were they in great fear, where no fear was" (Ps. liii. 5). And yet again, the sinner's condition is represented as one of constant reproach, of conscious blame and condemnation, as of a broken-hearted man—"Reproach hath broken my heart, and I am full of heaviness" (Ps. lxix. 20); and the hard and scanty fare of the sinner's soul, the bread of affliction and the water of affliction, is expressed elsewhere—"I have eaten ashes like bread, and mingled my drink with weeping (Ps. cii. 9).

III. *Psalms of the Convicted Soul.*—To be "convicted" means to be brought in *guilty.* After every effort to resist the evidence adduced, the verdict of "Guilty" is returned. When the soul feels thus convicted, and all further efforts at self-defence and self-justification cease, then is it on the highway to true contrition, and thence to pardon and forgiveness. Now, the psalm of all psalms that expresses this state of mind is the 51st, that memorable utterance, to understand the full intensity of which we must remember the character and enormity of the sin deplored and wept over by the repentant soul. Yet, let us not suppose that because we have not sinned after that deep measure of sin, that this psalm is therefore unsuited to our case. Whatever be the measure of our sin, this 51st Psalm gives expression to our real state before God. We have no space to speak of it now in detail; but if each would make it his own prayer, as David did, it would be an acceptable service in God's sight. And to assist ourselves in this, let us suppose all our guilt to be fully known, as naked and open to others as it is to God, and then judge as to what would be the state of our mind—what real shame and sorrow, and thus what real prayer! Under

the sense of this mighty want, and in the terrible consciousness of this unspeakable sin, David has supplied a psalm of the convicted soul that covers all degrees of offence, and expresses every phase of sorrow and contrition. In that psalm "the floods have risen" to the highest, so as to include all possible sin beneath the level of its full tide, and leave no place unfilled by the force of its overwhelming waters. And under the hard but wholesome discipline, and out of the rending tribulation, the contrite heart comes forth broken and bruised, the noblest sacrifice that man can yield to God, or that God can accept at the hands of man—"The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise" (v. 17). And this leads to our next division.

IV.—*Psalms of the Contrite Heart.*—Conviction of sin leads to contrition of heart. Oft and oft did the Psalmist's harp attune itself to the deep-toned notes of true contrition—"I am weary with my groaning; all the night make I my bed to swim; I water my couch with my tears" (Ps. vi. 6). Thus, the stony rock was smitten, and the waters gushed out. The contrite heart is the fountain opened *in* sin; the smitten Saviour is the fountain opened *for* sin; and when the tears from the broken heart meet and blend with the blood from the Crucified, they form one blessed healing stream—of human sorrow and of Divine compassion. The contrite heart is the hard heart melted, the stony heart broken; it is the heart opened, the lips opened, and nothing but God can satisfy. Hence the agony and struggle described by the Psalmist—"I was dumb with silence, I held my peace, even from good; and my sorrow was stirred. My heart was hot within me, while I was musing the fire burned: then spake I with my tongue" (Ps. xxxix. 2—4). And again, "When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long. For day and night Thy hand was heavy upon me: my moisture [tears] is turned into the drought of summer. I acknowledged my sin unto Thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin" (Ps. xxxii. 3—5). There is no true contrition without confession to God. This is the opening of the lips of the heart, by which the pent-up secrets of sin are disclosed to the knowledge of God; and with all the shame and sorrow and remorse, as though they had been disclosed to, or discovered by, our fellow-man, causing suspicion, alienation, scorn, contempt, blame, and condemnation, on the part of those on whose love and friendship we had most depended—"My lovers and my friends stand aloof from my sore; and my kinsmen stand afar off" (Ps. xxxviii. 11).

V. *Psalms of the Fellowship of Christ's Sufferings.*—This, after all, is the truest way to learn the exceeding sinfulness of sin; to know what Christ thought of it, and what He suffered for it. This is to read the story of the agony in the garden in a new light, that is, in a personal light: that it was our sin that caused His suffering and pain. Thus, the more we are drawn into the fellowship of His sufferings, the better we shall be able to understand how great our guilt has been, that they had caused *such* woe to fall on an innocent person. If, then, we want to realise our sin, there is nothing like feeling a twinge of Christ's agony, or somewhat of the pressure of His tribulation, or a drop of His sweat of blood bedewing our soul. Now, these are the feelings that are stirred up in our hearts by some of the psalms. For example, Psalm xxii. prophetically expresses only the sufferings of Christ, and yet David speaks of these as though they were his own. Thus, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" (v. 1). What deeper significance as to the hatefulness of sin in God's sight could have been expressed than when these words, all-desolate, rolled from the lips of the Crucified? And yet that cry of agony had, hundreds of years before, been wrung out of the heart and conscience of David. This was, in his experience, the fellowship of Christ's sufferings. They were David's words, and they were Christ's words too; there must have been, in some measure or proportion, a sympathy of suffering. So also in Psalm lxix.—"Reproach hath broken my heart; and I am full of heaviness: and I looked for some to take pity, but there was none. They gave me also gall for my meat; and in my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink" (vv. 20, 21). Now, we know of Whom all this was said; and yet it was said by David first, and for himself; in some dire distress, no doubt, or under some deep anguish and bitterness of soul, he thus expressed the sorrow of his heart, and thus in metaphor gave utterance to the reality of the Saviour's sufferings. This is the way to regard sin and to deal with it—to feel it as the Saviour felt it, and to sorrow over it as Jesus sorrowed. We never, of course, can sorrow or suffer as Christ did; but still, in some finite measure we may experience somewhat of the fellowship of His infinite sufferings. And in the sympathy of this godly sorrow we walk with God, in Christ, and, for the direction of our way, we say with the Psalmist—"O send out Thy light and Thy truth: let them lead me; let them bring me unto Thy holy hill, and Thy tabernacles. Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy: yea, upon the harp will I praise Thee, O God my God" (Ps. xliii. 3, 4).

HOW JACK AND SUSY WERE A HERO AND HEROINE WITHOUT KNOWING IT.

A TRUE STORY.

"COULD I ever be a hero, mother?" asked Susy Hamilton, fixing her serious eyes upon her mother's face.

"A heroine, you mean; a girl could not be a hero," interrupted her brother Jack, who was tying flies for fishing at the window, and at the same time listening to Mrs. Hamilton's conversation with his sister. "No, Susy, you will live in this comfortable rectory, or some equally snug berth, all your life; you will never have to rough it in any way. Now, *I* may do something heroic, if I try—I may go into the army or the navy, and be a Nelson or a Wellington before I die."

Susy looked vexed, and Mrs. Hamilton hastened to reply. "It is not alone by doing great deeds that people prove themselves heroes and heroines; a woman, even in a rich and comfortable home like ours, may have scope for self-denial, self-sacrifice, and fortitude, all of them feminine virtues; and Jack," she continued, smiling at her son, "may practise them too, long before he has the chance of doing great things in battle."

She lay back wearily as she spoke, and pressed her hand against her side. She was an invalid, and was called upon every day to exert the feminine virtues which she had just enumerated.

"While we speak of ancient heroes, do not let us forget the people of God," said she, presently; and with closed eyes she repeated—"The time would fail me to tell of Gideon, and of Barak, and of Sampson, and of Jephtha; of David also, and Samuel, and of the prophets, who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens. Women received their dead raised to life again; and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection, of whom the world was not worthy."

"Well, mother, good-bye, I'm off; it's a perfect sin to stay indoors such a day."

"Where are you going, dear?"

"To Lough Inchin, to catch some white trout for your breakfast."

"See that he has a nice luncheon in his basket, Susy."

The little girl ran out of the room, and presently returned with provisions. "This is beef, Jack, and this is a cheese sandwich, made exactly as you like it best."

"There's a good child!" cried Jack, stroking her cheek in a patronising manner. "Ah! these are the kind of things women are fitted for," and he ran off, his mother and sister following him with their eyes as he passed the drawing-room window.

"Go, Susy," said her mother, "to feed your Houdans and Silver-spangles; and bring me a bunch of violets for my little Japanese vase. You need fresh air and exercise, and don't be afraid that you'll not have occasion to show heroism in your life. God has given both you and Jack your work to do in the world."

"Yes," said the rector, whom they had thought absorbed in his writing. "Your mother is perfectly right. What is that in the Church Catechism about doing your duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call you. Eh, Susy?"

Six hours later Mr. Hamilton and the parish doctor were returning together from the bedside of a patient when they saw Jack crossing the tract of boggy land that lay between the high road and the lake.

"There comes our fisherman, and Willie McBride attending him as usual," remarked the rector.

"I should have liked very well to have joined him to-day, but I had too much work in hand," replied Dr. Corrie. "What a perfect evening!"

Lough Inchin lay at the foot of the mountains, which rose in a vast amphitheatre, those nearest appearing every shade of brown, yellow, and crimson, in the evening light, while the distant hills were pale, like wreaths of smoke.

"Good evening, your reverence," said Willie McBride, the blacksmith's son, who, being an ardent fisherman, haunted Jack like his shadow. "I 'm afeared Master Jack's badly hurted; he 's got ane o' the hooks stuck in his hand."

Jack coming up before Willie finished speaking, said, "Not quite as deadly as Willie makes out, Doctor; but still the hook is pretty far in, and I cannot move it much."

He was very pale, and could not help shrinking when Dr. Corrie, having dismounted, began to examine his hand.

"Let's look, my boy. Aye, I shall have to cut this out for you; it is no use at all to work it backwards and forwards as you have been doing."

"Oh doctor, darling!" exclaimed Willie, "Will it hurt him much?"

"You'd like to bear it for him, wouldn't you?" smiled the rector, patting the little ragged boy's shoulder.

"Come along to the rectory; we cannot operate here," said Dr. Corrie; so they all went on, the Doctor riding, and Mr. Hamilton and the two boys walking beside him.

Answering the mute appeal in Willie's eyes Jack invited him to come in and see what happened when they reached the house, and all proceeded to the study.

But before anything was done to the injured hand, Susy appeared at the door, saying, "Mother wants to know what sport you have had, Jack?"

Then she stopped short, and her eyes grew large with terror when she saw the group surrounding Jack, and caught a glimpse of the sharp, gleaming lancet in the doctor's hand.

"Please, doctor, just wait one moment," said Jack, drawing back his hand. "I don't wish to let my mother know about this; it would agitate her and do her harm. Here, Susy, bring me a plate; I'll take the trout into the drawing-room to show her, and be back with you in a trice."

The plate was brought, and Jack took it in his wounded hand, holding it very steadily, notwithstanding the hook. The party in the study overheard the colloquy between him and Mrs. Hamilton.

"Well, my dear, what success?"

"Grand, mother! See this fellow, 4 lbs., if he weighs an ounce! I hope you 'll eat the best part of him to-morrow morning."

"He looks very nice, my love. You are rather pale; are you tired?"

"Oh no, mother, as jolly as possible," and Jack retreated without having let her guess that anything was wrong.

"Fetch a glass of water, Susy," said her father, and the sister's office, a sufficiently heroic post of duty after all, was to stand by with the water until the hook was cut out and the hand bound up.

"I declare you 're a hero, Jack," said the doctor.

"Yes," replied Mr. Hamilton, recalling the conversation he had heard that morning, and he repeated Susy's wish to be a heroine.

"But she is a heroine already," returned Dr. Corrie. "I must tell you a story of something that happened last autumn—something that nobody knows of but Susy and myself. It was during Mrs. Hamilton's dangerous illness that I called here one Sunday, and found Susy alone with her mother. You were preaching for Dr. Swan, and Jack had driven you over to Killenkere. I found Mrs. Hamilton very weak and low, sinking, I thought, for want of nourishment, and not knowing that this poor child was alone in the house, I ordered her to give her mother some strong chicken jelly, telling her that her life depended upon her having something as soon as possible. I had to hurry off to Letterbratt, also on a matter of life and death; but when I had ridden as far as the dispensary I recollected that I had something there likely to be useful to Mrs. Hamilton. I got the medicine and returned here, coming in by the kitchen door to save time, and saw a scene I can never forget. (Susy coloured, and turned away.) Nay, child, I must finish my story. Well, it seems your cook and housemaid were out amusing themselves, and Susy could not find any one to kill the chicken to furnish the jelly, on which she believed that her mother's life depended. She had run all over the glebe fields to look for the servants, and had called until her voice was nearly gone, but as no help came, she returned to perform her hard task with her own poor little hands. She shuddered and turned pale, but still she took the chicken from the coop, chopped its head off with the cleaver, and flung it into a pot of hot water, I watching her at the kitchen door. It was an ordeal for the tender-hearted child, but she strung herself up to it for her mother's sake. She told me she thought the skin would come off easily if she plunged the chicken into boiling water, but I think her ideas about what she ought to do next were rather hazy. However, she was not required to proceed any further with her cooking, for that careless Jane of yours came in at that moment, and I promise you I gave her a fine scolding before I went up-stairs. There, Mr. Hamilton, is your daughter a heroine or not? I maintain that she 's the greatest heroine in Ireland, whoever the other may be."

"I am very much pleased with both my children," said Mr. Hamilton. "Jack has just shown the virtues of fortitude and patience, in order to spare his mother pain; and Susy proved her love by action. Really, taking her sex and temperament into consideration, it was an heroic deed."

"I did it because I was afraid poor mother would die," faltered Susy, ashamed at receiving so much praise; "and I did not know that *that* was being a heroine." L. M'CLINTOCK.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

137. When was the first census of the children of Israel taken?

138. What is the meaning of the word Gilgal? And why was the place so named?

139. What great act of kindness is recorded of the men of Jabesh-Gilead, for which they received the approbation of king David?

140. What vessel was used by the Egyptians for the purpose of divination? and by whom is it mentioned?

141. Of the seventy elders chosen by Moses to assist him in the government of Israel, what two are mentioned by name?

142. What words did St. Paul address to his converts in order to comfort them under the persecutions which they suffered?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 368.

126. Gen. vi. 5.

127. 1 John iii. 17.

128. In the plateau of Armenia near to which the ark is said to have rested (Gen. ii. 8—14, and viii. 4).

129. In the city of Tirzah (1 Kings xv. 33, and xvi. 23).

130. She was an Egyptian named Asenath, the daughter of Poti-pherah priest of On (Gen. xli. 45).

131. From tradition and oral teaching, as we find St. Paul, writing to the Thessalonians, says:—"Therefore, brethren, stand fast, and hold the traditions which ye have been taught, whether by word, or our epistle" (2 Thess. ii. 15).

"'Sit down, and I will tell you,' he said."—*p.* 402.

THE WHITE ROSE OF WHITELAKE.

BY ANNE BEALE, AUTHOR OF "THE PENNANT FAMILY."

CHAPTER XLIX.

AFTER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

EDWYNA'S first impulse, when she saw her mother swoon, was to run in search of Rose. If she had heard those two words, "Eveline," "Father!" she had not understood them; so, bewildered and terrified, she hastened to fetch Rose, whom she found on her knees.

"Come to mother, Rose, she is ill," said Edwyna, whose white face now, for the first time, showed that something fresh had happened to alarm her.

"I will be back directly, father. Edwyna, remain here," said Rose, leaving the room.

She met Egain, who was on the point of departing, and begged her to go in until she returned. Then she went down-stairs.

She found her mother in the arms of Mr. Le Marchant, who asked imperatively for water when she appeared. She fetched it, together with some sal volatile, scarcely knowing what she did. Before administering the latter, however, they laid Mrs. Mervyn on the couch, and Mr. Le Marchant stood aside to give place to Rose. The stern expression of his countenance vanished, and was succeeded by one of intense pain, as he looked down upon the senseless form of Mrs. Mervyn and the kneeling figure of her terrified but calm daughter.

"Do you think she is reviving?" he whispered.

"Yes. She is exhausted by much watching," she replied.

"God bless you, child!" he muttered, laying his hand on her head.

"Rose, darling—your father—my father—what is it?" murmured Mrs. Mervyn at last.

"It is all well, dearest mother. He knows of Llewellen, and is satisfied," whispered Rose, kissing the white lips.

A large tear fell on Mrs. Mervyn's cheek, from the strained eyes looking down from behind her couch. Rose glanced up gratefully as she wiped it off.

"I am better now. He has not gone—my father!" breathed Mrs. Mervyn, with a heavy sigh, opening her eyes and looking round the room. "Why did you let him go? He was so good to come, and, oh, I long for his forgiveness before my dear husband dies, that he may be comforted, and 'depart in peace!'"

"You have it," came in a broken voice from behind her.

Rose, understanding nothing, glanced from one to the other. The old man moved a little forward, and added, "She is my only child!"

The young girl stood up in her astonishment, and, moving away, made place for him. He came to the side of the couch, and Mrs. Mervyn cast upon him a look so appealing, so full of anguish, that Rose felt as if her heart would break at such a strange surplus of surprise and grief. But her emotion became so uncontrollable when she saw her mother clasped in the arms of this stranger, that she was compelled to leave the room. And so best, for scarcely should other eyes but the supreme Father's witness a reunion so unutterably affecting and pathetic. Scarcely had Rose disappeared, when her mother was on her knees, her streaming eyes upturned, her hands clasped, appealing again and again for forgiveness from a parent whom she had grievously offended nearly a quarter of a century before, and whom she had never seen since. He could only repeat the words, "You have it. Forgive me, also, O my daughter!" And so they wept together, and made peace. They alone knew how much there was to forgive and forget on either side, since they alone realised the provocations, and the reserved imperious natures they each possessed.

"Do I owe your coming to my boy?" she asked, when the first great emotion subsided.

"To him and to your daughter," he replied. "Had you never written that letter to old Shenstone this had never been. He managed the commission, and induced me to see your son. I found him all and more than I could have hoped or imagined—frank as a soldier should be, and a gentleman. I saw him again at Portsmouth, and I saw his father, your—your—husband, Eveline."

"Yes!" gasped Mrs. Mervyn.

"I did not speak to him, but—I found him different from what I had imagined."

"More of a gentleman. One who, after all, would not quite have disgraced you either in manners or appearance," said Mrs. Mervyn, with a touch of her natural pride.

"Perhaps. Then I caused Shenstone to write to you concerning your daughter, and her dignified answer, in her own hand, so reminded me of you, and so touched me, that I resolved to see her. And I called myself Le Marchant, and came to your village. Your husband's illness and your son's uncertain position distressed me—your daughters interested me. Both are charming—the eldest indescribably so. But it was the understanding of your husband's critical state, and your difficulties, that brought me here. I would be the bearer of good news under such trying circumstances. I did not know, even, whether I might see you; but I wanted some comfort in my old age, and to give comfort to others. I am quite alone, Eveline."

"Oh, father! Perhaps if I had been more humble at first you would have forgiven me before."

"I fear not. I was much exasperated. But we will not return to that now. What can I do to relieve you in this crisis? You probably want money. Tell me how much, and I will write to Shenstone."

At this point of the conversation Rose came in. Her father would not be satisfied concerning Llewellen without his wife's assurances, and he was growing restless and weaker under the excitement of uncertainty. She said so, timidly.

"Rose, this is your grandfather. Stay with him till I come back," said Mrs. Mervyn, whose face showed the emotion she had felt, but who still hastened to her husband.

"I do not understand," said Rose, standing irresolute at a little distance from this new relation. "Your name is Le Marchant. I never heard it before."

"Sit down, and I will tell you," he said. "My name is Howard—Lord Howard. Your mother is my daughter. She displeased me by her marriage.

She eloped, indeed, with your father, and we never came to any understanding. She was proud, and the letters she wrote failed to conciliate me. I lost sight of her, until my agent received a communication from her concerning your brother, asking for a commission in the army for him. This, and your subsequent refusal to visit me, brought me to this country. I trust our reconciliation may prove beneficial to us all."

At this point Mrs. Mervyn came back. Her eyes were red, her face swollen with crying, for she had been compelled to tell her husband all that had passed, and she feared the consequences. He entreated to be allowed to see her father, and it was hearing this request that had brought Edwyna down first and Mrs. Mervyn afterwards.

"I cannot tell what is best," said the latter, stifling a sob. "My husband thinks he is dying, and says he must have your forgiveness, and thank you for coming to us at this time. Dear father, will you decide for me? I am in a great strait, like St. Paul, between two."

"I will go to him; let this child also come," was the reply of the so-lately-reconciled parent.

CHAPTER L.

RECONCILIATION.

Mrs. Mervyn led the way to her husband's room. It was a strange little procession, as it wound up the narrow staircase, and across the small landing. She went in first to prepare him, and came back immediately, to usher in her father. The room was darkened, and the curtains of the large four-post bedstead on which the patient lay were partially drawn. He was gazing anxiously through the aperture nearest the door, when his wife came up to him, and undrew the curtains a little more. Edwyna was seated on his bed at the opposite side. His handsome face was very pale, and looked almost death-like in the partial obscurity; but his eyes shone vividly as he gazed upon the stately figure that followed his wife. She drew aside to let her father approach the bed, and Mervyn moved his thin white hand towards him. It was taken, and for the first time he felt the grasp of his wife's father. Words were unnecessary, and they did not come for some little space. The emotions of all present were far too strong for speech. Rose, standing beside her mother, covered her face to stifle hers, while Edwyna's burst forth in spite of all her efforts.

"I leave them to you," gasped Mervyn, at last. "They, at least, have done nothing to offend you. Your daughter and I have, and together we ask your pardon. Our Heavenly Father has forgiven us; I thank Him that He has inclined your heart towards us, and that you have brought us good news of our son."

Had Mervyn studied this speech for years it could not have been more effectual. Lord Howard was not only moved, but astonished.

"We will forget the past, and you will get better for the sake of those you love," he said, at last.

He had studied this little speech almost as if it had been his "maiden speech," during the interval of silence; but it, too, was effectual. Mervyn pressed his hand, while his daughter and grandchildren blessed him for his words. Perhaps it was the happiest if the gravest moment of his long life, for to forgive is blest.

"Now I am at peace with all men," said Mervyn, and closed his eyes.

"I will go," whispered Lord Howard to his daughter, and turned from the bed.

He tottered as he crossed the room, and she followed him, motioning to her daughters to remain. They went down-stairs together, and when they reached the sitting-room she placed him in an easy-chair, and sat down beside him. Neither spoke for a little while, but she broke the silence.

"Thank you. God bless you, father!" she said.

"And you, Eveline. He may yet recover. We must have the first advice. I shall write at once to Shenstone to send Sir Henry. We lose time—we lose time!"

"You have been the best physician, father; God will do the rest, if so it please Him," she rejoined.

"I must do something. But I will leave you now, and come again," he said, rising quickly, kissing her, and hurrying away before she could offer further remonstrance.

Rose came in, and said her father had fallen asleep like a child.

"One word, then, while we are together. Sit down, my darling," said the agitated mother. "When I was about your age, my father and I were travelling in Merionethshire. Our horses took fright among the mountains. Your father lived in that county at the time, and, seeing our danger, rescued us. He was as carelessly dressed then as since, and my father took him for a peasant, and offered him money, which he refused. I, on the contrary, tired already of society, and expecting an elysium in rural life, fell in love with him; he, I suppose, with me. There was romance on both sides. He followed us to our hotel; we met; and I engaged myself to him. I told my father, who was furious. But we maintained a secret correspondence for a short time, while he made arrangements for our marriage, and then I ran away, and married him. Oh, Rose! you can imagine—indeed, you know the rest. I wrote to my father more than once afterwards, but received no answer, except through poor old Shenstone, his agent. All he said was, that when I considered my husband fit to be introduced into the society I had voluntarily abandoned, I could write again. You know your father. This roused his pride, and he begged me at once to decline the honour, and to conceal my parentage, as he had no desire to belong to the tail-end of the aristocracy. Just what he used to say to Llewellen, and what, unhappily, has caused estrangement between us. But,

thank God, that is over! If only he may be spared to us, the end may be better than the beginning!"

Here Mrs. Mervyn was overcome, and Rose entreated her to rest while her father slept.

Lord Howard's opportune arrival worked wonders at Llynhafod, for, once more,

"Hope, enchanting, smiled and waved her golden hair."

Hope! what cannot the fairy-footed, blue-eyed, sunny-headed goddess accomplish? With the blessing of the Almighty she withdrew Mervyn from the brink of that grave into which he seemed about to fall, and inspired him with an increased desire for life. She roused him, in short, from despondency; and by the brightness of her countenance, shed such a halo about his sick bed, that he saw the world and the future in a new light. He became as anxious to recover as he had been resolved to die; and to the delight and surprise of his friends, rallied even more rapidly than he had sunk.

Lord Howard, much to the distress of the landlord of the "Angler's Arms," took up his abode, for a time, at the principal hotel at the nearest town, whence he or his servants went and came two or three times a day to and from Llynhafod. Of course, Mervyn's rent was paid, and there was no longer a scarcity of money. As Mervyn slowly recovered, smiles were on all faces, and old Penllyn looked down upon a happy world as summer came on.

Yet it was not perfectly happy; no world is or can be. There was still a little worm threatening to eat into the leaves of the White Rose. She thought much of Major Faithfull, dangerously wounded; and when the next Indian mail brought a long letter from Llewellyn, telling, very modestly, how he and the Major had been honourably mentioned, but how that, alas! the latter was still in hospital, her heart was very sad. She and Egain were wont to commune, when they met, on the dangers of foreign lands; for, although Egain was not in her confidence, she could sympathise with her in her state of uncertainty concerning Alfred Johnnes.

One fair day in summer, when the hay was down, and the country was at its loveliest, Mervyn had begged to be allowed to go and sit in the hay-field. He was convalescent, though still weak; but the weather was so lovely that there could be no objection to his doing so. Edwyna at once improvised what she was pleased to call a picnic.

"My noble grandfather is expected, but I fear he will grumble at the earwigs," she said. "I will send Jim for Mr. Edwardes and Edgar, who arrived last night. Perhaps you will be jealous of me now, Rose! I wonder whether he will preach next Sunday."

The sisters organised the little *fête champêtre* as a surprise to their father. Chairs, rugs, and shawls were secretly transported to the hay-field by the lake, Jim being quite as efficient as waiter as he was as groom and gardener.

"That 's for master, and that 's for my lord," he said, as he and Edwyna arranged a couple of chairs in the spot the most sheltered from any possible breeze. "If it hadn't been for Rebecca now, the lord 'ould never have come."

"Jim, you are profane! What can you mean?" asked Edwyna, placing foot-stools and rugs on and about the sacred seats.

"Why, sure, Master Llewellen 'ould never have been meeting the Major, and never have been to the wars, and never seen his noble grandpapa. I was always saying that the mistress was a grand lady born, and I 'm of opinion that best born 's best bred, and best bred 's best behaved. I am seeing myself superior to my lord's livery servants, for I wear my own coat, and am knowing how to conduct myself in it, so well behind back as before face, which is more than they can say, for so fine-feathered as they are."

When the green drawing-room was arranged and the table spread, Rose brought her father out, and Mrs. Mervyn soon followed.

Edgar was the first to arrive, looking more manly and assured than when he was introduced to us, and duly attired in black. He was soon followed by the vicar.

"Edgar, keep at a respectful distance. I hear my lord's coach!" said Edwyna. "We've grown grand since we met last. But will you help me make the syllabub? Mally's milking already as fast as her hands can go. Look, there is my noble relative! Doesn't he walk like mother?"

Lord Howard was seen in the distance, and Mrs. Mervyn and Rose hastened to meet him. They soon joined the little party, and Edgar was introduced to his lordship. He had met the vicar before.

"You have nothing to fear but the grasshoppers, grandfather!" exclaimed Edwyna, as his lordship seated himself in the place of honour prepared for him. "Nothing I can do will keep them off, and I fear they may hop into my syllabub."

"I am not afraid, my dear," said the old gentleman, smiling; "but I have never been at a pic-nic since—since your mother's marriage."

All felt the force of these words, and Mrs. Mervyn sighed.

"What is Shanno about?" asked Mervyn, pointing across the lake.

Silly Shanno was screaming, jumping, gesticulating, on the opposite bank, so furiously that Rose said she would row across and see what was the matter while Edwyna prepared the syllabub. Thus the young people dispersed for a time, and the four elders were left together.

(*To be continued.*)

HAPPY DAYS.

OH, happy days! oh, holy days of calm!
Like island vales of quiet in the main,
That bathe the soul in spirit-health again,
And soothe the wearied heart with April balm;
When, from the dusty city's noise afar,
We pass, and live with day and night once more:
Hear the lark carol by the morning shore,
And from blue waters hail the evening star:
Now down the sea-line watch the sinking mast,
Now feed on poet fancies from some tome,
Pillowed in grass; or, twilight-reveried, roam
Through memory's moonlit Edens of the past;
Live with the loved dead in the dying day,
Or think upon sweet times, and grieve and pray.

"Now down the sea-line watch the sinking mast."

CHRIST'S WORDS OF GOOD CHEER.

BY THE REV. G. A. CHADWICK, D.D., PREBENDARY OF ARMAGH CATHEDRAL, AND RECTOR OF ARMAGH.

"Let not your heart be troubled: (ye) believe in God: believe also in Me."—JOHN xiv. 1.

THESE are words which our blessed Lord spoke when His teaching of the chosen few was almost ended. Between Him and them, even them, a kind of severance was being established by His complete and awful devotion. Because the Prince of this world was coming, and had nothing in Him, therefore, He would henceforth not speak much with them. Just now, moreover, He had spoken words which must have pierced them as keenly as, in a few hours, the sword was to pierce His mother's heart. And what brought consolation to the earliest believers in that upper room ought to be our strength and consolation still.

First, be it observed, that the rendering is slightly doubtful. The words may indeed be translated just as our English Bible says, "Ye do already believe in God, now go forward and believe in Me." They will bear to be translated thus, but

they are open to another reading, which is preferable on other grounds. Jesus was not likely to admit that persons might believe in the Father without believing yet in Him, He always taught that the Father could be reached only by the Son. And the text will be more naturally read, "Let not your heart be troubled; believe in God, believe also in Me." In each clause the original word is the same, and surely we ought not to change the sense, making one a declaration and the other a command. And thus we obtain this clearer doctrine, "Trust in God, trust in Me also; for, as I have taught you, no man cometh unto the Father but by Me, and he that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." So that faith in Jesus and in God march ever in step with each other, and side by side.

Such is the meaning of the text, and I now propose to consider it strictly with reference to the context. Why should they be troubled? and how did this exhortation bring relief to them?

I. They were troubled, first of all, because a great blow threatened them; they were to lose their Master. For years they had watched His miracles, hung upon His gracious words, seen the divine purity of His every act and glance. Whatever He might be thought by others, He was all in all to them; their hopes centred in Him; in His presence was their fulness of joy. Is there not, then, a strange coldness in His words, putting them almost on a level with His persecutors—"As I said unto the Jews, whither I go ye cannot come, so now I say unto you." Do you wonder that their hearts were troubled—troubled for themselves, thus thrust aside, and troubled for Him, over whom some calamity hung suspended, about to burst. Peter expresses both these thoughts: "Lord, whither goest thou?" "Lord, why cannot I follow thee now?"

Now, I suppose there is no one who has not sometimes felt a cold influence, or apprehension of some vague approaching evil, and the heart was troubled, and the spirits cowered, like a grove of birds which is silent because a hawk is poised overhead, or as nature herself seems to cower when a thunder-cloud comes slowly up the sky. Perhaps ill-health is threatened, perhaps adverse circumstances, perhaps bereavement—not such, indeed, as they feared, yet very bitter to one who watches the fading of a beloved face.

Such things must happen to many of us before this year closes. God grant we may hear the Saviour say, "Let not your heart be troubled; believe in God, believe also in me."

To Peter Christ's removal was simply *death*, a trampling into the common mire of the fairest flower that ever bloomed—the going of his Lord, where there was no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom. Yes, and the death of our Saviour was like any other man's, like his own—for he could follow Him, he could lay down his life for His sake. Indeed, there is something very touching in that simplicity of heart which takes to himself Christ's great assertion of mastery. "I have power to lay down my life," says the Master of death and hell. "I will lay down my life for Thy sake," says the affectionate fisherman of Galilee.

No hope is there of victory over the grave, but hope, at least, that it might be faced gallantly; and he seems to adopt the recent words of Thomas, "Let us also go, that we may die with Him."

But how heroic in its mastery over death, and how tender in its reassurance to those anxious followers, is the great answer.

It is true the grave is yawning, the king of terrors is sharpening his deadliest dart, yet be serene of heart, trust in the eternal Father whose love will never fail, who is not Lord of one world only, but of all unseen regions whereinto any spirit can go hence; and also trust in *Me*, for my life is unquenchable, My victory sure, My work not to be broken off. Yes, the world may cast off its Master, but there is a stately house of many mansions, where I shall continue to remember, and to serve My own; and if I go where ye cannot yet come, My removal shall be thrice blessed to you who mourn it, for I go to prepare a place, and when it is ready, and ye can come, I shall return and receive you to Myself.

And shall we not learn that lesson? In danger and doubt and fear, shall we not remember that God is trustworthy, and Christ is in Heaven for us?

> "Yea, though I walk the grim ravine
> Where death's dread shadow lurks half-seen,
> I fear no evil, for the Guide
> Moves ever at the pilgrim's side,
> Unscathed that valley shall be trod,
> Thy staff my comfort, and Thy rod."

II. But loneliness and bereavement were not the worst which lay before them: humiliation, and disgrace and self-reproach were also there. "Jesus answered Peter, Wilt thou lay down thy life for My sake? Verily, verily, I say unto thee, the cock shall not crow before thou hast denied Me thrice."

That announcement was as shattering as the blast of the trump of doom. Just when he has volunteered to lead a forlorn hope, his captain tells him that he is expected to betray his flag. And from his own horror, and scorn, and loathing at the word, he guesses what his Master must already think of him.

And we, we know far better than even that vague fear of earthly evil, the terrible waking from a dream of noble service, to find that we have utterly failed in even the plainest duty.

Some, perhaps, know what it is to stand disgraced before their fellows; all who know anything about their own hearts, know the inner

shame of an accusing conscience, and own ourselves "not worthy to be called Thy son."

Now, there is a most real and urgent peril in all this. When a man loses his self-respect he loses one of the greatest holds by which conscience restrains the masses of mankind. When one hates himself, and feels that God also hates him, he is ripening fast for any sin, aye, for any guilt and crime.

Therefore Christ hastens to show Peter (and us in Him) that He is not hated of God, nor forsaken; that a good hope remains unquenched; that his failure can be explained; and that a refuge is provided.

What has Peter just now believed in? In his own devotion, his own courage. "I will lay down my life," he cries; and we seem to see, while we hear him, the flash of the erring sword by the torchlight in the garden, which missed the head, and only struck the ear. Henceforth he must find some other object to rely upon.

And, although he hated the very thought of such iniquity, yet, when the crash came, he was not to be swallowed up of over-much sorrow; he might still take heart, God was still ready to receive his trust, and so was Jesus, whom he denied. He was fallen, but hereafter he should follow his Lord. He was disgraced; yet the Master, in the Father's house, would prepare a place for him. Perhaps, if it were not for this wonderful and touching speech, Peter might, before morning, have lost hope as utterly as Judas did. But how could he despair, or grow hard and sullen, or fail to receive that blessed relief of bitter tears—when he could not remember that he was warned without recalling these thrice-gracious words?

And we, when we have soiled our conscience, and feel that we deserve the worst, whither shall we turn for hope? Let us think—is it true or false, that Christ still condescends to plead for me? Dare I—dares any sinner in all the world pretend that he has no longer an Intercessor and a Priest before the throne? So shall we believe in Christ. Let us think again—is He not one with the Father? are not His heart and its yearnings the very Father's divine will? is He not the brightness of the Father's glory? So shall we believe in God, and the troubles of our heart shall cease.

And, if afterward, upon the road which I begin once more to traverse with hope renewed—oh, if I sigh for the eternal peace, and repose, and blessedness, which seem as remote and unattainable as the blue skies above, I will believe in God, who inhabiteth eternity, and who shall raise me to His endless Sabbath of unruffled and sacred rest; and if I yearn for an all-embracing, complete, unearthly sympathy, I shall believe also in Christ, whose feet have known the roughness of the road, who trod it Himself for me, who has a heart to sympathise with all my sorrows, and royal power wherewith to relieve them all.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. New Series. No. 8. David Anointed.

Chapter to be read—1 *Sam. xvi.*

INTRODUCTION. Have now finished Saul's earlier life, his anointing, election by people, battle with Philistines, offering of sacrifice, defeat of Amalekites, rejection by God. Now begin a new period, closely connected with David—from his rejection to his death.

I. David Anointed. (Read 1—13.) What was Saul's sin, for which God had rejected him? How was he punished? To whom was his kingdom to be given? (ch. xv. 28). How often would wonder who this neighbour was! Shall hear of him to-day for first time. Where was Samuel directed to go? Remind how Saul lived at Gibeah in Benjamin (xv. 34), and show it and Bethlehem on map, only few miles apart. What was Samuel to take with him? Just as before had anointed Saul, must now anoint his successor. What objection did he make? How did God meet it? Shows that Samuel was accustomed to go from place to place to sacrifice—*i.e.*, hold a service, call the people together, offer sacrifices, teach them. How welcome his visits would be! Now Samuel comes to the little village of Bethlehem. But what message do the elders send? Explain that when some crime had been done and the offender was not known, a trial took place by offering up a heifer (see Deut. xxi. 1—9). But this not Samuel's intention to-day, he came peaceably. What a relief to the elders? What are they to do before they come? Must prepare themselves to worship God, not come hastily or lightly; remind how this always insisted on (Ex. xix. 10). Who came, amongst the others, specially prepared (or sanctified) in some way? (ver. 5). Now the sacrifice over, but Jesse and his sons stay behind. Whom does Samuel look at first? What does he think about him? What sort of looking man was he? This height of stature and brave appearance one reason why Saul was chosen; but was that all that was wanted? What does God look at? So Eliab passed by. How many others also? Who else was there to come? Why had he not been called? Perhaps, as youngest, was despised, only a lad, a mere shepherd. So message sent. Fancy David's surprise at the prophet wanting *him*? What could it be for? What sort of looking lad was

he? How did Samuel know that he was the one chosen? What did he do to him? And what came upon him? Just as the spirit came on Samson (Judg. xiv. 6), and on Saul (1 Sam. x. 10). This his dedication for his great work.

LESSONS. (1) *Preparation for worship.* How often children go to worship as mere matter of form or custom, no preparation, no putting away sin, no prayers for blessing. Such can hardly expect blessing. (2) *God's estimate of man.* What do we consider makes a person great? money, good looks, health, strength, &c. What does God look at? humility, unselfishness, love for others, devotion to Him. Which qualities are we aiming at?

II. SAUL'S EVIL SPIRIT. (Read 14—23). What kind of spirit came upon Saul? "From the Lord," means from the presence of God, just as in the case of Job (Job i. 12). Such spirit allowed by God to punish man, as in this case; or to try man, as with Adam and Eve. What did his servants suggest? This shows how well known was the power of music to soothe in distress. Who was suggested should be sent for? How was David described? Perhaps Saul's servant walking in the fields had heard David play, most likely, too, the story of his killing the lion and the bear had got noised abroad (1 Sam. xvii. 34). At once Saul caught at the idea, and sent for him. What a stir the message must have made! The king sending for a shepherd lad! Samuel's sending for him nothing to this! What present did Jesse send? according to the Eastern custom to send present to a king. How did Saul receive him? Strange that he should thus send for the man who was to succeed him! All ordered by God. David would learn the ways of the court, be trained in customs of royalty. What did David do for Saul? What effect had this? So now leave David at Saul's court.

LESSONS. (1) *Sin makes God depart.* Evil spirit came when Saul sinned. So always when we sin—depart from God—God's spirit leaves us; our prayer must be, "Hold thou me up and I shall be safe." (2) *Mutual help.* Saul took care of David, and David's playing refreshed Saul. Let each child think: What can I do for those around me? How often might give up game of play to go and cheer some sick person. Remember Christ's blessing to woman because she did what she could.

Questions to be answered.

1. Where was Samuel sent, and why?
2. Who was chosen, and why?
3. What lesson does that teach us?
4. What was the matter with Saul, and how was he relieved?
5. What good did David get at Saul's court?
6. What lessons may we learn?

HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST IN THE WINNING," "FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE."

CHAPTER V.

PERCY FINDS HELP WHERE LEAST EXPECTED.

IT was Mr. Graddon who had appeared on the scene, and there was good-humoured reproof in his tones as he addressed Marmaduke Averne. "Really, Master Duke, I think I may be allowed to manage my own affairs a little longer. Who gave you leave to turn away any one who came to the yard asking for me?"

Duke looked foolish, though he answered readily enough that he shouldn't have thought of doing such a thing if he had not seen at a glance that a boy like this one would never suit.

"I 'm afraid he would not," said Mr. Graddon, looking pityingly at the candidate for apprenticeship, "but that's no excuse for the rudeness with which I heard you treat him. I'm sorry, my lad," he went on, speaking to Percy himself, "very sorry, to disappoint you, but I rarely take apprentices, and when I do they must be stouter, stronger boys, than you appear to be."

But here Winnie, who had been tugging at her father's arm, and standing on tip-toe to whisper in his ear as soon as he would turn towards her, uttered an entreating, "Oh, papa, it's Percy Gray! Don't you remember my telling you all about him?"

Mr. Graddon's perplexed air showed that he did not; and Winnie, drawing him a little further away, eagerly repeated the sad story she had heard from Mrs. Parnell.

"But this is not all, papa. We were at the schoolhouse the other day—mamma and I—and we saw Percy's name in the list of boys who used to attend the evening school; and when I pointed it out, Mr. Simpson the master told mamma a great deal about him (Percy, I mean), and how he had never missed coming to school—all the way from Enford Green, papa, and after dark—however bad the weather; never missed even when he was so tired he fell asleep over his sums."

"From which, I suppose, Winnie, I am to infer that he has pluck and perseverance; but, my dear, I don't want a boy who would fall asleep over his work."

"Ah! now you 're making fun of me, papa, and I have not finished; and poor Percy looks so anxious standing there. Mrs. Parnell—I asked Mrs. Parnell about him—and she says his uncle does not like him

"The two glided away."—*p.* 412.

to learn, and thinks he ought to be contented to mind his pigs and cows."

"And don't you think so, too, little daughter? If it is his duty, you know, he ought to do it."

Winnie was posed, and considered a while before she replied.

"Yes, I suppose so, papa; but could not you talk to Percy, and hear what he says about it? If I were a boy I'd rather work here, under you, than mind pigs for Daniel Gray."

Mr. Graddon laughed, and, beckoning to Percy, bade the boy follow him into the office.

"I'm afraid you're scarcely strong enough, but we'll try you, my lad; yes, we'll give you a trial; so be here at six o'clock Monday morning, and I'll tell Johns, the foreman, to look out for you. Stay!" he exclaimed, as after an ineffectual attempt to stammer his thanks, Percy made his bow, and would have retreated. "Sit down a moment; and, Winnie, go and ask mamma to come to us."

Mrs. Graddon came directly, smiling kindly at the uncouthly-clad boy who rose at her entrance, his heart beating faster as he found himself so near the sweet gentle woman whom he had long since decided to be second only to his own mother.

But Mr. Graddon was speaking. "I'm going to take this lad on trial, Mary, but he must have other clothes; have not you any of Duke's cast-off suits that would do for him? Anything rough and serviceable will do."

"Yes, find him some decent clothes, auntie," cried Duke, magnanimously, "the poor little beggar's welcome to anything of mine that will fit him. He could not come to work such a guy as this, could he?"

At Mrs. Graddon's bidding Percy followed her into the house, and was dismissed presently with a good-sized bundle of clothes Duke had outgrown. Winnie thought the recipient of these articles might have thanked her mother for them rather more effusively; she never dreamed that far from being grateful for such gifts, Percy had been scarcely able to conceal his reluctance to accept them. As soon as he reached the lane beyond the town the bundle was flung from him in a furious outbreak of rage. He disliked, he detested, the tall handsome lad, who, exulting in his superiority, had ridiculed and despised him. Percy ground his teeth together as he recalled the taunts and provoking smiles levelled at him. He longed to be able to retaliate, to pay him back in his own coin, and it cost him a great struggle with his pride and sense of ill-usage, before he could resolve to don the cast-off garments of the hated Duke. The smock-frock was thrown aside with a sigh after all.

Old Daniel Gray heard of the success of Percy's application to Mr. Graddon in sullen silence, which lasted for a couple of days. Then he made his nephew ascertain what would be the cost of the respective tools he would require, and sighed, and groaned, and exclaimed, over the sum total of this list till the miserable Percy began to feel that he must have acted heartlessly in urging his own wishes at all. He felt downright guilty, when, from one of his many pockets Daniel produced a leather bag, and took out of it several sovereigns, each wrapped separately in paper that with keeping had grown almost as yellow as the gold.

"May-be," he said, as he unfolded the first, "you won't care to know that I earned this piece o' money fifty year ago for thatching a barn, and this other one for some thrashing I did in my overtime for Master Brown the miller. There is not a penny of this money that has not been earned by the toil of my hands and the sweat of my brow, and yet you make light on it, and ask me to fling it away—after hoarding it from my youth to my age—on your fancies."

"I only ask it as a loan," said Percy, manfully. "As soon as I receive wages I will repay you; I will indeed."

Percy went to bed supperless that night, oppressed by the prickings of his own conscience. Was there justice in these reproaches? Had he not acted with selfish disregard of his only relative when he set his own wishes against Daniel Gray's? He had gained his point, but would he be happier for it?

In the middle of the night, after hours of wavering, he suddenly sat up, and touched the old man, whom he had discovered to be equally wakeful.

"Uncle, I've decided. I'll do as you'd have me. I'll go to Mr. Graddon to-morrow, and tell him you can't spare me."

And then Percy lay down again, and drew the clothes over his head to stifle the sobs he could not repress. All the notice Daniel took was to gruffly bid him hold his tongue and go to sleep; if he wanted to talk he could do that in the morning.

But the boy's self-sacrifice shamed his kinsman into making one too, and Percy went to Mr. Graddon's after all. Winnie, standing with Duke at a window, watching her father's workmen troop away one Saturday afternoon, saw a lad look up, who descrying her pretty face pressed against the glass, lifted his cap with a smile.

"It's Percy Gray! and he looks quite nice—nearly as nice as you do, Duke!" cried the little maiden. "Let me pass; I want to go and speak to him."

Slipping under the arm that barred her egress, she ran out and spoke to the new apprentice.

"I'm so glad, Percy!"

He took the little hand, frankly extended, looked into the sweet blue eyes that were raised to his, and then drew back sharply, for Duke had followed his cousin, and was hurrying towards them. Winnie nodded a good-bye, and ran to meet him. The interest in Daniel Gray's nephew was over; he was now merged in the firm, he was merely one of the work-people of whom her father was the head; and years rolled by, during which Percy's steadfast purpose grew slowly, but surely, though Winnie almost ceased to remember his existence.

CHAPTER VI.

"SAFE ENOUGH."

THE new wing of Mr. Graddon's house was built at last; the paper-hangers and painters had done their work well, the new carpets were being fitted to the spacious rooms; the furniture, solid and simple, which Mrs. Graddon had been empowered by her spouse to select, would be sent home in a day or two, and Winnie, now a slender, light-hearted girl of seventeen, stood with her mother in the new drawing-room, gazing complacently around her.

"Let us change places, mamma—you and I—for the next two or three weeks." Winnie began, eagerly, propounding a scheme that had just suggested itself. "You shall sit here and accustom yourself to your new possessions, while I play the housekeeper and keep the boys in order. It is really high time I made myself more useful."

"But, Winnie, there is always so much to do when they are at home from school—at Christmas, too!" Mrs. Graddon demurred.

"Yes, and the consequence is that instead of your being able to enjoy their coming, you are tired and harassed and quite ill long before the holidays are at an end. Let me have my wish, mamma, and be able to feel that I am of some service to you. It will be a real pleasure to see you sitting quietly here with your work. You can begin that shawl you have so long wished to make; or your books, are not there several in the house you have put aside to be enjoyed when you have a little leisure?"

When Mrs. Graddon had been induced to confess that the plan was a very pleasant one, and that she would gladly agree to it but for a fear that Winnie would find her duties heavier than she anticipated, all further objections were overruled.

On the morrow Duke arrived.

For the first hour his cousin felt a little shy of him. He was no longer the boy with whom she had had many a merry game at romps, and it was two years since their last meeting, for Duke had been finishing his education in Scotland, and his holidays during his residence there were spent with some of his maternal relatives.

At twenty Marmaduke Averne considered himself a man, and was regarded by his friends as a very likable young fellow; yet outwardly he had not fulfilled the promise of his youth. The tall boy had stopped short of the average height of his sex, and though his upper lip was graced with a moustache, and he affected a military step and carriage, there was a touch of effeminacy about him. Mr. Graddon bluntly told him he must have kept late hours and smoked too many cigars—accusations Duke did not attempt to rebut, though he laughed at them, telling Mr. Graddon that as he had come prepared to find all his future amusement in the office, he should claim indulgence for the past.

Winnie's shyness passed away after a few "Don't you remembers," for Duke had seen no one more charming and unaffected than his little cousin, and they had soon resumed their old friendly footing. Winnie was delighted with him, for he was agreeable and animated, and he could talk well of the things he had seen and the places he had visited. This deferential manner to her mother was perfection, and if he manifested a tendency already to prefer the society of his cousin to that of Hattie Collis, Winnie could not be expected to blame him for this, though she warmly defended her friend when Duke hinted that she was as slow and uninteresting as in her childhood.

"Hattie is a good-hearted, high-principled girl; I am sure you will like her as well as we do when you know her."

"I can wait," said Duke, with a smile. "But isn't it a pity to lose this bright afternoon in the house? After such sharp frosts as we have had this week the ice must bear on the lake in the park. Have you had your skates on yet?"

No; but Winnie knew where to find them, and, accompanied by Hattie, who was her shadow and humble imitator, they set out.

Mrs. Graddon nodded and smiled as they passed the window at which she was sitting with her work, and after they had kissed their hands to her and gone by, she tapped on the glass to recall them.

Winnie, running back to hear what she had to say, thought proudly that no one had so sweet and fair a mother as hers.

Some impulse, or what we are wont to call an impulse, led Mrs. Graddon to lean from the open window, and press her lips to the forehead of her first-born, saying, with such a solemnity in her tenderness, "God bless and keep my child always!" that for a moment Winnie was awed; but Duke was tapping the gate with his stick impatiently, Hattie was calling, "Oh do make haste!" and as Mrs. Graddon drew back directly, her daughter ran after her companions, and, in the excitement of the brisk walk, forgot for a little while the impression that fervently-spoken blessing had made upon her.

Two of Mr. Graddon's workmen, taking a short cut across the park that afternoon, from a job, paused when they found themselves near the fine piece of water called the lake, to watch the skaters and sliders disporting on it.

"That ice is not safe," said the elder one. "It was weak yesterday, and it's been thawing all day to-day, more or less. It do get over me how young people can be so venturesome. Presently half a dozen of them will get together on a thin part, and in they 'll go. May-be they don't know there 's depth of water enough to drown 'em. Oh, well, it 's their look-out, not ours, so come along."

But his companion, a young fellow, whose working dress was clean and scrupulously neat, did not stir.

"Do you really think there 's danger, Morgan? If so they ought to be cautioned."

"They have been. As I went by this morning I heard the keeper tell them it wasn't safe. Howsom-

ever, they won't hurt if they keep away from the further end. But here comes some of our people to join 'em. That's Miss Winnie; I know her by her walk; she trips along so lightly, don't she? Be ye coming?"

"Stop a minute," cried the young man, anxiously. "She has her skates. Go and tell her, Morgan, that she had better not venture."

Morgan declared that it was none of his business; but when his companion remonstrated indignantly, he put down his basket of tools with a sulky air, and went on his errand.

But ere he reached the spot where the little group had been standing, Duke had fitted on his cousin's Acmés and his own, and was shouting to a boy to come and attend to Miss Collis. In spite of a great deal of outward polish, Duke Averne could do very rude things. He had always thought Hattie, with her round unmeaning face and squat figure, a bore; and, though he fussily insisted that a chair should be brought to her, and threw the lad a shilling who came to her aid, he took care not to hear her hint that she should not be able to skate alone. He had come to enjoy himself with his more agile, graceful cousin, and it annoyed him when Winnie held back and repeated to him the caution Morgan had just given her.

"Not safe? Who says so? That carpenter? Pooh! what can such a fellow as he know about it?"

"Not much perhaps; but I promised mamma we would not run any risks."

"Did she think that I would let you run into danger?" asked Duke, so tenderly that Winnie's cheeks were suffused with blushes. "Stay here while I make the circuit of the lake, and assure myself that the ice is as firm as it looks."

Away he went, skimming in and out the other skaters, in all directions, before he returned to his cousin; but when he did, the two men who were still lingering to watch them, saw him hold out his hand to Winnie, and the two glided away, leaving Hattie tottering about, and holding on to a small boy, whom she had bribed with peppermints to keep near her.

"Aye," said Morgan, "just as I expected; over-persuaded; I might have spared my breath. They 'll take their chance; and never a rope at hand to throw to 'em if they fall in."

His companion started.

"A rope? A good thought! I'll run to the keeper's cottage; I shall get one there of some kind." And pulling his cap on firmly, he threw down the bag he had been carrying, and sped away at his swiftest pace, turning a deaf ear to the angry shout Morgan sent after him.

With some trouble, and a promise that it should be returned to her, the good wife was persuaded to let him carry off her clothes-line.

"Shall I be laughed at for my pains?" he asked himself, as he was more leisurely returning. "If that was young Averne who was with her he will not hesitate to tell me, by looks if not in plain words, that I am too officious. If Morgan has grown tired of waiting, and gone on, I 'll keep out of sight amongst the trees. If my help is not needed, so much the better."

But the next minute shouts and cries rose on the air, and he saw Morgan running towards him, waving his arms wildly, and signing him to hasten. The predicted accident had just occurred. Duke, growing bolder and bolder, had drawn Winnie farther away from the shallow end of the lake, and while he was teaching her some new figure the treacherous ice gave way beneath their feet.

When Percy Gray reached the lake Duke had contrived to keep his own and Winnie's heads above water, but he could not have done so long; with the rope, however, both of them were soon rescued, and almost before the young girl thoroughly realised her peril she was being hurried by Percy and Morgan to the keeper's cottage.

Her anxiety lest an exaggerated report of the occurrence should reach her parents made Winnie eagerly accept the dry garments offered to her. She felt but little the worse for her immersion, and soon soothed away Hattie's hysterical tears; she could even laugh at the rueful face of Duke, who, when she emerged from the cottage, was stamping about in the porch, waiting till a change of clothes could be brought to him from home.

Promising to see that these were despatched with all possible speed, Winnie slipped her arm through Hattie's, and they hurried home together, the former feeling rather conscience-stricken as she remembered how readily she had permitted Duke to induce her to slight her mother's injunction.

Mamma would forgive her, of that she was sure, but the pained look that dear face would take would cause Winnie keener remorse than any reproof Mrs. Graddon could have uttered. She was not sorry to be able to shake off Hattie, who meeting two of her young lady friends just before they reached the house, insisted on stopping to relate their adventure, and, opening a gate that led to the offices, she resolved to enter the house by a side door, and, running up to her own room, slip off her borrowed attire ere the sight of it could startle her mother.

But the court was full of her father's workmen, standing in groups, talking gravely, and in lowered tones. Every one ceased speaking as soon as she appeared, but all eyes were turned upon her, as in much confusion she flitted past.

Had some too-hasty messenger conveyed the news of her immersion here in spite of her efforts to prevent it? Winnie determined to go straight to her mother, who might be suffering agonies of alarm on her account.

But when she turned towards Mrs. Graddon's apartment, nurse, her eyes swelled with weeping, her face ghastly pale with grief or fright, or both, met her ere she had gone half a dozen steps, and caught her in her arms.

"Not there, my poor child; you must not go there."

"But, nurse, I 'm none the worse for my wetting; see, I 'm all right," cried Winnie. "Let me go and show myself to mamma. Has she been very frightened about me?"

The woman looked at her amazedly, but did not relax her grasp, and something in her strange aspect made Winnie tremble, and cry in low gasping tones, "Mamma, where is she? What has happened? Let me go to her!"

She was only answered with a burst of tears. That solemnly-spoken blessing had held in it, though neither mother nor child divined it at the time, a long farewell. Mrs. Graddon was no more!

(To be continued.)

EASTER.

OUR graves lie closed this Easter day,
But from their rugged sod
The sweet spring grass comes softly up
With messages from God.

"But, ah!" men wail, in dreary doubt,
"In autumn this will die;
All nature has no type to tell
Of immortality!"

Peace! she has types for ever fresh,
For griefs for ever new.
A type which lived from age to age,
Could be no type for you.

And, haply, in this rise and fall,
Which still in beauty grow,
There lurks a truth that men may guess,
And endless life may show.

We do not fear when winter comes,
We know the spring will wake;
We gladly rest when night draws on,
We know the dawn will break.

And what if in those cycles vast,
Whose limits none may scan,
Even death may hold a happy place,
Part of the life of man?

And still, as we sit sad and lone,
In Time's too narrow prison,
The angels' song goes ringing on,
Which says that Christ is risen.

Dumb mother nature makes her signs,
But from our Father's love
Comes forth the word of Him who died,
And lives again above.

ISABELLA F. MAYO.

THE "QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

143. Which of the judges refused to be made a king?

144. To what country did Jeremiah go after the destruction of Jerusalem?

145. How many great Canaanitish nations were there, and from whom descenedd?

146. What king was after his death worshipped as a god?

147. What words of the Jebusites to David shows the naturally strong position of the town of Jebus, afterwards Jerusalem?

148. By what name is Ahasuerus (mentioned in the book of Esther) known in profane history?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 384.

132. In the reign of Baasha king of Israel, the destruction of whose house he foretold (1 Kings xvi. 1—8).

133. Abijah (1 Kings xiv. 13).

134. That he should not die in the destruction of Jerusalem, for he says:—"Thus saith the Lord; thy life will I give thee in all places whither thou goest" (Jer. xlv. 5).

135. "There is no respect of persons with God" (Rom. ii. 11).

136. Ahijah the Shilonite, of whom it is written. "But Ahijah could not see; for his eyes were set by reason of his age" (1 Kings xiv. 4).

GOOD DEEDS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A MISSION HALL AT MARSEILLES.

THE expansive vigour which marks evangelical operations in France just at this time is something specially noteworthy. The remarkable work of Mr. McAll in Paris, the striking successes attending the religious services in the Trocadéro during the Great Exhibition, the prodigious sale of copies and portions of Holy Writ, the welcome given to the colporteurs in the rural districts, with many other signs and tokens, all tend to prove that simple Scripture teaching is taking new hold upon France. The first Mission Hall has lately been opened in Marseilles, in a faubourg surrounded by a dense population of working men. It holds

about 250 persons, and already is not nearly large enough to accommodate the willing crowds who gather round the door. Very encouraging testimony is even now forthcoming of the good results attending the services held within its walls, and the promoters of the undertaking feel themselves face to face with the necessity of enlarging their borders, multiplying centres of Gospel work, and so taking full advantage of the spirit of hearing which is everywhere exhibited. Marseilles is a city of 350,000 inhabitants. Next to Paris, it is probably the most politically influential city in the land, and it is not easy to estimate the extent of the results were the masses of this working-class population permeated with the principles of Gospel truth. We note with pleasure that the movement in question appears to be in wise and prudent hands—qualities which no amount of zeal can compensate for, and which are peculiarly needed among the sensitive and impulsive Marseillese.

BIBLE-WORK IN BEYROUT.

After the dreadful massacres which occurred in Syria in 1860, a lady, Mrs. Bowen Thompson by name, felt impelled to commence a charitable movement in aid of the many widows and orphans then left desolate. With but few helpers, and small means, that indomitable woman began and continued her work among the Syrian woman, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, sheltering the homeless, and all the while keeping one definite end in view—the inculcation of Christian truth and Christian principles into the minds and hearts of her ever-growing family. From thence till now the work has developed and prospered, until the British Syrian Mission, as it is called, may well be regarded as one of the most important factors at work for the moral uplifting of those down-trodden races which have so long languished under Moslem misrule. From Mrs. Thompson's large "Training Institution for the Daughters of Syria" have been sent out well equipped teachers, who are now conducting branch schools in Beyrout, Damascus, Tyre, Mount Lebanon, and many other places. Even among the ruins of Baalbec there are gathered youthful Orientals, who are being patiently and effectually taught the knowledge requisite for the life that now is as well as for that which is to come. It is a very remarkable fact that owing to the consummate skill and true Christian spirit in which these missions are conducted, Mahommedan women may constantly be seen at the various Bible-classes, side by side with Jewesses, Druses, and others. Thirty schools, 3,000 pupils, nineteen Bible-women, harem visitors, and Scripture-readers, are statistics that speak volumes in favour of the quiet, steady work which has been going on here for nearly twenty years. In one school, we note, there are 250 Mahommedan girls; in another 200 little Jewish children; and at Beyrout, every Sunday, and all round the week, 400 Moslem and Druse women eagerly gather for worship and tuition. It is scarcely possible to conceive how much of opposition, persecution, and prejudice, have had to be overcome in order to secure such results as these. It is impossible to conceive the future results which must flow from such a vital and vigorous centre of Christian force, during the changes which are about to be made in the management of affairs in Asiatic Turkey.

A LIVING DEATH!

Of all the manifold diseases that flesh is heir to, surely none are more terrible than those nervous ailments which, having their origin in the brain, place a life-long embargo on the limbs, and doom the hapless victim to what is little better than a living death. The paralytic and the epileptic are the most grievously afflicted of all sufferers, and demand the very tenderest compassion and sympathy of all who are spared the dire infliction. Of late years these diseases have become sadly common, and yet in the whole country, as we are informed, there is only one public hospital for the gratuitous relief of those who suffer from their ravages. The little hospital in Queen's Square may safely be said to be the hardest worked hospital in England, and is utterly unable to deal with a tithe of the cases that clamour with an eager pleading for admission within its walls. At times even the sofas in the day-room are temporarily occupied, and still from all parts of the country applications come incessantly from the helpless and despairing, for a place in the one solitary Bethesda which can in any wise meet their awful need. It is earnestly desired to erect a number of children's cots for the admission of little ones whose sad cases might be largely met and cured by the first-class treatment which here obtains. Very young children, those whose lamentable condition has the most of hope in it, cannot be admitted into the general ward, and so the poor little stricken ones are doomed to a hopeless fate by reason of the sad deficiency in space and funds which forbid their being taken in. A gift of thirty guineas will pay the cost of one child's cot for a year, and an earnest appeal is being made that so grand a charity may have fuller scope for action. Besides the 100 beds which are always full, there is a convalescent branch at Finchley—no other convalescent hospital will admit epileptic patients—and the value of its results cannot well be told. There is also a pension fund, from which annuities varying from ten to twenty guineas are granted to hopelessly afflicted poverty. A Samaritan Society, too, has been formed for the relief of destitute out-patients and their families. Surely, in all the mighty round of charitable enterprise there is nothing that calls so loudly on Christian beneficence as this noble institution, which ought to be extended fifty-fold.

HOMES FOR YOUNG SERVANTS.

We are very glad to make mention of a highly meritorious movement, which, we think, will only need to be known in order to win public sympathy and approval. The Metropolitan Association for

Befriending Young Servants has for its object the kindly oversight and protection of young domestic servants, say, from the age of thirteen to twenty, who on entering on or leaving their employment are without any adequate home shelter or defence from the thousand-and-one dangers to which these unusually defenceless ones are exposed. It was established three years ago, and it is gratifying to find that Boards of Guardians and pauper schools are co-operating with its promoters. Already 400 young girls are cared for in this way, and so thoroughly is the kindly aid appreciated, that an annual increase of 200 cases shows itself on the books of the Society. Thousands of the domestic servants in London are either orphans, or from distant provinces, or without other central resource than the Union ; and that the younger of this large class of "unprotected females" should be kindly cared for is a "good deed" without possible gainsaying.

GOOD WORK AT LAMBETH.

It would be difficult to find an instance wherein more effective work is being accomplished among the ragged and unruly for so small an expenditure as that of the Lambeth Ragged Schools. In this unimposing but most useful establishment seven hundred children of the poorest and roughest class are being gathered from Sunday to Sunday, and taught by a band of teachers whose labour of love is often rendered peculiarly onerous and unpleasant by reason of the unmanageable nature of the material on which they have to work. Especially is this the case in the evening school, when some five hundred are in attendance, including more than a sprinkling of very rough customers, whose strange modes and manners are exceedingly trying, and among whom the patient evangelists are subjected to the keenest discouragement. The records of the school, however, afford abundant evidence that even in this stoniest of stony ground the good seed has found lasting lodgment, and has led to results that only serve to strengthen the hands and encourage the hearts of those who have need of both. The whole of these operations are carried on at an all-inclusive expenditure of less than £80 per annum.

In addition to ragged schools there are Bible classes, mother's meetings, parents' meetings, reading and writing classes, a Dorcas society, a provident bank, and now and again a Christmas and midsummer treat, and the whole of these arrangements are carried out at a cost which only by a little exceeds that of the schools themselves. According to our judgment there are few spheres of gospel labour that are more deserving of aid than those which embrace the poorest, meanest, and in some cases, the worst of our city populations ; none in which the arduous toilers deserve more hearty sympathy, and few, if any, in which the excellent results are more visible.

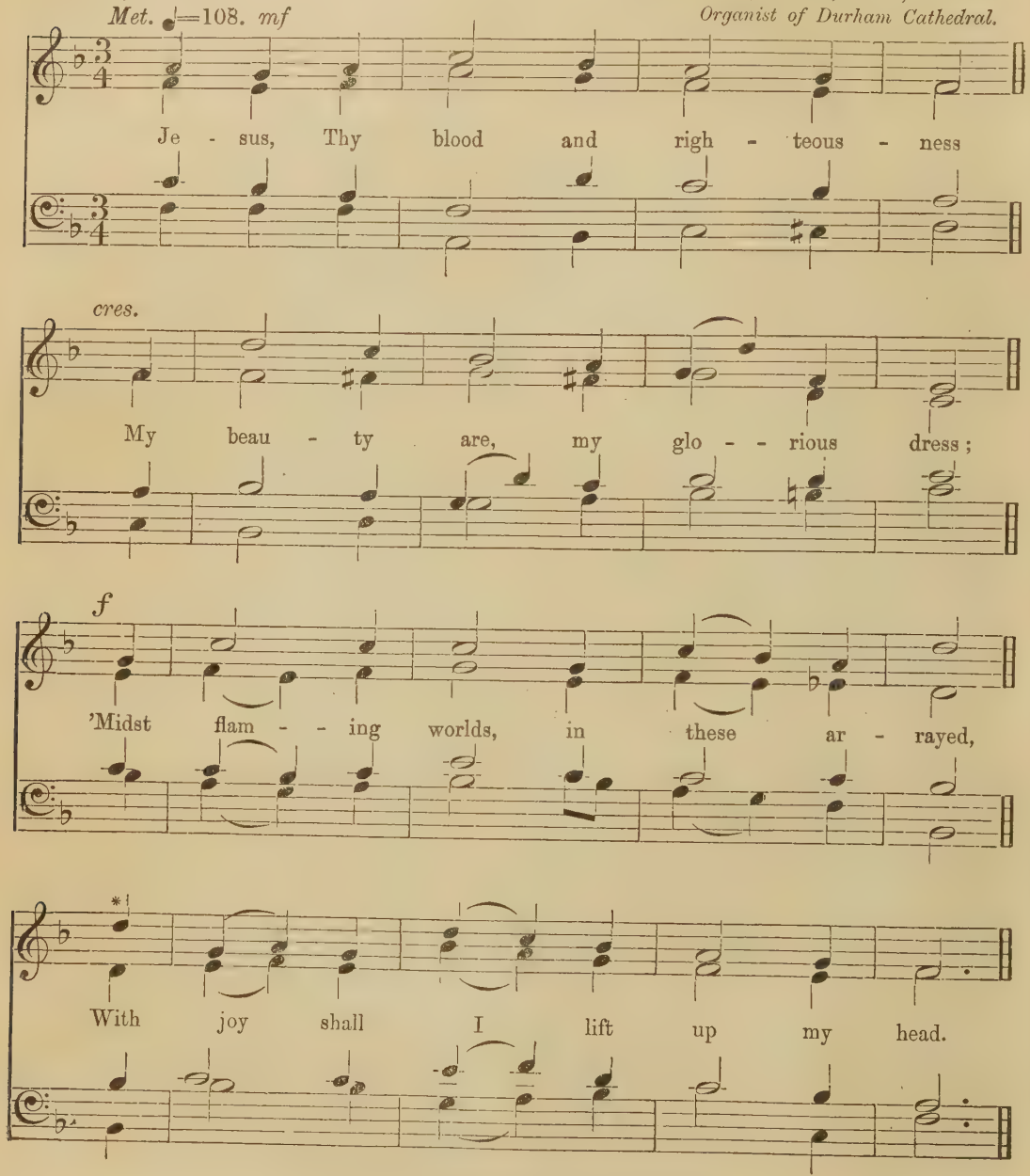
CHRISTIAN HOMES FOR DEAF AND DUMB CHILDREN.

In prosecuting their inquiries into the educational destitution of the metropolis the agents of the London School Board have made the sad discovery that there are some hundreds of poor children whose case cannot be reached by the ordinary methods of tuition, because they labour of being under the double deprivation of being deaf and dumb. With a merciful thoughtfulness which does the Board infinite credit, it was resolved to take immediate measures to meet this special need. Of course, as these sadly isolated juveniles are scattered all over the metropolitan area, any large central institution of a special character was out of the question. It was resolved, therefore, to establish classes for their instruction in certain ordinary schools, selected as far as possible with a view to contiguity, and to place these under the charge of so kindly and capable an expert as the Rev. W. Stainer. In this way the poor little folks, so long shut out by their infirmity from mixing with other children in school and play-ground, find themselves one with the rest, and can enter into the enjoyments and advantages of school life in a way which has been hitherto impossible, and which will certainly go far to enable them to fight the battle of life on their own account. The unmanageable distances, however, which the pitiful little "solitaries" have to travel to and fro, and the great poverty, as a rule, which marks their lot, practically exclude them from partaking of these precious advantages. Again, we are glad to say, Christian philanthropy has come to the rescue. A few benevolent ladies have combined to establish comfortable homes, in which the neediest children are sheltered and cared for in the neighbourhood of the schools from Monday to Friday. The salutary rule is observed of charging some small fee to such parents as can afford it ; but there is still great necessity for kind-hearted charity to supplement the resources so obtained. As soon as funds are forthcoming, two other Homes are to be opened in the south and west of London, in order to meet the wants of the little silent folk in those districts.

"Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness."

Words by J. Wesley.

Philip Armes, D.Mus., Oxon.,
Organist of Durham Cathedral.


Met. ♩=108. mf
Je - sus, Thy blood and righ - teous - ness
cres.
My beau - ty are, my glo - - rious dress;
f
'Midst flam - - ing worlds, in these ar - rayed,
*
With joy shall I lift up my head.

* This Chord to be omitted in the last verse.

Lord, I believe: were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

Jesus, be endless praise to Thee,
Whose boundless mercy hath for me,
For every soul Thy hands have made,
An everlasting ransom paid.

Oh! let the dead now hear Thy voice,
Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.

"'We thought you would never come back,' she said."—*p.* 419.

THE WHITE ROSE OF WHITELAKE.

BY ANNE BEALE, AUTHOR OF "THE PENNANT FAMILY."

CHAPTER LI.

RETURNED INVALIDED.

ROSE was soon across the lake, and was received by Silly Shanno with even more than her usual demonstrations. She seized upon her, and half carried her into the ruin. Glancing in at Shanno's open door, Rose perceived that there was some one in her room. Her thoughts at once reverted to Alfred Johnnes,

whom she had connected with that spot ever since his departure from it. She hoped it might be he, but she did not wish to be the first to welcome him home. She was about to withdraw forcibly from Silly Shanno's grasp, when the unknown and solitary tenant of the apartment rose slowly, and advanced towards her with evident difficulty. Her heart once more stood still: she paused—trembled—and no longer resisted the force that was impelling her into the room.

"White Rose, I am come back!" were the words that greeted her.

It was Major Faithfull. In another moment both her hands were in his, and she felt that he was seeking her because he truly loved her.

"I am so glad, so thankful!" was all she could say, but the simple words, and the bright tears, were enough for him.

"Come back, White Rose," he repeated, lingering on the words she had herself uttered; "a wounded soldier, on sick leave; invalided, and obliged to rest here before I could reach your house."

"Will you lean on me?" she said; and, with a tender apology, he took her arm.

"You are the stronger now, White Rose," he remarked, as they continued their way very slowly.

When they at last reached the party in the hay-field, the general surprise was great. Major Faithfull had not heard of Lord Howard's relationship to the Mervyns, for he had left India before the English mail that contained the news arrived; and his lordship had not heard that there was more than a distant acquaintanceship between him and his newly-found relatives. Mervyn only dimly suspected that Rose was attached to the Major, and the vicar was quite in the dark. Not that they were enlightened on that occasion, though gleams of the truth shot through their mental gloom.

All explanations were, however, cut short by the arrival of the syllabub, and by Edwyna's exclamation at sight of the Major. She and Edgar were superintending its concoction when he and Rose arrived.

"I don't understand it at all," whispered Mervyn to his wife, who was sitting between him and her father.

"I think it will be well for our Rose, as for us," she replied. "And when did you last see Llewellen?" she added, to the Major.

"Nearly three months ago," he answered. "I was laid by while he was fighting and distinguishing himself, though I am gazetted Lieut-Colonel"—he glanced at Rose. "He was at the battle of Goojerat, and fought nine hours like a lion." Rose shuddered. "With our 25,000 men we routed the Sikh army of 60,000, and Shere Singh had only 8,000 left when he escaped to the Salt Range Hills. He has been obliged to surrender unconditionally at last."

"I cannot help feeling sorry for him," said Rose. "We call them rebels, but it is their own country, after all."

"*Was*, you mean, Rose! Possession is nine points of the law," said Mervyn. "*We* had a king and a country once, but the Saxons got the better of us. Look at old Penllyn with its many ancient memories."

"And its modern ones of Rebecca, father," she responded, looking at him; and both thought of Alfred Johnnes.

"When we last met, Major Faithfull—or, I should say, Colonel"—began Lord Howard, with a sort of stately resolution, "you were kind enough to point out my grandson to me. I little thought then that I should meet you here; but Providence has been good to us all. I have also to congratulate you on your promotion, and on the good fortune that has befallen your sister, Mrs. Montague, and her children. It was strange that her husband's brother should die without a will, after all, and that they should come into his fortune naturally."

"Yes, my lord; it has relieved us all from great pressure," replied the Colonel, glancing at Rose, near whom he was seated, and who understood the meaning of the glance.

It was the sister and nephews that had been the obstacles to his proposing for her before.

While this was passing Edwyna had been busy with her feast, and Edgar the sentimental had been watching Rose and Colonel Faithfull. He asked his confidante, Edwyna, what it all meant—were they engaged?

"I don't know, but they are desperately in love," she replied, giving him a glass of syllabub. "I always told you it was no use your mooning after Rose. You will have to turn your attention to me, after all."

"I really think I shall," sighed Edgar, looking under the broad hat, at the merry, bright-eyed, rosy-checked maiden, who was now sixteen years of age.

"That is not complimentary. Take my noble grandsire some syllabub," she commanded; and the young clergyman obeyed.

And so, talking, glancing, and feeling deeply, Edwyna's pic-nic passed. The haymakers were not far distant, Silly Shanno was hid behind a neighbouring tree, Jim was here, there, and everywhere, and the two maids, in their best Sunday clothes, made believe to wait. The sun looked askance on the lake before the happy party left the hay-field, and the vicar said, reverently, to his friend, Mervyn, "Out of evil springeth good."

CHAPTER LII.

WELCOME HOME.

"HURRAH! hurrah! hurrah!" resounded through the village of Llansant. There were great rejoicings. No people are more patriotic or more staunch to one another than the Welsh; whether in joy or grief, their sympathies are available. But this was joy; for Lieutenant Mervyn was come home, his blushing honours preceding and accompanying him. It was a

grand reception for the young man, who had left the village scarcely three years before, all "unknown to fame," and who returned to it in some sort a hero. At any rate, he was a hero to the inhabitants of his native place. So they took the horses out of Lord Howard's open carriage before it crossed the bridge, in order to pull him and his grandson up to Llynhafod, for they had travelled together from Portsmouth. Everybody had assembled to welcome them home. Even old Mr. Wynne had turned out, and, together with his family, watched the proceedings from his carriage by the roadside. No one hurrahed more lustily than his grandchildren, and no one waved a white handkerchief so energetically as Miss Marcia. As may be supposed, the handsome Lieutenant looked excited and flushed as he stood up to shake hands with the friends that crowded round him. The vicar was amongst the first, and was graciously invited by Lord Howard to a seat in his carriage. He was succeeded by the corporal, with the words, "If you taught him to be a parson, I taught him to be a soldier, and I was the best master." Llewellen asked if he also might have a seat, and, permission being granted, the corporal, in his best clothes, and with his Waterloo medal on his breast, dragged his wooden leg up into my lord's barouche.

Egain, meanwhile, stood at a little distance on the other side of the bridge. She was rejoicing and sorrowing, for while her warm sympathies were with her friends at Llynhafod, she was thinking of Alfred Johnnes still absent. Nevertheless, she watched them draw the carriage over the strong old bridge, and was proud to see her father so honoured. Llewellen saw her, and waved his hat to her, and she offered up a prayer for the gay young officer and his family. But nobody was thinking of her at that moment, and every one appeared to have forgotten him of whom she thought so continually.

Indeed, every one had well-nigh forgotten Rebecca and her daughters. They had passed away with the obnoxious turnpikes, and the present crowd, who had probably helped to pull down the said pikes, now helped to pull Llewellen up the hawthorn lane. Egain watched them until they had disappeared round the corner, and stood, literally alone, listening to the shouts, which the noisy river seemed to echo, as it leaped in free rejoicing from stone to stone. She had not the heart to follow, but remained alone in reverie, leaning on the bridge, the old church-tower looking down upon her from its point of observation, the rocks, the woods, the hills and the deserted village around.

She was suddenly startled by a touch and the word—"Egain!"

Who shall say what she felt, or how she looked, when she turned to welcome home Alfred Johnnes? Yes! he too had returned! No one was near to see that silent, long embrace, as they two met. She could not speak, but she looked at him, and fancied joy would break her heart. Yes, joy! in spite of his worn, haggard face, his thin figure and shabby dress, in spite of all his faults and his shortcomings towards herself—she felt only joy.

"Where have you been so long? Why have you not written?" she gasped at last.

"In voluntary penal servitude, and I have served my time," he replied. "I have written; but I have been wandering, and working, and half-starving, in Australia and New Zealand, hoping that time would blot out the past; and I see, by to-day's gathering, that it has done so. Is mother still alive?"

"Yes. Come to her at once."

They walked in haste through the silent hamlet—past the hawthorn lane, spanned now by a triumphal arch—up the road to Glynglâs—scarcely speaking for the joy and the pain. Had they encountered a friend, even, he would not have recognised the once stalwart, handsome, resolute Alfred Johnnes, he was so much altered.

But his poor mother recognised him. There was no need of introduction or explanation to her. She had him—she was satisfied.

"You will not go away again, Alfred? We thought you would never come back," she said, when she was able to speak.

"Never, mother, I will live here with you, and Egain, if——"

"No ifs—no ifs! You shall be married to-morrow; and then Egain won't be wanting to spend half her days with the corporal and Letty," said the still irritable old lady.

Alfred Johnnes was humble enough now. He had known privation and suffering, he had earnestly repented of his sins, and he had come home to atone, as far as in him lay, for the past. He loved Egain, and meant to marry her, if she did not still consider him quite unworthy. But Egain was prepared, God willing, to help him to lead a new life under better, if sadder, circumstances. No maternal sanction was needed now to induce him to marry her who had been his first love.

We must, however, leave him and Egain in the excitement of their reunion and the prospect of better things to come, and return to the gay throng that surrounded and filled Lynhafod. Llewellen was met at the gate by his parents and his sisters, while his friend, Colonel Faithfull, was close by. His first embrace was for his mother, whose heart was indeed full of pride, love, and thankfulness; then came the others. It was a day of rejoicing for all. They stood beneath a second floral arch erected by Jim and his friends; which was not, however, so grand as it might have been, because Jim was reserving his choicest flowers and evergreens for another occasion.

Lord Howard won the said man-of-all-work's love and gratitude for ever by bidding him see that no expense was spared in regaling the villagers with roast beef and puddings, and "Three cheers for his lordship!" succeeded the announcement.

When Llewellen and his father had shaken hands with all the men, women, and children, each of whom

was known to them, the crowds gradually dispersed, and left the happy family party for a few minutes in peace. But they were soon succeeded by the Wynnes, who, at the special entreaty of Marcia and the children, drove up the hawthorn lane to add their "Welcome home!" to those of the villagers.

They could scarcely have greeted a finer, more soldierly, or more modest young man than Llewellen; and Miss Marcia may be excused if she renewed her friendly advances under, perhaps, more favourable auspices than she had made them at first. She was certainly, if possible, prettier and more *piquante* than ever, and she was no longer urged on to jealousy and gossip by Virginie, who had suddenly given warning, and had departed in disgust for her native France.

"We are to have white frocks and pink sashes, and pink hats, and bouquets," whispered Maggie and Pussy to Rose.

"Yes, yes; but never mind now," she replied.

"I wish you all the joy you deserve, my dear," said Mr. Wynne, also aside. "I suspected—well—I fancied, you know, that day at the chess. But I was too prudent to remark."

"I suppose it was all along of Rebecca, Colonel—hang Rebecca!" said Philipps Wynne.

"Thank you for your very pretty present, Miss Pryse Pryse," murmured Rose; for they all spoke below their voices.

"It was generous of me, for you cut me out," rejoined that young lady.

These mysterious hints were explained to Llewellen when the Wynnes took their departure, and were followed soon after by Lord Howard and Colonel Faithfull, who were both staying at the hotel.

"When is it to be? It was so good of you to wait for me," said Llewellen. "It will be grand to be best man."

"The very day after to-morrow. And you will have Miss Pryse Pryse, for she as good as offered herself and 'the darlings' as bridesmaids with me, who am to be 'best woman,'" responded Edwyna. "And Edgar is to have a parson's fortnight's holiday, and to come; and the vicar is to marry them; and father is to give them away; and grandfather is to lend them his great house in the country for the honeymoon; I wish it was I! and his fine carriage to convey them to it; and afterwards they are to live with him; and mother has a lovely new gown and bonnet; and, oh! you should see the Brussels lace dress and shawl my lord has given Rose, and we are to wear white and pink, equally becoming to Miss Marcia as to me, and Egain is to superintend, and——"

"Don't talk so fast; you bewilder me, Edwyna," said Llewellen. "What are father and mother to do?"

"To stay where we are," replied Mrs. Mervyn. "My father wished us all to take up our abode with him, but we prefer the independence and repose of this place, where we have lived so long. Colonel Faithfull and Rose have consented to live with him, and you, my son, will have two homes henceforth."

"But we have promised to pay my lord a visit," broke in Mervyn, with the old jestful manner. "His lordship intends to introduce me and Edwyna into society at the same time; and your mother promises to polish us up. The squire has polished up the house, and rebuilt the out-buildings, as you perceive, and Jim and Dolly are as plump and happy as their pigeons."

"And so are father and mother!" exclaimed Edwyna.

"We are beginning a new honeymoon in an aristocratic manner," continued Mervyn, looking tenderly at his wife, to whom sickness and anxiety had united him more closely than ever.

"And it would be perfect happiness but for the prospect of separation," said Rose, timidly.

"I am sure you and Colonel Faithfull want nobody but one another. I hope my noble grandfather won't find you as dull as we do, and that all engaged couples are not like you," proclaimed Edwyna. "Still, a wedding is great fun; and so is the triumphant return of my brother the lieutenant."

It all came off as Edwyna prophesied; but we must leave the actual wedding to the imagination of the reader. Suffice it to say that Colonel Faithfull and Rose were duly made man and wife, amid the prayers and good wishes of many friends and spectators. It may interest match-makers to learn that Llewellen and Marcia, and Edgar and Edwyna, followed the happy couple, two and two, from the church, while Lord Howard gave a hand to each of the little girls, and Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn closed the pretty procession. Also that my Lord Howard's carriage and four, and Mr. Wynne's carriage and pair, found it very hard work to get up the hawthorn lane, which was narrow for such an unusual display.

Jim's arch was a triumph of taste and ingenuity, and Jim himself, with a huge wedding favour in his coat, and a bunch of flowers in his button-hole, was not the least magnificent of the wedding party; and the maids eyed him with particular admiration, as they also figured in new caps and gowns for the occasion.

"You must be driving through the yard, and down into the field, before you 'll be turning four horses," said Jim, magnificently, directing my lord's grand coachman.

"The end is better than the beginning," was Mervyn's remark to his wife, as the wedding-party passed under the arch, through the pretty garden, and into the house.

"May God bless them, and give us peace," replied Mrs. Mervyn.

"Our White Rose will make a good wife, as her mother has done before her," rejoined Mervyn, pressing her hand affectionately, as they entered the house which they had first entered together when they were less auspiciously united.

Rose was much troubled by the ordeal of speeches and healths that all brides have to pass through at the wedding breakfast; still, she kept her feelings

under control, until she, her mother, and sister, went up to her room to see after that "travelling dress," which comes next in order and interest to the bridal laces and wreath. But the trio forgot self, when, with a timid knock as precursor, Egain entered. She had come, according to previous promises, to superintend the breakfast, but as yet the return of Alfred Johnnes had not been made known beyond Glynglâs. Her fine face wore a rich flush of crimson, and her dark eyes flashed, as she went up to the pale, tearful, but happy Rose, and took her hand.

"I must tell you before you leave, dear Miss Rose," she began, with agitation. "But, first, let me wish *you* joy, and pray that the Lord may bless you. *He* has come back?"

"What! Alfred Johnnes!" exclaimed her listeners, arrested in their work.

"Yes, and he bids me ask for your forgiveness, dear Miss Rose; and tell you that he congratulates you from his heart, and——"

Here Egain could no longer speak for sobs, and Rose put her arms round her and kissed her, whispering, "And you will be happy as I am, dear Egain?"

"God only knows! But he has asked me to be his wife; and oh! I have always loved him!" was the nearly inaudible reply.

Mrs. Mervyn and Edwyna gathered round her, and by degrees she told them what we already know. To this she added that Alfred's gratitude to his benefactors at Llynhafod was deep as her own, and would be, she was sure, as lasting. That he was a changed man both in appearance and heart, and that he only desired to atone, as far as he could for the past. They were to be quietly married almost immediately, not only because he wished it, but because his mother insisted on it. What they all dreaded most was the reception he might meet from his old friends and acquaintances.

"They have forgotten his faults, and will rejoice at a new excitement," said Mrs. Mervyn.

Egain was reassured, and, recovering her composure, assisted in the too-long-interrupted toilette.

The rest is soon told. The White Rose was still rejoicing in the unclouded sunshine of her honeymoon when Alfred Johnnes and Egain, followed by the Corporal and Letty, walked, unobserved, to church, and were married by Mr. Edwardes. And here the story ends.

THE END.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

BY THE REV. J. A. FAITHFULL, VICAR OF HOLY TRINITY, LEICESTER.

"I am the good Shepherd, and know My sheep, and am known of mine."—JOHN x. 14.

THOUGH the life of the Christian is hidden from himself and from his fellows, there is one who follows with ceaseless interest his every step, who understands with unfailing accuracy every stage in his experience. The good Shepherd knows His sheep. This thought is full of comfort to every single-minded believer. Though man may misjudge him, though his fellows may think ill of him, God's discernment is infallible, He cannot wrong him, He reads his motives, He knows him.

But the text presents another aspect of the spiritual life, an aspect which prevents our resting upon false hopes, which precludes the possibility of self-deception. Just as really as Christ knows His own sheep, so does the true Christian know Christ. It is a mysterious, intimate, spiritual understanding, far beyond the discernment of the wisest and best of men; hidden from all but the Triune God. Let no one be hasty in applying to himself the sweet consolation which the first part of the text affords unless he can stand the test supplied by the second. The text deals first with Christ's knowledge of His people and then with His people's knowledge of Christ.

I. Christ's knowledge of His people. "I know My sheep." Shepherd life in the East is very different from what it is in our land. There the post involves considerable danger, and demands great activity. A little boy or girl, or an aged man, would not be given the charge of a flock. It is true that David was a stripling when he tended his father's few sheep in the wilderness, but we know he was a lad of pronounced courage and marked energy. The allegory from which the text is taken, and the title which has always been attached to the Saviour therefrom, suggests the notion of love manifesting itself in provision, protection, and knowledge. It is to the last of these to which this verse draws special attention. "I am the good Shepherd, and know My sheep." If any one were standing for the first time before a flock of sheep, it would never occur to him that their shepherd knew every one of them; but in the East, an experienced and careful shepherd would so know them. Travellers have told us of flocks of 700 or 1,000 head, of which each had a name, to which many would answer when called. "I," says Jesus, "am that good Shepherd: I watch from a distance every one of My sheep; My eye surveys the whole flock; I know the person, the character, the circumstances, of each."

1. He knows their *persons*. Not only the number, but every particular individual. "The Lord knoweth them that are His;" "He knoweth them that trust in Him;" "He telleth the number of the stars;" and not only so, but He sees each

individual star, knows its orbit, its size, its age, all about it, "He calleth them all by their names." "Great is the Lord, and of great power, His understanding is infinite." Let God take you as He took the patriarch of old, and point you to the countless stars within a very small area of heaven's apparent surface, and then let Him tell you that He knows them all, you will not be surprised He should know those whom He has redeemed out of a ruined world, the children of His spiritual kingdom. Most of them are too distant for us to behold; many shine so dimly that our limited sight fails to discern them, others lived in the ages of the past; some are yet unborn; but no distance, no dimness, no length of time, hide them from Christ. The remotest, the dimmest star in His Church, is as well known to Him as the brightest and the nearest. He who had mercy enough to make them His children, has wisdom enough to recognise them now that they are His. Their names are written in the Book of Life, they are graven indelibly on the memory and in the affections of the good Shepherd; no child of God, however humble he may be, however faint his faith, however small his strength, however cold his love, was ever forgotten by Him who gave His life for the sheep.

2. Again, He knows the *character* of His sheep, the weak points and the strong points in each, their tastes, their evil tendencies, their holy aspirations; He knows their sins, that He may pardon them; their diseases, that He may heal them; their wants, that He may supply them; their prayers, that He may answer them; their graces, that He may delight in them; their services, that He may recompense them. "He understandeth our thoughts." He searches our reins and our hearts; He is as observant of our peculiarities as though we were the only objects of His care.

3. Once more, He knows the *circumstances* of each of His flock: what pasturage they feed upon, what kind of herbs suit them, where the roaring lion lies hidden to seize its prey. He sees the roughness of the road, He knows how thorny the way is, He watches each wandering sheep with tender care, and goes in person to recall them to places of safety.

There are many who are weighed down by some mighty burden. Perhaps it is a secret care which they cannot disclose to any earthly friend, but they cannot, even if they would, conceal it from Him. "Thou compassest my path, and art acquainted with all my ways." Perhaps the world is giving but little sympathy, those nearest are engrossed with their own interests, they fail to enter into the need of others, they have no time for any troubles but their own. What, then, is the burdened soul to do? He must seek for sympathy from Him who was tempted in all points like as we are. Why was He thus tempted? That He might atone for our sins? No! He was tempted that He might know us better, that He might have an experimental acquaintance of us, that He might have that key of a perfect knowledge of us which a fellow-feeling gives. He knows His sheep.

How is this to be accounted for? to what can this knowledge be traced? We may attribute it first to the greatness of His love. Look at that parent sheep in the flock; she knows her lamb, she can distinguish it from all the rest by the instinct of love. So it is with the Good Shepherd; we are told that His love surpasses that of father or mother. He loves with an intensity far greater than any earthly parent; His capacity for loving is great in proportion as His power of displaying love is great.

Again, we may attribute this knowledge to the fact of His intimacy with His people. In our country the shepherd is comparatively little with his sheep. When they are secured in pens and folds, he leaves them and goes to his home, but in the East he lives with them night and day, he leads them from mountain to mountain; for days, for weeks, aye for months, he sees no fellow being; all his time, his thoughts, his strength, are expended on his flock; he is dead to the outside world. And this fitly represents the intimacy of Christ with His people. He takes up His "abode" with them, He walks by them every day, He watches over them every night, He speaks of them as "His habitation," as His "rest"; He dwells in them as a home; He is in constant contact with them; in their trouble He consoles them; under all circumstances He cares for them. Once more we may trace this knowledge to the fact that He is divine. It is the Godhead of Jesus that is the ultimate cause of this perfect knowledge, and this idea seems to have been in the mind of our Lord when He delivered this allegory from which my text is taken, for He says in the very next verse "As the Father knoweth Me, even so know I the Father." This is knowledge indeed! We do not know ourselves, much less our neighbour, and as for God, what is our knowlege of Him? we can only conceive of Him under figures; we speak of Him as the Absolute, the Eternal, the Infinite—but who can conceive of these qualities? He has, therefore, been called, not altogether wrongly, the Unknowable. But Christ says He knows Him, and that perfectly, with the same knowledge that the Father Himself has. We must cease, therefore, to wonder that He knows us, superficial, imperfect as we are. His mind can grasp the infinite, the eternal, the absolute; He can fathom the ocean of truth, He can measure the endless expanse; surely, then, the shallow rivulet is not too deep for Him, nor the drops of falling rain too great. Let it then be ours to bask in the sunshine of this knowledge. What a blessing it is that we need not inform Him

about ourselves! He knows us in our weakness, in our impurity, in our strugglings after God and goodness, in our unhappiness; we cannot add one jot or tittle to this knowledge, all we need do is to seek to know more of Him.

II. And this brings us to our second point—His people's knowledge of Christ. "I am the good Shepherd and am known of mine." Not, of course, that we know Him as well as He knows us, that were impossible. He means, however, that we have some knowledge of Him. We note four things about this knowledge.

1. It is peculiar.
2. It is acquired.
3. It is the result of experience.
4. It is practical.

1. This knowledge is peculiar. Their fellow-men neither understand it nor possess it. The world at large cares not for Him, most people know not wherein He is to be so much admired and loved. The truths concerning Him are peculiar, they have no parallel in history, they accord not with the thoughts of men. As man did not invent them, so he cannot, but for the divine Spirit, receive them into his heart. This knowledge, therefore, is peculiar on account of its reception. It is conveyed through supernatural agency, by the Holy Ghost—imperceptibly, queitly, and often unconsciously.

2. Again, this knowledge is acquired. It is not natural, nor yet conveyed through the intellect. Just as a lamb discerns its mother among all the ewes of the flock, so does the child of God find Christ. It is by no process of reasoning, but by a God-implanted instinct, so much so that there are many who have heard of Christ for years, who understand clearly the scheme of salvation, who know all about the Good Shepherd, and yet know Him neither as the object of their heart's affection, nor yet as the motive power of their life.

3. Again, this knowledge is the result of experience. Some knowledge of Him His people get from faith in the testimony of God concerning Him. God tells them in His Word what Christ is, and they through the Spirit understand and believe the testimony He gives of Himself. But the chief source of their knowledge of Christ is like that which brings the sheep to know its shepherd. When it hungered the shepherd found pasture for it, when it thirsted he led it to cooling springs, when it wandered he brought it back, when it was in danger he guarded it, when it was sickly he nursed it. Ask any believer whence it is that he knows Jesus, and he will tell you: "It is experience that has taught me most of Him; I was lost, He found me; I was needy, He helped me; I was in danger, He rescued me; I have felt His power, His love, His Grace. I know He is wise, for He has dealt with me in wisdom; I know He is great, for He has shown me of His glory; I know He is holy, I know He is loving, for He has lavished His love upon me."

4. Once more, this knowledge of Christ is practical. We in this country look upon the sheep as a dull, unteachable animal, and our shepherds treat it as such, but it is not so in the East; there it is otherwise treated. The shepherd fearlessly turns his flock on a piece of ground with his neighbour's corn standing unfenced and unprotected. He knows the corn is safe, for he has so trained his flock that not one of them dares to touch it. We drive our sheep, they lead theirs; they have only to call, and the sheep follow them as long as they have strength to do. So, brethren, it ever is with Christ's people. "He calleth His own sheep by name, and leadeth them out, and the sheep follow Him, for they know His voice." "A stranger will they not follow, for they know not the voice of strangers." Before we know Christ as a living power, we follow the bent of our own unregenerate will, there is no power beyond ourselves strong enough to rule us; conscience sometimes asserts itself, so that an inward struggle is constantly going on; principle attempts to exercise authority over us, but always under protest, and generally unsuccessfully; the service of God gives no satisfaction, His spirit is resisted, His loving invitations are unheeded, His advances are slighted; the will is the master of the man, or if the will be weak he is the victim of caprice, or of the nearest external influence. But when once we know Christ we receive a moral impetus; He takes command of the ship's helm; obedience, willingness to follow Him are necessary consequences, and just in proportion as we know Him is the doing of His will natural and easy. Once let a soul experience the grace of Christ, once let it acquire some knowledge of Him, once let it really set itself to follow Him, and it becomes docile and tractable, yielding and subdued; it will no longer wander in the wilderness to which its own corrupt nature would lead, but its chief desire will be to feed in healthy pastures, to go straight on whither the Shepherd leads.

What a beautiful picture does this image give us of the Church of Christ! It is not a flock of half-wild, foolish animals, running hither and thither, kept together with difficulty, and driven to their destined home with blows and shoutings; but their Shepherd is before them, selecting a path for them, and preparing for them a healthy pasturage. True, there is now and then a halting one among them; one falls down here, and another there; one is bleeding from some wound received, another is going on wearily, and fainting through nature's weakness; but for all that, the flock goes on, and when the journey is ended, and the number is counted, there will not be one of them found wanting. Any casual observer, seeing them as they toiled along the desert, or up those heights, or through those dark and dangerous

valleys, would have said, "Thousands will be lost before the flock arrives at the place of safety;" but the Shepherd knows each one, and will see to it that not one of them is lost—all are to be presented in safety at the Father's throne, one flock complete under one Shepherd.

Brethren, what do we know of Christ? Does He rule our hearts? Does He control our life? Have we this peculiar, heaven-taught, experimental and practical acquaintance with Him? Then, let us go back to the first part of the text, and take therefrom the comfort that belongs to us. "I am the Good Shepherd, and know My sheep." Many of us are unhappy in our spiritual life because we only half understand these common, simple truths of the Gospel. We have enough in this verse to make us, in our utmost weakness, feel as firm as a rock; we have enough to assure us of our safety. Do I know Christ? Then there is no doubt about it, He knows me, and pledges His character to it, that He will lead me to the home He has prepared. Let me once be numbered among the sheep, once return to the Shepherd and Bishop of my soul, and what shall harm me? There is not a creature in the universe more secure than I am, nor one who, in the end, will be more blessed, for none can separate me from the love of the all-wise, the all-knowing, the Good Shepherd, who gave His life for me, a wandering, wayward sheep

HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST IN THE WINNING," "FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE."

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIRST DARK DAYS.

It was a long time before Winnie could realise the fact that her mother was no more. The weeping servants gathered about her, entreating her to be calm, but they might have spared themselves the trouble; she was calm, for she was incredulous. It could not be true, she kept telling herself; her mother, whose kiss had been pressed on her forehead not two hours ago, who had stood before her in her usual health, dead! Why did they ask her to believe that when it was impossible?

"She is stunned," said some one. "Better tell her how it happened?"

But the answer was a shuddering "Ah, no, no! it is too horrible!"

Then Winnie, on whose ears every word seemed to fall with torturing effect, began to cling to nurse, and cast piteously inquiring looks around her. There was something more than mere sorrow depicted on every face she beheld. What, then, could have befallen her mother? She had left her in apparent security as well as health. A glance into Mrs. Graddon's sitting-room as she ran past the half-open door, had shown her that all there was just as usual; the work-basket standing beside the easy-chair of its mistress, with the dress she was embroidering for Nina lying upon it, and her thimble and scissors on the little stand close by, as if she had that moment laid them down. If Winnie's mother had been suddenly called upon to resign the life so precious to her husband and children, in what fearful shape had the summons come?

"Let me go to mamma!" she cried, passionately. "When I have seen her I may be able to believe what you tell me, but not till then—not till then. Stand aside all of you, and let me go to her!"

But again she was mercifully prevented from rushing into the chamber to which Mrs. Graddon had been conveyed; and cautiously, and by slow degrees, the kind neighbours, who had hurried to the assistance of the bereaved family, told the tale, to which Winnie forced herself to listen.

Not long after the young people started for the lake, Mr. Graddon, who had been making additions to his sawing and planing machinery, bustled into the house, calling loudly for his wife. Some hitch in the working of one of the machines had perplexed him until he contrived to remedy it by an invention of his own, and with delight saw every wheel and crank working once again with unerring precision. Mrs. Graddon had sympathised so affectionately with her spouse over his perplexities, when they kept him awake at night, that he was eager to acquaint her with his success; and when she proposed that he should take her into the sawing house and show her what he had been doing, he acquiesced readily.

It was a rare event for Mrs. Graddon to be seen in the builder's yard. She often told herself that when her own health was stronger, and the cares of her household did not press so heavily upon her, she would try to know more of her husband's work-people and their families; at present a little help in sickness was all she had been able to give them, but that little had been so generously, so delicately, bestowed, that she was greatly esteemed, and the roughest of the labourers doffed his cap with heart-felt respect as the gentle, gracious woman glided by him.

Now there was one portion of the machinery in Mr. Graddon's sawing-house which it would have been prudent to screen, and at the time it was set up,

"Winnie greeted her guest."—*p.* 428.

some years previously, Mr. Graddon had decided that a safeguard should be fixed at once. But business was brisk just then, and the foreman thought it no harm to defer carrying out the order, excusing himself on the plea that there really was no danger, as every one who worked for the firm had been warned; and so it was postponed again and again, till the builder, generally so thoughtful for his employés, suffered other matters to drive this one from his mind.

Nothing occurred to startle him into a recollection of it. The wheels whirred round day after day, month after month, but no harm came of it. There had been one or two narrow escapes, but they were soon forgotten, and never mentioned in Mr. Graddon's hearing. He actually failed to notice that when his wife stepped aside to let a couple of the workmen pass, she had drawn perilously near that unguarded spot, and neither he, nor any one else, ever knew precisely how the accident occurred. It was supposed that when Mrs. Graddon moved to return to him, her foot slipped, and she was thrown backwards. Assistance was promptly rendered, but it came too late—and Winnie was motherless.

The young girl's first thoughts were rebellious ones. She, too, had been in peril that afternoon—peril rashly, deliberately incurred! yet she, whose life was not half so valuable as that dear mother's, had been spared. "If I had died," she moaned, "they would have grieved for me bitterly, but I should not have been missed long. Who could want me as I shall want mamma—not now only, but always?"

"You must exert yourself, Winnie," said Mrs. Halton, the doctor's wife, and her mother's old friend. "You must exert yourself for the sake of the others. Every one will look to you now. Show them how brave, how resigned, you can be."

But Winnie shook off the hand that was laid on her shoulder, and refused to listen. She could not think of any one else yet; whose grief could be like her grief? Her father's, perhaps, but they would not let her go to him till his frenzy of self-reproach had subsided. Her brothers were too young to fully comprehend the loss they had sustained; and kind friends had hastened to withdraw them from so painful a scene. Nina, too, a delicate, sensitive girl of fifteen, had fled to a neighbour's house as soon as she learned what had occurred, and was to be kept there till she had overcome the shock. Hattie was crying silently in a corner, but her regrets could not be very deep-seated, and Duke was with Mr. Graddon, whom it was not considered prudent to leave by himself just at present. Winnie had nothing therefore to do but walk distractedly from room to room, wringing her hands, as on every side she beheld something that reminded her of her mother, and feeling, as the young often do, that no sorrow could be as deep or incurable as her sorrow.

It was a relief, even though she rebelled against it, when Mrs. Halton insisted that she and Hattie should go to bed, and, exhausted with weeping, she sank into a deep sleep. But with the dawn there came the miserable awakening, with aching eyes that could scarcely bear the light of the day that must be got through in spite of the languor and depression numbing every faculty.

"I have telegraphed to your father's half-sister, Miss Symes," said Mrs. Halton, as they sat at the dreary breakfast to which even Hattie's healthy appetite could not do justice. "I hope she will come to you directly."

Oh no, no!" protested Winnie. "She is a stranger; I could not have her here! I want no one; I want nothing, only to be left alone! Let me stay in my own room, and see no one; it is all I ask!"

"And while you give way in this manner, my dear, what is to become of your brothers and your home? I am quite willing to stay with you till after—that is, for a few days—but some one must take the responsibilities of the household upon their shoulders, and, even if you were more willing to exert yourself, yours are very young ones, Winnie."

"Mamma was going to trust me with the keys. It was agreed between us that I was to keep house during the holidays."

But Winnie broke down when she had said this, for how different, how very different, things were now! The duties she had proposed to assume with such delight and importance had taken a different aspect, and she felt overwhelmed with a sense of her own weakness and inexperience; for, with no dear thoughtful mother to rely on for advice and aid, what should she do? and very humbly she thanked Mrs. Halton for having appealed on her behalf to this unknown relative. She even went farther; for when she had accustomed herself to the idea of Miss Symes' presence in the house, she began to tremble lest anything should occur to prevent her coming. Placed suddenly at the head of a large family, harassed by the appeals of the servants who came to her for orders, and the necessity of selecting mourning, and giving those directions for which her father was physically incapable, who can wonder that Winnie shrank from the burden laid upon her?

But she was shamed out of all merely personal considerations when first admitted into the chamber of Mr. Graddon, whose morbid self-accusings had caused him to avoid all intercourse with his children. When she saw how grief had aged and changed him, never again to be the strong, hopeful, energetic man of old, her better nature began to assert itself. Her father needed all her care, all her tenderness; for his sake she must and would wrestle with her own regrets; and from this time Winnie devoted herself to him with a filial affection Mr. Graddon was scarcely able to appreciate just then, although eventually it won for his daughter a trust and confidence in her that strengthened with time.

Miss Symes, who was residing in Scotland, did not arrive till Mrs. Graddon's funeral was over, the scattered family re-united, and Winnie alternately shocked and grieved to find her young brothers

already squabbling and romping about the house, and Nina mingling with her tears for her mother complaints of the carelessness of the dressmaker who had fitted her black dresses. But Miss Symes had written her half-brother a very neat, precise little note of condolence, to which she appended an explanation of the delay.

"I would have come to you sooner," she said, "but as I see it will be my duty to take up my abode with you, and assist you in rearing your young family, I am bound to settle my affairs here before quitting this neighbourhood for ever."

"Is aunt Janet—*nice*, papa?" asked Winnie, to whom Mr. Graddon handed the letter, with the rather rueful comment that he did not know she intended to come "for good."

"I'm sure I can't tell you, Winnie. We have seen very little of each other since we were children; and she dropped all correspondence with me after she fancied that we were both over-reached by the lawyer who had the settling of our father's affairs, and that I had not protested against it as strongly as I ought to have done. I offered to make good to her the few pounds of which she thought herself defrauded, but she refused to accept them, and since then has always declined the periodical invitations your dear mother, in her anxiety to play the peacemaker, used to send her."

"She must have a good heart, papa, or she would not give up her home so readily to come to us."

"Yes, Janet is warm-hearted, in spite of her peculiarities; but I wish we could have managed without her," sighed Mr. Graddon.

"So do I," answered Winnie, tearfully; "but Mrs. Halton thought it best, for she knew that we need some one here wiser than I am. I feel so helpless, papa, so useless!"

Mr. Graddon flung up his arms with a groan.

"Don't speak of it, child! I can't bear it! You cannot feel so utterly adrift as I do! Had your mother been taken from us by some wasting illness, I should have had time to nerve myself to the blow; as it is it has crushed me. If it were not for the children I would sell all and go abroad!"

Startled by this frenzied burst, Winnie mentally resolved never to provoke such another by her own complaints. Taking up her mother's Bible, she read aloud till Mr. Graddon, who was still weak and ill, sank into a doze, when she went away on tip-toe to try and settle a rising dispute between two of her brothers; to talk as cheerfully as she could to Duke—who was beginning to resent being condemned to no other society than Hattie's—and to soothe Eddy, who was young enough to cry bitterly whenever night came, for the mother who would never more listen to his prayers, and bend over his little bed to give him a good-night kiss. But with her own heart aching sorely, and her own eyes filling, it was weary work, and Winnie longed unutterably for the coming of her Aunt Janet, in whose greater strength of mind she hoped to find the support she needed.

CHAPTER VIII.

AUNT JANET.

Mr. Graddon had exerted himself for the first time to go into the office and look over some specifications, and Winnie was doing her utmost to amuse and employ her restless brothers—kept in-doors by a drenching shower—when a cab from the station deposited Miss Symes, and a score of boxes, parcels, &c., at her brother's door.

"Thank goodness she's come!" exclaimed Duke, throwing down the newspaper he had been trying to read. "With a new government I should think a nursery would be instituted once more, and those tiresome children compelled to stay in it."

"They are too old for a nursery; and if Winnie can bear their noise I am sure we can!" cried Hattie, between whom and the young man wordy combats often took place. She might be obtuse, and slow to take offence when those she loved teased her, but she resented, and sharply too, the derisive smile she often saw on Duke's lips, and the cavalier fashion in which he set her aside when he wanted his cousin's society. Till he came, her friendship with the latter had flowed on very smoothly, and it was hard to find an arrogant young fellow monopolising Winnie, and ridiculing her own efforts to be of use to her.

"You are sure I ought to be patient under such a Babel?" retorted Duke. "Perhaps I could if I were able to enthral myself, as you do, in the pages of a cookery-book."

The taunt was all the more galling because Hattie, having heard Winnie express a wish that she knew how to make a Scotch cake Duke had described as delicious, had been searching for it in a manuscript collection of recipes that had descended to her from her grandmother.

"It isn't a cookery book, at least not exactly," Hattie began, but he did not stop to hear her explanation, followed Winnie into the hall, and, bidding her keep out of the draught, while he ran down the steps to assist the traveller in alighting.

He came back, however, the next minute, *solus*, and with a disgusted air drew his cousin's hand through his arm, and led her back into the parlour.

"Yes, it is Miss Symes," he said, in answer to her inquiry, "but don't wait for her there. She cannot agree with the cabman, who demands something extra for her luggage, and it's detestable to hear a woman wrangling about sixpences!"

"Will she not let you settle with the man?" he was asked.

Duke drew himself up.

"I proposed it, and was snubbed for my pains. It's not pleasant to be told that you do not know the value of money, or you would not be in such a hurry to throw it away. I cannot congratulate you, Winnie, on your relation."

"Oh, don't say that, Duke!" pleaded his cousin. "It's too early to form a just estimate of Aunt

Janet's character. Perhaps the man was extortionate."

Secretly hoping her father would not hear of Miss Symes' arrival till the incensed cabman—who grumbled all the while he brought in the trunks—had taken his departure, Winnie greeted her guest as cordially as she could. Miss Symes was a small, spare, middle-aged lady, with a pleasant smile, but who had a curiously searching expression in her very bright black eyes, which seemed to be always watchful, always seeking for something beyond their view. As soon as they rested on Johnny, the youngest of the children, he shrank behind his sister, and when gently compelled to come from his hiding-place to receive his aunt's kiss, burst into a weeping protest that he had not been doing anything naughty.

Aunt Janet's caresses reassured the child, though Eddy, the next in age, asked Winnie afterwards what made the new aunt look at every one as if she had caught them out in mischief, and was for a long time careful to seat himself out of the range of her sharp black eyes. With this exception, she was very kind, very sympathising, telling Mr. Graddon, in tremulous accents, that she would, to the best of her ability, make up to his motherless children for the loss they had sustained.

Her brother's grief was still so new that he could only answer by wringing her hand; and he looked so overcome by this allusion to his dead wife, that Winnie hastened to lead her aunt to the room that had been prepared for her.

But there were two distinct sides to Miss Symes' character; when her sympathy for her bereaved relatives subsided, her care for her own interests revived. Much though her journey had fatigued her, she could not be persuaded to go to rest till all her packages had been carried into her room, counted, and compared with the list in her pocket-book, and the key brought to her of a large light closet adjoining, in which the maids, under her superintendence, stowed the most valuable. Then she was seized with a suspicion that a packing-case had been opened during its transit, and some of its contents extracted, and a messenger was sent to request Duke to bring hammer and chisel, and prise the lid, that she might discover to what extent she had been robbed. But Duke sent to excuse himself till the morning, and Miss Symes very reluctantly agreed to wait.

"I was afraid I should not get my things here safely," she told Winnie, ruefully. "One's life nowadays is a continual struggle with robbery and imposition!"

"Have you been so often wronged?" was the natural inquiry.

"My dear child, who has not? Did you ever take up a newspaper without seeing some flagrant case—but I dare say you are not allowed to read the papers, and wisely, for ignorance is bliss, and you will learn the wickedness of the world quite soon enough from the experiences of those about you. Look at me, Winifred. I can safely declare that I have never wilfully deceived or defrauded living creature, yet my honesty of purpose is no protection to me. See how my journey here has been marked with efforts to cheat me. The clerk at the station from which I started gave me deficient change, the cabman asked more than his legal fare, and what I may have lost out of this case I am afraid to think!"

"But it does not look as if it had been meddled with," said Winnie, examining it closely.

"My dear child, how can you know? It's not three years since a small keg of oysters sent to me by a friend disappeared altogether. It's true that the railway company professed to explain the circumstance by pleading a breakdown, but the keg never reached me; and, Winnie, I'm almost certain those two nails, the two nearest to the right-hand corner, are not the same my neighbour hammered into that case for me the other evening."

As this sounded unanswerable, Winnie could only express her regret, and a hope that Aunt Janet's losses would not prove so considerable as she feared; and with this she left her to take the repose of which she must stand in need; but she did not know whether to laugh or be annoyed when, on tapping at Miss Symes' door in the morning, and receiving permission to enter, she found that lady sitting where she had left her. She was shivering with weariness, and evinced all the symptoms of an incipient cold, and yet acknowledged that she had not been in bed all night.

To relieve her morbid anxiety the case was opened; and though for some time Miss Symes persisted in thinking that a small box of water-colours—value one shilling—had been extracted, the question was settled when Winnie fished it up from under a collection of odds and ends of no value to any one but their owner; and she was obliged to admit that the railway people had not robbed her after all.

By the time she had come to this conclusion, and a black bag containing a few articles of plate had been examined, and its contents counted—"not that she ever let it go out of her sight; but we have heard of such shameful tricks, and there are so many bags precisely alike"—Miss Symes' cold and fatigue prostrated her. She was really ill, and would require careful nursing for some days.

Allowances must be made for an elderly lady who has just been enduring the fatigue and worry of a long solitary railway journey, and Winnie forbore to remark on Miss Symes' peculiarities in the hearing of her father. Duke and the little boys, however, were less reticent, and it was not encouraging when Mr. Graddon observed that Janet did not seem much altered; she had always laboured under an impression that every one she came in contact with would try to take some mean advantage of her.

Her sufferings, however, for the next few days fully occupied Miss Symes' thoughts; and when she was sufficiently recovered to sit in an easy-chair drawn close to the fire in her bed-room, and converse

with Hattie and Winnie, she described so amusingly her home in the Highlands, the romantic scenery of the district, and the people she had known there, that they were delighted listeners, and sought every opportunity of being with her.

It was far pleasanter to Winnie to sit in the quiet chamber, amused and interested by aunt Janet's reminiscences, or indulging in her own sadder musings, than to be down-stairs where there were constant calls upon her from the boys, with whom Nina would persist in wrangling; and Duke looked glum or reproachful if she were not always willing to read or play chess with him.

"It rests me so to be here," she murmured to herself one evening, when she had escaped thus from the family circle. "None of them seem to think that I am ever tired, or longing to be able to sit still and think of mamma."

It was with ill-concealed impatience she answered a tap at the door half an hour afterwards, putting up her finger, as nurse—who was the intruder—appeared, to warn her that Miss Symes had fallen into a doze.

"Am I wanted down-stairs? Can't they manage without me a little longer?" she whispered.

"It 's not the children, Miss Winnie, they are wonderful good to night; it 's your papa."

Winnie started guiltily. How could she permit herself to neglect him!

"I will go to him directly, nurse."

"But, my dear, that 's the trouble; he 's not come in yet, and it 's nearly nine o'clock. If he 's brooding over his troubles in that lonely little office——"

Winnie did not stop to hear more, but, snatching up a shawl, wrapped it about her head and shoulders, and ran nimbly down-stairs.

No one heard her as she opened the side-door leading by a covered passage to the builder's yard, and, shivering as she went—for it was a dark, intensely cold, frosty night—steered her way past piles of timber to the detached building known as the office.

But there were no lights in it, the door was locked, and, after listening a while by the window, she felt convinced that Mr. Graddon could not be within. It had never been unusual for him when business was pressing to shut himself in there for an hour or two's quiet writing, and Winnie had felt no serious uneasiness till nurse suggested a sudden reason for his delay.

Where could he be? She glanced towards the shops of the carpenters and joiners. In an upper one a light was twinkling, and, without hesitation, she hurried towards it, climbed the steep staircase, and suddenly presented herself before the man who was leaning over a bench, where, amidst his tools, there lay an open book, which he was reading by the light of a solitary gas-burner.

Intent though he was upon the volume, he heard Winnie's light step, and started up, crimson with embarrassment. It was Percy Gray.

(To be continued.)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. New Series. No. 9. David and Goliath.

Chapter to be read—1 *Sam. xvii.*

INTRODUCTION. In last lesson left David at Saul's court. What was he doing for Saul? After a time seems to have returned home again when Saul got better. Now some old enemies of Israel gather their forces; probably take advantage of Saul's madness; hope easily to overcome Israelites.

I. Goliath. (Read 1—11.) Try and picture out the scene: Armies of Philistines gathered together—occupy a mountain-side; Saul hastily collecting his army—occupy opposite hill; deep valley between. Who comes forward from Philistines? Was such a giant ever seen before? nearly ten feet high, of immense strength, fully armed! What proposal does he make? This single combat will save a bloody fight; but is it a fair proposal? could a similar champion possibly be found on Israel's side? No wonder Saul and his army much frightened. Notice two points about the giant: he was (1) *strong*—for see the account of his armour and weapons, not an enemy to be despised; he was also (2) *boastful*—stood and defied all the army of Israel, thought it impossible that any one could overcome him.

II. David. (Read 12—31.) What were his brothers doing? Had been summoned to follow the king to battle. Remind of description of eldest when Samuel went to anoint David (1 Sam. xvi. 6). But who was left with the flock? What a contrast to David's life at the court! How long did the Philistines go on making the boastful offer to fight? Forty days a long time for an army to remain in one place. Perhaps the food would be running short. So what did Jesse tell David to do? what was he to take? Some for his brothers, and some for the captain. What a kind and thoughtful man Jesse was! So David starts for the army. Where does he leave his provisions and things? ("carriage" meaning "baggage.") Then runs on to salute his brethren. Who came up at the moment? What did the men of Israel do? Was David afraid? Apparently not; so they tell him of all the honours the victor should have. But who came and found fault? What does he accuse David of? Perhaps he did like to come and see the battle; but had he not taken care of the sheep? (ver. 20.) How does he answer Eliab? So notice about David: he was (1) *obedient*—ready to obey father's wishes at once; (2) *thoughtful*—he pro-

vided for safety of flock in his absence; (3) *brave*—not frightened, as others were, at mere sight of giant; (4) *meek*—returning soft answer to Eliab's unkind and unfair speech.

III. SAUL. (Read 31—40.) Now the king hears of this young man and his bold words. What had he been saying? (v. 28). How could servants of God be afraid of a Philistine? Had Saul ever seen him before? But seems to have forgotten him entirely (v. 55). What does David offer to do? What does Saul reply? But how does David once more answer him? This not his first danger; had met with dangers in his shepherd's life; what were they? How had he been delivered then? therefore would not fear now. So Saul bids him go in God's name. But what does Saul put on him? These the only weapons he knew anything of; but did David wear them? Why not? What did he take instead? Picture David leaving Saul's tent; officers and soldiers all watching; the news spreading of what he was going to do; all wondering at the daring of this lad; then his going down the hill-side to the brook—what did he choose there? slowly climbing the other side, and standing before the giant. What an exciting moment!

IV. THE BATTLE. (Read 41—54.) Now the two approach. What did the Philistine *say*, and what did he *do?* How did David answer? What a splendid answer! What does he trust in? Not weapons, but God's power. The giant has defied God. God shall deliver him to David. What will the result be? God will be honoured, and his enemies fall. Picture the scene: The giant, with curses in his mouth, shield in left hand, sword in right, rushing on David; David calmly waiting his approach; slinging the stone; taking good aim; the blow; the fall; the head cut off; the flight of the Philistines; the shout of triumph of Israelites; the pursuit of the enemy; the great victory.

V. THE LESSONS. All this typical of Christ's victory over the devil, and of his people's victory too. When did Christ meet the devil? after how many days' fast? How did Christ answer the devil each time? (Matt. iv. 4, 7, 10.) These texts, as it were stones cast at the devil, made him to flee. So shall be always. What are the weapons of our warfare? (Eph. vi. 13—18) and St. Paul particularly mentions the sword of the spirit as the word of God (Eph. vi. 17). Therefore learn how to resist our spiritual enemies. (1) *In God's name.* Not, like giant, trusting to own strength or power. God is on our side. He gives the victory. (2) *By God's word.* Always when tempted to sin ask "What has God said?" and put this forth. Thus trusting, fighting, must prevail, because the battle is the Lord's.

Questions to be answered.

1. What two points do you notice about Goliath?
2. What four points about David?
3. How did Saul want to help David?
4. Describe the battle.
5. Of what is the battle a type?
6. How are we to resist?

THE SILVER WATCH.

PART I.

"WELL, mother, what's the news?" exclaimed Bruce Harvey, as he sauntered lazily into the pretty breakfast-room, where his mother sat at the table behind the urn, with knitting in her hand, and some open letters lying on the white cloth beside her.

She had been waiting for him at least half an hour, her own breakfast was untouched, but there was a bright smile upon her face as she turned round to receive her boy's listless caress, and held out one of the letters towards him.

"Very good news," she said, pleasantly, "for both of us. Your father's ship has come in, and he will be home to-morrow or the day after, I hope."

Bruce received this piece of intelligence with a long and not very triumphant whistle, and instead of sitting down at the table, he strolled across the room to the window, and stared out for some minutes at the little strip of somewhat neglected garden which lay in front.

Mrs. Harvey felt puzzled and disappointed at her son's manner, but there was no reproach in her voice as she spoke again.

"Come over and sit down, like a good fellow. I have something else to tell you. Here is a letter from your uncle Bob; he is going to send Wickham over to spend a few days with us here."

Bruce wheeled abruptly round, and there was no question as to the gladness in his voice now, as he came quickly across the room.

"I say, mother," he exclaimed, "isn't that luck? I am awfully glad! Is Wickham coming to-day?"

"Yes—this evening," Mrs. Harvey answered, looking up rather questioningly into her boy's face, which was kindled now into joy. "You seem very much pleased, Bruce."

"Well, I should rather think so," was the boy's reply, as he sat down beside his mother now, and helped himself plentifully to buttered toast. "It just makes all the difference to me of a silver watch and chain. Don't you remember father promised me one if he found the garden in good order when he came home? and I was just wondering how in the world I'd get it done by myself, and now Wickham's coming, and he's just the very man for the work."

Mrs. Harvey did not smile, although the vision of a little frail fair-haired boy of ten rose up before her in strange contrast to Bruce's words. She could not

help the thought of how many days the garden had lain uncared for until now, in spite of the many times she had reminded him about it of late. She could not fail to see that the source of her boy's joy was not a very generous one, and that the hope of his silver watch and chain far outweighed at this moment all other thoughts.

Mrs. Harvey was grieved, as she had often been, by such tokens of selfishness in her boy; but as she handed him his tea she only said, "You must remember, Bruce, that although Wickham is very willing, he is not very strong, and you must not tax his good-nature too far."

"Oh no, of course not; I 'm not going to make a fool of myself, or of him either. But it will do him a lot of good to grub away in the garden out there, instead of being cooped up over his lessons at home."

"I hope so," Mrs. Harvey said, quietly. "At all events I mean to entrust him to your care while he is here, as your father is coming home sooner than I expected, and I shall be very much occupied."

"All right, mother, you may trust me," Bruce exclaimed. But as he knelt a few moments later at their morning's prayer, his eyes were straying out over the garden, his fingers dangled an imaginary chain, there was no thought of the pledge he had given, no prayer that he might be faithful to his trust.

The morning was an unusually busy one for him. Nothing could be done in the garden until the grass was mown; and although his mother allowed him to engage the services of a labourer for this purpose, it was some time before Bruce could find in the neighbourhood any one willing in this busy season to come on such short notice for a few hours' work.

However, at last he was successful, and about dinner-time the work began, and before it was time for Wickham to arrive the grass was all mown, and Bruce, who saw no fun in rolling it away until his cousin came, was astride on the gate waiting for him.

Wickham Brooke was only ten years old, and had never been away from home before, so that he felt very proud as he jumped out of the gig by the roadside, and, handing the driver his fare, desired him to carry the portmanteau into the hall. He felt very proud, too, as his cousin Bruce pushed past the obedient driver, and clapping Wickham on the back, exclaimed, "Bravo, old fellow! here you are!"

Wickham liked being called old fellow very much by Bruce, who was a great tall boy in long trousers, whilst he was in knickerbockers still, and accustomed to being treated very much as a child by his grown-up sister at home.

He was delighted to set to work at once with Bruce in his garden the moment that tea was over, and threw his whole eager little heart into the pursuit of slugs and snails, into the weeding of beds and the clipping of box borders.

He obeyed all Bruce's directions with implicit faith and obedience, proud of submission to a master so high above him as it seemed—only for one moment he paused, and stood erect before Bruce, listening with wide-open blue eyes and speechless sympathy to the story of the promised watch and chain.

After that he went back with greater zeal to his task; and so, far on into the late summer evening the two boys were hard at work, raking and weeding, clipping and pruning, training the Australian bind-weed over the porch, and rolling away one barrow after another of the sweet-scented grass which had been cut that day.

But at last the dew began to fall heavily, even the short smooth sward was damp, the large white blossoms of the convolvulus folded themselves to sleep, and other pale stars came out one by one into the green sky overhead. Mrs. Harvey came to the door to call the boys, but was persuaded by Bruce to take just one turn round the garden, to see how nice it looked. Then they all went in; and Wickham declared that it was quite the jolliest evening he had had for a long time. Then Bruce voted himself "tired out" after all his work, and went off to bed, and Mrs. Harvey said she would take Wickham to his room.

It was a little room on the same floor as the drawing-room, and faced the garden, from which the sweet smell of mignonette and cut grass came in through the window, which was open still. But Mrs. Harvey closed it, and drew the curtains across, when she came in, and Wickham liked the feeling of her arms about his neck as she stooped to wish him good-night. It reminded him of the touch of his mother's arms, which he had not felt for more than a long year now, and which he could never hope to feel on earth again.

"Good-night, my dear boy," she said, kissing him. "I am very glad to have you here, and I hope you will sleep well after your hard work. You will not be afraid of being in this room alone, will you?" she added, as she felt the child's hand lingering in her own.

"Oh no, Aunt Mary, not a bit," Wickham answered at once, drawing himself up quite proudly now, and releasing her hand.

"Well, I hope not; but, remember, if you should want anything, that is Bruce's room up there," and she pointed through the open door up a short flight of stairs to another door which stood just above them; "so you see he is quite close at hand."

"All right, aunt; thank you," Wickham answered, with a laugh; "but I really am not one bit afraid in the world."

No, Wickham did not feel one bit afraid as long as his aunt stood there in her pretty shining dress, and the candle-light on her sweet face, so like his mother's face; but when she had left him, and he heard her going into Bruce's room and closing the door after her, he felt a curious kind of feeling, not of fear, but of sudden loneliness, coming over him as he found himself alone in the

strange room, with its very white floor and white curtains, and none of the familiar objects to which he was accustomed about him.

He stooped down, and began to unbuckle the straps of his little portmanteau very rapidly. He knew it would be foolish if he were to begin to cry now, all in a minute, without any cause. And yet he felt very like it. So he flung out on the floor all his things, which had been packed with such care by his orderly sister, Ruth. Then he began to whistle, and to try and think what a grand thing it was to come here on a visit by himself and to sleep in a room all alone, instead of in the dressing-room at home, next to his sister's with the door open between.

This thought cheered him for some time, and he folded all his clothes again very carefully, and laid them inside the little painted press that stood against the wall. Then, by degrees, the pictures and ornaments in the prettily-furnished room began to stand out more distinctly, and he went round and examined them all. There was a little table at the foot of his bed, with a white hand-vase on it holding some red leaves and starry jessamine. Wickham felt sure his aunt had put them there, and the Bible which lay there too, and he thought he would like to read a chapter out of it before he went to bed, although he had brought his own Bible with him.

However, just then he heard the door of Bruce's room open and close softly again, and he knew that his aunt was going up-stairs, and that his part of the house would soon be quite still, so he began to undress rather quickly, and then knelt down to say his prayers. He felt almost sure that Mrs. Harvey had been kneeling beside Bruce's bed just now, as his own mother used to do with him in the old happy days that seemed, in the span of his short life, such a long time ago; and now the tears did come through his fingers and fell darkly on the smooth white sheet, and it was a strange kind of half-sobbing prayer that wound up this long happy day.

But Wickham rarely cried, and felt half ashamed of himself now, so he got up from his knees, blew out the candle, jumped into bed, and drew the clothes over his head with a kind of hope that they would hide his tears from himself, and that he might perhaps go to sleep so quickly that he would not have time to think about anything or to ask himself whether he felt afraid.

And so it was. The evening's work in the fresh air brought its sweet reward of sleep, and almost before his head was on the pillow, with the tears still wet upon his eyelids, Wickham was asleep.

So fast asleep he did not know that a little later on his aunt came down the stairs again with a shaded lamp in her hand, and knelt beside his bed just as she had knelt besides Bruce's bed, but the prayer for her little motherless nephew was to-night a silent one.

Wickham did not stir as she left a kiss on his forehead, and closed the door gently after her; but some hours later, just in the darkest hour of the brief August night, he woke with a sudden start, almost a scream, and sprang up in bed, both hands clasped in terror, not in prayer.

Where was he? where was his sister Ruth? what was the sound of trampling and loud breathing in his ear? At first Wickham hoped it was a dream, and that when quite awake he would find himself in his own little bed at home. But soon he knew that he was indeed awake, and realised, only too vividly, that he was alone in a strange room, and that the sound of heavy footsteps and strange noises in the garden below was no dream.

What was it? Oh, it was terrible! so loud and near, and the beating of his own heart was loud and near too. Wickham had never felt his heart beat in this way before—like the spokes of a great mill-wheel, both in his side and ear.

(To be continued.)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

149. By whom is the first mention made of *hours*, as a division of time?

150. How many high priests were there from the time of Aaron to the carrying away into captivity?

151. What celebrated Ephesian convert is mentioned in connection with St. Paul?

152. Who first gave permission to the Jews to return to their own country?

153. What kings afterwards aided the Jews in returning to their own land, and in building the Temple?

154. How many men were employed in the building of the Temple by king Solomon?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 400.

137. On the first day of the second month in the second year after they came out of the land of Egypt (Num. i. 1, 18).

138. It means "rolling away," and was so named because at Gilgal the reproach of Egypt was taken away from Israel in the renewing of the rite of circumcision (Josh. v. 9).

139. They took the bodies of king Saul and his sons, by force, from the walls of Bethshan upon which the Philistines had hung them, and caused the bones to be carefully buried (1 Sam. xxxi. 12, 13; and 2 Sam. ii. 4—7).

140. A cup, for when Joseph's cup had been found in the sack of Benjamin, he said, "Wot ye not that such a man as I can certainly divine" (Gen. xliv. 15).

141. Eldad and Medad (Num. xi. 26).

142. "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us" (Rom. viii. 18).

"Nothing but t-total will do."—*p.* 435.

LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD.

VI.—THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

LEGISLATORS of antiquity, desirous of producing nations strong in head and limb, laid down strict rules for simple living. Under the Levitical law there were Nazarites, pledged to abstain from wine and strong drink; and among the reproaches levelled at Israel by the

prophet Amos was that they had "given the Nazarites wine to drink." There was also a family descended from Jonadab, the son of Rechab, who so implicitly obeyed their ancestor's command—"Ye shall drink no wine, neither ye nor your sons for ever"—that their dutiful obedience was contrasted by the prophet Jeremiah with the waywardness and obstinacy of the nation against God. Solomon, too, had his proverbs concerning the "wine that is a mocker, and the strong drink that is raging." No picture of a drunkard's misery is more perennially truthful than his. "Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of the eyes? They that tarry long at the wine: they that go to seek mixed wine."

Homer makes Hector, his most manly hero, put aside the draught offered by his mother, saying,

> "Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,
> Unnerves the limbs and dulls the noble mind."

In Hindostan the institutes of Menu forbid the use of wines to the Brahminical caste, asserting that "a Brahmin might, while under the influence of these liquors, fall on something impure, or utter profanely some sentence of the Vedas, or do something not becoming his character." Buddha and Mahomet also enjoined temperance, if not abstinence; and even among those unorganised heathen nations whom we are accustomed to call "savages," travellers find conspicuous examples of these virtues.

Surrounded by the excesses of a decaying Paganism, the early Fathers, taught by Christianity to look not only on their own things, but also on the things of others, cried out in warning and denunciation. St. Augustine compared drunkenness to the very pit of hell. Basil asks, "Shall we speak to drunkards? We had as good speak to lifeless stones, or senseless plants, or witless beasts, as to them, for they no more believe the threats of God's word than if some impostor had spoken them." Clement of Alexandria says, "I admire those who desire no other beverage than water, avoiding wine as they do fire;" while St. Chrysostom broadly asserts, "Wine produces disorder of mind, and where it does not cause drunkenness, it destroys the energies and relaxes the faculties of the soul."

But their exhortations had slight effect on the outside world, and did not suffice to keep the evil from the Church itself. Bacchanalian orgies stole in upon the holy festivals. It was necessary to issue ecclesiastical canons forbidding the clergy to frequent taverns; and, during the Heptarchy, they were exhorted to guard themselves against drunkenness, and to reprehend it in others. It seems scarcely credible now, but a competent authority asserts that "even after the Reformation the sale of liquor was carried on in some of the town churches, to defray the current ecclesiastical expenses."

Yet all through these centuries of seeming hopelessness, when it is told that tavern-keepers wrote under their signs "here you may get drunk for a penny, dead-drunk for twopence, and have clean straw for nothing," good men never ceased their words of wisdom on the subject. John Bunyan, echoing the voice of Basil, of whom, doubtless, he had never heard, asked, "Tell me, when did you see an old drunkard converted? No, no, such an one will sleep till he dies, though he sleep on the top of a mast: so that if a man have any respect to either credit, health, life, or salvation, he will not be a drinking man." Milton wrote of "that baneful cup"—

> "Whose pleasing poison
> The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
> And the inglorious likeness of a beast
> Fixes."

Archbishop Fenelon declared that "men may preserve their health and strength without wine; with it, they run the risk of ruining both their health and their morals." Lord Chief-Justice Hale warned his grandchildren—"When men are disordered by wine or other liquor they put themselves out of God's protection, and are laid open to the management of the devil; no villany comes amiss but they are qualified to commit it." And Adam Clarke pithily declared, "Strong drink is not only the devil's way to man, but man's way to the devil."

The first associated effort to stem the tide of intemperance was made in Germany during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. People desirous of working together for this object were linked under the name of the "Order of the Golden Band," and similar designations. But America claims the honour of originating the temperance movement, as it exists among us in the present day. Mr. Calhoun, a distinguished American statesman, while holding the post of Secretary of War, prohibited the use of ardent spirits in the United States army, and in the year 1826 promoted the formation of the first public Temperance Society. The Society held its first meeting on the 10th January, in the vestry of Park Street Church, Boston, U.S. The first resolution was to the effect "that it is expedient that more systematic and more vigorous efforts be made by the Christian public to restrain and prevent the intemperate use of intoxicating liquors." At their second meeting, held a month later, the Society was organised on the basis of abstinence from distilled liquors.

The British and Foreign Temperance Society was formed in England a very few years later, holding its first meeting in Exeter Hall, on the 29th June, 1831. Among those who at once came forward to support the work were Archbishop Sumner, Rev. Dr. Pye Smith, and Dr. Edgar. The

Archbishop's own conviction was "that the temperance movement was second to none in importance." It soon spread to Scotland and Ireland.

The word "teetotaler" was accidentally coined in the year 1833. At a meeting held in Preston, Richard Turner, a working man, earnest but stammering, exhorted his hearers that, concerning temperance, "nothing but t-t-total will do." The word, which makes a significant play upon abstinent custom, was at once adopted.

Among its first promoters in Ireland was one William Martin, a Quaker. His first labours were not very successful. Among his other good works, he was a governor of the Cork House of Charity. At the same Board sat Father Theobald Mathew, then known only as a popular preacher. Himself an alien from the bulk of the population by their religious sympathies, the good Quaker seems at once to have recognised the fitness of the future apostle of temperance. Whenever a particularly distressing case came before the Board, William Martin would point out how strong drink lay at the root of the misery, and would plead, "Oh, Theobald Mathew! if thou would only give thy aid, much good could be done in this city!"

Now, Father Mathew was a man by whom such an appeal could not be lightly regarded. He was the younger son of a good Irish family, and had been early dedicated to the service of his Church, as much by his own wish as by the desire of his family. He gave himself up to the duties of his calling with unwonted perseverance and zeal. In his earlier days he had founded schools for the poorest children, and literary societies and similar agencies for those of a better class. The power of his character lay in his ceaseless industry, his geniality, his watchful lovingness. The dean of his diocese pronounced "his life a sermon." In 1832, when the cholera ravaged Cork, Father Mathew stood true to his post. The clergy took turns in watching at the hospitals, and Father Mathew asked "as a favour" to be assigned those most trying hours between midnight and dawn. One cannot tell how many lives he saved, but it is known that he rescued one poor lad, who afterwards recovered, from being carried off as dead. Such a man needed only to realise the evils of the social practices going on around him, to be roused to contend against them. William Martin prevailed at last. In April, 1838, Father Mathew took the chair of a temperance meeting, and signed the pledge.

From this time his life was given to the cause. He addressed meetings, he enrolled disciples. Before the next year the pledge-book contained 200,000 names. From all parts of the country people poured into Cork, to the good man's little house in Cove Street, there to make their vow. Wives, mothers, and sisters lured their weak-willed darlings under Father Mathew's influence.

There must have been much effervescence in so brilliant and speedy a success, but it was not without practical results, which the most matter-of-fact person could verify. The number of police cases diminished, masters observed an increased energy in their workpeople, schools were more regularly attended, publicans complained of bad times, and other shopkeepers flourished. Temperance rooms were established, where newspapers could be read and politics discussed without temptation to drunkenness.

Father Mathew did not limit his labours to Cork. He travelled through the country, rousing enthusiasm everywhere. Mr. Purcell, then proprietor of the coaches, and contractor for carrying the mails, requested him "to make free use of all his coaches to further the holy cause of temperance." Mr. Bianconi granted the same privilege. He afterwards visited Scotland and England. He always put up at hotels, saying that "it would not be compatible with the nature of his mission to be in a private mansion; he must be free to see all persons, rich and poor, at all hours." In Wakefield he gave this reply to a Quaker gentleman, who offered his hospitality. The Quaker rejoined that his house was an hotel, whereupon Father Mathew gladly consented to "put up" therein. The Quaker hurried home, and got a board bearing the word "hotel" fastened to the front of his residence. Father Mathew thought he had alighted on a singularly comfortable inn, the rooms were so homelike, the host so assiduous, the servants so attentive. It was not till the moment of his departure that the little ruse was explained.

Through the awful years of famine and pestilence, which followed a little later on, Theobald Mathew continued as staunch and as busy as in the old cholera days. But hard work, many sorrows, and much care, told on the brave heart at last. In the year 1848 he was struck down by a paralytic stroke. He bore his illness as cheerfully as he had borne all else, amusing his doctors with anecdotes of his temperance travels, and saying, "That if one had done his duty, and was prepared, the time of his death was of little consequence." But his time was not then. He recovered sufficiently to go to America, and carry on his labours there. He never entirely regained health, but he would not spare himself. When he returned to Ireland, all felt that his life was nearly finished. In 1852 he had another attack of illness, after which he sought rest in Madeira. But when he was not at work he was not happy, and he soon found his way back to his native land. He never rallied again. During a long visit made to his brother's house it was noticed that he always bade every member of the family an emphatic good-night, and if one happened to be omitted, would even return from his bed-room to repair the omission. He said

afterwards, "I thought that I might die before the morning, and it was as if I were every night taking my last farewell of those I loved."

He died at Queenstown. One of the last incidents of his life was his giving a little party to the friends of the youth who was his personal attendant. So strong were social instincts in the apostle of temperance. On the 8th December, 1856, he passed away.

His work remained behind him. The temperance cause was world-known and world-approved. It could no longer be regarded as the eccentricity of a few fanatics in a corner. The good he did cannot be estimated by the number who kept the pledge they had taken, or by the numbers since added to their ranks. He forcibly presented the whole matter to public judgment, and society considered it, and there has been a change in general sentiment. We have many drunkards still, but few who absolutely take pride in drinking prowess.

By the date of Theobald Mathew's death an orderly organisation was working for the spread of temperance principles and the encouragement of temperance practices. Besides such associations as temperance leagues and societies, the movement took a more popular form in Bands of Hope, for the training of the young, and in the the Order of Good Templars, for the fellowship of adults. The Church of England took up the cause in 1862; and in 1873 the Church of England Temperance Society was formed on a twofold basis, the one of total abstinence, the other of co-operation between abstainers and non-abstainers in social and legislative reforms tending to the diminution of excessive drinking. The Congregationalists and the Baptists also have their own Total Abstinence Associations. The London Temperance Hospital was opened in October, 1873, and in its practice alcohol in any form (even in tinctures) is dispensed with, not only without loss, but with immense advantage.

There are also many comparatively private institutions for the help of those who have got so entangled in the meshes of a destructive habit that they cannot help themselves. There is one at Tottenham for the reformation of inebriate women, under the wise and gentle management of a devoted Quaker lady. Women of all classes are received. The poorer work in a laundry; the better off pay for board and lodging in proportion to their means. It is one of the sad signs of the times, that amid the general improvement of social habits in this respect, drinking among women is on the increase. It may puzzle one to discover the cause for this. The temptation does not come to them as it generally does to men, as a convivial one; they are usually secret and solitary drinkers, and the habit generally begins in ill-health, *ennui*, hope deferred, and disappointment. Perhaps comparatively few end in being notorious drunkards, though Dr. Forbes Winslow has gone so far as to testify that he "knows numbers of ladies moving in good society who are never sober, and are often brought home by the police. They are wives of men in high social position." Far more common is the deadly sipping which blunts the moral sense, relaxes the energies, stultifies the intellect, and ruins the constitution, and yet all without any public scandal. Any who help women to free and independent careers, saving them from looking to marriage as a mere escape from misery, and teaching them the true dignity and beauty of all work, may really be counted in the ranks of those who seek to save womanhood from a danger which, if yielded to, would, through her, pollute the cradle and desecrate the hearth.

Reading-rooms, temperance clubs, and coffee-rooms, where folks can rest and amuse themselves without liquor being forced upon their notice, are all gains for the temperance cause. No village, however small, should be without these. Those who urge too strenuously that the working man should be taught to find his happiness at home, forget that his home is too often kitchen, nursery, bed-chamber, and parlour in one room, and that a weary man can scarcely rest where his children are learning their lessons, nor an intelligent one converse where the babies are being washed. If he is ever to be merry to his babes, and genial to his wife, he must have some relief from the constant strain of working and watching work. None the less are they who take thought for the "homes" of the people, the very foremost friends of temperance. Bad air, bad water, over crowding, and gloom, are very hot-beds of drunkenness.

There are already in London several large establishments working as coffee taverns. They are situated in poor, densely-populated neighbourhoods near railway junctions, markets, &c. They are got up in the style which publicans find attractive, brightly lit and gaily painted; and all sorts of food and refreshment are provided in them, except intoxicating drinks. There are some called "cafés," started to attract people of a higher grade, such as clerks, who, in great towns, are often sorely tempted to take "a glass" in preference to the hasty and unattractive meal for which only they have means or leisure.

Temperance has a literature of its own. Besides one quarterly, upwards of forty monthly and seven weekly periodicals are devoted to its advocacy, and it has engaged the special services of eminent writers. Other authors who have not cared to enter the lists as its champions, have not failed to see the lights and shadows which it and its opposite cast over the field of life. In Art, temperance found an advocate in the late George Cruikshank. It may be that many of us think

that he served it from the wrong side, that horror of any kind should not be honoured even by the fleeting permanence which chisel or brush can give; that a drunkard's brutish face and ungainly gesture are no more fit subjects for a picture than a dunghill or a dust-heap; but it may be also that if an artist actually painted a dunghill or a dust-heap, not to show us merely how well he could do it, but to show us how dreadful such things are, and to stir us to remember that there is one in our own back-yard which it is our own bounden duty to remove, the artist's skill and prowess would not have been in vain.

The temperance cause is one which each of us must help or hinder. One or the other we have been doing all our lives, though it may have been, as Molière's hero talked prose, without knowing it. Do we ever give a party? Are our thought and our care for the rational, cheerful entertainment of our visitors; their attractiveness to each other, their freedom and enjoyment? Or do we gratify our selfishness and pride by cramming our rooms with twice as many people as they are fit to hold, and then offering our fainting guests, costly, showy, worthless confections, and abundance of wine? Have we a friend suffering from depression of spirits, from *ennui*, from the thousand and one little disturbances of life which often make life a burden. Do we plan and suggest the walk, the visit, or the course of study which would wholesomely recreate, and revive, or do we lazily suggest "a little stimulant?" Do we associate every festival, national or household, with intoxicating drinks? Do we take care that our domestic servants have those regular meals, those well-appointed duties, and above all that reliable rest and leisure which are the best safeguards against dangerous "supports" and "excitements."

The question between "temperance" and "total abstinence" is one for each man to decide for himself, under the dictates of his own conscience, his own surroundings, and the best wisdom within his own reach. It has been repeatedly proved that a long and healthy life can be lived entirely without stimulants. The manufacture of strong drink involves a waste of natural productions, such as corn, grapes, sugar, &c. An authority on the subject, the Rev. Dawson Burns, of the United Kingdom Alliance, wisely argues: "If it is replied that this conclusion assumes that the liquors so manufactured are not useful, the answer is evident. . . . Men can live on the natural substances, they cannot live on the alcoholic substitutes." Nobody denies that a new public-house is never regarded as a blessing by its respectable neighbours. The influence of the liquor trade on those engaged in it is seldom dwelt on. It is scarcely too much to say that, practically, it creates a pariah class. There are many who try to keep their houses orderly, and who would not, if they could, construe their license "to be drunk on the premises" to refer to their customers, as well as to their wares! A publican was once talking over this matter with an inquiring gentleman. "Do you not feel it dreadful," said this gentleman, "to give these poor wretches more and more, while their wives and children are starving at home, and then to see them go out, maddened, perhaps, to kick or to stab." "It is dreadful," rejoined the publican. "I often say, 'Come, come, you 've had as much as your wages 'll stand, go home to supper in your own house.' *But my father was a publican before me, and his father was a publican before him, and we 've grown used to it, and don't feel about it as a new hand might.*"

We must also remember that there are among us, we scarcely know where, many for whom, in consequence of hereditary predisposition or peculiarity of organisation, the least divergence from total abstinence is certain ruin. Some of us know what it is to stand beside such a one, and tremble lest he or she be not able to resist the solicitous pressure of some hospitable old lady, or the playful mockery of some silly girl, and so, by one moment's weakness, lose the fortress of self-government. Mr. Dawson Burns tells of an American minister who publicly deprecated total abstinence. When he had finished his speech, a gentleman rose and told the story of a young man, who, after falling into the sin of drunkenness, had reformed, but was tempted to partake of wine in the house of his much-respected minister, from whom he thought could come temptation to no evil. After thus yielding, he swiftly returned to the road of ruin, and never rallied. And the narrator added, "That young man was my son, and the minister who persuaded him to drink was the one who has just addressed us!"

And so we see that there are still corners of God's vineyard where the labour has scarcely begun. Let us up and be doing. Let us gather the fruit nearest our own hands, lest it drop, and be trodden under foot. The shades of evening will soon fall on us. May we go home, singing, laden with precious spoil for the Great Supper in our Father's house!

EDWARD GARRETT.

RISEN.

SHE died—
And it was lifeful Easter-tide—
The only thing I cared to see,
The only thing that cared for me;
My heart went down beneath the blow,
Down to the lowest depths of woe,
And in the darkness wept and bled,
Refusing to be comforted.

And then
I mingled with my fellow-men;
And still I wailed my hapless lot;
The buried past was ne'er forgot.
I lived, but it was death in life;
The stillness hid the inner strife;
I saw the winter frosts depart,
And still 'twas winter in my heart.

Time passed—
Another Easter came at last,
And still I walked with darkened eye,
And saw no good in earth or sky;
The birds sang blithely, but, to me,
Their song was never one of glee;
The flowers put on their sweetest bloom—
My flowers were buried in the tomb.

One night
The moon threw down her richest light,
And with the lustre of her wing
In peace and joy clothed everything;
And, like a beam of light from God,
The thought flashed through me as I trod—
"Can He, who blesses flower and tree,
In aught but mercy visit me?"

And so
I lost that night my load of woe,
And learned to look for peace and love
Not to the grave, but heaven above;
And then my heart began to fill
With meek submission to His will,
Knowing that I and she who died
Should meet in God's great Easter-tide.

J. T. Burton Wollaston.

HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST IN THE WINNING," "FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE."

CHAPTER IX.

WITH WINNIE!

PERCY had stayed at the workshop that evening to mend a box for Mrs. Parnell, with whom he and his uncle Daniel were still residing. He often made a trifling job of this kind a pretext for securing the only solitary hours that ever fell to his share. As old Daniel's infirmities increased he grew more and more exacting in his claims upon the lad for whom he considered that he had made immense sacrifices; and from the instant Percy returned to the cottage after his day's labour till he went to rest, he was expected to be at the beck and call of his fretful, impatient kinsman.

"Percy, there 's a hinge off the door of t' shed, an' you mun put it on; and while you 're about it, you may as well take the measure for a new window-frame, and look out the bits of wood for it. You can make 't o' nights. I ha'nt going to pay for no carpenter work now I 've spent a small fortune in tools for you."

But such demands on his leisure Percy bore good-temperedly, even when scolded and taunted because his first attempts at joiner's work were clumsy ones. The sorest trial he had was his inability to study; for he had promised himself that he would steadily endeavour to keep up what he had already acquired. There were one or two of Mr. Graddon's men who had educated themselves, and why should not he?

But the lad was quickly disheartened, for as soon as he produced his books and slate old Daniel's voice was heard in protest against it.

"I wun't ha' that, lad! I never see sich selfish doings! Here ha' ye been out an' away all day, and 'stead o' being ready for a bit o' chat when ye get home, and trying to 'liven us, out comes them books! Or, if ye must read—and I tell ee plain I don't hold wi' it—why ye shall read to me. What 's the good o' my givin' ye a lot o' learnin' if I don't get no advantage from it?"

"What would you like me to read to you?" asked Percy.

"What should ye read to an old man like me but the Bible?" Daniel retorted, in his most snappish accents.

So Mrs. Parnell reverently laid the Book of Books before the lad, and from that time forward he was frequently called upon to read a few chapters to his uncle; but it is doubtful whether either of them derived the greatest possible benefit from their studies, for Daniel always refused to let Percy read from the New Testament. At some time or other his attention had been drawn to the wanderings of the Israelites, and he never tired of listening to the chapters in which they were narrated. He listened with gloomy satis-

faction to the punishments awarded to their oppressors—he even permitted his nephew to purchase at the second-hand book-shop a volume of travels in Egypt, with the idea that further details of the ten plagues might be found in its pages—but when the reader drew near that part of the record in which the wanderings ceased, and the promised land was reached, Daniel's interest would flag. He did not appear to realise the joy of such a rest to those who had wandered long, and with much stumbling, in the desert. He did not lift his eyes to the haven towards which they struggled; all his thoughts were concentrated in the struggle itself, and so the readings bore, or seemed to bear, no fruit.

So many obstacles to Percy's plan of self-instruction curbed his once eager thirst for knowledge. When he came across his books the longing to master their contents would revive, and he would often listen while his shopmates discussed some interesting topic, and fret inwardly at his own lamentable ignorance of subjects on which the least educated of these men could talk so glibly; but there seemed no way out of the toils, and at last the craving for knowledge that had once possessed him lay passive, if he did not altogether lose it.

If he read at all, it was merely when an odd number of a periodical or a book fell in his way, and these were devoured surreptitiously in the workshop, at those times when he was supposed by old Daniel to be engaged in some job that could not be executed at home.

The book now engrossing him was forgotten as soon as he beheld Winnie Graddon. She was coming towards him, and she was alone; the mocking face of Duke Averne would not peer at him over her shoulder, the supercilious stare of the young man would not forbid him to accost her. His pulses quickened, his heart beat tumultuously at the sight of the fair girl, whose deep mourning and subdued manner had made his eyes grow moist with sympathy whenever he caught a glimpse of her. What would Duke have thought if he could have known that the tall lad in workman's jacket who stood in such respectful attitude before his pretty cousin secretly felt that he had established a claim upon her?

Winnie Graddon owed her life to him; ah, how often he exulted in the thought! Those hands of his, roughened though they were with toil, had clasped her soft ones, and drawn her out of the peril into which her headstrong companion had led her. But for him—poor, uncultivated, despicable though he was in the sight of Duke Averne—she might have been sleeping side by side with her gentle mother. In the terrible event of Mrs. Graddon's death this lesser one had been wholly overlooked. Few had heard of it besides those who witnessed Winnie's immersion, and neither she nor her cousin had ever remembered to inquire who it was that came so opportunely to their assistance; yet when the young girl appeared before Percy thus unexpectedly, he was seized with an impression that she had come to thank him for her rescue.

He wanted no thanks; he had been very reticent respecting the affair, for Percy was tolerably free from conceit, or any desire to be brought into notice for the part he had taken in it. He was even angry with Morgan for talking of it to his mates, and extolling Percy's prudence in fetching the rope that had proved so useful. It would have annoyed far more than it would have gratified him had Mr. Graddon been apprised of the circumstance, and either praised or attempted to reward him; yet there was no denying that it would be inexpressibly sweet to hear Winnie's soft voice breathe an acknowledgment of the aid he had given her. Thanks uttered by her lips would be precious indeed.

But the hope that she came with any such intention died out almost as soon as it arose. She spoke to him courteously, but it was as to a stranger. The tall robust young fellow, standing with bent head to receive her as if she were a princess, did not recall the boy Percy she had once known and pitied. She simply saw before her a workman in her father's employment, and, in tones sharpened by anxiety, began questioning him.

Had he seen Mr. Graddon during the evening? Could he give her any idea where he was to be found?

Percy had to consider a little before replying, and then all he could say was that he remembered to have seen Mr. Graddon step into his chaise late in the afternoon, and some one had remarked at the time that the master must be going to Royle, a secluded village some five miles beyond the town, where the works at the new church were nearly at a standstill in consequence of the frost.

"To Royle," mused Winnie; "the distance is not very great. Then you think I may reckon on papa's returning shortly?"

Percy compressed his lips, and hesitated. He did not like to tell the uneasy daughter that unless detained by some unforeseen event her father could have reached home soon after dark. Mr. Graddon was so methodical in his habits, that even his employé was surprised to learn that he was still absent, and began to share in some measure the alarm Winnie was feeling.

She saw him start, and questioned him yet more closely.

"You do not answer me! Do you know anything you do not like to tell me? Is papa——"

"I know nothing," he assured her; "I am not sure that Mr. Graddon went to Royle; or if he drove there he may have returned long since. I will go and find the horsekeeper; he may be able to tell us whither his master went."

Away strode Percy across the yard, followed by Winnie. A peep into the stables showed them that the stall of the high-stepping grey horse was vacant, and a shout for Chris caused the lame old man who groomed Grey Harry to emerge from the hay-loft where he had been napping.

He came down promptly enough, but yawned and grumbled when he saw by whom he had been roused from his slumbers.

"He thought it were the master," he said. "It was no treat to be kep' waiting for the horse till this hour. The roads were terrible bad," he added. "The bit of a thaw in the morning, and then the frost setting in, had made them just like a bit o' glass. A man could hardly keep a footin' on 'em, let alone a dumb beast."

Winnie put out her hand as if to clutch at something for support, and again Percy strove to speak comfort.

"Mr. Graddon is a very careful driver," she was reminded, "and there couldn't be a more sure-footed horse than Grey Harry. It 's quite possible that the master has turned off at the market cross to call upon Mr. Narracolt the architect."

"I 'll send some one there to inquire," she cried, snatching at the suggestion, and hurrying back to the house. But Percy kept beside her.

"Will you let me go? it will save time;" and, seeing consent in her doubtful pause, he sprang away immediately.

She went into the kitchen, where nurse, who was the first to catch sight of her, exclaimed loudly at her white cheeks and icy hands, and made her sit down in front of the blazing fire.

"May-be I did wrong to say anything to you, Miss Winnie," she observed, as she chafed her young mistress's benumbed fingers, "but my mind have misgive me about master all day. He takes no care of himself now. He was out in all that hail and sleet yesterday, and never changed his clothes when he came in; I 'm sure they must have been quite damp this morning."

"Oh, nurse, I did not know this!"

"Didn't you?" said nurse, drily. "I told you I was afraid your papa had got wet, but you was so took up with something Miss Symes was telling you that I 'll be bound you never heard me."

"I ought to have met him when he came in, as mamma used to do," sighed Winnie. "How neglectful I have been!" and, unable to sit still any longer while tormented with self-reproach and quivering with suspense, she made her escape into the hall, where she walked to and fro till Percy, breathless with running, came up the gravel walk.

While he was reluctantly admitting, in reply to her questions, that he had gained no tidings of her absent father, Duke emerged from the parlour, and the trembling girl slipped her hand through his arm, tacitly asking the support of his greater strength.

"Something must have happened to papa!" moaned poor Winnie, looking piteously into her cousin's eyes. "The road is frightfully lonely, and if he has met with an accident——"

But Duke, either to banish her fears, or because he could not bring himself to share them, pooh-poohed the idea of an accident. It was most improbable, he declared, that anything had befallen his uncle. The hour was not late, and business of which they knew nothing had doubtless detained him.

"I don't feel the least alarm myself, Winnie; and if this man," he eyed Percy superciliously, "has been putting these notions into your head the sooner he takes himself off the better."

Percy, a dull red overspreading his countenance, fell back a step, but he did not choose to receive his dismissal from any one but Winnie herself, and she, poor girl, willing to be convinced that all was well, yet unable to shake off her uneasiness while she saw that another shared it, continued to gaze at him appealingly, till Duke thrust himself between them.

"Ill news flies fast, little coz; if anything was amiss we should have known it ere now, and your father would not thank us for raising a hue and cry, and making ourselves ridiculous, for no other reason than because he has not turned up quite as soon as he expected. Did Mr. Graddon leave word that he would return at any certain hour? No, I thought not; and, by George, Winnie, here he comes to laugh with me at your fears."

As the well-known swinging trot of Grey Harry now became distinctly audible Winnie clasped her hands in an ecstasy of thankfulness, and confessed that she had been very foolish.

"Unpardonably so!" laughed Duke. "But it 's all over, and this man," he glanced in the direction of Percy, "may be sent about his business. Shall I give him a shilling for his trouble? Here, my lad, look out!"

But the coin fell on the mat unheeded. Percy had not heard what Duke said. He was listening breathlessly to the tramp, tramp of the horse's feet. There was something unusual in its movements, and he ran back to the gate, asking himself what this could mean. The practised ear of the horsekeeper had also detected the same thing, and, catching up his lantern, he followed Percy as fast as his lameness permitted. So dark was the night that Grey Harry was invisible, till he came, snorting and whinnying, to rub his nose against the hand accustomed to feed him; but as Chris secured the creature's head a cry of alarm broke from his lips—the reins were hanging loosely under the horse's feet, and when Percy sprang to examine the chaise, it was as both men foreboded—empty!

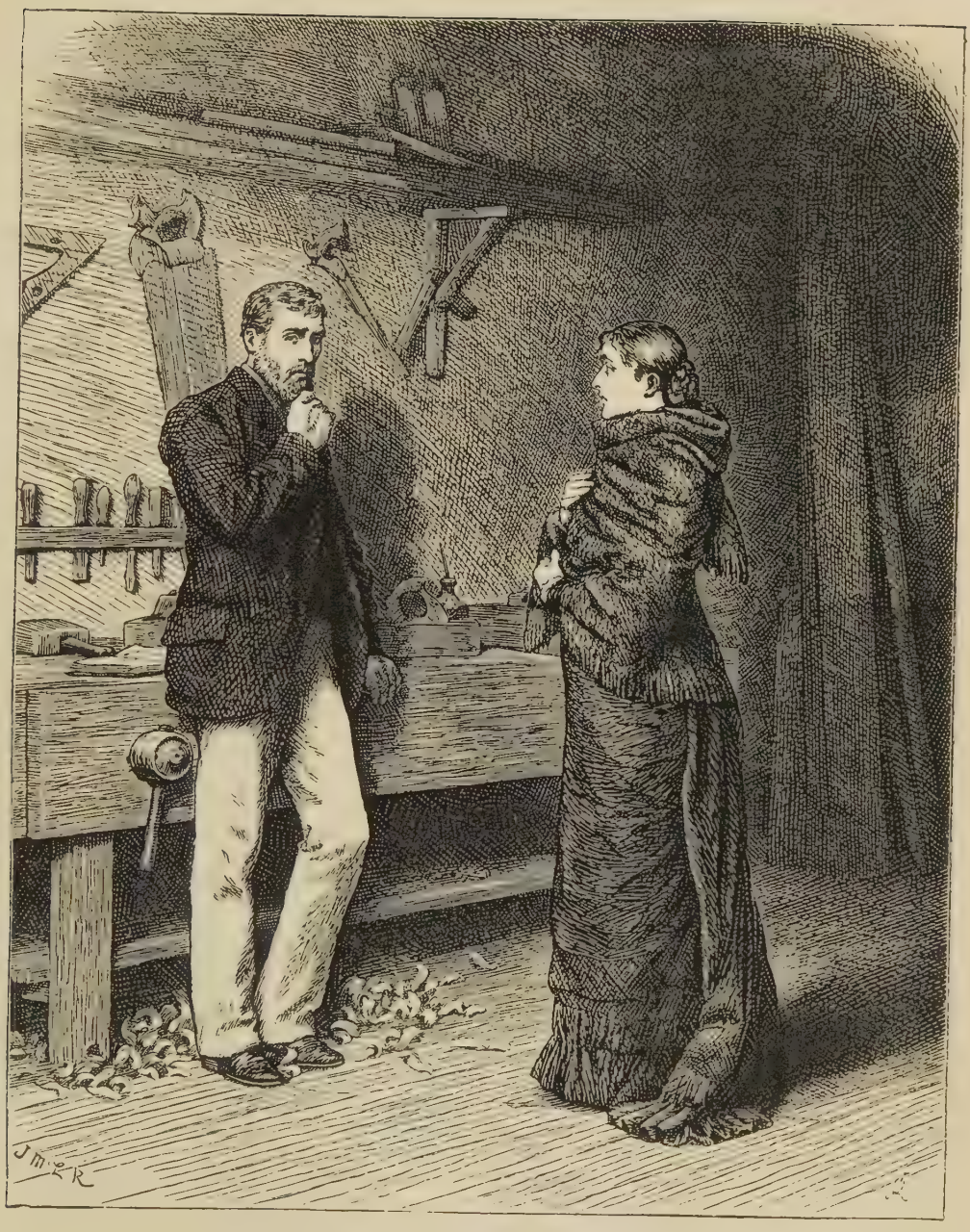
CHAPTER X.

A SEARCH.

PERCY was the first to recover his presence of mind, and decide what must be done.

"Look here, Chris, Mr. Graddon must have been thrown out, and I'm off at once to search for him. You must rouse up whoever you can find, and follow with blankets and restoratives."

But there was some one at his side as he strode away, and, to his dismay, he found that it was Winnie. He stopped directly, but she made an imperious sign for him to proceed.



"Had he seen Mr. Graddon during the evening?"—*p.* 439.

"I heard what you said," she gasped. "Papa is lying somewhere in the road, and I must go to him."

"Not you, Miss Winnie! no, not you!" he cried, tenderly.

"I must go to papa," she repeated, in the wildest distress. "Oh, don't delay me! He may be badly hurt; he may be dying, and calling for me. Hark, hark, is not that his voice? Why do you not let me go to him?"

For once in his life Percy was glad to see Duke, who came up at this juncture, and, folding poor half-frenzied Winnie in his arms, insisted that she should return to the house, and there await quietly the result of the search.

"Wait quietly!" she repeated, as she struggled out of his embrace. "How could I do that? Let me go, Duke. I will be no trouble. I am strong; I can walk fast—fast! Ah! you are cruel to try and keep me from my father! Be pitiful, and let me go!"

It was torture to Percy to hear her sobs and frantic entreaties, but they made Duke irritable, and he remonstrated sharply.

"This is madness, Winnie! With you on our hands, screaming and fainting, how could we attend to my uncle? Do exercise a little self-control, if you possess any. You are hindering where you ought to be helping us."

This angry speech had the desired effect. With a moan, which was evoked as much by a bitter sense of her own womanly weakness as the petulant tone her cousin adopted, Winnie let her head fall on the shoulder of nurse, who had followed her; and, seeing her in such good hands, the young men hurried away together.

Scarcely a word was exchanged till they had quitted the town for the narrow and tortuous lane leading towards the little village of Royle. For the first mile the road led them up a steep hill, then it sloped downwards between high sandbanks; and here the darkness was so intense that they had to grope their way along with caution.

A more dreary journey can scarcely be imagined than theirs was proving. The wind that fidgeted Duke with its hollow moaning in the trees of a wood they skirted, had no sooner shifted slightly, than large flakes of snow began to be whirled in their faces.

Still no signs were to be discovered of Mr. Graddon, or of any accident having occurred, nor did the shouts of Percy elicit any reply.

"How do we know that my uncle had driven to Royle?" asked Duke, who was growing tired and discouraged, and therefore ill-tempered. "We have no evidence of it beyond what old Chris said, and his was mere supposition."

"Mr. Graddon has no job in the direction from which the horse came except the alterations at Royle church."

"And you think this is conclusive? Then he must have stopped somewhere, gone into some house, perhaps, to ask a cup of tea, and the horse—eager to get back to his stable—has given him the slip."

"If this were the case, would not Mr. Graddon—knowing how frightened his family would be when the horse reached home without a driver—wouldn't he, I ask, have followed as quickly as possible?"

"No matter. It was very foolish to go alone, and in such weather!"

To this Percy made no reply, and they went on in silence till a spot was reached where the road divided, and it was only by cautiously exploring the ground they could avoid walking into a pond; but here Duke stopped short, and asked if it were any use going further till they were reinforced by the men Chris was to bring with him.

"I am willing to do anything in reason," the young man added, "but to trudge on, scarce knowing whither we are going, half-blinded by the snow, and not even certain that my uncle came this route, seems absurd."

"*You* will do as you like, of course," retorted Percy, doggedly, though his own powers of endurance were beginning to be severely taxed. "But while there is any reason to fear that Mr. Graddon may be lying in one of these lanes unable to help himself I shall certainly not give up the search."

"Who speaks?" asked a faint voice, so close to them that for a brief period both were startled out of all self-possession, and Duke leaped back into the pond he had been so careful to avoid.

"Who speaks?" the voice reiterated, and Mr. Graddon, who had been half crouching half sitting on a mound at no great distance, dragged himself into sight.

He was scarcely able to answer their eager queries, but he contrived to assure them that he had not been thrown out of his chaise. His carelessness in neglecting to change his wet clothes on the previous day had brought on a severe rheumatic seizure; violent cramps and flying pains had seized on all his limbs, and the motion of the vehicle became at last so intolerable that he alighted, intending to walk by the side of it. But Grey Harry soon jerked the reins out of his hand; and of what had occurred since he could give but an indistinct account, for he was feverish with pain and partially delirious.

"I have been stumbling along these lanes ever since I lost the horse," he said, "I tried to get back to Royle, where I knew I should be taken care of, but couldn't find the way. Then I longed inexpressibly to be at home, but I verily believe I must have been walking in a circle, for the town seems no nearer than when I first turned my steps towards it. I was asking myself how long I could expect to survive in this bitter atmosphere when I heard some of you speak, and knew I was not forgotten."

The violence of the pains that were stiffening and contracting his limbs, and the length of time he had been exposed to the inclement weather, had combined

to reduce Mr. Graddon to such a state of exhaustion that he had scarcely given this explanation when he fell against Percy, and the young men found he was fast sinking into insensibility.

They made strenuous efforts to arouse him; they urged him to lean on them and try to keep moving till they met Chris; but with that one struggle to reach the spot where they found him his remaining strength had vanished, and he slid down on the cold earth, so utterly prostrate that they began to question whether he would live till he could be carried to his own house.

"Fools, idiots, why are they not here!" cried Duke, anathematising Chris and the still invisible workmen.

"Take Mr. Graddon's head on your knee," said Percy, "and cover him as much as you can with my coat, while I run to meet and hurry them."

But as he was springing up to do this, Duke clutched his sleeve.

"No, no, don't leave me alone with—with him. If he should die——"

This burst of mingled awe and terror was not unnatural under the circumstances, for Duke was very young, and the loneliness of the spot, the intense darkness, and the moans of Mr. Graddon whenever any attempt was made to move him, might have unnerved a stouter heart than his kinsman's.

"Then you shall go instead of me," said Percy, kneeling down to relieve him of his burden. "But make haste!" he added, as Duke hesitated, almost as reluctant to go as to stay. "Don't you see there's not a moment to be lost? Where is *your* self-control? Isn't this the time to exercise it *if* you possess any? Miss Graddon would have shown more courage than you are displaying."

"Thank heaven I can hear footsteps!" murmured Duke, who, though he winced at the taunt, had not spirit enough just then to resent it.

And "Thank Heaven!" echoed Percy, ashamed of having been betrayed into such pitiful retaliation, even though the cause he espoused was not his own, but Winnie's.

As soon as half a dozen men emerged from the darkness, bearing torches and carrying rugs and an Ashantee hammock, Duke regained all his natural hardihood. He took the lead, and gave his orders as authoritatively as if he had not been shivering with dread five minutes earlier. Under his supervision Mr. Graddon was speedily conveyed to his own house, and though still suffering acutely, he was able to speak comfort to his weeping daughter, who hung over him trembling in the midst of her joy, lest he had been rescued from a speedy death only to endure the pangs of a more lingering one.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MANY-STRINGED LUTE:

THOUGHTS ON THE SPIRIT AND TEACHING OF THE PSALMS.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, D.D., RECTOR OF ST. OLAVE'S, SOUTHWARK.

PSALMS OF JOY AND PRAISE.

"To-day 'tis Elim, with its palms and wells,
And happy shade for desert weariness;
'Twas Marah yesterday, all rock and sand,
Unshaded solitude and bitterness.

"So is it here with us on earth, and so
I do remember it hath ever been:
The bitter and the sweet, the grief and joy,
Lie near together, but a day between."

FROM sighs to songs; from kneeling in the dust of sorrow and contrition we now arise and tune our harps for "a new song, even praise unto our God" (Ps. xl. 3). From the one subject to the other it is a rapid transition, like the one day's march of the people of Israel from the bitter waters of Marah to the welcome shade and refreshment of the wells of Elim, where the palm-trees grew, even in the desert place. And the one stage of the journey prepared them for the other; no one is better prepared to sing the psalms of praise than he that has been "in the depths," and "out of the depths" has cried unto the Lord; it is the captive who has felt the horrors of his captivity that can best sing the song of liberty restored. As Bunyan says—"The bitter before the sweet but makes the sweet the sweeter." In a word, we may tune our harp for a "new song," as we contemplate the reverse of those states of mind of which we have spoken in our preceding paper.

Thus (1), to the soul delivered from its bondage, the psalms of captivity are turned into songs of praise—"When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing: then said they among the heathen, the Lord hath done great things for them" (Ps. cxxvi. 1, 2). (2) The soul labouring under its burden, sick and restless, fallen deep and low, and almost buried in "the horrible pit," may well sing its songs of loudest praise when it has "wings like a dove," and is free, and has soared aloft to its rest in God. Therefore the Psalmist, delivered out of these woes, has his word of glad acknowledgment—"He hath put a new song in my mouth," &c. (Ps. xl. 3). (3) The convicted conscience of the awakened sinner, which has spent itself in the

penitential outpouring of the fifty-first psalm, can but say, as that psalm does at last—"O Lord, open Thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise" (v. 15). (4) The broken and contrite heart that has "watered its couch with tears," will give God no more rest after forgiveness than it did while sitting in sackcloth and ashes; for praise will take the place of prayer—"Seven times a day do I praise Thee" (Ps. cxix. 164). Fervency of want means frequency of prayer, and fervency of praise means frequency of thanksgiving. And (5) the fellowship of Christ's sufferings, after it has had its perfect work, makes us to be "partakers also of the consolation," and "glad with exceeding joy" (2 Cor. i. 7; Eph. iii. 10; 1 Peter iv. 13). Whoso has "suffered with Christ," has in his own measure the promise that is spoken respecting Christ—"He shall see of the travail of his [own] soul, and shall be satisfied" (Is. liii. 11).

The psalms of joy and praise may be classified after the following divisions:—

I. *Praise for God's relationship to man.*—Amid the many fluctuations of human opinions, amid the rising and setting of earthly kingdoms, there is one fixed point, one sure anchorage, of which the Book of Psalms speaks much and oft—"The Lord reigneth" (Ps. xciii. 1; xcvii. 1; xcix. 1; &c.). This is a great truth; it is a great fact. It is true at every time, in every place; always and everywhere true. It is a great thing to have confidence in the Government when the throne is established and sure, the reins of power held well in hand, the sceptre firmly grasped, and all the departments of the kingdom well ordered and sure. And such is the Lord's dominion, and the establishment of His Throne, as expressed in the Book of Psalms—"The Lord is King, be the people never so impatient: He sitteth between the cherubims, be the earth never so unquiet" (Ps. xcix. 1, Prayer-book version). God is King over all the earth; He is clothed with majesty; clouds of darkness are His habitation; winds and storms are the breathing of the breath of His nostrils; the lightning is the glancing of His eye; the thunder is the deep utterance of His voice. He is invisible, and therefore more awful and mysterious; He is seen in His works, and thus brought very near—visible, and yet invisible; known, and yet unknown; brought near to men, and yet so far! And the throne of God is established, and for ever—"Thy throne is established of old; Thou art from everlasting" (Ps. xciii. 2). Not so earthly kings and dominions; the reigning families of this world are divided, broken up; they rise and fall; but "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever" (Ps. xlv. 6). Where are the Pharaohs, and the Nebuchadnezzars, and the Alexanders, and the Cæsars? Yea, even the throne of David has yielded, while the harp of David still vibrates to holy song. But amid all these changes and chances, amid all the revolution of earthly kingdoms, "The Lord reigneth" is still the fixed and unalterable centre, round which these changes all revolve, itself unmoved, immovable. The throne of God is fixed above the level of rising tides, beyond the reach of mighty changes. "The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves. The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters" (Ps. xciii. 3, 4). Hence some of the loud praises of the Book of Psalms: "Sing praises to God, sing praises: sing praises unto our King, sing praises. For God is the King of all the earth: sing ye praises with understanding" (Ps. xlvii. 6, 7); and yet again, this one of the last and most exhaustive of the psalms of praise—"Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King" (Ps. cxlix. 2). And consistently with this relationship of God to the world is the world's relationship to God—"The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof" (Ps. xxiv. 1). This is the text which was so suitably chosen by the late Prince Consort as the motto of the Royal Exchange in London—a text which is thus as a precious stone set in the gold and silver of a wealthy city—a truth shining forth in its own brilliancy, lifting the bent back of the toiler, elevating the down-turned eye of the merchant to "the hill of the Lord," and compelling even mammon to recognise the fact that "the earth is the Lord's." And this psalm of praise (xxiv.) is the grand triumphant song of the all-conquering king, the "King of glory," when "the world and they that dwell therein" shall have been once more brought back to the authority of His dominion: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in!"

II. *Praise for the House of God.*—As the land of Judea was the Holy Land, and Jerusalem the Holy City, so the Temple was the Holy House, and the inner sanctuary the "Holiest of all." Thus, by a concentration of holy thought, the heart of the Jewish people was ever thinking of and tending towards the House of the Lord in Jerusalem: "Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth" (Ps. xxvi. 8). Hence, many of the psalms give expression to this feeling of praise because of the House of the Lord their God. The 84th Psalm, for example, may be supposed to have been written at a distance from the Temple, and during a period of enforced absence from its holy and edifying services. It opens with the exclamation of the man of God, "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!" (v. 1) and, because of the absence and distance, the soul "longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord" (v. 2); and the journey upward is described; and so intensely earnest is the pilgrim of Sion for the attainment of his journey's end, and

that destination is so fraught with all that will satisfy his longing desires, that the way, though possibly long and tedious, is described as a pleasant path; the parched and desert valley of "Baca" becomes a very pleasant place, well-watered and fruitful. The very call to go up is as the sound of merry bells—"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord" (Ps. cxxii. 1). And, arrived there, and engaged in its holy worship, the soul is edified, and the place becomes as Bethel was to Jacob—"Surely the Lord is in this place; this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven" (Gen. xxviii. 16, 17). And such blessings are there bestowed, and such visions of God vouchsafed, as to extract from the Psalmist, at a season of spiritual drought, and during a period of unsatisfied longing, the earnest desire "To see Thy power and Thy glory, so as I have seen Thee in the sanctuary (Ps. lxiii. 2).

III. *Praise Prophetic of Messiah's Glory.*—If some of the psalms express the fellowship of Christ's sufferings, there are others that may well be said to be "partakers of His glory." Thus it was that our Divine Lord spoke to the two brethren on their way to Emmaus—"That all things must be fulfilled which were written in the law of Moses, and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms, concerning Me" (Luke xxiv. 44). It was of His sufferings and of His glory that the Psalmist thus spake—"Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day" (v. 46). Some of the strongest and most convincing of the apostolic arguments on the subject of the resurrection of our Lord were taken from the psalms of David. Thus St. Peter, in his great speech at Pentecost, quotes the authority of David, who, "Being a prophet, and seeing this before, spake of the resurrection of Christ" (Acts ii. 30, 31). Direct reference is made in this same address to the 16th Psalm—"Thou will not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt Thou suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption" (Ps. xvi. 10); and that this topic constituted this a joyful psalm of praise is evident, for the Psalmist, speaking for himself, as well as in the person of Christ, says again—"Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth" (v. 9). Then, again, St. Paul argues out the same subject on the same authority—"As it is also written in the second Psalm, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten Thee" (Acts xiii. 33); and then proceeds, as St. Peter had already done, to quote the words of the 16th Psalm—"Wherefore He saith also in another Psalm, Thou shall not suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption" (v. 35). It was also from the Book of Psalms that our Lord proved His own Divine nature and lordship, as contrasted with His human descent from, and consequent obedience as a son to, David (Luke xx. 42; Ps. cx. 1). Moreover, that grand and eloquent plea for the glory of Christ's Godhead, in the opening chapters of the Epistle to the Hebrews, is for the most part established on the references there given to the Book of Psalms. For example, the following Psalms are there referred to, with direct quotations, in the following order: Ps. ii. 7, 8; cx. 1; xcvii. 7; civ. 4; xlv. 6, 7; cii. 25; ciii. 21; viii. 4, &c.; xxii. 22; xviii. 2. Thus, also, the glorious fact of the Ascension of our Lord is sung of in the Book of Psalms. The 68th Psalm is directly quoted in this connection by St. Paul; for, speaking of the Ascension of Christ, and of the consequent gift of the Spirit, his words are—"Wherefore He saith, When He ascended up on high, He led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men" (Eph. iv. 8, quoted from Ps. lxviii. 18). And the grand pæan of victory, and triumphal song of the Church, for the Ascension of her Lord and King, had long since been composed by the poet-laureate of the Church of God, the Psalmist David, as in the 24th Psalm—"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in" (see vv. 7—10). Loud and long must have been the trumpet blasts, when these psalms of praise were sung in the Temple services in Jerusalem. Even in that mixed Psalm (cvii.), with alternating memories of national reproach and national remorse, the chorus was four times uplifted—"Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!" (vv. 8, 15, 21, 31). How often—as many as twenty-six times in the antiphonal chants of the Temple—is that grand chorus rendered in Ps. cxxxvi.—"For His mercy endureth for ever!" and that still louder chorus, vocal and instrumental, that "new song," which no tongue, no harp, no psaltery, had ever sung before, as in the 98th Psalm—"Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth; make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise" (v. 4) At first gently, *pianissimo*—"Sing unto the Lord with the harp"; then louder, at their leader's uplifted bâton—"With trumpets, and sound of cornet"; then louder still—"Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof"; yea, still louder—"Let the floods clap their hands; let the hills be joyful together before the Lord!" Ah, how poor and slender is our praise, with hearts so badly tuned, and voices so feebly praiseful, and some with their lips closed altogether to the praises of Sion!

VI. *The Hallelujah Psalms.*—The climax of the Psalms of Praise is, most appropriately, reached in the concluding utterances of the Psalmist. The last five Psalms (cxlvi.—cl.) are called the "Hallelujah Psalms," because the initial word and the concluding word of each is that grand exclamation of joy and praise—"Hallelujah," which we have translated in our version—"Praise ye the Lord." Worthy ending of such a book! worthy ending, too, if it may be, of

our own experiences, the vesper hymn and even-song of the day of this mortal life.

> 'The night draws on, we must away;
> Let Hallelujahs close the day!"

These concluding psalms are the noblest and the loudest among the "high praises of God" from the lips of man. They are filled with invocations to all created things, with exclamations going forth to all the works of God, animate and inanimate, to sing their Hallelujah song. Every possible reason is urged—from the nature and character of God, the bounties of His providence, the love and tenderness of His dealings toward His people, and His wisdom and judgment in all things—to swell the chorus of these Hallelujahs. All are importuned, the heavens above, angelic hosts, sun and moon, and stars of light, dragons, deeps, and darkness, all the elements of Nature, fire, water, stormy winds, all places in the height, in the depth, hill, and valley, all persons—high and low, kings and people, old and young, man and maiden—to sing their endless Hallelujahs. Every motive is put in requisition, every method is suggested, every good promise is held forth, every fair hope is encouraged, all possible ways and means are enumerated—with trumpet, and psaltery, and harp, with timbrel and dance, with cymbals, yea, with high sounding cymbals, to swell the chorus of their Hallelujahs! and at last, this one final and exhaustive summons fills the grand orchestra to its fullest, "Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord!" And with this final Hallelujah, the last chord vibrates and trembles to the last touch of the hand of the harper harping upon his harp! It rises and spreads through earth and skies; all Nature joins in its ten thousand harmonies; all Creation swells the song with the voices of the day and the voices of the night, and the voices of the dead. This universal Hallelujah chorus! and that grand old doxology,

> "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,"

that has closed so many services, and wound up so many meetings, and consecrated so many efforts of the Church of God upon the earth, shall be in spirit and in substance the closing Hallelujah of all things.

> "Oh, joyous expectation!
> Oh, how my spirit longs
> To join the heavenly chorus—
> And sing the song of songs.
> The song of ransomed millions,
> The song of souls forgiven,
> The lasting, ever-lasting,
> Unending song of heaven!"

THE SILVER WATCH.

PART II.

WICKHAM lay quite still for a moment, with drawn breath, to make sure that he heard aright. It was too true. There was certainly the sound of heavy footsteps, and loud breathing and rustling of branches in the garden without.

What was it? What could it be? a robber with a blackened face, or a pale ghost all in white? Wickham had heard of such things. He felt as if he could bear this suspense no more, and he put out his hand towards the box of matches which he knew was beside his bed. But then a fresh panic seized him, and he withdrew his chill, trembling fingers under the clothes again. If there were wicked people out in the garden below, a bright light might guide them to his window straight, and it was so near the ground that if they wanted to get in they could do it, and then—what then? Wickham trembled, and lay quite still for some time, with doubly-bated breath and a parched feeling in his throat, longing to cry or scream, and yet afraid to stir.

He knew that he ought not to be afraid, it was foolish and childish, and, worst of all, it was wrong; he knew that "The angel of the Lord encamps round about them that fear Him," and that no harm can come near their dwelling unless it is His will. He knew that before he slept he had asked God to take care of him all through this night, and that he ought to trust Him now. He remembered a hymn that his mother used to say for him every night, and he tried to say it very quietly into himself now.

> "Oh, little child, lie still and sleep,
> Jesus is near,
> Thou needst not fear;
> No one need fear, by day or night
> Whom God doth keep."

But before he had got to the end of the first verse the noise in the garden grew still more loud—the trampling as it seemed of many feet, a curious crunching sound almost in his ear.

Wickham could bear it no longer, he jumped out of bed now, lit the candle, and then hurried across the room, afraid to glance behind him, and closed the door hastily, so that the light might not be seen: then he sped quickly up the stairs, with bare noiseless feet, to Bruce's room. His aunt had said he might go there if he wanted anything, and he felt he could not have lived another moment in that terror and darkness down there alone.

"Bruce, Bruce!" he exclaimed, in a muffled voice, leaning over his cousin's bed, and giving him a nervous shake. "Get up, Bruce; I want you."

But only a low, sleepy groan proceeded from under the bed-clothes, from which Bruce's curly head protruded like a shock of disordered corn. Wickham shook him with more violence now.

"Bruce, Bruce, get up! there is some one in the garden!"

"Oh, of course; don't bother!" Bruce replied, in a very drowsy voice, turning round on his side now. "It's Wickham catching snails."

"No, no, Bruce; it's not. Here I am. Wake up; there is some one in the garden!"

Then Bruce did wake up, but with a very cross, angry face, which frightened poor Wickham almost as much as the noises had done below.

"Hulloa, what's the matter? What in the world are you standing there for, you little fool?" Bruce exclaimed, rubbing his eyes.

"Oh, Bruce, please—please get up!" Wickham pleaded, his lips trembling as well as his hands and knees now. "There is somebody in the garden—indeed there is; I heard a dreadful noise out there!"

"Nonsense, child, you're dreaming," was the only reply; but even as Bruce spoke he could not fail to see the white terror in his little cousin's face, and for one moment he hesitated, and raised himself upon his elbow in the bed.

Almost the last words his mother had spoken to him before she left the room had been about One who pleased not Himself, and gave up His own ease and comfort for others' sake; the last prayer she had offered beside his bed last night had been that her son might follow the great example of Christ's love and sacrifice in all things; and whilst she spoke Bruce had thought for a moment that it would be rather a fine thing, after all, to live this brave, unselfish life, and that perhaps he might begin to-morrow; but that was all, and now, at once, far sooner than he thought, the chance had come, the opportunity was given, but Bruce was not ready for it; the old habits of self-indulgence were too strong; he was so snug and warm now in bed; Wickham looked so cold and miserable out there; Bruce could not make up his mind to stir.

He sat up, however, and listened a moment with sleepy ear, but only a very faint murmur of the sound that agonised poor Wickham's timid heart reached him here, and he lay down again.

"There's no noise, Wickham, I tell you," he said; "it's only the carts going by on the road. I've heard them lots of times, and I wish you wouldn't keep the candle flaring there in my eyes," and with these words Bruce turned away and drew the clothes up resolutely about his ears.

"Oh don't, please Bruce; just sit up again for one minute and listen!" poor Wickham pleaded still, shading the candle with his trembling hands.

"No I won't," was Bruce's gruff reply; "and you'd better get back to your room like a shot, I can tell you, or you'll wake up mother and all the rest of them."

Bruce's eyes were tightly shut again, he was almost asleep. Wickham felt it was hopeless to argue with him any more, so, after standing one moment irresolute, the frightened child turned away with a look of great misery in his white face and a double fear at heart. He could not bear the thought of startling his kind aunt, or of returning alone to that room down-stairs, not knowing what he might find there.

No, he could not do it; his knees knocked helplessly against each other, the candlestick shook in his hand; the door of his room was shut below, he dared not open it; and so the poor little stranger-guest sat down half-way on the short flight of steps, with just this sense of protection that he could hear his cousin's steady breathing through the half-closed door, and that there was a pale streak of summer dawn coming in through the narrow window over his head.

Wickham shivered, although the night was warm, but there was a rug hanging on a peg just above him, and he drew it cautiously down, and wrapped it round him, and then, as the beams of white light widened in the sky, and the old red towers of the distant cathedral stole out from the darkness one by one, he gained courage to blow out the candle, and leaned his tired head, which was aching fiercely, upon his knees.

There was no sound breaking the silence of the house below now except the pleasant homely tick of the large hall clock, and the faint chirp of a cricket on the kitchen hearth.

There was no trampling of feet now; no one had broken into the house; nothing terrible had happened; and it was wrong and foolish to have given way so easily to fear. What would his aunt say to all this? What did his mother think if she had looked down at him from heaven—what would she have said to him if her voice could have reached his ear?

"Oh, little child, lie still and sleep,
Jesus is near,
Thou need'st not fear;
No one need fear, by day or night,
Whom God doth keep."

How often she had said to him these words in the old happy evenings long ago, when she sat beside his bed—how near they seemed to bring her with their soothing sound now. Wickham had liked to be called "old fellow" by Bruce last night, but he was quite content to think of himself as a little child again, resting against her knee, and lying safe under the shadow of God's wing. He felt as if some calm cool hand had been laid upon his brow; and before he had said the words of the hymn quite through he was asleep.

When he awoke again it was full dawn, and, greatly afraid of being found by the strange housemaid on her way down-stairs, he gathered up the rug about him, and crept back to his own room, thankful that the long night was at an end.

The scattered matches on the floor, and the disordered bed recalled it all with a sense of relief, not unmixed with shame; but with some degree of curiosity too, and Wickham walked straight to the window now, anxious to discover, if possible, the secret of last night's alarm.

(To be concluded.)

"WHEN HE GIVETH QUIETNESS."

THE evening sunshine falls in mellow light,
That steeps the tranquil earth in golden sheen;
Long shadows cast their lines of deeper green
Across the sward. Above, one cloudless height,
Girt with soft opal, gleams the sky to-night.
Whatever cares the waning day hath seen,
Now all is rest and happiness serene;
Nor aught of dimness mars this sunshine bright
Which fills the world. So falls the peace of God
On weary hearts that lay their burden down
Before the cross; Oh, then, though paths untrod,
Loom dark for them, and mortal terrors frown—
Who can make trouble—e'en where sorrows press—
When the Almighty giveth quietness? M. T.

THE "QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

155. Mention is made of Zacharias the father of John the Baptist asking for a writing-table. Of what kind were the writing-tables in those days?

156. What period of history is embraced in the records of the Books of Chronicles?

157. What was the ancient name of the town of Acre; and by which is it known in Scripture?

158. From whom were the Midianites descended?

159. How many kinds of sacrifices or blood-offerings were there among the Jews?

160. What is the meaning of the word "Manna?"

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 413.

143. Gideon the son of Joash, because the Lord was their king (Judg. viii. 22, 23).

144. He went into Egypt with the remnant of the Jews who had fled thither (Jer. xliii. 6—8).

145. There were seven, descended from Canaan the son of Ham—The Jebusites, the Hittites, the Hivites, the Amorites, the Canaanites, the Perizzites, and the Girgasites (Gen. x. 15—19).

146. Nimrod, the first king of Babylon; worshipped under the appellation of Belus or Bel.

147. "Except thou take away the lame and the blind thou shall not come in hither," meaning thereby that the place was naturally so strong that the lame and the blind would suffice to defend it" (2 Sam. v. 6).

148. By the name of Artaxerxes Longimanus king of Media and Persia. (Dean Prideaux.)

"It was on Percy Gray this office generally devolved."—*p.* 452.

HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST IN THE WINNING," "FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE."

CHAPTER XI.

AUNT JANET DISTINGUISHES HERSELF.

MR. GRADDON lay ill for several weeks—never in absolute danger, but suffering at times intensely, and always requiring much care and attention. It was the first time since his boyhoood that he had been actually laid up, and he rebelled against his helplessness, as energetic business men are wont to do.

Aunt Janet now proved a valuable auxiliary to Winnie, for she refused to be considered an invalid any longer, and constituted herself Mr. Graddon's chief nurse. Winnie and Nina might hover about his bed to talk to or read to him, and Hattie might proudly set before him the delicacies she had prepared, but it was Aunt Janet—vigilant, untiring Aunt Janet—who watched beside his bed whenever he was wakeful or feverish, and carried out the directions of the medical man so strictly, that her patient declared, with a rueful face, there was no escaping the tiniest drop of the nauseous compounds prescribed for him.

Aunt Janet in the invalid's chamber was a perfect treasure; but Duke irreverently observed that it was a thousand pities she could not be kept there always. Her appearance down-stairs was generally the forerunner of a storm; and Winnie began to dread the sound of the little dry cough that heralded her approach.

The first time Mr. Graddon was well enough to be left for some hours, and Miss Symes spent the evening in the drawing-room, she contrived to forfeit the good opinion of the boys, and Winnie—who was playing a duet with Nina—was interrupted by an explosion of wrath that rose high above the loud chords the sisters were striking.

"I don't care!" Tom Graddon was exclaiming, his fists clenched, his eyes dilated, and his whole attitude a belligerent one. "Let me alone, Hattie!" and he pushed away the paper of chocolate she was offering him. "I will say it, if it is rude. I'm not a thief, and I won't be called one!"

"That'll do," exclaimed Duke, testily. "Don't make a fuss, Tom. Miss Symes did not mean——"

"Miss Symes," interposed that lady, looking up from her knitting, "meant all she said. Dear me! what tempers these children have!"

"What has Tom been doing?" Winnie inquired, as she came forward and laid her arm caressingly across the shoulder of her indignant brother.

"Nothing," the boy answered, struggling to keep back his tears.

"It's Aunt Janet!" cried little Eddy, surveying Miss Symes with such reproachful looks that she laughed outright, and would have taken him on her knee if he had not resolutely opposed it.

"Really! I could find it in my heart to be angry if the whole affair were not so absurd!" cried the accused lady. "How do you think all this hubbub has arisen, Winifred? Simply from my questioning whether this consequential young gentleman has been acting fairly by his playfellows!"

"But I don't understand," said Winnie; and Duke, who had been sitting by, looked at one minute thoroughly provoked, at the next inclined to laugh, drily suggested that she should not try to do so.

"Haven't we heard enough of this?" he queried. "It must be nearly Tom's bed-time, and there is an article in this magazine that I shall be pleased to read aloud to you and Miss Symes while you are working."

"Thanks," Aunt Janet replied, folding her hands on her lap, and surveying Tom dubiously; "but I never shirk a duty, Mr. Averne, and I don't think I ought to let this boy's pretence that his dignity—the dignity of a schoolboy!—is wounded, prevent me from inquiring into his misdoings."

"I wish some one would tell me what it all means!" exclaimed Winnie, who was beginning to feel provoked.

"It means, my dear," Aunt Janet replied, "that Master Tom is in possession of a large number of buttons, and on my inquiring how he came to have so many, he professed to have won them. Now, what I want to know is, has he come by them fairly?"

"We have been playing—Fred and I—with Dr. Halton's boys," explained Tom, who was quivering with excitement. "We played, and I came off winner, but it was honestly, Winnie, it was indeed! ask them if it was not."

"My dear Tom, there is no necessity for it," said his sister, kissing his burning cheek affectionately. "I am quite sure you would not cheat any one."

The gratified boy smiled, and hugged her, and his ire was fast vanishing, when Miss Symes interfered, her loud dictatorial voice overpowering all other sounds.

"Now, my dear Winifred, you must excuse me, but you are not sure of any such thing! It is possible to be too confiding. In this wicked world it is necessary to be always on our guard, and we can't be too careful with the young; if we don't check their evil habits in the bud there's no knowing what the consequences may be!"

"There she goes again," muttered Tom. "I declare it's too bad!"

"Hush, Tom!" said his sister, "and let Aunt Janet explain herself."

"My dear, I have no more to say," answered Miss Symes, majestically. "I shall leave the affair in your hands. I would rather you acted for your papa on this occasion. You may think I am too precise; that I have made too much of a trifle, but I have done it on principle. When a lad comes home with pockets filled almost to bursting, and when questioned grows red in the face, and turns sulky, it looks bad—very bad."

"Aunt Janet," said Winnie, putting her hand over the boy's mouth to prevent another burst of wrath, "if my brother has been rude to you I am sorry for it, but you really should not doubt his word. I am sure he has told you the truth."

"How can you be certain of this?" asked the still incredulous lady. "I can assure you I have been positively horrified at the barefaced manner in which schoolboys cheat each other at their games. I dare say Mr. Averne can testify——"

But as soon as Duke heard his name mentioned, he availed himself of an open door to make his escape, and Winnie's whispered entreaty induced Tom and his brothers to accept Hattie's invitation to accom-

pany her to the kitchen, where all grievances were forgotten in the delight of helping her to manufacture Everton toffee in an earthen pipkin.

Miss Symes shook her head gravely as the door closed upon the retreating party.

"If I am to do my duty by my brother's motherless children you must not encourage them to rebel against me, Winifred, whenever I take them to task."

"But, Aunt Janet, I thought it only justice to Tom to tell you that deceit is not one of his faults."

"I hope it is not. I am anxious to think the best of all the dear boys; but when you have had my experience you will not be so ready to believe everything you are told. We are all prone to do evil. That boy *may* have come honestly by his treasures, but—there is always a but, Winifred."

"I hope not," was the prompt reply. "I should be miserable if I were always distrusting those nearest and dearest to me."

Still Miss Symes sighed, and shook her head.

"In this mortal sphere, my child, where none are perfect, deceit and false dealing hem us in on every side, and we must make a firm stand against all such sins."

"Can't we do that," queried Nina, pertly, "without accusing Tom of cheating his playmates? Mamma trusted him—didn't she, Winnie?"

But as this allusion to the dear mother who had governed her household so wisely and kindly made Winnie's eyes fill with tears, the subject was not discussed any longer, and Winnie herself had almost forgotten it, when one afternoon Aunt Janet, who had been taking a constitutional in the garden while Mr. Graddon slept, returned to the house in great haste, dragging Fred, the second boy, with her.

"Where 's Winnie?" she asked, as she compelled the boy to follow her into the parlour. "Oh, here you are, my dear; that 's well. Now you will see that I was right the other evening—now you will be forced to admit the necessity of watching over these children more carefully than you were disposed to do. You were quite angry with me because I questioned Master Tom's integrity; what do you think of this naughty, naughty urchin, whom I have just detected in a flagrant act of dishonesty?"

"Oh no, no!" gasped the troubled sister, looking from her aunt to Fred, who hung his head and fidgeted from one foot to the other.

"Let him deny it if he can!" retorted Miss Symes. "He was slipping out of the side gate when I caught sight of him, and insisted on knowing what he was about. Then he acknowledged that he was going to buy fruit—with what do you think?—with pence he had taken out of Hattie's box. This is his own confession, my dear, so pray don't look so indignant and incredulous."

"My box!" echoed the wondering Hattie, who was in the room, "which one?"

"Oh, I must give him credit for having made very frank confession. A box of Hattie's, he told me, that stands on a bracket between the windows."

Hattie reached down the little Japanese cabinet, and opened the drawers one after another, showing that they were empty; and Miss Symes, with upraised hand and eyes, appealed to her niece.

"Now, Winifred, now, what further proof will you require? Has not this sad event arisen, partly at least, from your own carelessness? Did I not warn you that you were too confiding?"

"But stop a minute, please," cried Hattie. "Fred could not have taken money out of this cabinet because I never keep any there."

A loud burst of laughter from the culprit helped to disconcert aunt Janet, whose eyes wandered from one to the other doubtfully, till Winnie interfered.

"Behave yourself, Fred; what is it you have been doing?"

"Nothing at all, Winnie. You said yourself that we might buy oranges at Dame Sarby's if we wished to; and just now, when you sent me to change my jacket because I had torn the old one, I found a penny in my pocket that Duke gave me for running an errand for him. When Aunt Janet stopped me at the gate I told her this, but she would not believe me, and so I treated her to a hatch up."

"You don't mean to say that you were guilty of a deliberate falsehood?"

"Well, only in fun, Winnie, just to hear what aunt would say. I couldn't know that she would take in every word of it directly, could I?"

And Fred went off into another fit of giggling, which broke out at intervals all the while Miss Symes lectured him for his impertinence in imposing on her; and nothing Winnie could urge would induce him to offer a proper apology.

"If Aunt Janet won't take a fellow's word she deserves to be tricked," he maintained, "and I 'll not say I 'm sorry, because I'm not. She told me I was worse than Tom. Worse, indeed! what 's he done, I should like to know?"

With this defiant speech the boy scampered off, much to the vexation of Winnie, who was sorry to see Aunt Janet's authority scouted, and her really good qualities undervalued in consequence of her tendency to suspect the good faith of every one with whom she was brought in contact. It had an ill effect on the lads in more than one way. They had been trained in love, they had been taught to be true and just in all their dealings, and to have no reservations from their parents. If they did wrong they had never hesitated to confess it to their mother, and had always come from her presence subdued and regretful; but they were hot-tempered, high-spirited boys, and Winnie had not yet acquired sufficient influence to soothe away the angry and rebellious feeling with which they were beginning to regard Aunt Janet.

It grieved her, too, to find that they grew less careful in what they said or did.

"What 's the use of telling the truth if we only get doubted for our pains?" Tom would recklessly ask. "And if we try to mind what you say, and keep out of mischief," Fred would add, "Aunt Janet looks as

if she knew we hadn't. I often long to do something outrageous just out of aggravation!"

As Winnie did not like to take counsel with her father as long as the doctor warned his family that he was not in a condition to bear any additional worries, she preserved the peace as well as she could, keeping the boys and Miss Symes apart as much as possible, and, when unable to do that, playing the mediator to the best of her ability, apologising and explaining, and urging forbearance on both sides for—and this argument never failed her—"for papa's sake."

But it was weary work. The boys were not as manageable as they used to be, and the prejudices of years are not easily uprooted. Miss Symes continued to have grave doubts of the integrity and veracity of her nephews, and they to resent her sharp catechising, till, to the great relief of their sister, the holidays came to an end, and they went back to school, taking Eddie with them, and leaving only four-year-old Johnnie, to be the household pet and plaything a little longer.

CHAPTER XII.

DOMESTIC DIFFICULTIES.

ALTHOUGH the departure of the merry noisy lads left a sad blank in the home circle, and Nina complained of the house being so quiet that it was quite depressing, Winnie's spirits rose, and she enjoyed the comparative calm.

Time had chastened her grief, and Mr. Graddon was decidedly better. He was now able to exchange his bed for a sofa in the room below, and found he derived benefit from the effort, although still so weak that one of the men had to be called in to assist him in ascending and descending the stairs. It was on Percy Gray this office generally devolved, not only because his steadiness and intelligence made him a favourite with the foreman, but also because Mr. Graddon remembered the events of the night from which he dated his illness, and smilingly said that he had learned to trust to Gray's strong arm, and should feel safer with him than another.

No one who saw how deliberately Percy laid down his tools when he heard the words, "Gray, you're wanted in the house," would have imagined that at such moments his heart would throb so violently that he felt as if he were choking. It was but the work of a few minutes to sustain Mr. Graddon's tottering steps, and lead him carefully to his sofa, but it gave his quiet reserved helper food for his thoughts during the day. His love of the beautiful was gratified by admission into the well-furnished house, and the glimpses he obtained of pictures and flowers and pretty draperies, of refined young girls—not lounging idly at a door or window like 'Lisbeth Parnell, who was fond of thus displaying her rosy cheeks and bright eyes—but always busy with their work or their drawing or their books.

Winnie, too, would often cross his vision. He would see her leaning over Nina, helping her with her sketches; or she would flit past on housekeeping cares intent, or, better still, she would hover about her father eager to assist him and arrange his pillows and cushions as soon as he was seated in his easy-chair. By this time she had learned to recognise an old acquaintance in Percy, and one of the smiles that came but too rarely to her lips nowadays would be evoked by his respectful greeting. Once he took courage to present her with a bunch of early violets which he had risen at dawn to pluck, and her impulsive "How delicious! Oh, thank you very much!" sent him away wild with delight, which lasted till he saw the finest of his violets in Duke Averne's button-hole, and wrestled for hours with a fierce longing to tear them from him.

She was engrossed in her own affairs just then. She hoped and expected to be able to resume some of her old occupations, to find leisure for reading and taking up a new study—conchology. A school friend of Duke's, whose home was in the West Indies, had sent him a beautiful collection of shells, which he, caring but little for their delicate beauty after one cursory inspection, transferred, willingly enough, to his delighted cousin.

Her father, always ready to gratify his children's wishes, offered to have a cabinet in the drawing-room fitted with shelves and trays for their reception, and Winnie promised herself many pleasant hours in arranging them; but her troubles had not departed with the school-boys; on the contrary, they seemed to multiply. Mr. Graddon, when half led half carried to his sofa by the strong arms of Percy, was irritated to find how incapable of any exertion his illness had left him; and as he approached convalescence he became far more exacting and impatient than when really suffering intensely.

Hattie was too slow, and Nina too thoughtless, to satisfy his requirements. It was Winnie who must sit with him, read to him, write at his dictation, and, in fact, be his almost constant companion. Miss Symes willingly ceded her place to her niece, for, no longer considering herself absolutely necessary to Mr. Graddon, she thought it high time to take upon herself the domestic arrangements.

Winnie hesitated a little when asked to give up the keys, not because she loved the authority with which they invested her, but from a tender reminiscence of the dear mother whose place she had been trying to fill.

"I was to have been housekeeper if mamma had not died, Aunt Janet; and though I am very much obliged to you for wishing to take so much responsibility off my hands, I think—as I have managed pretty well so far—I should like to go on."

"But, my poor child, yours is not management at all," was the disconcerting reply. "I have no doubt that your housekeeping costs twice as much it ought to do."

"But I am not extravagant, and I keep my books and pay the bills just as mamma used to do," cried Winnie, anxiously.

"Perhaps so; but it 's evident that you have no

check upon the servants, or on the tradespeople; you haven't the least idea to what extent they defraud you."

"But, aunt, I don't think they defraud me at all," Winnie protested.

"No, my dear, I know you don't; you are just like what I was at your age, the most credulous of human creatures, and consequently imposed upon by every one. I tremble to think of the losses your poor papa would have sustained if I had not come to your aid."

"And yet mamma dealt with the same people for years, and never had reason——"

But here Winnie, her cheek flushing, her eye kindling, broke off, and left the room, for Aunt Janet's supercilious smile was an insult to that dear mother's memory. Would she never learn to see that prudence in our worldly dealings should not be permitted to degenerate into a tendency to imagine evil where evil is not?

The result of Miss Symes' first visit to the housemaid's department covered Winnie with confusion, so many omissions in her own duties were discovered, and triumphantly set before her. She had given out best soap when common would have done as well, she had been too lavish with glass cloths, and had permitted Jane to use her own discretion so frequently as to the time and manner in which extra cleaning was done, that all Miss Symes' notions of order and the latitude allowed to a domestic were outraged. But a more unpleasant result of this lady's inquisitorial proceedings was that Jane—rosy, active Jane—sought her young mistress with her eyes swelled with crying, and gave warning.

"Your poor dear ma, Miss Winnie," she sobbed, "taught me all I know, for I was an okkard slip of a girl, all thumbs and elbows, when I came to her; but the patience she had and the pains she took was wonderful, and up till now it's been my pride to think I was keeping the house just as she used to like to see it. But Miss Symes have broke my heart with her fault-finding, and though it'll grieve me sorely to leave you, I can't stop with a lady who as good as told me I'm not honest."

"Aunt Janet does not mean that," she was assured. "She is peculiar. She has been very cruelly wronged, I suppose, at some part of her life, and it has made her appear distrustful, but don't make yourself unhappy, and pray don't think of leaving us. I will make Aunt Janet understand that you are thoroughly trustworthy, and if anything is amiss the fault is mine."

"You can't 'count to her for one duster that's missing," cried Jane, hysterically, "for I can't 'count for it myself, though it runs in my mind that Master Tom had it to wipe his skates, and never brought it home again. It spoils the dozen, and as long as it isn't to be found Miss Symes will always be throwing it in my teeth, I know she will!"

With much difficulty Jane was prevailed upon to forgive and forget Aunt Janet's speeches, and Winnie, who, knowing her own inexperience, dreaded nothing so much as a change of servants, hoped all would now go on smoothly; but the next to give notice was nurse, and she, being of a more resolute temperament than the housemaid, refused to be talked over.

"I'm sorry to leave you, miss, for though there's not much to do in the nursery now you've only left me Master Johnnie, I found myself plenty of work with Miss Nina, who do tear her clothes dreadful, and Miss Hattie, whose skirts would be a mask of grease and syrup if I did not keep her well supplied with aprons; but I can't live with Miss Symes. Servants have their feelings as well as their employers, and I'd rather go where my good character will gain me respect and good treatment."

Winnie tried the effect of an appeal on little Johnnie's account. He more than any one would miss his faithful attendant, and nurse wiped away some tears, for she loved the child dearly, but her pride was in arms, and she carried out her determination.

Mr. Graddon—who was merely told that nurse was leaving at her own desire—sent for her ere she left the house; and when he expressed his regret that one who had served his beloved wife so long and well should not have been willing to remain with her children, Winnie felt as guilty as if the fault were hers, and marvelled that Miss Symes could sit by so composed, relating in a half-whisper to Hattie some of her own or her friends' experiences with servants.

In spite of the inconvenience of having Johnnie to attend to herself, Winnie resolved that she would not fill up nurse's place at present, and for this Miss Symes commended her.

"We may find it advisable, my dear, to make a clean sweep; get rid of the other servants, and engage some from a distance; but don't breathe a word of our intention in their hearing. We will wait till I have made a tour of the shops in the town, compared prices, and so on, and ascertained how the tradespeople are using you. I've no doubt that I shall astonish you with some of my discoveries."

"But, Aunt Janet," said Winnie, half laughing, half crying. "I'd rather not be astonished. It is so much pleasanter to think as well of every one as we can."

"And your papa's interests? Will you never learn to consider those?" asked Miss Symes, so severely that the young girl was silenced.

She was standing in the hall, ruefully gazing after her aunt, as, pencil and note-book in hand, she walked away towards the High Street, when Duke came out of the parlour to return to the office.

"What are you meditating on with such a dismal air, little coz?" he asked, gaily.

But the roll of plans under his arms dropped, and his tone changed as he saw that the fair young face raised for a moment to his was wet with tears.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CONSECRATED LIFE.

II.—PRAYER.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MURDOCH JOHNSTON, M.A.

WHEN the Soul has heard the Call of Christ rising like a voice of night out of thick surrounding darkness, and in answer to its command has groped its way to the Saviour's side, it presents itself at once a real sacrifice, and offers up to God whatever it may possess, or love, or hope for in time or in eternity. It surrenders every selfish claim. It is God's now, and not its own. Henceforth it is subject to God's law, and to His control. It is the object of every sanctifying influence, as southern valleys lie under the fostering sun and are fanned by the breath of all soft winds. It is bound for every holy attainment by a vow more sacred than ever knight whispered at ancient altar. Its religion is a passion that has assumed authority over all powers of body and of spirit, and pronounces commands which may not be neglected or disobeyed. And the passion rises, and with its own enthusiasm sweeps all opposing lust from its path, and presses on, that it may behold and walk with God. It is a happy state. It is a period of sacred rapture, when a man is held by one close link to Heaven.

In this new life Prayer has a double work. By it at first we come to God; and by it afterwards our progress and growth are alike indicated and secured.

But there are two distinct kinds of prayer, and their difference bears upon our subsequent happiness. Driven by our own fear, or attracted by His love, we pour out our lives in the earliest impulses to God; but after the act of consecration we find that the deep swellings of soul have ceased, and that we have settled down into a wintry calm. This is natural, we may say necessary. It is right that the first efforts should be violent, as the first rush of a full river into a new course; but as soon as the river gains possession of its channel it flows steadily, and sometimes with a motion which is hardly perceptible; and, likewise, when our soul is resting in its new security, it needs not, and it avoids convulsive agonies, which would disturb its repose and mar its beauty. At the same time that repose must not be idle; but as the wrecked sailor, spent with the battle of the breakers through which he made the land, lies down to sleep, but wakes again to seek a new deck and other seas, so the spirit that has felt the first peaceful rest, must rise and go—not to the old struggle, nor the old enemies, but to strange difficulties and novel dangers. In this fresh course, then, he must be pre-eminently a man of prayer.

And yet Prayer is full of paradox. We want prayer most when we are on the way of death, and we cannot pray aright then; we want it least when we are nearing heaven, and then we can pray best. We pray that we may obtain what we want; and we pray, on the other hand, that God may give, not what we wish to receive, but what He wishes to grant. We pray because we love both God and man; and yet we love them both because we pray. These demonstrate the double source of our religious life. The sheep that has wandered feels the need of the Shepherd; and the Shepherd, without its knowledge, has gone to search for the sheep. Two streamlets begin to trickle down the sides of two distant hills. Unconsciously they move on—a stone alters their course here, and a tuft of heather there. But down they flow, obeying God's law; and after many a rough torrent, many a leap over black cliffs, they meet in the valley underneath, and flow together, one river, among the meadows and the corn-fields. In the same way, under a Hand unseen, the stream that flows from God combines with that which, in our praying, issues forth from us; and our life is blended with His life, our prayer with His benediction, and we go on together to the bright sea of heaven.

But what is Prayer? Is it only a selfish asking for good things, which may be called the worshipping of ourselves? or is it likewise the worshipping of God? It is both; but infinitely more the latter. Prayer is impossible until we have trodden down our own will, and, standing there upon it, look up to God to discover and to effect His. The primal act of prayer—that by which we answer our Saviour's call—is the attempt to do this; for we go to God, not because it is our own wish in the outset, but because it is His. Thus, in its earliest infancy, prayer is an act of *resignation;* and because it is this, it is the beginning of spiritual life, the first step in the narrow way. We found, in the previous paper, that what God demands is our will, because it governs our heart, and directs our feeling and our action; and when we have determined to subdue that will, or, whether subdued or not, to offer it to the Lord, prayer lays hold of the sacrifice, and presents it at the altar. "Thy will" is the motto of prayer.

But, next, prayer is *Homage.* And it is this because the soul will not rest with either abstract truth or cold commands. They mistake man's nature who rob him of all else. "God is law," say the wise; but the soul cannot rejoice thereat. It spurs on with an angry impatience through

the formal law and its manifestation, until it reaches One from whom the law proceeds. If there be none such, then man's heart is a lie; there is nothing in all the universe but the base vanity of falsehood and disappointment. But because there is such a One, the soul proceeds from seeking God's will to seeking God himself. What can we know of Him? Or is it only "*of* Him" we may know, and not know Himself? It is both, and it is neither: both in their imperfection, neither in their fulness. Yet such as we can know—such glimpses of Him, though only of His "garment," wherewith by these majestic worlds He clothes Himself; such revelation as He has made to spirit and to mind; such conceptions as both of these have suggested to make themselves complete—all this Prayer seizes, lays it down for solemn contemplation, and falls before it to praise and to adore.

The third part of prayer is spiritual *Communion*, or intercourse between God's Spirit and man's. And this I venture to think the essential part of prayer; nor do I know of any influence so powerful for sanctifying and elevating prayer as the reflection that this may and ought to happen. By this, prayer becomes the actual passing within the veil, bearing indeed the censer of worship and the blood that tells the unity of will, but drawing the curtain back for this purpose chiefly that we may enter into the visible presence of the Holy One. Here we see almost with mortal gaze the glory before which the dumb cherubim bend their heads. Here we almost touch the untouchable Godhead. Here we speak face to face with eternal Holiness. While the sinless One prayed upon the mountain His countenance was changed into a living splendour; and while we ascend the hill of prayer, our hearts, our spirits, our bodies, and our very visage, become altered, heightened, ennobled, sanctified; and we go down the hill-side again to do the world's work with our God's omnipotence.* In some such way, too, when this intercourse has been realised, have holy men been raised to a higher heaven, and have heard words to strangers unintelligible, and seen visions to all unutterable. But this with most comes only when the world's vesture is falling from them, and their minds have loosed themselves from earth and earth's consciousness; when they stand upon the brink of the deep river, and catch already the chants from the other side; when the fear of the Lord has grown into the perfection of holiness.

The final part of prayer which it is now necessary to mention is *Petition*. A resigned will, devout adoration, and intimate communion, lead up to this. "Delight thyself in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart." "But how," said Lord Bolingbroke to Lady Huntingdon, "do you reconcile prayer to God for particular blessings with absolute resignation to the divine will?" "Very easy," was the answer; "just as if I were to offer a petition to a monarch of whose kindness and wisdom I had the highest opinion. In such a case my language would be—I wish you to bestow on me such and such a favour; but your majesty knows better than I how far it would be agreeable to you, or right in itself to grant my desire. I therefore content myself with humbly presenting my petition, and I leave the event of it entirely to you."

Nor does God refuse to hear and to answer special petitions. When the Romans marched against the Quadi, the army took up a position of infinite peril, and the danger of their condition was aggravated by intense thirst, and the impossibility of getting water. There was a Christian legion there, and when they saw the strait in which they stood they knelt down before the whole camp, and prayed to their God for rain. Hardly was the prayer finished when the heavens became black, and instantly thick torrents fell, and at once refreshed and preserved the army.

Some people are perplexed as to what they should ask. The small things of life worry them most, for petty trials are sharper, as points of needles are sharper than points of swords; and harder to watch against, as wasps are harder than lions. The great cross of Calvary may be provided for, but the little crosses of Nazareth and Capernaum come unawares. There are, also, certain classes of difficulties which seem altogether worldly; fears and hopes which are intermingled with earthly passion, ambitions and struggles which savour not altogether of heaven: and shall these be laid before the Lord? Yes. There is not a solitary fear, nor hope, nor anxiety, nor wish, which will not meet with loving consideration. Only let Christ's three conditions of prayer* be fulfilled, and if right, the request will be granted; if wrong, it will be happily denied. Many a young life is thrown into a wrong direction, many a one is utterly ruined, because in such things, counsel was not sought of Heaven. "In everything let your requests be made known unto God."†

The *History of Prayer* contains some curious facts. Private prayer was recognised in all times; but, with few exceptions, it took the form of what may be called *official* prayer—that is, of prayer offered for others because of the position occupied by the person who prayed. Thus we find Job, Abraham, Moses, and Samuel praying; but Job prayed for his friends,‡ Abraham for Abimelech,§ Moses‖ and Samuel¶ for the nation; and these prayed because they stood as priests or prophets before the Lord.**

* Luke ix. 29; Mark ix. 14 *et seq.*

* Faith, forgiveness, constancy. † Phil. iv. 6.
‡ Job xlii. 8. § Gen. xx. 7. ‖ Num. xxi. 7.
¶ 1 Sam. xii. 23. ** Ezra vi. 9, 10.

But as the world grew, this idea became modified. Ten hundred years before Christ—the period which marks perhaps better than any other the transition from the old theory of prayer to the new—the possibility of all the nation offering direct prayer to God was entertained;* and four hundred years afterwards, private prayer is distinctly enjoined,† as well as prayer for our enemies.‡

All this time there was no public prayer, nor any public worship such as we understand by the phrase now. That came after the greatest calamity which had ever befallen Jacob. That terrible visitation of bondage and captivity—when sacrifice, oblation, and swinging censer, were abandoned of necessity, and reports were heard that the hill of David was a ruin, and the sacred courts of the Temple were trodden by scornful feet—compelled the minds of thoughtful men to refuse to accept all these as the blind decree of unseeing fate, and ponder well the causes of that astounding overthrow. And, thus pondering and questioning, they conceived the truth that Jehovah ties His worship, no more than His existence, to things that man has made; that He dwelleth not alone in temples made with hands; that His presence fills the forsaken corners of earth as much as the sacred heights of heaven; and that they, flung so athwart the history of this stranger's land with such a rueful break in their own, must, if the covenant remains, have some means of approaching Jehovah, and of uttering the Spirit's need outside the ancient range of priesthood and of altar.

Hence we have Ezra's prayer before the assembled princes, after the building of the second Temple, and Jeshua's at the great fast after the building of the city. Thenceforward, prayer was regarded as a component of public worship, if not in the Temple, at least in those buildings throughout the land where worship took much of the place of sacrifice.

We may notice also a progress in the *objects* of prayer when offered by Patriarch, Priest, Prophet, and Christian. These objects keep pace with the revelation which God gave of Himself, and the promises and covenants which He offered to men. In the ancient times He was the strong benefactor, and therefore the Patriarchs prayed for the fulfilling of each day's simple wants. In the time of Moses He was known as the God of the new nation Israel, and hence the prayers we find are for national distress and sin.

But wider thoughts, as we have seen, were brooding over the mystery. God was in Babylon, the impersonation of wickedness—then why should He not be everywhere? He was seen by Moses indeed, but that was not the Divine essence, intangible and unapproachable; it was only a manifestation of divinity. Anthropomorphism was going. And out of the chaos—chaos of destiny, belief and hope—came forth a higher thought that God requires no accident of shape or matter, no substance such as eye of man can behold; that He dwells throughout the worlds, and fills all space with His presence, and lives a pure spirit of Deity.

Along with this came a kindred thought—Is there in man no spark of the Divine? Is there no certainty of the eternal? Glimpses, scarcely caught, appeared to Job, and after many years to Isaiah. But a later age perceived the truth, that not alone is there with us a body and a soul, but a spirit too like God's, which moves by unknown laws, which somehow cannot and must not die. It was inevitable, that with this full revelation on the one hand, and this fuller discovery of man's nature on the other, the theory and conception of prayer should be affected. Thus it stood:—There is a Spirit above, and there is a spirit here. We know not the nature nor the laws of either; but we know that spirits span both space and time. Shall they not hold commerce? No matter how the commerce is determined, whether through the medium of the body bidding its tongue speak, or through the secret breathing of the soul, by any means let spirit rise to spirit, and let the communion be free and unmolested. Yes,

> "Speak to Him thou, for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet,
> Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands or feet."

We can see now how prayer became such a reality in Christian times; how even a heathen centurion knew of it as well as a Christian apostle; how there has been in all time of the Church's most vigorous life a revolt against official prayer; how men have demanded that they may pray for themselves; how prayer becomes a test of progress; how Christian people have become more devout; how devotional books are more widely read; and how prayer has carried sustenance to hundreds of orphan boys, and sustained their benefactor's faith when the last loaf was gone.

And, never was there deeper need than now for intercourse with the God and the Prince of Peace. Few and scattered were of old the events which rose to break the quiet continuity of life. Calm and quietness were possible then, and as we look back we fancy those ancient scenes a-light with the falling sun of a summer's evening, and murmurous with all sounds of gentle life. What, then, as the evening sank, had man to do, but, like Isaac, to meditate in the fields; or when the day was up, to lift his heart to the skies? But now "in this loud stunning tide" of life, where is such opportunity? The cities, with their narrow streets and dull houses, and myriads swarming into their noisy hives; the rural plains filled with

* 2 Chron. vi. 24. † Jer. xxxiii. 3. ‡ Jer. xxix. 7.

(*Drawn by* W. Cave Thomas.)

"The fervent prayer is prayed
Amid the silence of Gethsemane."—*p.* 459.

men racking the soil for greater increase; the countless engagements, the endless interruptions, the hurrying hours all too short for work, make meditation and rest difficult to all, and impossible to many. And yet for the soul's freshness and happiness prayer is a supreme necessity. The day begun without it is barren and unhappy. Ill luck nearly always tracks a prayerless day. Temptation seizes a prayerless soul. Unrest, discontent, a feeling that everything is wrong haunts the prayerless efforts. So men are demanding places where they may retire and pray. "Give us churches," they cry, "where the poor man or the rich may kneel in silence; give us larger houses where some room may be had, and some escape from weeping children huddled into deathful closes; give us free air, and bits of green, and pleasant fields, if you can, where we may realise that God is living, and send up our cry to His feet."

Hence Jesus Christ loved the secret hill-top, and spent whole nights in its solitude. Hence, before His bitterest hour he sought the recesses of the olive grove. And hence, for the crowning triumph of His work, He sought again the summit of the mountain. Hence, also, a great writer and thinker, the night he was of age, wrote these words:—"I have been for two hours wandering along the shore, not listlessly dreaming, but thinking deeply and solemnly. There, before the sleeping earth and the sleepless sea and stars, I dedicated myself to God—a vow which, if He gives me the faith I pray for, never shall be broken."

And as events come upon us now thick and fast, so do they carry with them more of sorrow, care, and trouble than was once their wont. There is more of comfort and pleasure, but likewise more of manifold suffering, which takes the acutest forms. It is not of the body, for we are crushing many a disease, but it appears in stern agonies of soul and of mind—children, society, work, prospects—many battles, because there are round us many men. In the dim light through which we move, the darkly-menacing possibilities that are beyond control, the innumerable ways that open at every step leading somewhither, though we cannot trace them, there is no refuge, nor hope, nor confidence for man but in the Wisdom and the Light of God. In our busy life of cares, of toil, and of anxiety, this is our only chance. Then only are the crooked concerns of the day made straight and the rough difficulties made plain. Thus we pray while we work, and we watch and work while we pray. Thus, we read and learn that God's lesson of the lark which, while she tends and watches her helpless brood, soars upward and pours her full heart where the world cannot interrupt and can hardly see.

And yet we know of many prayers that were never answered. It was threatened to sinning and obstinate Israel that their supplications, and those even of a devoted prophet, would be spurned.* But we face the mystery of unanswered prayer more directly when we contemplate Christ's prayer in Gethsemane. If ever conditions the most rigorous were fulfilled they must have been fulfilled in Him. Earnestness, faith, and holiness were there. "This cup, let it pass," and it passed not; and heaven's agony went on. And yet we may see even here how the prayer stood, and how it was answered in another and an infinitely better way.

The prayer was entirely conditional. The best part of it, indeed, referred not to "the cup" at all, but to God's will; and that which referred to the cup was granted, but in a different form. The Cross was a bitter draught, but the real cup of woe would have been that He failed in man's redemption. Had that not been accomplished there would have been not a Calvary of a few hours, not a three days' grave, but rather a perpetual Calvary of the heart's pain, and a grave of all the highest and most godlike hopes that gathered, like golden clouds about the setting sun, around the fall and the approaching night of man's changeless doom.

And look at Paul's prayer. Like Christ's, it was thrice uttered†—like Christ's, it was thrice refused. Had it been granted, Paul's work might have been left undone or done in man's haste and after man's proud but unenduring methods. For worldly pride is bad, but spiritual pride is a thousand times worse; and after even his exaltation Paul was but a man. As over Job, so over him, Satan was granted power for a time, "a messenger of Satan to buffet me." And yet, was he without an answer? What did he want? He wanted Satan to go away and God to come and fill the void. And so God answered him that He was still present, near him, with him, in him: "It is enough for you that you possess my favour; and that in your weakness you shall feel My strength, which then is felt most." Just as I have seen, though the moon was full, that the earthly shore I stood on was robed in sable darkness, but out over the pure sea the beams were poured forth in silver loveliness, and told that beyond those clouds was her own sweet peaceful home of light; so, where the clouds of refusal cover the petitions we have asked, God throws over other portions of our life the light of His wise love, chooses a better blessing than we had desired, and bestows it where He knows to be best.

And few prayers are answered at the *time* we wish. Many a clergyman has spent a lifetime in prayer for a parish in which he could glean no ears of harvest, and when he died God sent another to reap in joy what he had sown with

* Isa. i. 15; Jer. vii. 16. † 2 Cor. xii. 8.

anxiety and watched with tears. He says to us, "*Mine* hour is not yet come," and as we look back we know His time is right, though the hardest thing of all is to wait.

Sometimes also God afflicts us first, that when affliction has done its work He may hear and answer. So was it with the Jews. Babylon must come as the recompense for sin, and after the seventy years, prayer will be accepted.* It is a new story, too, as well as an old one; the common lot. Saintly men and women have prayed with the earnestness of a broken heart. But the only reward was disappointment. It has been constantly so when death menaced those we loved, and we have marked with growing terror the progress of weakness in some darling of the house. At first there was only a delicacy—a want of robust health, nothing more; and then as the autumn leaves grew yellow, weakness came, and the delicacy changed into disease; and then fears rose like wicked spirits that we could not chase, and in our agony we fled to God: Prayer, and He is the hearer of it! And we culled the sweet lingering flowers of the promises, and we buoyed up our failing hearts—for is it not written, "Whatsoever ye shall ask." The promises were taken to the altar—presented, pleaded—the soul battling down its doubt and unbelief, and clinging with a strength which only love, aroused by despair, could supply, to the Feet that ere now were washed with tears. But God is unmoved: the decay proceeds. For an hour, perhaps, some sunny morning, there is improvement, and hope comes back but only to be flung and trampled on as if in bitter sport. The next day all is worse, and the loving eye whose depth we had so often read turns round upon us, and looks its unspeakable thoughts. It knows the secret—it has seen the river's verge. And in the look we catch the choking thought that the worst is near, and Heaven—so gentle and so loving—has refused our prayer.

But who has lain in that woful dungeon of sorrow and not come forth with better life? The Hebrew children must be cast into the furnace to feel that the Son of God is with them. The world-bound Christian must be thrown in the dust until some chain that separated him from his better life is severed. The earth is full of weeping. Love and affection, though of paradise, bleed while they linger here. Even faith is often unwise, and hope presses to a tristful goal—and the pall hangs and the stars fall.

"For when, by earth's cross-lights perplexed,
We ask the things that should not be,
God, reading right our erring text,
Grants what we would ask could we see."

* Jer. xxix. 10–12.

"LAMA SABACTHANI!"

"My God, my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?"

PAST life's brief idyll! hushed the angels' song
That carolled peace upon the midnight sky,
As day by day creeps stealthily along
The Passover—Feast of the Jews—draws nigh,
Then, soft at first, as loud anon and strong,
His heart sends forth the agonising cry,
"Lama Sabacthani!"

For the last time along the olive-glade
The weary footsteps linger lovingly,
Then up to God the fervent prayer is prayed
Amid the silence of Gethsemane;
Soon on the pallid visage falls the shade
Of death, while echoes forth from Calvary,
"Lama Sabacthani!"

So, passionate heart, past is thy joyous birth;
Gone are thy reckless days of infancy,
When childhood cast its sunshine over earth,
And life seemed all one Sunday bright to thee,
Anon there fell upon thee clouds of dearth,
Veiling thy gladness in despondency—
"Lama Sabacthani!"

No; not forsaken! Breaking heart, He died,
That thou, poor sufferer, should'st *never* die;
Above the dark horizon see there glide
Bright rays up-slanting through the eastern sky;
The cruel nails, thorn-crown, and piercèd side,
Were all for thee, that thou may'st never cry
"Lama Sabacthani!"

C. M.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. NEW SERIES. No. 10. DAVID, SAUL, AND JONATHAN.

Chapter to be read—1 *Sam. xviii.*

INTRODUCTION. In last lesson read of David defeating the giant; was taken to Saul's tent; what had he in his hand? (xvii. 57). Now Saul wants to find out all about him; his father and his home. Had he ever seen him before? What had David done when Saul was ill? perhaps king too ill to see him; only played in the distance; now sees him close by.

I. JONATHAN'S LOVE. (Read xviii. 1—5.) Who else was present at the interview with Saul? How did Jonathan feel towards David? Remind of description of David when Samuel anointed him; this pleasant, handsome, brave youth captivated the prince; became bosom friends. What chance had they of seeing each other? Yes, Saul kept David at court; perhaps to keep such a great warrior near himself; perhaps because of Jonathan's fancy for him. What did he make him? This young man set over a regiment of warriors! What made them accept him so readily? Had seen his bravery, and also knew king's good-will to him. How did Jonathan show his favour to him? Such a gift of clothing and armour sign of great favour; seems strange to us, but common custom in East. How did David behave? Not unduly elated, but humbly and discreetly. So kept in favour with all. So far so well, but soon a change comes.

II. SAUL'S HATRED. (Read 6—16.) Now the war over, camp broken up, soldiers march home. Who come out to meet them? What are they doing? Just as Miriam and the women sang after a victory; what was that? (Ex. xv. 20.) Just also as Jephtha's daughter greeted him (Judg. xi. 34). What did they sing? A sort of antiphonal chorus—answering one another—thus

"Saul hath slain his thousands."
Answer—"But David hath slain his ten thousands."

What effect did this have upon Saul? What made him angry? Was there cause for his jealousy? Had David aspired to the kingdom? No. Was Saul's evil nature made him suggest this; which indeed afterwards came true. What did he do now? Eyed him, *i.e.*, looked evil towards him; and because he cherished evil, what came back to him? Did he resist the evil spirit? Just the contrary. What did he attempt to do to David? Did he succeed? Why not? (See Ps. xxxiv. 7.) How did Saul feel towards him? The king afraid of a shepherd boy! So "conscience makes cowards of us all." Did David resent this treatment? Just went on as before, doing his duty, trusting to God; thus grew, like Samuel and like Christ, in favour with God and man (1 Sam. ii. 26; Luke ii. 52).

III. DAVID'S MARRIAGE. (Read 17—30.) What had Saul promised to give the man who killed the giant? Now the time came for David to take his wife. Which daughter was he to have? What was he to do for the king, his father-in-law? As had shown such courage, he should fight all his battles. What was Saul's real design? Did not like to kill him directly, so planned for him to lose his life in battle. Was David anxious to marry the king's daughter, still showing the same humility. How does Saul trick him? But who did love David? So Saul still had a chance to entrap him. What command did he give his servant? And did David answer? So God, still with him, giving strength, and he married the one he loved, and who loved him. Likely to be a happy marriage. Once more, how did Saul feel towards him? David prosperous in war and in love (ver. 28); God's blessing in all he did; Saul unsuccessful in war, failing in designs on David, an evil spirit in his heart, unhappy, unblessed. Which is to be envied now, the king or the shepherd-boy?

IV. LESSONS. See the result of envy:—(1) *Hatred.* Saul soon lost love, because envious. David had done him no harm, but good; yet hated him. Is he very unlike us? How often hate those better than ourselves, because envious of them—their goodness, or courage, &c., instead of trying to be like them? (2) *Malice.* Saul also plots death of David. Have we never tried to harm those we dislike, or wished them harm? Remind of Jews jealous of Christ because people followed Him; then, hating Him, putting to death. Should often put up prayer, "From all envy, hatred, and malice, good Lord deliver us."

Questions to be answered.

1. Who loved and who hated David?
2. What caused Saul's hatred?
3. What result did it have?
4. How did Saul cheat David?
5. Contrast Saul's and David's condition.
6. What are the results of envy?

LOUISA HENRIETTA ELECTRESS OF BRANDENBURG.

BY THE REV. R. SHINDLER.

THE death, but a few months ago, of the Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse Darmstadt, the second daughter of our noble and beloved Queen, afforded a fitting opportunity for the exhibition of her many virtues and excellences. The Christian training she received, the bright example of piety furnished by her princely father and royal mother, and the lessons of sanctified affliction which she learned in many a season of sorrow, especially in the loss of the child whose death made the first gap in the family circle at the palace at Darmstadt, all served, through the grace of the Holy Spirit, not only to lead her to a true and humble faith in the Lord Jesus Christ in her sorrows, but to give to her Christian character a maturity and fulness which were so pleasingly manifest in the last days of her life. May the lesson of her simple faith, her true and exemplary life, her calm and peaceful death, be remembered by all who admire her character and mourn her departure.

The death of this noble princess has brought to our mind one whose name is, or, at least ought to be, enrolled among the philanthropists and benefactors of mankind—Louisa Henrietta Electress of Brandenburg. With this illustrious lady the grand ducal family of Hesse Darmstadt and the imperial house of Hohenzollern stand connected.

Louisa Henrietta was the eldest daughter of Frederic Henry Prince of Orange, and was born at the Hague, Nov. 17th, 1627. She was aunt to William III. of England. When in her nineteenth year she was married to Frederic William Elector of Brandenburg. She was a staunch upholder of the Protestant cause, and this not as a matter of policy but of principle. Faith in Jesus as her Redeemer was to her a power against the fear of death, the alarms of

conscience, and all the attacks of outward evil. It filled her with bright anticipations of future blessings and glory, and shed a light upon her own spirit amid the clouds and sorrows which she experienced, and a lustre on her whole life.

She drank deeply of the cup of sorrow in the death of her first-born son, but it was not the sorrow of the world which worketh death; and though for several years she had no family, and there was no heir to the house of Hohenzollern, her spirit was calmed by an abiding trust in Him who is the "resurrection and the life." This will be seen by reference to one of her hymns, translated by Miss Winkworth, and now sung in thousands of sanctuaries, not only in Germany but in England and in her colonies.

"Jesus my Redeemer lives:
Christ my trust is dead no more;
In the strength this promise gives
Shall not all my fears be o'er,
Though the night of death be fraught
Still with many an anxious thought?

"Jesus my Redeemer lives,
And His life I yet shall see;
Bright the hope this promise gives,
Where He is I too shall be.
Shall I fear, then? Can the Head
Rise, and leave the members dead?"

These are the first two of nine verses, all of which are full of strong faith and holy fervour. Thinking of the resurrection of the just, she sings on:

"I shall see Him with these eyes,
Him whom I shall surely know;
Not another shall I rise,
With His love this heart shall glow;
Only these shall disappear—
Weakness, sorrow, guilt and fear."

She seems to have clearly realised the fact that the Saviour, having purchased His people body and soul with His blood, will keep charge of the body even when it has returned to the dust as it was, and will redeem it from the power of the grave.

"Body, be thou of good cheer,
In thy Saviour's care rejoice;
Give not place to gloom and fear;
Dead, thou yet shalt know His voice;
When the trumpet sounds, arise,
Thou shalt meet Him in the skies."

That these grand and glorious hopes were in her case no vague or uncertain or baseless expectation, but connected with walking before God in newness of life and setting the affections on things above, may be seen clearly enough from the closing lines of the hymn, so well known in Germany, which came gushing from the heart of the grief-stricken young mother in the chamber of the old palace at Brandenburg. The lines are plain and homely enough, and bring the great matter home to every one.

"Only see ye that your heart
Rise betimes from earthly lust:
Would ye there with Him have part,
Here obey your Lord and trust;
Fix your hearts beyond the skies
Whither ye yourselves would rise."

After years of trial in the absence of children, God gave her another son. He was born in the town of Oranienburg, in 1654, during a temporary visit of the Electress. To express her gratitude to God for His mercy she founded an orphan house in the town, and though it was afterwards removed to Berlin, it still retained the name of Oranienburg.

Her third son became, after the death of his mother, Frederic I. King of Prussia. The Electress and her husband were very closely bound in the ties of affection. In his travels, and even in time of war, they were not separated, she sharing with him the hardships and dangers of military life.

At this time the natural sterility of large portions of Brandenburg had not been made to yield to the hand of skilful cultivation. Frequent and desolating wars left little time or means or disposition for improvements in agriculture. The Electress sought to remedy this state of things. She introduced the potato into Brandenburg, and she obtained farmers from Holland, her native country, to establish model farms. The education of her people also engrossed her thoughts and cares, and she founded schools within the Electorate. The worship of the sanctuary likewise employed her attention, and when only twenty-seven years of age she published a compilation of hymns, including four from her own pen. The Word of God was her delight, and its sacred pages her solace amid all fears and disquietudes, and what was food and life to her she sought to give to her people. Hence, in time of war, every soldier was supplied with a copy of the Bible.

In her days there was much contention between two branches of Protestants known as the Reformed and the Lutheran. The Reformed followed in order and discipline the Institutes of Calvin, and were the most Protestant of the two bodies, while the Lutheran held the form, and no doubt many of them the spirit, of the teachings of Luther.

They sometimes united against their common enemy, Romanism, but often they were as a house divided against itself. The Electress, feeling that in faith and hope both were substantially one, laboured earnestly to make peace between them. She only partially succeeded. Very few understood at that time the great principles of religious liberty, and they had hardly begun to learn the fact, which is yet but imperfectly known, that the oneness for which the Saviour prays, the oneness which shall convince a gainsaying world, is not so much oneness of opinion as oneness of trust, and hope, and love; not so much oneness of the head as of the heart.

These things show, however, what high ground the Electress took, what wider visions she had than many, and how in her allegiance to her Sovereign Lord and Master Jesus Christ she could cherish and display herself, and wish to inculcate upon others, the spirit and mind of Christ, the "spirit of love and power, and of a sound mind," in the possession of which we

realise the essential oneness of all the children of God. In this spirit she lived, and in its kindred hope she died, June 14th, 1667, aged forty years, realising, no doubt, the rapturous exultation of her own lines :—

"Laugh to scorn, then, death and hell;
Laugh to scorn the gloomy grave;
Caught into the air to dwell
With the Lord, who came to save,
We shall triumph o'er our foes,
Mortal weakness, fear, and woes.

THE SILVER WATCH.

PART III.

WICKHAM drew aside the blind hastily, and looked out; but as he did so a sight met his gaze which brought first a broad smile of surprise and merriment, and then quick tears of regret and sympathy to his eyes. Poor Bruce's garden! The gate was lying open, the flowers and box borders were trampled down, the smooth sward was ploughed up with the tread of many cloven feet, and in the centre of the grass-plot the culprit lay. No pale ghost in shadowy dress, no cruel murderer with blackened face, but a large white comfortable cow, chewing the cud of sweet content, and calmly swishing off, with its long tufted tail the flies which were hovering in the sunshine about its back.

There was a long trailing piece of the large white bindweed still tangled in its crumpled horns, there was a serene expression of satisfaction in its broad, vacant face. Was it strange that Wickham scarce knew whether to laugh or cry as he stood there in the broad glare of day, and looked out upon the scene which he had peopled last night with so many strange fancies and alarms?

But after the first moment a sense of shame crept over him. What a fool he had been! what a little coward after all! Why had he not had courage enough to draw back the blind last night when he first heard the noise, then he would have seen what it was, and could have roused Bruce at once? He would have saved himself all the misery of doubt and fear, and he would have saved poor Bruce's garden too.

But, now, what would Bruce say? What was to be done? Wickham stood for some time at the open window irresolute in blank astonishment and dismay, and then, keeping his eye on the white cow, to see that she roused herself to no further mischief, he got into his clothes as quickly as he could, determined to hunt her out of the garden the moment he was dressed, and to repair as far as possible the harm already done before Bruce should appear.

But other eyes had discovered the inroad of the destroyer too, and in a few minutes the hall-door was flung open, and Wickham heard heavy blows from the handle of the housemaid's broom fall with many strong words upon the back of the white cow, who slowly rose from the comfort and repose of the sheltered, sunny garden, and with one indignant shake of her head, and angry swish of her tail, disappeared through the open gate out upon the road, still bearing round her crumpled horns a choice garland from Bruce's much-cherished convolvulus.

Poor Bruce! his temper was not good, as we know, and the provocation was certainly great; but, even so, Wickham was quite unprepared for the storm of passion which broke from Bruce's unguarded lips when he came down an hour later, and found his cousin nailing up the torn tendrils as well as he could.

The nails and hammer fell out of Wickham's hands to the ground, as if shaken from them, by the blast of angry words which Bruce, regardless of all explanation, hurled at him. Wickham was, if possible, more terrified now in the broad light of day by the terrible whiteness and then the crimson flush that overspread his cousin's face, than he had been in the worst moment of last night's alarm.

"I did not do it! it was not I!" he tried to explain; but Bruce was deafened by vexation, and almost blind with rage, and Wickham shook before him as if he had been guilty indeed.

It was not until Mrs. Harvey came out into the garden herself, and her quiet presence fell like a kind of hush upon the troubled scene, that Bruce recovered command of himself at all, or that Wickham was able to speak again to explain, in a few broken half-sobbing sentences, all he knew of last night's disaster, and his own share in it.

"I am so sorry," he said, "it was my fault, indeed; if I had only looked out of the window at once, and not have been such a coward, I should have seen what—it—was, and could have called Bruce, and then—I am sure he would have got up."

"Yes, of course I should," Bruce put in, hastily; "how was I to know in the middle of the night, wakened up out of sleep like that, that there was anything wrong in the garden. I thought it was only some babyish nonsense that you'd got into your head, and I wasn't such a fool as to get out of my bed for that."

Poor Wickham, he had leaned up now against the wall, and was crying quietly to himself, tired out with work, and wakefulness, and real sorrow for his cousin's disappointment; he felt as if it had been, indeed, as he said, all his fault, but Mrs. Harvey's quiet words of grave reproach were for Bruce, and not for him.

"I do not wish in any way to add to your trouble, Bruce," she said, "but I cannot help thinking that if you had got up last night for Wickham's sake, when

he was frightened and came to you for help, you would not only have done the right and unselfish thing, but you would have saved your garden too."

Bruce drove his heel fiercely down into the ground, and muttered some confused excuse. He knew his mother was right, he had no true words with which to excuse himself; he dared not raise his clouded face to hers, and he turned away; but Mrs. Harvey followed him, and Wickham, with his head still pressed up against the white gritty wall, heard her say, "I know it is very hard, my boy, and I am really sorry for you, but——" and then Wickham could hear no more, for Mrs. Bruce had drawn her son away with his arm within her own, towards the end of the garden where the laurels and laburnums grew, and Wickham could only guess, from a cherished store of sacred memories in his own heart, what words of courage and holy calm she was speaking in his ear.

They must have been words of great power indeed, for when Bruce came round the garden a second time to where Wickham was leaning still against the wall, the big boy slipped his arm out of his mother's arm, and, going up to his little cousin with quite another look in his face, he said with an effort, the cost of which was known only to God—"Cheer up, old boy, don't fret any more; it was all my own fault. If I hadn't been such a selfish chap last night it would have been all right. But father 's not coming home for another week or ten days, after all, so we 'll have lots of time to get the garden all square before then."

"Uncle Jack not coming home for ten days! Oh, I am so glad!" Wickham exclaimed, with such simple, undisguised joy, that even Mrs. Harvey, to whom the morning had brought its own disappointment, to be borne bravely for Christ's sake, could not help a smile; and Bruce, who was quite relieved at the sudden change of expression in poor Wickham's languid, tear-stained face, threw his arm round his neck, and drew him lovingly in through the open door to the breakfast-room.

Bruce was really sorry—really ashamed of himself. His self-reproach had never spoken so loudly before; and as they all knelt together, a little later on, in prayer, he folded his hands tightly over his face, that his eyes might not stray towards the dismantled garden, and asked from his heart forgiveness for all that was past, and strength to live a braver, better life.

The boys worked that day in the garden more heartily and earnestly than they had done before. Bruce gave Wickham all the light and pleasant part of the work to do, and looked after him and his happiness in a hundred little ways that made Wickham's blue eyes open wider and wider in happy wonderment, it was all so different from what it had been before.

Bruce himself was almost startled at the new, unexpected pleasure which, in spite of his trouble, this effort to make his cousin happy had brought with it to his own heart, and he wondered now, looking back, how it was possible that he could have been so selfish and heartless only last night.

That evening he urged Wickham to come up and share his room, as he could not bear the thought of his being frightened again, but Wickham would not hear of this plan; the little timid boy had learned his own lesson too, and had made his own resolve of faith and bravery. His prayer that night, as he knelt alone in his room, was a very earnest one, and as he said his mother's hymn to himself, he understood and loved it better than he had ever done before.

That night both boys slept well, and the next week was a very happy one. Bruce's garden had never looked so bright and smiling as when its white gate was thrown open, about a fortnight afterwards, to welcome Captain Harvey home, and Bruce had never felt so happy as he did when the silver watch and chain—which had not been forgotten—were fastened, by his own special request, into the front of Wickham's little blue waistcoat instead of his own.

Wickham tried to resist, but Bruce was not to be denied; and neither Captain nor Mrs. Harvey could refuse to their boy the greater joy of this first pure act of self-denial and willing sacrifice, remembering the words of our Lord: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." ISABEL PLUNKET.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

161. What proportion of the produce of the land of Egypt was set apart by Joseph as preparation against the years of famine?

162. What was the Sabbatical year?

163. What event at Ephesus seems to have caused great excitement during the preaching of St. Paul?

164. What was the god specially worshipped by the inhabitants of Ekron in the land of the Philistines?

165. What springs of waters were healed by the prophet Elisha?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 432.

149. By Daniel the prophet (Dan. iv. 19).

150. Twenty-six, of which the names are:—Aaron, Eleazar, Phinehas, Abiezer, Bukki, Uzzi, Eli, Ahitub I., Ahiah, Abimelech, Abiathar, Zadok I., Ahimaaz, Azariah I., Johanan or Jehoiada, Azariah II., Ansariah, Ahitub II., Zadok II., Uriah, Shallum, Azariah III., Hilkiah, Eliakim, Neriah, and Seriah put to death just before the Captivity.

151. Trophimus (Acts xxi. 29, and xx. 4).

152. Cyrus, in whose reign the first portion of the Jews returned to Jerusalem under the leadership of Zerubbabel the grandson of king Jehoiachim (Ezra i. 8, and ii. 1, 2).

153. Darius Hystaspes and Artaxerxes (Ezra vi. 1—12, and vii. 1—9).

154. Thirty thousand Israelites and one hundred and fifty-three thousand six hundred strangers (1 Kings v. 13, 17, and 2 Chron. ii. 17, 18).

"'Are you very fond of reading?' Winnie asked."—*p.* 467.

HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST IN THE WINNING," "FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE."

CHAPTER XIII.

OF WHAT USE?

IT was not often that Winnie gave way to the lachrymose. She was not gifted with the vivacity that made her younger sister Nina the life of the house, though it must be confessed that these merry moods were often followed by fits of ill-temper; but she had inherited the even temper of her mother,

that is, if I have expressed myself so as to make you understand how much, how very much, I sympathise with you. Is there no way in which we could help you—to educate yourself I mean—and raise yourself above those who, as you were saying, only care to eat, drink, and sleep? You had a book open before you the evening I came into the shop to ask for papa."

"It was only a tale," muttered Percy.

"But it need not have been 'only a tale,' need it?" asked Winnie, and she smiled so prettily that he flushed and smiled too.

"No, Miss Graddon, it need not; but when a fellow gets possessed with the notion that it's a folly for those in his position to aim at the knowledge that is only meant for his betters he grows careless altogether."

"I dare say he does, but you'll rid yourself of this notion—won't you? Do you remember how persevering you were when you came to the evening school, letting nothing daunt or turn you back? Why should you not be the same now? How I should like to hear that you were studying as resolutely now as you did then!"

Winnie spoke timidly, and with much hesitation, for she was aware that she was not experienced enough to be a very competent adviser. She was fairly startled at the glowing animated face Percy turned towards her as he rose and drew himself to his full height. She had, without knowing it, given him the impetus he required, when she implied that she had faith in his abilities; and he inwardly vowed to prove himself deserving that faith.

"I will remember all you have said," he told her, "and some day it may be my pride and pleasure to remind you of it."

Winnie nodded good-humouredly.

"I'm glad to hear you say that, and if papa has no objection I'll send you some books of my brother's that might be useful. You will read them?"

"On my honour I will!" and Percy spoke with as much fervour as if he were pledging himself to some deed of knight errantry for his lady's sake.

"I should have liked to tell him to take 'Don Quixote' home with him," Winnie said to her cousin Duke, when describing, as they sat at chess that evening, the rapt condition in which she had found Percy over the open volume.

"I am glad you did not," replied Duke, "though I admire the young fellow's taste in appreciating it."

"And yet you begrudge him the use of the book for a few days! Oh, Duke, do you mean that?"

"Yes. Not being so quixotic as my little cousin, I confess to valuing that edition of Cervantes too much to be willing to have it returned to me finger-marked and smelling of coarse tobacco."

"I don't believe Percy Gray smokes," cried saucy Nina; "and that remark did not sound well from a gentleman whose room and clothes always betray how many rank cigars he consumes."

"What's that?" queried Mr. Graddon from his arm-chair.

"Nothing, sir," replied Duke, "except that Winnie is going in for educating your workpeople more highly; and, to please her, I shall ask Johns to-morrow if he'll begin French, and help me to get up a Greek class amongst the bricklayers' labourers."

"Rather a sorry joke, Duke!" said Mr. Graddon, who saw that Winnie looked hurt.

"Perhaps it was, sir; but I think I have heard you say that a smattering of education often made your men fond of spouting at the taverns, instead of attending to their work."

"Possibly I may have said something of the kind, for I know I have often thought so; but you don't explain what this has to do with Winnie. She's not in the habit of proposing outlandish schemes."

"Nor have I done so now, papa," she answered, good-temperedly. "I was only telling Duke that when Percy Gray was waiting for me this afternoon he seemed so interested in a volume of "Don Quixote" that we had some conversation about it. I think he means to educate himself, and I have promised—subject to your approval, of course—to lend him some of Tom's old school-books."

"Send him the books, by all means, my dear, but don't be too sanguine as to the results. When young men have been content to remain ignorant till out of their apprenticeship, I have not much confidence in their turning over a new leaf. It's generally a mere flash in the pan; they stumble over the first dry subject, and one hears no more about it."

Winnie's enthusiasm was damped by such prognostications, but she carefully selected those volumes that were most likely to attract a beginner, and sent them by Mrs. Parnell the next time that worthy woman came to the house, slipping into the packet a tiny note to the effect that she should be very pleased when these volumes were mastered and the student was ready for more.

Hastily scratched on an odd piece of paper—carelessly twisted, and sent unsealed—would Winnie ever know that her note was regarded as one of Percy's greatest treasures? Her slender fingers had touched it, the perfume of violets—her favourite flower—hung about it; it proved that she had thought of him, that she would have him strive to attain to something nearer herself; and as he reverently pressed his lips to the paper his hopes and energies grew stronger, too strong now ever to wholly die out again.

Daniel Gray had grown very feeble of late, and was too deaf to enjoy the evening readings, though he continued to insist upon them as one of those rights over Percy's time which he jealously maintained. He viewed the packet of books suspiciously, till informed that they came from Mr. Graddon, when he was seized with a fancy that they contained something that must be acquired before his nephew could be said to have thoroughly mastered his trade. This fancy no one contradicted; and so he raised no objections to their being studied, although he often grumbled his surprise that a sharp lad like

Percy shouldn't have been able to learn his work without having it "dunned into him o' nights out of a passle of books."

"But, uncle," the young man urged, "don't you see that there are many things I ought to know thoroughly of which I am very ignorant? Would you not like me to strive my hardest to learn all I can?"

"Ay, that's it," said Daniel, pettishly; "allays wanting to be the upper hand o' *me*, and know more than I do! By-and-by you'll be turning round on the old man, and telling him you can do better without than with him!"

Percy made no reply; but his uncle saw that he was vexed, and relented, as he was wont to do now more frequently than of old.

"Never mind, lad; you're right and I'm wrong this time. Learn all you can, and when I'm a bit stronger you shall leave Graddon's, and we'll set up a row of cottages on that last bit o' land I bought. They'll bring in a decent rent; and maybe I shan't say nay if you and 'Lisbeth Parnell make up your minds to be out-asked in church, and make a home for me along wi' ye."

"That'll never be, uncle," said Percy, reddening with annoyance.

"Nonsense, lad; never be? Why, the lass has made up her mind to have ye, and everybody's saying what a well-favoured couple ye'll make."

The idea was so distasteful to Percy that he resolved to prevail with his uncle to leave the widow's cottage and return to his own, which, fortunately for his purpose, had just been vacated by its tenant. He was pleased to find that old Daniel offered very little opposition to the plan.

"I've been thinking," he said, "that I should get my strength back faster if I were in my own place; there's more room there to breathe, and I want to be quieter than I can where there's women allays chattering and stirring about."

He certainly seemed to regain some of his pristine vigour when the removal had been made, feeding his dumb dependents himself, and, when Percy came home in the evening, walking with him over his small freehold, and discussing his plans for building on it.

"We'll have those cottages up next year," he said, again and again, when they were seated together by the fire, lit more for cheerfulness than for warmth. "And now, lad, reach down the Bible. I'm not so deaf to-night as I was."

But as Percy turned over to the customary pages he was stopped.

"Not there; further on; more at the end, lad, more at the end. When Miss Graddon came up here to widow Parnell's soon after her mother was killed, and got talking to me, she opened on a place in the Book, and though tears were running down her cheeks she read out so loud and clear that I heard every word, and got 'Lisbeth to make a mark in it."

In awed tones Percy read the words to which he was directed.

"And there shall be no night there," he read, then stopped, for his uncle was repeating the words in hoarse, strange accents that startled him.

"No night there!" the old man said again, and then dropped helplessly from his chair. He had been seized with an attack of paralysis.

(*To be continued.*)

SILENT PREACHERS;

OR, NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS USED IN THE TEACHINGS OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

DOGS. Among the Jews and other Eastern nations, dogs were much despised, being classed with swine and other unclean animals; hence "dog" came to be applied to men as a term of reproach; and by the Jews it was used especially in application to the Gentiles. In St. Matt. vii. 6, our Lord, adopting the phraseology of the time, utters the caution, "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you." We may take "that which is holy," and the "pearls," of this verse to mean in a general sense the truths of the Gospel; the meaning then will be, that there may be persons so utterly unfit to receive Gospel teaching that it is better to keep silence for the time, than to run the risk of adding to their sin by leading them perhaps to blaspheme. A drunken man, for instance, or a man in a great passion, is not likely to receive any benefit, and may, on the other hand, receive harm, from the preaching of the Gospel; and other cases will frequently occur to which our Lord's warning will apply. Those who would benefit souls must, therefore, be prudent in their efforts, they must be "wise as serpents," they must watch their opportunity, they must study character, otherwise the "holy things" of God may be profaned and trampled under feet, and those whom they had hoped to benefit may be only hardened and made worse.

Another remarkable use of similar language by our Lord adopting the Jewish description of the Gentiles is recorded in St. Matt. xv. 26, in the account of the conversation with the woman of Canaan, who came to Him with a request that He would heal her daughter. "It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs." That is to say, it is not fit to take the blessings with which I am sent to the Jews (called "children" as being the adopted people of God) and give them to the Gentiles. It was an

apparently absolute refusal of her request, and yet she persevered, and by her quick adoption of our Lord's own words, saying—"Truth, Lord: yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table,"—secured the answer to her prayer. Oftentimes it may seem to us that in the delayed answer to prayer our Lord is dealing harshly with us, and we may lose heart, and be tempted to give up praying; at such times it may be well to ask ourselves whether we have the humility and the faith of this Gentile woman—the humility which she showed in accepting willingly the inferior position assigned to her by the words of Christ, the faith which was evident in her continuing her prayer after His words of discouragement.

These are the two conditions of perseverance in prayer—a humility which does not exaggerate its own deserts, but rather acknowledges every blessing as the free gift of the mercy of God, and a faith which clings through good and evil to the love of God in Christ, and His willingness to give us everything which we need. Without these, we shall be restless and dissatisfied, but with these we shall be content even when there *seems* to be no answer to our most earnest and most constant prayers.

DOOR. 1. In the opening verses of St. John x. our Lord speaks of Himself more than once as "the door." Thus, in v. 1, "He that entereth not by the door (*i.e.* by Christ) . . . . . is a thief and a robber;" again in v. 7, "I am the Door of the sheep;" and in v. 9, "I am the Door." The force of this illustration is evident. For as it is by the door that we obtain entrance to a room or building, so it is by Jesus Christ that we gain admission to a state of salvation here and to Heaven itself hereafter; for He has "opened the kingdom of Heaven to all believers," and "there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Before He came, the door of Heaven was shut against sinful man; but since He has taken man's nature, and made atonement for man's sin, and ascended into Heaven with a man's body, man himself is no longer excluded, and Christ is the Door by which he may enter in. But we must be careful to remember that this door is not opened unconditionally, it is not a matter of course that we shall be saved because Christ has died; we must believe in Him, we must give ourselves up to Him, we must forsake sin, and live for Him; we must seek during our life on earth to grow in holiness, "without which no man shall see the Lord" (Heb. xii. 14).

2. The thoughts expressed in the latter part of the last section are very solemnly pressed upon us by our Lord Himself in the parable of the ten virgins (St. Matt. xxv.); we are given there a prophetical picture of the end of the world. The illustrations are borrowed from the marriage customs of the East, where, after the marriage had taken place, the bridegroom and bride, accompanied by a number of virgins (corresponding to our bridesmaids) bearing lamps (for it took place at night), proceeded to the bridegroom's house, where the marriage festival was celebrated. The bridegroom in the parable represents our Lord at His second coming. When the time came for the procession to the bridegroom's house, the lamps of some of the virgins were found to be going out, and they had no oil with which to replenish them, but the bridegroom could not wait, the procession went on with those virgins who were ready, and entered into the house, and then the "door was shut," and when the other virgins came and knocked they were refused admittance—it was too late.

Here the shutting of the door speaks to us of the final exclusion from Heaven of those who are not ready when the Lord returns: then it will be too late to prepare for admission; then it will be too late to pray. Thus, although a door has been opened in Heaven there will be no entrance granted to those who are so "foolish" as to neglect to seek God's grace that they may be acknowledged at the last as His true servants. That door is open now, let us remember that a time will come when it will be shut. "Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh."

DOVE. When our Lord was sending forth His twelve Apostles, and giving them instructions for their mission, he warned them that they should meet with great dangers in their work, comparing them to sheep sent forth into the midst of wolves. This is a very forcible expression, and intimates a danger of the gravest kind. *One* wolf would be destructive in a large flock of sheep, but they were as a few sheep in the middle of a multitude of wolves, helpless, therefore, in themselves, but in the power of God courageous to meet and strong to overcome the enemy. And in prospect of such danger our Lord gives them advice, "Be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves" (St. Matt. x. 16).

The serpent was anciently believed to be possessed of wisdom and sagacity more than that of other animals (this belief is referred to in Gen. iii. 1), especially with regard to protecting himself from danger. In the circumstances of the apostles living in the midst of continual danger, such wisdom would be particularly necessary; but yet protection from danger was not all that was needful, knowledge of this kind was not desirable by itself, it was to be mixed with Christian love which would make them "harmless as doves" to those who tried to injure them; wisdom without love might become malice; and love without prudence might degenerate into folly; but by the combination of the two the defects would be remedied which might exist in either apart from the other. The teaching of our Lord in these words seems to be that the Apostles were not unnecessarily to expose themselves to persecution, but that if it were impossible to avoid it they should endure it without any effort to take vengeance on those from whom it came.

In considering the words of our Lord to His

Apostles we must see in them a description of the character which each Christian is required, according to the circumstances in which he may be placed, to exhibit to the world. The same advice is expressed by St. Paul in slightly different words in Rom. xvi. 19, when he records his desire for the Roman Christians that they should be wise unto that which is good, and simple concerning evil. Our dangers in life are not as great as were those of the Apostles, but still we have real danger from within as well as from without. The dangers from without are those to which the words of our Lord made special reference; and the modern Christian has his persecution too, in face of which he must be, for his Master's sake, wise as a serpent, harmless as a dove; he must meet ridicule, coldness, and sarcasm, not with a desire to take vengeance, but with a Christian love for those from whom it comes; he must be prudent, in order that he may not unnecessarily provoke opposition; he must be firm to face it when it cannot be properly avoided; he must bear it with patience lest he bring shame on the name of Christian which he bears before the world.

EAGLES. In St. Matt. xxiv. 28, in connection with the prophecies of the destruction of Jerusalem, and of the second coming of the Son of man, our Lord is recorded to have said, "Wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together." The same saying is recorded in the same connection in St. Luke xvii. 37. The meaning of the words is not very clear, and has been much disputed. On the whole it seems best to take them as an intimation that judgment from God will surely follow sin. The same figure is made use of in Deut. xxviii. 49, where the Jews are threatened with punishment from God in case of disobedience to His laws, and it is said, "The Lord shall bring a nation against thee from far, from the end of the earth, as swift as the eagle flieth." Similarly, too, in the prophecy of the Chaldean attack upon Jerusalem (Hab. i. 8) it is said "They shall fly as the eagle that hasteth to eat." Hence, in the words as used by our Lord it seems that His first reference was probably to the coming destruction of Jerusalem, signifying by the carcase the Jewish nation corrupted by sin, and by the eagles the judgments of God descending quickly, as the eagle would swoop down upon a dead body which it had scented from afar. But the words may have a wider application too; they may refer to the end of all things, when the judgment of God shall come upon the world, and everything that offends shall be destroyed for ever; and perhaps there is a reference, too, to the time of man's life on earth in which the suffering and misery that we see around us may be, oftener than we think, the judgment which by God's appointment has followed upon sin.

Let us be warned; God will not be mocked; let us shrink from sin in every form if we would escape its terrible consequences in this life and in the life which is to come.

EGG. Often in the course of His teaching our Lord refers to the wants of the body for the purpose of suggesting lessons as to the wants of the soul, so that the one of which we are constantly reminded by our daily need of food might speak to us of the other, which are more commonly forgotten. We have already considered one instance of this method of preaching (see above under BREAD); another is contained in St. Luke xi. 12, when speaking of the willingness of an earthly father to give necessary food to his son, he puts the question, "If he [*i.e.*, the son] shall ask an egg, will he [*i.e.*, the father] offer him a scorpion?" The answer is of course understood to be "No." The very supposition is absurd; no earthly father could be so cruel as to give his son a venomous reptile in answer to his request for food; and then the inference is drawn—"If ye then, being evil (that is to say, having a sinful nature, and, therefore, not being always influenced by love in your actions, but even with regard to your children sometimes selfish and unreasonable) know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him." The object of our Lord is to encourage us to constant and earnest prayer. Ask and it shall be given you—for every one that asketh receiveth—for the power of God makes it possible, and the love of God makes it sure.

Let, then, each article of food we use be a "silent preacher" reminding us of our spiritual needs; and let the love of our earthly parents or friends as often as we rejoice in it and find our lives made happy by it, point us up to a love still stronger and more unvaried; and let the knowledge of that love, combined with the knowledge of the wants of our soul, lead us often to pray for God's Holy Spirit, that we may have strength to fight with sin and grace to persevere unto the end.

FARM. In the parable of the marriage of the king's son which is contained in the opening verses of St. Matt. xxii., the invitation of the king was coldly refused by those to whom he sent his servants to call them to the wedding feast. "They made light of it, and went their ways, one to his farm and another to his merchandise." The parable was in the first instance intended as a rebuke to the Jews for their abuse of the blessings God had given them of old, and of their refusal of the privileges which were offered in the first instance to them alone by our Lord Jesus Christ. They made light of His invitation, they "took his servants, and entreated them spitefully, and slew them;" and so the early preachers of the Gospel were compelled to turn to the Gentiles and offer them the blessings which the Jews despised. This is the *direct* teaching of the first part of the parable; but indirectly it has teaching, too, for all ages of the world, because the blessings which are continually offered to mankind constantly meet with similar treatment; men make light of God's invitation now, and go their ways, one to his farm and another

to his merchandise; thinking the ordinary work of life of more importance than preparation for eternity.

In a busy age like the present, men greatly need to be warned against allowing their business in the world to make them deaf to the calls of God, forgetful of the blessings He provides. It must always be remembered, however, that there is no inconsistency for a Christian in diligent attention to his work, the true Christian does everything as well as he possibly can; he is not careless in any of his work, it is all a part of Christianity, it is all considered as appointed for him by God, and, therefore, he does it all as in the presence of God, and offers it all to Him. Our Lord is not, therefore, to be understood as drawing a contrast between work and religion, or as teaching one to be in opposition to the other; but it is when the interests of our worldly occupation are allowed to shut out thoughts of God, when our work is not done in His presence or for Him, but simply with worldly ends in view, that there is danger to the soul—danger of making light of the calls of God, and of refusing His most loving invitation.

We must not, therefore, allow earnestness in work to shut us out from God, either here or hereafter; we must seek His blessing on our daily occupations, however humble they may be, remembering the truth contained in the quaint words—

> "Who sweeps a room as in His sight,
> Makes it and the action fine."

"STIRRED."

I READ the Psalmist's language deep,
And where he saith, "My grief was stirred,"
Methought, "Can love and sorrow sleep,
As 'neath its weary wing the bird?"
Yes, even like these frames of ours,
They sleep and waken o'er and o'er,
With still renewed and busy powers,
But pain *shall* sleep to wake no more.

Ah, we are weak, and they are strong;
They bring us low, and that is best.
No true intensity is long,
Except our Saviour's blood-bought Rest;
Except that Rest, where never Grief
Lurks to be waked by some old chord,
Loved in the years so bright, so brief.
But His are present with the Lord.

A. Bond Faussett.

A RICH WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CRUST AND THE CAKE," "LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD."

CHAPTER I.

"Real glory
Springs from the silent conquest of ourselves."—Thomson.

ALL England cannot show a sweeter spot than Winds Haven. There is a sea-shore sound about it, but it is an inland village, perched high on a range of hills fully thirty miles north of the English Channel. It may be rather bleak in winter, since it gets its name from the way in which the sea breezes, sweeping over the rich, level land below, come storming up its steepness, and range wildly about it, ere they creep with exhausted strength over its heathery summit. There is no railway to Winds Haven. Its nearest station is Ockholm, about two miles below in the valley, and from the little platform there you can see the humble belfry of Winds Haven church peeping out on the richly-wooded hill-side. Nor are the limits of Winds Haven very well defined, except probably for the landowner and the tax-gatherer. For it has not the faintest pretension to a village street. The few houses stand in clusters of two or three, with doors and windows looking in all directions, certain of finding glorious views everywhere. Most of the cottages are rather new, but red tiles and pointed gables make them picturesque; and there are two or three tumble-down old places with heavy thatches. There is only one shop in Winds Haven, so that has no need to set itself prominently forth to catch its customers, but stands back from all the other houses on the steepest bit of the hill, is reached by a high flight of uneven steps, and commands a prospect which palaces might envy.

So thought Chrystal Joyce as she stood there, at her father's door, late on a summer afternoon. From the blacksmith's forge lying a little below her, to her left, came up pleasantly the softened sounds of labour. Some little children stood watching his work under the shade of the great trees which met over the road at that point. In front of the Joyces' shop it was quite open, skirting the margin of the wild hilly village green, of which but a tiny portion had been made level enough to play cricket under some difficulties. To the right the road meandered off, past some cottages almost hidden by trees, towards the church and school-house, among their dark yews, while before her, and both to right and left, stretched miles of woodland and corn-field,

"Jill turned round, and there was the farmer."—*p.* 480.

brightened here and there by vivid patches of clover. The horizon was just now lost in the soft blue haze of a hot day. But sometimes the sea was visible there. And Chrystal's heart could always see it, even when hidden from her eyes.

Chrystal Joyce had known that scene in all seasons for fully thirty years; but it was always new to her—new as the fresh thoughts brought by the new duties and events of each day. There had been times perhaps—long ago—when Chrystal had longed for other scenes and for a swifter panorama of human life. But she was well content now; and when, on Sabbath mornings, the song of the bird and the rustle of the leaves would mingle with the preacher's voice as he read Isaiah's prophecies or John's apocalyptic vision, the outward symbols in which the words clothed themselves for Chrystal Joyce were the green dells and purple moors she knew and loved so well.

Chrystal was a small, active woman, with a large head, whose noble proportions were well displayed by the plain fashion in which she had worn her hair for the last fifteen years. Hers had been a very "queer" style in those long-ago days, though fashion had turned her way since. Village belles had envyingly wished that they had such abundant sunny locks to fall in ringlets or to spread over bands. But Chrystal had gone on brushing them out, as smoothly as they would go—for there was an obstinate waviness over the forehead—and rolling them up in one huge coil. There were plenty of white hairs now, and some of the village belles mentioned them with commiseration. Said Chrystal, "White hairs must suit ageing skins, or there would not have been so much money spent on powder in bygone days. God is giving me mine for nothing."

Whatever life was stirring in Winds Haven was sure to be astir about the shop. It was the post-office too. Over the lintel was printed that Reuben Joyce was licensed to sell stamps, tea, snuff, and tobacco. That was one of the many convenient fictions with which this world is filled, for it was Chrystal Joyce who sold everything and did everything in the shop.

Father and daughter had had the house and the business to themselves for many years now; but the shop had been the portion of the dead Mrs. Joyce, and, although Reuben was a diligent man, and one prone to do with all his might whatever came to his hand, he had never been quite at home in it. He had been bred a sawyer, and had given up his trade for the greater profits of the shop his wife inherited from her father. But Reuben was a shy man, and of unpopular manners in spite of his kindliness. Often and often, standing behind his counter, his very heart was sick with longing for the lonely old saw-mill in the sand-pit in the heart of the Redlands Wood. Nobody would have noticed what he did had he been a simple mechanic toiling there, but as the village shopkeeper he was a sort of public character, next, indeed, after the squire and the parson, for he might dispute precedence with the schoolmaster; and Reuben was a man who had habits and tastes which excited that wonder, which, with the coarse and ignorant, is always akin to ridicule and dislike. He was something of a naturalist—he knew the haunts of every wild flower within twenty miles of Winds Haven, and was on familiar and friendly terms with all sorts of wild creatures which his neighbours called vermin. There was a wild vein of fancy, too, in the silent simple-looking man. It was he who had chosen his daughter's singular name.

"May the child be as a crystal cup to carry the water of life to those who are athirst," he had said solemnly, on her first birthday, taking a deep draught of clear spring water from a heavy, quaintly engraved goblet which had been a heirloom from his wife's people. And on every succeeding birthday, all her life, Chrystal had heard the repetition of that solemn toast.

Therefore, when his daughter was old enough to take charge of the shop, Reuben had gradually slipped into the way of life towards which his heart had been yearning for so many years. It was not that he was an idle man, nor a desultory one, for his rambles were often extended to a point of extreme fatigue, nor did he ever shirk such home duties as he rigorously imposed upon himself. The garden was his peculiar charge, and it was the best tended and the most productive in Winds Haven. Under his care, too, were all the animals about the place, and those included two ponies, a cow, a pet sheep, innumerable geese, fowls, and pigeons, and, lastly, a cage of birds which, from time to time, Reuben had rescued from nest-marauding urchins. Only from the customers, the accounts, and the money, Reuben Joyce recoiled. And from the day that this was manifest to his daughter's eyes, it somehow seemed to become his duty to attend to anything but those.

Chrystal found an unexpected pain in her filial devotion. Many a stray look and emphasised word had set her nerves ajar before she would let herself understand them. But one old gossip presently denied her the blessed refuge of uncertainty.

"Ah! it 's them as don't deserve it that gets the good children," she grumbled one Saturday evening, as she stood waiting for her own son, who was dawdling at the "Hatch Inn." "It 's too bad to see you slaving and cooped up as you are, Miss Joyce, and so it is. I often think how your own poor dear mother would feel if she could see it."

"I like the shop," laughed Chrystal, though her face flushed with the fear of what was coming. "Mother liked it herself, and I like it too."

"The more credit to you for saying so," whined the customer; "and it 's a wise wean that 'll drink off its physic with a laugh and a thank-you. But the men are all alike, Miss Joyce, whether they 're sons or fathers, you and I know that."

"I don't know what you mean," said Chrystal. "I hope there are many men like my father."

And so this, Chrystal learned, was the public misunderstanding of her father's acceptance of the innocent wiles by which she had led him into the

honest enjoyment of his laudable hobbies. The shop certainly did not give work enough to occupy two, but because she was ready to do it, instead of gossiping and idling, while her father was an active man, with tastes beyond the county paper and the village tap-room, he was to be judged an idler and a neglecter of his duty and his daughter. It was Chrystal's first glimpse of the unreasonableness and injustice of ordinary public opinion. In her first feeling of passionate vindication of her father she felt ready to summon him back to his post, so that all might see how ready he would be to fill it. She knew he would obey his summons, nay, that he would need no summons, but only a cessation of the wiles and suggestions by which she had set him free to seek his woodland loves. But at that moment she paused. Her father had taught her to look a little below the surfaces of things, even if only in such matters as the consideration of the comfort of birds and beasts from their standpoint rather than from her own. And the habit stood her in good stead now. She went away to her own little chamber, and kneeled down. It was her habit to kneel down, even when she did not utter a word of prayer. Perhaps it seemed to Chrystal as if the mere attitude helped to recall all the moods of earnest devotion or sweet communion with God through which she had ever passed.

What was the true state of the case? God had put it into her power to give her father leisure for the pursuits he loved. She would have been glad to do so even at a sacrifice to herself, but no sacrifice was required. For to Chrystal, the village people, and the little interests concerning them, were as deeply and pleasantly interesting as the wild flowers and the worms were to her father; and even while she kneeled Chrystal smiled with that playful humour which often relieves pain, and reflected that the old gossip might take rank with the adder which her father had hunted out and slain.

And now what was it which had cast a shadow over the arrangement that had hitherto seemed to Chrystal so blessed and so blessful? Her own suspicion of gossip, and the declared ill-judgment of a woman whose own life had been embittered by a drunken husband and an ill-doing family. Surely, to change one's course for such reasons would be truly "to be overcome of evil."

So Chrystal resolved to go on; and the next resolution was that her pain must be kept to herself. Not that her father would care for village opinion; he had a supreme contempt for such things, into which poor Chrystal's homelier nature could never fully enter. But he would have no contempt for it if he thought it indicated a fact. Chrystal might find it very hard to persuade him that she was really making no sacrifice.

Her course was clear. She must go on as she had begun, and she must receive in her own bosom the barbed arrow which wounded her so cruelly, because it was aimed at her father. And then Chrystal rose from her knees, and went back to her shop and her customers.

It does not read like the record of a very fierce spiritual struggle. And yet, perhaps, it was on that quiet afternoon, in that lowly chamber, with the softest of summer breezes stirring the white dimity curtains of the window, that the currents of Chrystal's life were drifted into their channels. A little wavering then, a little petulant self-consideration (for her true cross was hidden not in her dutiful service for her father, but in the undeserved blame it brought upon him), and Chrystal Joyce might have been a different woman. For the notes which make the music of our lives are given to us at first in very simple arrangements, and it is only as we humbly follow them out that the higher harmonies can be evolved.

It was from that day that Chrystal began to enter into the meaning of the entire sacrifice which God demands from man, and in which alone man can find peace and joy. It was then that her heart learned the true distinction between faith and works, between the sacrifice and burnt-offerings which God does not require and the surrender of will which He asks from man, only that it may be loosed from its little shell of self, and be joined to the divine will—pure, powerful, and perfect. Under the bright flowers of her joyful daughterly service she had found the Cross—their very being linked round it and dependent on it—so that without it they must trail in the dust, mere dying weeds of a fantastic selfishness.

Chrystal never suspected it, but that was the date of her life consecration. Some joyful service for the sake of her father's pleasure, a meek check to the village gossip, and a little silent endurance to prevent her words from doing real harm—these were the homely foundations of the new life which began for Chrystal on that day. Henceforth, not only suffering and sorrow, but also sin and folly, showed to her eyes as common burdens, whose weight we must bear for each other, if haply we may lighten them and ward off their evil consequences; as troubles not to be pushed aside with contempt, not even to be arrested and punished in self-defence, but rather to be checked and controlled and endured, as we would control and endure the pitiful ravings of delirium, with no sense of superiority, but in love, tender, true, and real as the homeliest household affection, and with sympathy broad and ready as Paul's when he asked, "Who is weak and I am not weak? who is offended and I burn not?"

Years and years had passed since that day, and Chrystal's outward life had never stirred from its peaceful mooring in the old shop at Winds Haven.

"Jesus Christ bade the rich young man to serve God by selling all that he had and following the Master," reflected Chrystal, "but the poor lunatic, who had nothing of his own except the reason which God had given him back, was told to remain among his friends and serve them. God's work is everywhere, and

sometimes I think the little bits straying about are more likely to be overlooked than the great masses. And, oh dear ! to try to really live one day well, or to truly serve a single human being, shows one that one need not be afraid of not finding work enough to do."

And hers was certainly as quiet and even a life as might be. To unthinking people it might have seemed poor and mean, and even sordid. For though the Joyces were well-to-do people in such a place as Winds Haven, they were only so because their wants were few and simple and their expectations moderate. The bonds and bands of poverty would have been felt if they had not sat so still in humble content. Sometimes even Chrystal would send forward a wondering glance to the days when her father might sit crippled and helpless—for he came of a long-lived race, whose vital forces were loath to leave the body they had worn out—and when she herself would be growing an elderly woman, for whose strength the increasing burdens she could foresee might easily prove too much.

"But that 's where faith begins," was the thought with which Chrystal would cheerily check her fears. "And there 's a great deal more faith in the world than some people think. When the Bible says the just shall live by faith, I think it means that they know what they are doing, and can rest happily in it. For I think everybody lives by faith, whether they know it or not, just as the blind man lives on food nourished by the sun, though he cannot see the sunshine. If I 'm doing my best to secure an honest maintenance for us, then I have as much right to expect it will be secured as the farmer has to look for his harvest when he has sown the seed. And even if there is a blight, it is always got over somehow, and then there will be better fortune next year. I know honest people die in the workhouse sometimes. I never shall forget when I met old Simon Hale and his wife walking down to Ockholm Union, after bringing up their children so wisely and so well, only to bury them one by one among yonder yew-trees. But if ever I saw a face with such a look as one may fancy Jesus wore as he walked to Calvary, it was old Simon's. And when we profess to follow One who died on the cross, I don't see why we should shrink from our own lives going out in the dark, if that happens in the course of events. We don't weep over one grey sunset. Isn't it a proverb that 'the grey gloaming means the sunny dawn.' It seems to me we are all like a man might be who had been reared in a cellar, and when he was brought out into the sunshine it would half blind him, and he would just begin to get used to it about twilight time, and when the sun sunk in the west he would not guess it was shining on out of sight, and would appear again in the east. If we really entered into Paul's meaning when he says that Jesus 'abolished death,' we should no more mind how or where we die than a sensible person minds where he sleeps for a single night."

And thus it came to pass that while Chrystal thought of the future, and recognised its possibilities, she did not darken or impoverish the certain to-day for the doubtful to-morrow.

Perhaps the greatest change which ever stirred the even current of Winds Haven life was the coming of the summer visitors. There was not a lodging-house in the place, and the villagers had to make plans and arrangements for the reception of strangers, which gave an air of hospitality and welcome to the whole proceeding. And there was a real hospitality in it, too. Purse-proud townsfolk, accustomed to think of everything as to be bought and sold, were astonished to find that money was not the ultimate aim among these "wretched agricultural labourers, slaving for a weekly pittance of a few shillings."

They would be startled by such speeches as, "I can't promise to take you in, ma'am, till I 've heard whether the lady who was here last summer is coming again. She was here a long time, and got used to our ways, and the children were quite fond of her." Or, again, "I can't let you have three rooms, sir, because I 've let one to a young gentleman." And then, when a hint would be given that the lodger with the smaller need might be dismissed for those with the larger, the answer would come, "No, sir, I can't speak to him about going, for he 's in the middle of painting a picture ; and, besides, I should not think of doing such a thing."

Chrystal had not been eager to think of letting her own spare rooms, for, at first, while visitors were few, their superior size and position, coupled with their dainty neatness and prettiness, would certainly have commanded the market.

"But why should I do that?" Chrystal asked herself. "Father and I have enough, and little pieces of extra good luck will come now and again in the business. Besides, I get a profit from these strangers' custom. I know how hard it is to get fuel and clothing in those cottages in the winter time. I 've often wished I could go into town and drive out a coal waggon, and drop a sack at every door. Now it will answer the same end, and in a way a great deal pleasanter for them, if they let their rooms at a good rent for a few weeks. So I 'll not offer to let mine till there aren't any other rooms to be had in the place."

But the beauties of Winds Haven and its manifold attractions to the wearied business man, the artist, or the antiquarian, were not long in bringing that state of things to pass, and highly favoured among its visitors were those who found shelter under the Joyces' roof, especially if they could appreciate the old man's intelligent and enthusiastic guidance among the attractions of his native place, and that genuine kindliness of Chrystal's heart, which, no matter how capricious or troublesome they had been, filled her eyes with tears when they went away.

And now we know something of the life and the soul of the woman, Chrystal Joyce, whom we find

standing at her father's door on a summer afternoon, gazing on the beautiful expanse before her, and watching that road which opens out of the heart of Ockholm Wood, and skirts the green in its uphill way before it takes its level course below the heathery sand-banks which shelter Winds Haven.

What does she expect?

(*To be continued.*)

NEW LIGHT FROM AN OLD LAMP;

OR, MODERN READINGS OF ANCIENT FABLES.

THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER; OR, MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES.

"HE that will not work, neither shall he eat," so said the Apostle Paul, who, unlike some teachers of the same philosophy, carried out his own precept into practice. He who would put the sickle in must first put in the seed, for, as the wise Solomon declares, the sluggard shall "beg in harvest and have nothing." The clink of the tool on Monday morning brings the chink of wages upon Saturday eve, and the sound is musical in both cases. "Wilful waste makes woeful want," is a proverb true enough in the main, but when the wasted article is time, the woeful want may lead to a bankruptcy that will affect another life than this.

> "If you wish to reap to-morrow,
> To-day be quick and turn the furrow;
> The harvest song is theirs to sing
> Who sowed the seed in early spring."

That is the wise and worthy counsel which underlies the well-known fable of the Ant and the Grasshopper.

On a cold frosty day an Ant was dragging out some of the corn which she had laid up in summer-time, to dry it. A Grasshopper, half perished with cold, besought the Ant to give him a morsel of it to save him from dying of hunger. "What were you doing," said the Ant, "this last summer?" "Oh," said the Grasshopper, "I kept on singing all the summer long." "Then," replied the Ant, laughing, and shutting up his granary, "since you could sing all summer you may dance through the winter."

There was no objection to the Grasshopper's indulging in song, the grand mistake lay in his doing nothing else.

Song and service, toil and tune, are quite compatible; indeed, I dare to say that the working bee has ever a merrier hum than the drone. Health and good spirits come of honest labour, to say nothing of the profit that accrues; and these are a capital inspiration all the year round. The idle man can scarcely be a happy man, by reason of the chronic ailments from which he suffers, and which he gives himself no opportunity of working off. The votary of pleasure, who makes enjoyment the business of life, may sing well enough while the revel lasts, but he cuts a poor figure enough when the lights are turned out and the contemptible inspiration has passed by. The chief lesson of this fable, however, is the prudence of making provision for the future. He who turns to-day to good account, to-morrow shall give good account to him. When *Now* is put out to good use, *Then* finds ten talents where there were but five, and its warm "Well done" is pleasant music. "Make hay while the sun shines," for health and life, like English weather, are sadly uncertain, and long winters require all the stores that short summers can supply. Very quaint is the Chinese proverb, "To stop the hand is the way to stop the mouth," if the first be kept busy the last will always have something to do. "No mill, no meal;" "No sweat, no sweet;" "No pains, no gains." These are the wise old-fashioned proverbs which were so often on the tongues of our plodding forefathers; and, though they may be seldom heard in these days of Stock Exchange gambling and universal speculation, they are sterling gold; for honest industry and wise economy ensures "meal," "sweet," and "gains," far more safely than the modern methods of making haste to be rich. Referring to the folly of allowing present opportunity to slip, the Spaniards say, "Many a man refuses roast meat who afterwards would be glad of a smell at it." You see, it is that "afterward," which is such an unknown quantity, but contains such certain necessities that ought to guide all our conduct now. The Irish proverb is as rich in suggestiveness as it is homely in expression, "The day when the storm 's blowing is not the time to put the thatch on." That all-important duty should have been done in fine weather, but it is of little avail when the cabin is already half washed away. Let the starving Grasshopper teach us, then, the worth of to-day, the supreme wisdom of laying up store for the future—that long, long future that includes eternity as well as time. Be assured that nothing is more precious than time, and those who mis-spend it are the greatest of all prodigals. As a lesson in ordinary economy it is well worth the attention of youth.

> "If youth knew what age would crave,
> Youth would then both get and save."

The season of youth, of health, of strength, of life, is a fruitful summer season full of possibilities which shall comfort and sustain in sickness and old age—ay, and which shall enrich the soul with immortal wealth. Winter is coming, but if we store up grace and righteousness there shall be a Christmas in it, a festival of exceeding gladness because of our abiding interest in the love and grace of the holy child Jesus.

Through Him, and His salvation, life's autumn and old age's winter shall in turn give way before the advent of the endless summer in the land of light. What better moral could be appended to this pregnant fable than those wise words of aged Paul to youthful Timothy? "Trust in the living God. Do good; be rich in good works, ready to distribute; laying up in store for yourselves a good foundation for the time to come that ye may lay hold upon eternal life."

THE HORSE AND THE ASS; OR, PRIDE WILL HAVE A FALL.

"A horse is neither better nor worse for his trappings;" what he is in himself is the measure of his merit. He will travel equally fast and far whether he be mounted by a monarch and has silver housings, or ridden by a ploughboy with a hempen halter for a bridle; and in the one case as in the other, is good or bad, as nerve and nimbleness may decide. Pomp of circumstance and pride of rank should always be worn with modesty; for a good name and fair fame are equally "good" and "fair" without either, and are always best and fairest when modestly set and lowly worn. The old proverb says that—

> "Low and humble saves a tumble;
> High and haughty's always naughty."

And it might have said comes to naught besides. Pride is a spring-board, and the higher it lifts us the more severe is the fall that follows. Prosperity should travel hand in hand with humility, showing civility to equals and courtesy to inferiors; for such are fortune's vagaries, that to-morrow equals may be superiors, and those below may be called to take the higher place. That is surely the moral contained in the fable of the Horse and the Ass.

The Horse adorned with his great war saddle, and champing at his foaming bridle, came thundering along the way. He had not gone far before he overtook an Ass, who was carrying a heavy load, and moving slowly on in the same track with himself. He called out to the Ass in loud, imperious tones to get out of the way, or he would trample him into the dirt. The poor, patient Ass, not daring to dispute the matter, quietly swerved to one side, and the proud Horse swept haughtily by. Not long afterwards the War-horse happened to be shot in the eye in battle, and being unfit either for parade or war, he was stripped of his fine ornaments, and sold to a carrier. The Ass, meeting him in this condition, could not forbear saying as he passed, "Heyday, friend! is it you? Well, I always believed that pride like yours would have a fall!"

"The same road serves the pedlar and the lord on horseback," and if the latter proudly takes the crown of the causeway to the inconvenience of his neighbour, while the other courteously gives way, the latter is the true gentleman, and the lord is something else. The war-horse, by reason of his rank and calling, had full right to entertain a "decent pride," for that true chivalry demands; but that sort of pride has no more to do with brag and bluster than gold has to do with Dutch metal, or the lily with the painter's brush. In his own sphere of life, and along his humbler line of duty, the burdened ass patiently plodding on the highway, was to the full as honourable as the prancing steed; for—

> "Honour and shame from no condition rise;
> Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

Wherever people are found with clean hands, an honest conscience, and a pure heart, honestly doing the duty that lies next them, whether clad in royal robes, a judge's ermine, a soldier's scarlet, or a peasant's corduroy, there are those who merit honour and courtesy from all the world. The high-spirited Bucephalus forgot what might happen in the future; for, as the old proverb says, "This day is yours, but whose shall to-morrow be?" When velvet is doffed and fustian donned, at the bidding of adversity, the new garb will fit all the more comfortably for the remembrance that the former was worn in unassuming courtesy before all lookers on. "The highest branch is not the safest roost;" so it is well that those whose perch is elevated should crow moderately, for fear they topple in the effort, and are greeted by the ridicule of those who heard the boast. That was the case with the Horse in the fable, who must have felt himself at the lowest depth, when, blind and bony, he tugged the carrier's team along, and heard the quiet sarcasm of the Ass he had so proudly spurned. "Proud looks lose hearts; courteous words win them." Had the proud steed acted on this principle, even if he had not avoided his evil fate, he would at any rate have gained sympathy to soothe his lowly lot. It is just so in actual life. "The man who mounts the high horse gets but little pity when he falls," while the man who,

> "While he doth prosper is kindly and humble,
> Will meet with good friends if he chances to tumble.
> In the day he was lofty he could gracefully stoop;
> Now the friends he has made will again lift him up."

"Pride dines on vanity and sups on contempt;" and while the former is as disappointing as Sancho Panza's dishes, the latter is composed of bitter herbs, which are far from toothsome, though they may be salutary. "He that exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." So says the best of books and the greatest of teachers. Like Christ, let us ever seek to be "meek and lowly;" then shall the highest exaltation come to us in the land beyond—an honour that knows no mutation, and is subject to no decay. On the other hand, let this fable help us to remember that "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." It would be difficult to find a greater amount of wisdom wrapped in smaller compass than that contained in the verse which John Bunyan puts on the lips of his shepherd boy—

> "He that is down need fear no fall,
> He that is low no pride;
> He that is humble ever shall
> Have God to be his guide."

ASKING FOR DAISIES:

A PARABLE FOR CHILDREN.

ONE foggy morning in the middle of winter a boy and girl sat on a stile; they had both round red faces, stiff straight hair, common shabby clothes; they were not in the least interesting or pretty, nor more remarkable in their way than sparrows in theirs, and their names were John and Jane, or rather Jack and Jill.

It was very miserable sitting on the stile, the sky was dull and grey, in fact they might be said to be *in* the sky, or at least in cloudland, and the sky in them, for it was all about them, and they took in a little bit with every breath; and whether they saw anything wonderful in cloudland you must judge for yourselves; at any rate they saw very little that was not wonderful, for they could hardly see at all, it was so foggy.

They were not sitting in this cold place on this cold day because they liked it; they could not choose where they would like to be any more than any one else can, though we do talk so much about Britons never, never, never being slaves. They could no more choose where they would like to be than the dog can who is chained up in the yard, or the man in prison, or the man who has to walk down to his office every day, stop there, and think about business, and then walk back again, or the little boy who has to sit on a form at school and think about such things as grammar.

Now Jack and Jill certainly were cold, and shabby, much worse off than the little boy at school, who is tidy and comfortable; but then they did not have to *think* what they didn't want to; so on the whole, they were quite as happy, or perhaps I ought to say no more miserable. And what kept these two sitting here was the same reason which keeps us all doing what we don't like—we can't get it out of our heads that meat is more than life, and raiment than happiness; in short it was because Jack earned threepence a day for frightening the birds away from the field which was newly sown with corn, and he gave Jill a penny of it to keep him company, as it was a lonely place, and, let me add, he was just the least bit of a coward.

They sat without speaking for a long time. Jack had relieved his feelings by whistling. Jill was obliged to keep her feelings to herself, because, unluckily for herself, she was a girl, so she had to sit still; but she "thinked," and Jack didn't.

"Jack," she said, presently, "teacher at school says if we ask God for anything we want he'll give it us; let's ask for some daisies; it looks miserable without any flowers."

"It doesn't mean things like that," said Jack.

"What things does it mean then?"

"Oh, it means not things you really want, but things like to take us to heaven when we die."

"How do you know, Jack? have you ever tried?"

"Stupid, of course not! I knew it was no use."

"*I* shall try, though; it'll do no harm just to ask for a daisy or two."

Jack only laughed, and whirled his rattle round.

"Who's that, Jack, across the road?" said Jill, suddenly.

"Can't see, it's over thick. Parson, p'raps."

"I think not. I wish I could see clear. Oh, I do wish I could see quite plain!" Jill had a fancy of her own on the subject, but she didn't tell Jack; he would only have made fun of her, but she "thinked" more than ever, and, Jack—whistled.

They got their dinner—bread and scraps of cold bacon—and they jumped up and down to warm their feet.

It was getting a little dusk, towards evening, no one had passed up the lonely road all day but that shadowy figure in the morning, and now in the gloaming they suddenly saw a pretty little boy standing by them, holding out to them two longish sticks.

"These are for you," he said.

"I don't want those things," said Jack; "I can get plenty for myself quite as good as that, and better."

"It's no use to me," said Jill; "they won't do to light a fire with. What have you brought them to us for?"

"*He* told me."

"Who?"

"It was foggy, and I couldn't see plain; but he said I was to take them to the boy and girl sitting on the stile down here who asked for some daisies."

Jack burst out laughing. "There, Jill, I told you it was no good praying for things; you wanted daisies, and you've got a stick."

But Jill took the stick. She felt very puzzled and rather frightened. She wondered whether God had sent it, or that mysterious person, or whether that mysterious person was—was—— If this boy had brought a bunch of daisies she would have been inwardly sure, but she didn't know much about prayer; and she could hardly believe God would send her a dry stick when she asked for a flower. If He would not give her a simple thing like that when she asked Him, what was the good of asking for greater things?

Jack also took his, broke the dirty, lumpy end off, and made a little switch of it, with which he gave a passing cut to a stray cat or two. He met a friend on his way home, and exchanged his switch for some lozenges, which tasted very nice at the time, but made him very sick after.

They were just going in at the door of their house when their father came up.

"What have you got there, Jill?" he said.

"Only a stick, father."

"It is a root of something; where did you get it?"

Jack grinned and Jill blushed, while the father examined it.

"You might plant it," he said; "there aren't over many flowers about here; it'll perhaps come to something."

So it was planted, and still it looked nothing but a dry stick, though Jill went to look at it every day, and manured and watered it, and dug up the earth all about, and in course of a few weeks tidied up all the rest of the garden to match.

Jack forgot all about it, and Jill told nobody, but in her prayers night and morning she ventured to say nothing but "Our Father."

But when the spring came she was surprised to see some long thin green leaves grow out of the dry stick.

"That's all through me taking care of it," she said to herself; "but it's only a great ugly weed, after all; and what patience I've had! how I've worked away at the garden in the hopes of something. It never was so tidy before. I do feel a little disappointed that that thing has turned out nothing but a weed; if it had been a flower I should really have been silly enough to fancy that Jesus had sent it, after all, and I should have been asking Him to help me get a place, and I should only have been disappointed."

One splendid summer morning, the first time the sun had shone unclouded after long rain and cold, Jill went to the window at daybreak, and drew up the blind.

Looking in at her, with its eyes as yellow as the sun, and its face as white as the clouds, was a tall white lily. Jill's heart beat at the sight of the flower; she went into the garden, to make sure it was really her own dry stick, the common weed.

She had asked for a daisy, and she had got a tall white lily, with buds and blossoms, to last for months; she had had to wait, and have patience, and *make the best of what she got;* but what of that? She would venture to ask now for something more; it is not wrong to pray for *bread.*

"Why, my lass, you're out betimes," said a cheerful voice behind her.

Jill turned round, and there was the farmer who sowed the corn leaning over the gate.

"You've got a fine show of flowers; that white 'un beats all. I've seen you working here many a time of a morning."

"I haven't seen you, sir."

"You were over busy; and this morning when I saw you again, it just came into my head that you'd be the very lass my wife wants to help her in t' dairy. You get up betimes, and you're willin', and you're tidy, and your garden's a credit to yer, especially that white 'un; it was that that made me stop and look in just now, and put me in mind that you were a likely lass. Yer can come up after breakfast, and I'll make it all right for yer. Eighteenpence a week and yer meat as a beginning."

When Jill went back into her little bed-room, she knelt down, but she didn't have to ask for a daisy, for she'd got a lily; and she didn't have to ask for daily bread, for she'd got meat; she had got exceeding, abundantly, more than she could ask or think, and she wanted to say how thankful she was, but she could not think of any words good enough. How can we express exceeding thankfulness, reverence, fear, and trust?

Lord, teach us to pray! A. A. EYRES.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

166. It is recorded of Jehu, "Behold, two kings stood not before Him." What two kings are here referred to?

167. Which only of the Twelve Apostles did St. Paul know?

168. What famine is recorded in the time of Elisha?

169. In whose reign was the brazen serpent destroyed which Moses had made in the wilderness?

170. What illustration is used to show the folly of wise men in giving way to frivolous actions?

171. What woman had all her lands and goods restored to her because of her kindness to a prophet?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 448.

155. They were thin pieces of wood in a kind of frame fastened together by hinges and covered on one side with wax, upon which the writing was made with a sharp piece of iron (Luke i. 63).

156. The genealogical history from Adam to Ezra, and a brief summary of events from the death of Saul to the return of Jews from captivity, B.C. 4004 to B.C. 536.

157. Ptolemais (Acts xxi. 7).

158. From Abraham, by Keturah his second wife (Gen. xxv. 1, 2).

159. Four—(1) Burnt-offerings, (2) Peace-offerings, (3) Sin-offerings, (4) Trespass-offerings; all others were obtained without the shedding of blood.

160. It means "What is it?" and was given by the Israelites to the food with which God fed them in the wilderness (Exod. xvi. 5).

A LITTLE ONE IN HEAVEN.

TWO VIEWS.

I GAZED upon thy cradled head ;
'Twas the same hour the angel's hand
Led thee, in paths we may not tread,
To that far-distant better land.
Ah, with a light how clear, how fair,
Thy sweet blue eyes were shining there !

I gazed again : it was near the hour
We bore thee to thy little tomb ;
Still shone the sweet blue eyes ; no power
Had death on thee of waste or gloom ;
Yet was there change—methought I saw
On that dear brow a nameless awe.

Sweet, solemn change ! The light, the shade,
Alike to me of glory spoke ;
The light of Christ's own face displayed,
The first full rapture of His look !
Oh, with what joy that vision sweet
Thy now all-conscious soul would greet !

And when aloft, on heights unknown,
Midst welcomes from immortal eyes,
He led thee near the blessed throne,
Sure with an awe-struck deep surprise
Thy soul, sweet Edith, would begin
To drink heaven's endless pleasure in !

H. C. G. MOULE.

SORROW AND SONG IN THE EVANGELISTS.

BY THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM ALEXANDER, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF DERRY AND RAPHOE.

ST. LUKE.

IN St. Matthew we have the Passion in its Bible sacredness, in St. Mark the Passion of Him who is the Son of God, in St. Luke the Passion in its human *beauty* and tenderness.

The account of the agony in Gethsemane is so marked that we must, in the case of this Gospel, begin somewhat earlier than in the case of the other Evangelists.

(39) *"And He came out, and went, as He was wont, to the Mount of Olives ; and His disciples also followed Him. (40) And when He was at the place, He said unto them, Pray that ye enter not into temptation. (41) And He was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast, and kneeled down, and prayed, (42) saying, Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from Me : nevertheless not My will, but Thine, be done. (43) And there appeared an angel unto Him from heaven, strengthening Him. (44) And being in an agony He prayed more earnestly : and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground. (45) And when He rose up from prayer, and was come to His disciples, He found them sleeping for sorrow, (46) and said unto them, Why sleep ye ? rise and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

St. Luke's Gospel is the Gospel of the holy Angels. Writing for Gentiles, and those Gentiles Greeks, he would apparently wish to show that heaven and earth are not unpeopled of glorious occupants. From the appearance of Gabriel to the Virgin mother and the song of the "heavenly soldiers" heard by the shepherds, it is the Gospel of the Angels.

In Gethsemane, as earth's sympathy fails the suffering Son of Man, the sympathy of heaven draws near. There appeared unto Him an angel from heaven strengthening Him.† Twice only, it may be observed, are the angels mentioned historically in direct connection with our Lord—after the Temptation, and in this place. *There*, there were *many ;* here *one*. There they "came" or "approached," and "ministered unto Him ;" here the angel "was seen" or "appeared." *How* the "strengthening" took place we are not told. Of all the host of heaven the reserve of Scripture has concealed the names, except in two instances—Gabriel and Michael. No addition to our knowledge is made in this place.

Again, St. Luke's Gospel is the Gospel of *Poetry*. Of the whole history of Jesus it is profoundly true that it is a poem as well as a history.

It is certain that the two verses which relate the incident of the bloody sweat are wanting in some manuscripts, and certain also that the crucifixion may be accounted for by the cowardice of the sort of orthodoxy which, be it what it may, is not true faith.

But others have said that we have here a fragment of a legend built with the substance of the narrative. Surely it is not so. Poetry makes the shapes of those whom she celebrates larger than human in the distance, and surrounds them with glorious exaggerations. Among all her creations she never invented a hero in agony, writhing like a crushed worm down upon the ground. Yet, as St. Luke leads us into Gethsemane by moonlight, faith sees a marvellous beauty, and would not lose one touch of the picture.

It is remarkable that the account of the physical accompaniments of the Agony is peculiar to the narrative of the physician among the Evangelists. The word "agony" the Church owes to St. Luke ; it indicates the undefined fear of something certainly terrible, but as to details uncertain. Full of meaning also is the word translated "*more earnestly.*" "He prayed more earnestly." Prayer in its energy is work. It is not the instinctive scream of the hare when it runs in narrowing circles, and the breath of the greyhound is on the flick. It is a sense, not only of our

* St. Luke xxii. † St. Luke xxii. 43.

misery, but of God's presence; it is resignation and faith in one. He prayed with *tension* of the whole being, with *intensity* as we should say now. His agony also was visible. Though He was prostrate and the night was cold, "His sweat was as if gouts of blood falling to the ground."* It will be noticed that the words do not apply to the *quality* of the substance. They do not signify a material like blood; but they mean that, while the material was blood, the shape and quantity in which it falls might be compared to clots or gouts.†

Further, St. Luke's is the Gospel which brings out the gentle humanity of Jesus. Let us only consider the incident which immediately follows the Agony.

(50) And a certain one out of their number smote the servant of the high priest, and cut off his ear (the right ear). (51) And Jesus answered, "Suffer Me thus far." And having touched his ear, He healed him.

There is here a marvellously delicate self-limitation, an exquisite balance and adjustment of miraculous power by the conditions imposed voluntarily upon suffering human weakness. The three words here spoken by our Lord have perplexed many. But, as in some great drama, dark sayings are often made intelligible by some simple side direction, so would it seem to be here. To the officers into whose hands Jesus had fallen by His Father's will, He says, with a captive's submission, "Allow Me only so far as this, give Me but time and permission for this one act,"‡ and He touched and healed the wounded sufferer.

But further, St. Luke's is the Gospel of subtle lines of character of human hearts under the strong and electric light thrown upon them from the Cross. Two instances may be selected:—

I. Much light is thrown upon the character of St. Peter, especially by two circumstances: (xxii. 60) "And Peter said, Man, I know not what thou sayest. And immediately, while he yet spake, the cock crew. (61) And the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter. And Peter remembered the word of the Lord, how He had said unto him, Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny Me thrice. (62) And Peter went out, and wept bitterly."

Augustine supposes that the glance here spoken of was inward, spiritual, and divine; but the more literal and obvious is surely the truer interpretation. Jesus was being led to Caiaphas. He was walking through the court, and just as Peter was heaping and hurrying lie on lie,§ just as the cock's voice sounded shrill and high, the Lord, bound as He was, turned with that pathetic look upon His wan face, which seemed to look into* the very depths of his being.

II. It is, however, perhaps the character of Herod upon which most light is thrown, by an incident peculiar to the third Evangelist.

(6) †"When Pilate heard of Galilee, he asked whether the man were a Galilæan. (7) And as soon as he knew that He belonged unto Herod's jurisdiction, he sent Him to Herod, who himself also was at Jerusalem at that time. (8) And when Herod saw Jesus, he was exceeding glad: for he was desirous to see Him of a long season, because he had heard many things of Him; and he hoped to have seen some miracle done by Him. (9) Then he questioned with Him in many words; but He answered him nothing. (10) And the chief priests and scribes stood and vehemently accused Him. (11) And Herod with his men of war set Him at nought, and mocked Him, and arrayed Him in a gorgeous robe, and sent Him again to Pilate. (12) And the same day Pilate and Herod were made friends together: for before they were at enmity between themselves."

Herod Antipas was that year at Jerusalem for the Passover. Herod did not take any active part in the death of Christ. Possibly, he had had quite enough of beheading prophets. But this he did—"he arrayed Him in bright apparel."‡ This robe of mockery is to be kept quite distinct from the scarlet or purple of the Roman soldiers. The "gorgeous robe" of our translation is somewhat misleading. The raiment with which Jesus was invested by Antipas was of a colour which a Roman might have described as *candidus*, brilliantly white, fulled until it was glistening. This was full of scornful meaning. It was a piece of Roman courtesy that those who aspired to any place in the public gift, should solicit the post dressed in a *toga candida*, *i.e.*, one which was not merely white, but actually glistening with chalk or fuller's-earth applied for the purpose. Herod knew the Roman custom, and affected to conform to it. Jesus was accused of seeking a kingdom by a revolution. Herod Antipas, therefore, had a white toga of candidature flung over Him. It was a piece of cruel but not inappropriate wit, a sarcasm not without an agreeable compliment to the Roman Proconsul. "Poor dumb and sullen fool, harmless perhaps, but at least obstinate visionary, half idiotic candidate for some shadowy throne of mystic vision" (v. 8). But Herod when he saw Jesus, was exceeding glad; for he was constantly desiring for a great while to see Him, because he kept hearing concerning Him, and was hoping to see some sign done by Him. (9) And he questioned Him in many words, but He answered him nothing."

* St. Luke xxii. 44.

† His sweat became *not* "like blood," *but* "as if clots" (ver. 44).

‡ St. Luke xxii. 51. Other interpretations are (1) "Let these men (the officers) go so far;" *i.e.*, as to seize Me. (2) or, "Leave off at this point. Strike not a second blow. Enough of such violence."

§ "Woman, I know Him not" (ver. 57); "Man, I am not" (ver. 58); "Man, I know not what thou sayest" (ver. 60).

* St. Luke xxii. 61; cf. St. John i. 43.

† St. Luke xxiii.

‡ St. Luke xxiii. 11; λαμπρὰ—*bright*, not *gorgeous*.

A comparison of two passages in the earlier Synoptics would naturally lead to the conclusion that Herod the Tetrarch was a Sadducee.* Yet dim surmises about the spiritual world, the land beyond the grave, made a pale dawn through his materialism—his life of lust and blood. There are *negative* creeds and *positive* creeds. Beyond all question, there are negative lines which are true and useful. Yet the negative are mostly for time rather than for eternity. We are Christian mainly by that which is positive. It is true and very useful to say, "I do *not* believe in this or that superstition and extravagance." But a day comes to each one of us, when the question is, "Man, what *do* you believe?" Herod, if catechised, might no doubt have said, "I am a sound and orthodox Sadducee. My creed stops short with the Pentateuch; I refuse to follow the Prophets in the dangerous paths of innovation and development. I do *not* believe in the existence of angels; that which is called an angel is merely a ray of light from the presence of God made into a living thing by an imaginative process. I do *not* believe in the Resurrection; our bodies pass into the dust from which they were taken. I do *not* believe in spirits; the things which we call such are but waves from the great fountain-head of life, which sparkle in the light for a little, and are then drawn back eternally to the source from which they issued." But in the darkness of sorrow or of death, in moments of awakening, all such negative creeds crack and totter. Herod Antipas, the patron of a negative creed, never thoroughly believed in his creed or his party. When he had heard, some two years before, of the fame of Jesus, he said to his servants, "This is John the Baptist; he is risen from the dead; and therefore mighty works do shew forth themselves in Him."† So it seems that when Herod is tried, he *does* believe in spirits, and even in the resurrection from the dead. The terror of the Unseen haunts him with an awful curiosity. The passage just cited from St. Matthew has been charged with "absurdity and contradiction." And, undoubtedly, it does involve both one and the other. But the "absurdity and contradiction" are not in the Evangelist's narrative, but in the heart of man. Herod the Tetrarch was not the first, and will not be the last, whose negative creed will let in through every cranny and interstice, the very ideas which it exists to repudiate. Those who have a horror of priestcraft sometimes send, upon a death-bed, for the sacrament which they never frequented in health, and expect to be changed, by one participation, from grovelling souls into winged and radiant spirits—fit for the society of all the company of heaven. *Blasé* people, their lips worn with the epigrams of half a century against the Gospel, get up *séances*. The atheist of Naples has a curious intensity of tremulous belief in the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius. So "Herod hoped to have seen some sign done by Him." Above all, let us make solemn note of that which follows: "Then Herod questioned with Jesus in many words; but He answered him nothing;" "He asked Him questions in many words."* What questions? Of the extent of His power?—of the nature of that spiritual world in which He moved as a Master?—of the star of the Epiphany?—of the means by which He wrought so many miracles?† We cannot say, because we are not told. All we know is that our Lord's silence before Herod was yet more entire and absolute than before the Council or Pilate. He knew the fox-like nature of the man with whom He had to do. "He Himself answered him *nothing!*"

Let us, then, beware of a religion which is merely one of party or of curiosity. This is exactly as true of one side as of the other. He who answers to a modern Pharisee may say, "I have won a well-deserved tribute of praise from chief priests and scribes by being exceedingly zealous for the tradition of the elders." The modern Sadducee may claim to have drawn out the cheers of a whole public meeting by his denunciations of superstition. But the *one* question one day is simply this, "Have I known in whom I have believed? Have I cut off the offending right hand and right eye? Do I bear about in my soul and body the marks of the Lord Jesus?" If not, when the soul wants a word from Him for its very life, He will answer—*nothing*. He who, having the words of eternal life, waits silent before Herod, save us from that silence!

Once more, St. Luke's is the *Pauline* Gospel—the Gospel of grace, forgiveness, and justification. Let us think of those three "Last Words," which are recorded by St. Luke mainly from this point of view.

I. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" ‡

This is an intercession for the blind and sinful, at the very moment when they are crucifying Him. "They know not what they are doing." Since then, it has sounded on night and day. And as the word of sweet intercession floats up, grace and mercy come down.

II. Beautiful in pardon is that other "Last Word," "Verily, I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

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* "Then Jesus said unto them, Take heed and beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and of the *Sadducees*" (St. Matt. xvi. 6). "And He charged them, saying, Take heed, beware of the leaven of the Pharisees, and of the leaven of *Herod*" (St. Mark viii. 15).

† St. Matthew xiv. 2.

* St. Luke xxiii. 9.

† A collection of curious speculations on the probable subjects of Herod's questions may be found in Bynœus (*De Morte J. C.*, iii. 70—72).

‡ St. Luke xxiii. 34.

When we contrast carefully the words of the penitent felon — few and broken though they be—with those of the other, stamped as they are with an unmistakably *Jewish* impress *—we conclude that the man was almost certainly a *Gentile*. What threads of godly fear, saving penitence, blessed hope, living faith, are interwoven in the texture of that dying prayer! The Saviour bestows upon him a double blessing. There are hours when the earthly existence becomes a terror and a curse, when we cannot pray for it even for those whom we love most deeply. With the iron frame which such men generally possess, he might have lived on even for days, shaking the cross with a long, slow agony. The Saviour gives him the welcome promise of a speedy death —*to-day*. But He gives a better promise. Even with that hand nailed to the Cross, He opens the gate of heaven to a pardoned believer.

III. In another "Last Word" we have the beauty of a perfect peace. "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit!" words of the Psalmist of old, since then how often used! †

The vision of the King in His human beauty would be imperfect without that word. The clouds have floated away. Depth upon depth over the Cross is the clearness of a sunset sky.

The thought of death is one which must daily come to every Christian. Our prayer, founded upon St. Luke's narrative, may well be—"Have mercy upon us in that solemn hour. Suffer us not for any pain of death to fall from Thee. May our penitent but redeemed spirits dwell with those who have gone before us in the midst of the Paradise of God. Enable us to subdue all lusts and passions, that we may possess true joy and unclouded peace, and add to the number of dying voices that have said, 'Into Thy hands I commend my spirit.'"

Such are some of the main characteristics and leading ideas of the Passion as chronicled by St. Luke. It is here as elsewhere the Gospel of the Angels, of art and poetry, of our Lord's gentle and tender Humanity, of subtle lights thrown upon the deepest secrets of the human heart—of grace, forgiveness, and justification.

Here we have the Cross especially in its *beauty*. The human heart has its claims in this divine history. Woman, with those affections which can be terrible when perverted; those who are the outcasts of society, from circumstances, as it might seem, beyond their own control; the weak and sinful children of God, want the sympathy of the Crucified, a Cross of *grace*. Nay, those who seem strong want it also. It is significant that the Emperor Charles V. on his death-bed asked for the history of the Passion to be read to him from the Gospel according to St. Luke. Many of us require to be assured of the efficacy of repentance. The past presses hard upon us; the stern words of a hard philosophy seem like the expression of a *law*. Life is like a game of chess, where we sit down to contend with a player perfectly fair but perfectly remorseless, who never gives back a single piece, and takes advantage to the utmost of every mistake. *Væ victis!* woe to those who lose. Such is the Gospel of despair preached to us by a great modern thinker. In St. Luke's Gospel we find the counteraction of this. Among its last lines are these words of the Risen Lord, "Thus it behoveth Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day; and that *repentance and remission of sins shall be preached in His name.*"*

* "Art not Thou the Messiah?" (St. Luke xxiii. 39).

† *E.gr.*, by St. Polycarp, Basil, St. Bernard, St. Louis, Huss, Columbus, Luther, Melancthon, Silvio Pellico, Eléonore de Roye, Princess of Condé (see Dr. Kay on Psalm xxxi. 5). I may, perhaps, be allowed also to refer to "Witness of the Psalms to Christ and Christianity" (p. 112; 2nd edition).

* St. Luke xxiv. 46, 47.

HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST IN THE WINNING," "FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE."

CHAPTER XV.

THE OLD MAN'S HEIR.

DANIEL GRAY did not long survive this attack, but the mists gradually cleared away from his dying eyes, till Percy, as he watched beside him, sometimes marvelled at, sometimes envied him, the child-like trust to which he attained; and when the end came, and people mingled with their sympathy congratulations on his being his uncle's sole heir, he turned from them humbled as well as sorrowful, for he knew in his heart that the best inheritance of all was not his.

No one but the clergyman, named as his executor, and the lawyer who had made Daniel Gray's will soon after he brought Percy home to Enford Green, could have told the actual amount of the old man's savings, or the value of his property, for Percy was very reticent on the subject. He declined to be questioned by Mrs. Parnell, or comforted in his loneliness by pretty 'Lisbeth, even though she neglected the ironing at which she chose to assist her mother, instead of going to service like "our Ann," that she might meet him in the lane as he went home from work.

"It do make us so miserable, Percy," she declared,

"to think of you sitting in that great house by yourself, 'cept for the old dog that's no company at all."

Percy reminded her that the "great house" was only a four-roomed cottage like her own, but admitted that it was lonely, and that he missed his uncle very much.

"Then why don't you come back to us? There's your old room you can have, and you know you was always a favourite with mother. May-be you think I shall vex you with my singing and the nonsense I talk, but I ha' burnt all my song-books, and I'm a going to give up flirting, Percy. I can be steady enough if I like. I don't have nothing to say to the miller now, and I han't spoken to Jim Robins these three weeks."

"So much the better for him if you are only fooling the chap; though he'd make any girl a good husband, would Jim the blacksmith."

'Lisbeth tossed her head and laughed, while Percy rested his basket on the gate by which he had met her, and contemplated her rosy face with very different feelings to those she sought to inspire. Only that afternoon Winnie Graddon, in the black robes that harmonised with her delicate features and golden hair, had flitted into the room where he was fitting the trays and drawers into her cabinet, and talked to him of his dead uncle. Coming freshly from her presence, with the halo of her purity and refinement still about him, how could he find any attraction in 'Lisbeth Parnell's smart ribbons, her loud voice, and rustic prettiness?

"If Jim Robins would make a good husband," the girl observed with a pout, "I dessay I should make as good a wife; but I'm not going to throw myself away on the likes of he."

"Why?" questioned her auditor, more from civility than any real desire to know her sentiments.

"Oh, well, if you must know," said 'Lisbeth, artfully adapting herself to Percy's well-known distaste for the intemperate habits that are such a blot on our character as a nation, "I won't have a chap that can't see no harm in spending his Saturday nights at the 'Dragon.' I ha' learned a lesson from mother; I won't do as she did—work my fingers to the bone to keep myself and the children, while my man spends his money at the beer-shop."

"I don't believe Jim Robins will ever do that," Percy asserted; "he's too sensible! and for your sake may-be he'd take the pledge at once."

"I don't care whether he do or he don't," retorted 'Lisbeth with a pout. "How you do keep terrifyin' (teasing) me about Jim Robins! He isn't my choice, I tell ye. But I must run home directly minute, or my irons will be as cold as ice. Be I to tell mother you're coming to us? She'll be right down pleased to get ye back. The place have seemed terrible unked (lonely) without you and Uncle Dan'l. I think he used to like me, Percy."

"Yes, I am sure he did," and Percy's cheek reddened as he was reminded by this speech of his uncle's plans. "I'll buy you a little brooch, 'Lisbeth, and put a bit of his hair in it, if you'll wear it for his sake, and just to put you in mind of him."

'Lisbeth eagerly promised to wear the gift, though it was proffered in a manner that would not permit her to flatter herself the giver had any other motive than the one he expressed.

"And you will come to us, Percy? We'll have the room ready any time you like to say."

"No, thank you," he answered, decidedly; "I'm getting used to the dulness, and it gives me more time for my books."

"Ah, you are always deep in them," she observed, half crossly, half in admiration. "You'll be that clever, Enford Green won't be good enough for ye; perhaps it isn't now, and you're going to move into the town.

"May-be," she hazarded, when reassured on that point; "may-be you're thinking of marrying, as young men mostly do when they're left as you are. If that's it," and 'Lisbeth grew hot and breathless at the supposition, "if that's it, you're in the right to stay where you are that you may get things ready. And how pretty your place might be made! 'Taint like our cottage, more 'n half ready to tumble down, and no paint on the doors, and nothing but bricks under your feet, but that new and nice it pays for cleaning up."

And 'Lisbeth thought in her heart that it would be delightful to be the mistress of a dwelling with a broad white hearthstone, a boarded floor, and a grate in the living-room, with a boiler and oven just like she'd seen in a gentleman's house, only smaller.

But down fell all her castles in the air, when Percy, turning his head away as he spoke, answered deliberately that he had no thought of marrying. One of his shopmates, with whom the air of the town did not agree, was coming to live with him, and as Smith had a tidy, industrious wife, they hoped to get on together very comfortably.

"Well!" cried 'Lisbeth, disdainfully, "if I were a young chap like you I wouldn't have another man's wife in my house to rule over me. But you always was queer, Percy, and like no one else. When you meet Jim Robins, you can say that you gave me such a good account of his ways, that I'm a'most inclined to keep company with him after all."

'Lisbeth went along the field-path briskly, with her head held very high, singing a song at the top of her voice, but Percy stood and watched her till, thinking herself unobserved, she put her apron to her eyes, and wiped away the angry tears his coldness had brought into them. Never had he liked her so well as he did just then; never felt so much tempted to follow and console her, for how could he help seeing that she loved him? Not with the modestly evinced and tender devotion he would like to inspire; it was not in her nature to feel that, but she would be a faithful and industrious spouse, proud of the home she would spare no labour to keep clean and bright, and careful to disburse his money

to the greatest advantage. No man can be quite callous to affection when it is testified for him let who will evince it, and as Percy stood looking after 'Lisbeth Parnell, he asked himself with a sigh whither his dreams were leading him, and whether in pursuing the purpose that was now shaping itself in his brain with renewed clearness and vigour, he was not renouncing the substance for a shadow. If he could but resolve to content himself with such a home and such a wife as would satisfy most men in his position, he had but to ask and have, but those gifts which providence offers with outstretched hands we rarely think so precious as those it withholds.

So Percy did not follow 'Lisbeth, but carried out his plans, installing the Smiths in his dwelling, and going to and from his work as usual. Mr. Graddon's health continued to fluctuate. A few genial days would strengthen him so much that he was able to drive or even walk out, and superintend his business with some of his old activity and energy ; but with the biting east winds that prevail in our climate, or a continuance of rainy weather, his aches and pains would return and confine him to the house and his sofa.

As these pains affected his head, causing intense suffering, every effort was made to spare him any excitement or annoyance that might increase them ; and Winnie was very careful not to inflict her domestic grievances upon him. He was unpleasantly surprised when it could not be concealed from him that cook had followed the example of nurse, and resigned her situation, expressing, as before, his regret that his old servants should desert him.

After her departure, the cooking was managed for a week or two with the assistance of a charwoman ; and Hattie, who was in her element, was permitted to make experiments, and invent new dishes unchecked ; but this could not be allowed to continue, for though Hattie was becoming quite an expert, and succeeded in gratifying the fastidious palate of the invalid, she never attained to the neatness of those American heroines who made butter and waffles, toasted bacon, and fried pork and potatoes, without soiling their hands or their white ruffles. On the contrary, she contrived to transfer so much of the soot from her saucepans to her face and knuckles that she was rarely presentable, and it was obvious that another cook must be procured.

What with interviewing servants, and smoothing over difficulties with offended tradespeople, whose fair dealing had never before been called into question, Winnie's mornings were not spent very agreeably ; and instead of looking forward with pleasure to the holidays, she dreaded the return of her brothers, knowing that it would bring with it the additional trial of keeping peace between the hot-tempered school-boys and Aunt Janet. When Mr. Graddon's attacks of pain kept Miss Symes fully engaged in nursing him, the household affairs worked smoothly ; especially after Winnie prevailed with Miss Symes to engage a neat, tidy female, who came to them with an unimpeachable character from one of her mother's old friends.

Nanny Price was a Welshwoman, doggedly faithful to those she served, identifying herself with their interests, and soon making herself at home in her new place, at which she arrived, it must be premised, while aunt Janet was in close attendance upon Mr. Graddon.

She did not object when Hatty volunteered her assistance, but took pleasure in teaching her ; and she was thoughtful for Winnie, helping her with many well-timed suggestions, such as a good servant who knows her duties can offer. It was very pleasant to be able to dispense with the charwoman, to have the meals served regularly, instead of depending on Hattie's successes or failures, and to see Hattie herself trim and nice once more.

By offering to assist her in turning and altering a dress, Winnie contrived to keep Miss Symes fully occupied for a couple of days after Mr. Graddon felt well enough to dispense with her attentions ; but not longer.

"Duty is duty," she observed, "and must not be neglected for dressmaking. While I am effecting a saving in my cashmere, that woman may be wasting pounds. No, Winnie, I 'll not delegate my work to you when I 'm able to do it myself. It is high time cook was given to understand that there is some one in the house who will look after her more carefully than you do."

When the lengthy investigation below stairs came to an end, and Miss Symes returned from the kitchen without having made any discoveries, Winnie breathed again, for cook did not follow her to give warning.

But Nanny—strong-willed, sagacious Nanny—was only biding her time. One evening, when the cloth was cleared, and Mr. Graddon was at the head of his table—the only shadow that crossed his genial, handsome face, showing itself when he glanced at the chair where Miss Symes sat instead of the mother of his children—he found Nanny at his elbow.

Every one looked surprised, as, smoothing her clean white apron, she asked leave to speak to her master.

"Had her cooking pleased him? Yes? Would he ask Miss Winnie to state whether any reasonable fault could be found with the way she had done her work? No? Then was Mr. Graddon willing for her to stop and do her best to give him satisfaction? Would he *trust* her when she promised him that she would serve him faithfully, even as she had served her last employers."

"Certainly I will, my good woman," was the reply. "It always pains me so much to be obliged to doubt my fellow creatures, that I never do it unless I am forced. Why do you ask me these things?"

She did not reply, and while Mr. Graddon was looking from one to the other for an explanation, cook—satisfied that she had laid a match that would kindle the fire without any further effort on her part—quietly left the room.

CHAPTER XVI.

BITTER WORDS ARE SPOKEN.

If Nanny, who was really as well-meaning as she was honest, could have foreseen all the results of her appeal to her master, it is doubtful if she would have made it. Winnie bore meekly enough with her father's irate expression of astonishment that she could not manage the house and the servants better; but Duke, with a resentful glance at Miss Symes, rose and left the room, and Nina uttered a protesting "Oh, papa, it isn't Winnie's fault; you should not blame her!"

"Then who am I to blame? How is it that no one seems willing to stay with us now? Janet, can you explain this?"

Miss Symes, with the lofty composure of a person who considers herself justified in all she has done, proceeded to open her half-brother's eyes to the weakness of his own conduct. She described her own investigations, and harangued him on the immense sums he must have lost before she came, and the impositions of which he had been the victim, till he had not patience to listen any longer.

"It is the first time in my life I have been told that I haven't discretion enough to manage my own affairs," he cried angrily. "Really, Janet, you pay me a high compliment when you assert that I am so weak-minded, so credulous, that all the knaves and rogues in the neighbourhood are preying upon me and my family."

"My dear brother, don't lose your temper, but let me give you the benefit of my experience."

"Not for worlds! It's not wholesome experience, Janet; it isn't the kind that would make a good man of me. I might as well go to Newgate, draw my views of life from the felons imprisoned there, and then come home professing to see thieves and murderers in every other creature I came in contact with."

"But it is only common prudence to protect oneself from being robbed," she argued.

"True; but it is not Christianly to suspect one's neighbour without a cause," retorted Mr. Graddon; "and from your own showing, Janet, this is what you have been doing ever since you have been here. Why, it has been my pride and my pleasure to feel that my housekeeping was so well ordered by my poor Mary during her lifetime, that there was no waste, and no niggardliness; and I expected that you would assist her daughters to carry out their mother's plans. I am ashamed to hear that servants trained by her have been driven away hurt and offended by your causeless suspicions, and my custom taken from tradesmen with whom we had had dealings for years; and this for no better reasons than you have just given me."

"You are very unjust!" cried Miss Symes, who was beginning to tremble with agitation. "If I have fallen into any mistake, which I do not think I have, it has been through my anxiety to study your interests. That you always have been credulous and easily imposed upon, I know to my sorrow; witness the money of which I was defrauded through your obstinate refusal to believe that a lawyer could be dishonest."

Mr. Graddon made an impatient movement.

"Pooh, Janet, it is absurd to harp on that old grievance. Did I not assure you at the time that there was no fraud perpetrated? That a larger sum was spent in law expenses than seemed absolutely necessary, I grant you; but on going through the items of the bill I was forced to see that the charges were fair and equitable, after all."

"So you said then," muttered Miss Symes, incredulously.

"And so I say now. Why should you continue to doubt me?" he demanded, irritated by her manner.

"Because I am positive that I was wronged, and if it was not by my lawyer it must have been by my brother."

Mr. Graddon was always quick-tempered, and this speech threw him into such a passion that his daughters and Hattie were terrified, and Miss Symes repented having exasperated him by a confession of the cruel suspicions over which she had brooded during these long years of estrangement.

The scene was a distressing one. She stood conscience-stricken and remorseful; while Mr. Graddon, too much excited after that one burst of indignant astonishment to speak again, strode to and fro, trying vainly to calm himself, and finally left the room.

Before retiring to rest he sent for Winnie.

"It is impossible that your aunt can remain here, child," he said. "I have been talking to Hattie and Duke—both tolerably impartial witnesses—and from what they tell me it is plain that you would get on better without than with her. Ask her, quietly and respectfully, to arrange her removal at her earliest convenience; and say from me that as it was to serve us she gave up her home in Scotland, I will rent apartments for her wherever she chooses to reside."

Winnie could not help rejoicing at the relief from numberless vexations which aunt Janet's departure would secure her; but she disliked her task extremely, and went to bed hoping with all her heart that the affronted lady would decide upon withdrawing herself from a house where her services as an amateur detective were not appreciated, and thus spare her niece the disagreeable necessity of fulfilling Mr. Graddon's commands.

But ere the morning dawned sounds of some one stirring in the house aroused Winnie from her slumbers. Her father's weakened nerves were revenging themselves for the excitement of the previous evening, and he was writhing in one of those attacks of almost intolerable pain that seemed at times to threaten the brain itself.

Miss Janet had been the first to hear and hasten to him. All rancour, all baseless prejudices and fancies forgotten, she was once more the most active, most devoted of nurses, rarely leaving his side day or night during the prostration that followed those hours of intense suffering.

Mr. Halton, the medical man in attendance, began

"Into the fields, where the stream wound round by the farm-yard."—*p.* 492.

to feel uneasy at the condition of his patient. There were symptoms in the case which the most careful treatment failed to touch, and he expressed a wish that a celebrated physician whom he named should be summoned. But just then Mr. Graddon rallied a little, and hopes were entertained that Sir William ——'s advice would not be wanted after all.

In spite of his real affection for his kinsman, Duke Averne was conscious of a secret feeling of disappointment, for it had been arranged that he should be the bearer of Mr. Halton's note to the physician, as he would be able to supplement it with any details Sir William might ask for. The errand was not a pleasant one; at any other time he would have endeavoured to excuse himself, but he was so thoroughly sick of the office that he caught at anything that promised an escape from it for a few hours. He had striven to lighten the monotony of his occupation by frequent rests, by surreptitious cigars, or a chapter in a novel, but this could not be done in comfort, for Johns was in and out continually, and as an old and confidential servant of Mr. Graddon's, he did not consider that he overstepped the bounds when he respectfully hinted to Duke that during the governor's illness those he trusted to ought to work their hardest. It may have been to serve a double purpose—to shame Duke out of his lazy fits, all the more provoking because business was brisker than ever just then, as well as to make the office less draughty for Mr. Graddon—that Johns contrived to spare a man just then to put up a partition across it. He concluded, and with some justice, that Duke would be ashamed to waste such precious hours while the eyes of one of his uncle's employés was upon him.

But Johns' little manœuvre did not have the effect he intended. Duke, who had discovered that there was an excellent billiard-table at an hotel in the High Street, about a hundred yards from his uncle's house, would start up from his desk, crying out that it was impossible to work with all that hammering going on, and make his escape to indulge for an hour in his favourite game.

He had gone off in this way one afternoon when Winnie came hurrying into the office in search of him. The dangerous symptoms had returned, and Mr. Halton, on being sent for, advised sending for Sir William —— immediately. With his note in her hand she came to look for Duke, and, not finding him, appealed to Johns, who had just come in.

"What shall I do?" she asked, piteously. "It will be a thousand pities to lose this train, for there is not another till the evening. Whom can I send?"

Percy Gray flung down his tools, and came forward, his face glowing, his eyes sparkling with suppressed eagerness.

"If you will trust *me*, Miss Graddon."

"Oh, so gladly!" she responded; and in a couple of minutes her instructions had been given, his jacket exchanged for a light coat, and he was hurrying away.

As he turned out of the gates he looked back. Winnie, her hands tightly clasped, the wind ruffling the soft curls on her forehead, was still standing at the office-door gazing after him. In all the long months that were destined to elapse ere he saw her again, how often her form recurred to his memory as he saw it then!

(*To be continued.*)

FIRST-FRUIT.

"IT will be ripe to-morrow."

"Oh no, Cathay, you tell us that every day. Strawberries don't ripen as fast as you suppose."

"But, Olie, the sun is shining very brightly," said little Meeta; "and I can almost see our berry growing red and soft. We have not settled whose it is to be. I saw it first."

"No, indeed," replied Cathay. "I have been watching it ever since it was a blossom. Haven't I, Olie?"

"Yes; but if I had not slipped a piece of slate under, to attract the sun, and keep off the snails, it never would have come to anything."

"We have all some claim then, so let us draw lots."

"If I win," said Oliver, "I'll give it to Cousin Ellen."

"Oh, she doesn't want it!" exclaimed Meeta. "I'd rather find some poor sick person. I remember how much I liked fruit last year when I was ill."

"And if I get the strawberry, I'll certainly bring it to mamma," said Cathay.

"And she 'll say, 'Eat it yourself, darling.'"

"But, Olie, I don't wish her to say that. However, when shall we draw the lots?"

"After tea; we will get mamma to hold them, that it may be all fairly done."

That evening the lots were drawn in due form, and little Meeta became the fortunate possessor of the first strawberry.

"Mamma, Cathay would have given it to you; but I think you won't be disappointed. You'd rather I gave it to some poor sick person."

"I would indeed, Meeta. Who is to have it?"

"I have not made up my mind. I was thinking of the lady who is ill at the hotel; but she is rich, and can get nice things for herself. Sally at the cottage would be better; but I know her mother often brings

her fruit. I want to find some one who has nobody to buy little treats for them."

"We don't know of such a case at present."

"Well, I can wait; the strawberry is not ripe yet."

Next day Oliver came home early from school. "I have got a half-holiday, girls," he said, "and if you like, I 'll take you a nice walk in the wood."

"Oh! that will be delightful!" cried Meeta, "but what about my strawberry?"

"Is it quite ripe?"

"Yes, and such a beauty; I 'll wait till evening, and then if I can't hear of anybody else, I 'll bring it to Sally."

"Yes, if the snails don't devour it meantime. After all, one strawberry wouldn't do a sick person much good."

"I have no more, Olie, and I think I 'd rather a friend brought me their own first berry than a whole leaf-ful later, for it would make me know they cared about me."

Soon the little party were on their way to the wood through sunny fields and pleasant green lanes.

"I say, Jem," said Oliver, as a boy came running towards them, "why are you in such a hurry? Stop a minute, and tell us if the gate into that field is locked?"

"I don't know, Master Oliver, for I came straight from home. I 'm running to the big house for granny; she 's at work there, and I want her to come back if she can, for that girl 's so bad I don't know what to do with her."

"What girl?" asked Cathay.

"Oh—Nelly, that came to us last week."

"I didn't hear of her; is she ill?"

"Yes, her father 's gone to look for something to do. She couldn't travel on with him, so granny said she 'd let her stay till he came back, because she knew her mother long ago."

"Is there any one with her now?" asked Meeta.

"Not a creature, miss, and I doubt granny will be able to come."

When Jem had passed on his way, Meeta suddenly exclaimed, "I 'll go home for the strawberry, and take it to that poor child. I 'm sure it just ripened to-day on purpose for her."

"If you do, you 'll lose your nice walk, We can't wait till you 've been to old Nan's cottage."

"Never mind me, I 'll get home by myself; it 's only a short way;" and off ran Meeta.

Soon the strawberry was gathered, and laid on a fresh leaf in a small work-basket; and taking a short cut through the fields, Meeta presently reached the cottage where Jem and his old grandmother lived.

Pausing for a moment at the door, a sound of low sobbing met her ears; then a few broken words. "No one now to care for me! Oh, mother, Joe!"

Entering softly, Meeta advanced to the bed, on which lay a little girl, white and worn.

"Don't cry, Nelly," said Meeta. "Are you very ill?"

The girl started, and raising herself, fixed her large, dark eyes wonderingly on the face of her unknown visitor.

"You never saw me before," continued Meeta, "but I 've brought you a nice ripe strawberry, the very first in our garden." And opening the basket, she held up the crimson berry before the eyes of the sick girl.

"You brought me that, and you know my name; who told you where I was?"

"I think God sent me, for I asked Him to show me who to give my strawberry to."

"Ah! I was afraid He had forgotten me."

"He never forgets. What made you think so?"

"Because it 's so lonely. Why does God take away all the people that love us?" and the poor girl's sobs burst out afresh.

Meeta had never seen anyone in such grief before, and longed to speak a word of comfort. She knew very well how wrong it was to imagine God could do anything unkind; yet, how could she bring herself to tell poor Nelly in her distress that everything happens for the best, and is for our good? Jesus never talked in that way to people who were in sorrow; He wept with those that wept. And so, taking the same plan, instinctively, she laid her hand gently on the sick girl's, and said, in a low voice and with streaming eyes, "Nelly, I'm very sorry for you!"

That was all, but the simple words, and, still more, the tears, went straight to the mourner's heart, and soothed and comforted her more than anything else could have done.

"I 'm not so lonesome now," she whispered, "since there 's some one cares enough to cry along with me; and I 'm sure God did send you."

"Yes, He cares for you too; and now tell me why you are so unhappy."

Then followed a sad story, poured out from a full heart, as it only can be to a sympathising listener.

How, after mother died, Joe was so good and kind to his little sister, and used to say that when he grew to be a man, and was able to earn money, she should come and live in his house, and he would take care of her and give her everything she wanted; but after a while Joe got ill, too, and because she was not well enough to nurse him, he was carried away to a hospital, and she never saw him again. Then father said he must go to the country and look for work, and he couldn't leave her behind by herself, though it was hard to bring a sick girl about; but she took so ill on the road he had to carry her to the nearest cottage, and the old woman said she might stay till he found a house to suit, and came back for her.

"I 'm only a trouble now, wherever I go," added Nelly; "there 's no one to love me."

"Yes, God loves you. He does not think you a trouble. He sees how lonely you are, and is sorry."

"How do you know that?"

"Because I read in the Bible that 'Jesus wept.'"

"Not for me though."

"It was with sisters who were mourning for a brother; and Jesus is always the same. But I hear some one coming; eat your strawberry before I go."

"It's very cool and nice; thank you for bringing it. Won't you come again and tell me more comforting things?"

Meeta promised, and, saying good-bye for the present, ran out into the fields, where the stream wound round by the farm-yard, to meet Cathay and Oliver, who had come to look for her.

All that evening Meeta's mind was full of the strange little girl to whom she had brought the strawberry, and she thought of many things she might have said, and verses and hymns she was sure Nelly would have liked.

"I will go with you to-morrow," her mother promised; "and you can bring a bunch of flowers from your own garden."

At the cottage door they were met by old Nan.

"Oh, ma'am, have you heard about Nelly? 'Twas awfully sudden. If I'd had a notion she was so bad, I wouldn't have let her father go."

"What do you mean?" asked Meeta.

"Why, miss, the poor thing died early this morning; and in the middle of the night she was talking of a young lady who brought her the first strawberry; and told her that Jesus loved her. 'And I know now that He does,' she said; 'for though He took mother and Joe away, they're only gone a little before to Him, and I'll soon be with them "at home over there."'"

Meeta could not cry, for she felt her heart full of a strange joy. Following her mother into the room, she strewed the fresh summer flowers over the lifeless form of little Nelly, thankful that God had thus blessed her simple efforts, and granted her this precious first-fruit. S. T. A. R.

GOOD DEEDS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

COMFORT FOR INCURABLES.

"HOPELESSLY disqualified for the duties of life." That is the sad certificate which opens the doors of this noble refuge to nearly 200 hapless and helpless sufferers, and provides them with all that gentle skill and true religious influence can furnish, to lighten their burden, and smooth their weary way to the quiet of the grave, and the infinite rest that lies beyond. The very word "incurable" suggests the absence of hope, and the perpetual presence of a gloom that may not be lifted; but the visitor to this true Bethesda for the most "impotent folk" will find no such Dantean inscription on its portals, and receive no such unrelieved impression as he passes to and fro among the many inmates of this cheerful Home. Here, if anywhere, is evidenced, so clearly as to "strike the sceptic dumb," the power of real religion to alleviate the gloomiest lot, and to triumph over the darkest ills of life. A visitor, recording his impressions of the place, writes, "I enter No. 5. It is a large room, occupied by five patients. The eye is at once arrested by a pale young woman on the right; her face wears an expression of constant, unrelieved pain. She is wasting away, and the trouble is aggravated by an ulcerated knee. 'Well, Miss J——, is the pain less?' She looks up, and shakes her head; she has not spoken for many years. 'You have comfort in your sufferings?' A smile lights up her thin face, and she turns her eye to a picture by the bedside. It is a sylvan scene of ideal beauty, crossed by sunny pathways, carpeted with flowers. Above is written, 'I WILL LEAD YOU IN PATHS THAT YE HAVE NOT KNOWN.'" "In No. 64 lies Bessie P——. She is deaf and blind, and almost dumb, and, to complete her isolation, she is the victim of hopeless paralysis. At a touch of the hand her countenance brightens, and Bessie mutters half-audible syllables of greeting. 'Who is it?' she says. I begin to spell my name on her fingers. She recognises me, and begins to chide me for staying away so long. For one so shut up to herself, Bessie is a happy creature. Her memory is richly stored with passages of Scripture. A friend, who had just lost a near relative, came to see her. 'Give Mr. A—— a text, Bessie,' said the matron, by the usual signs. Leaning down, he heard the almost inarticulate words, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.' I find Mr. G—— in his bed-room. Poor fellow! his is an affliction indeed, having lost the control of his limbs. To be always strapped in his chair, never able to lie down, no wonder at his grey hair and haggard looks. Yet my good friend has his consolations. He is a lover of mechanical occupation, and engages in some little bit of joinery; he is an earnest student of the Bible; and, lastly, a lover of his snuff-box. Mr. G—— and I are sure to find an excuse for a pleasant chat." Our limits will not permit us to do more than lift the veil for a moment, that the hale and active world outside may know somewhat of the life-long pain and weariness, the tender and beautiful lovingness which is *always* striving to lessen both, and the cheerful atmosphere of godly content and hope, which neither disease nor death can dissipate. Alas! the pitiful appeals of scores of poor helpless ones can have no response but the sorrowful "No," which is as the stroke of fate. There is not room. It is now resolved to build an additional wing. Let gratitude for health and strength supply the noble charity with abundant means!

MISSION WORK IN SHOREDITCH.

In a little tract written by a friend of Mr. Booth, and a sympathiser with him in his arduous but holy toil amongst the teeming populations that throng the narrow streets, courts, and alleys of Shoreditch, we gain a few startling glimpses of the rough and uphill work the evangelist has to do. It is by no means an easy matter to confront the unruly and excited mob that gathers in this district on a Sunday morning, when a kind of rag-fair is in full swing, and bird-fanciers, second-hand clothesmen, tripe-sellers, and similar gutter merchants are plying their vocation amid a perfect Babel of noise, in which oaths and blasphemies, foul words and fisticuffs, have prominent place. "We only lived a few doors off" the place of religious service, "and used to catch it hot," says a good woman who is herself a convert of the brave little mission. "The men would sit all along the pavement in front of the place with their pots of beer. I remember when I got my first shawl—before my conversion I hadn't any—it was spit on and torn. As we stood in the open air one day, a lad came with some hot pease-pudding and spread it right on a young man's face." Nevertheless, the rude but zealous band of converts, of which this good woman was one, was not easily to be daunted. They went out into the open air every night, marching through a distracting din of opposition. Kettle-beating, the singing of ribald songs, volleys of "winkle" shells, dead rats, and other artillery peculiar to the unsavoury locality, greeted them as they sung the songs of Zion. Even within the walls of the mean little preaching-room "behind the pigeon shop" they were subjected to all sorts of outrage. Petty thefts annoyed them; fruit, or anything else that came handy, was flung in the preacher's face, and no efforts were spared to beat the bold little mission band out of the field. But it is not easy to scare a band of men whose hearts the Lord hath touched, especially when most of them had been to the manner born, and before the time of their regeneration had been themselves foremost among the persecutors; and so they held their own, and gave their witness and spake out bravely for their Master. The annals of Christian history contains nothing more touching, nothing more pathetic, nothing that more thoroughly evidences the presence and power of Divine influence, than the story of the successes of these humble earnest workers in the weediest, stoniest, and most stubborn corner of the great vineyard committed for reclamation and tillage to the Church of Christ. Miserable creatures, the wives and daughters of desperate drunkards, the drunkards themselves, and many, many others of the baser sort, have been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth; and after years of testing and hard trial, amid the most unfavourable surroundings, are still found "clothed and in their right mind." And not only so, but these men and women gathered into godly combination from the homes and haunts of the most desperately depraved are at this day successful evangelists, toiling with no sense of weariness or spirit of retreat, amongst the rat-fighters, prize-fighters, bird-catchers, and thieves, from among whom they themselves were called, and are markedly successful in prosecuting a powerful evangelisation which expands in area and increases in intensity from day to day. Doubtless there is much, alike in their speech and mode of action, and in the character of their song and service, that would jar upon the feelings and offend the susceptibilities of good Christian people of another grade; but though the weapons be coarse and unshapen as the ox-goad of Shamgar, like it, they smite down the Philistines hip and thigh. Its demonstrated successes testify that the work is of God, and we may depend upon it that it cannot be overthrown. Rather let us be thankful for the existence of so potent an agency at work among the lowest and the worst, and bid the earnest, the unlettered evangelists a warm God speed.

PURE LITERATURE AMONG THE POSTAL AND TELEGRAPH EMPLOYÉS.

It is with much satisfaction that we call attention to an enterprise which has for its object the provision of instructive and pleasant reading for the numerous body of clerks, sorters, letter-carriers, boy messengers, and other employés in the Eastern postal district of the metropolis. As occasion served, we have gladly rendered what aid we could to this movement, and that such aid was well warranted is made abundantly clear by the last "report," which has just come to hand. In these days of School Boards and of almost universal education, the young folks will read something, and the sadly abundant supply of pernicious and depraving literature is exercising a very vicious and deplorable influence on the rising generation, as the annals of our police-courts painfully show. The little army of men and lads connected with the postal service have many spare, though brief, intervals in the course of their daily and nightly duty; and it was a happy thought which led, some two years ago, to the establishment of a central and branch circulating libraries of well-chosen and attractive books, and of reading-rooms, &c., for the behoof of this important and intelligent class of public servants. The central office in the Commercial Road has now a library of upwards of 2,000 volumes; branch libraries, largely fed in circulating fashion from the central source, are in operation at Poplar, Blackwall, Millwall, Victoria Docks, Bow, Stratford, Leyton, Leytonstone, Walthamstow, Plaistow, Aldgate, St. Katherine's Docks, Shoreditch, Bethnal Green, Hackney, Homerton, Dalston, and Clapton. For the small subscription of a penny, and in some cases a halfpenny, a week, a perpetual supply of improving and interesting reading is placed within reach of grateful and willing recipients, who avail themselves of the privilege to a really remarkable degree. The testimony is both abundant and emphatic that the "penny dreadfuls" and their mischievous tribe are not only at a discount, but that

the library and its pleasant adjuncts have completely beaten them out of the field. This is good news, and will surely lead to the multiplication of these pure fountains in every direction, so that the growing thirst for reading may be satisfied by an instructive and innocently recreative supply. In seven months upwards of 1,400 volumes of unexceptionable tone and tendency were read by the boys alone. The librarians and other officers of the institution perform their duties without fee or reward other than that which comes of "doing good." It is intended to combine other educational and improving agencies to the operations already carried on, and the secretary's appeal for helpful gifts in the shape of books and donations deserves to meet with a hearty and prompt response. Mr. F. H. Parsons, at the Eastern district office, will gratefully acknowledge the receipt of these and similar favours.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

Those who are at all acquainted with the chronic condition of the London streets, and with the manifold hardships to which "that noble animal, the horse," is subjected, will agree that there is great room for improvement Especially is this the case under certain aspects of the weather, when the pavement is rendered slippery by the moistness of the atmosphere or the sharpness of the frost. Had big burly Dr. Johnson lived in our days he would surely never have chosen such periods to say to either friend or enemy, "Let us take a walk down Fleet Street," for nothing can be more painful to a sensitive and sympathetic mind than the manifold miseries of the horses as they slip and sprawl, stumble and fall, on the treacherous road, in imminent danger of their lives. Our grateful task is to recognise and register "Good Deeds," and nobody will dispute that Miss Lisetta Rist, not long since deceased, thoroughly merits a eulogistic paragraph in these columns. This lady, who for forty-three years filled the post of organist in the Church of All Hallows Barking, Great Tower Street, has left a considerable fortune in the hands of trustees to be applied "for ever" to the distribution of gravel in steep and slippery London roadways. Neither was her humane considerations for the sorrows of the horse evidenced only in posthumous fashion. During her life she personally superintended the performance of this useful process, and paid for it from her own private purse. It was, and will continue to be, thanks to her thoughtful legacy, a "good deed" well done.

WONDERFUL HEALING.

We are quite sure that our readers will approve of an early mention of a second institution for the relief and cure of that too numerous class which, among the sons and daughters of affliction, is more heavily afflicted than any other—we mean the victims of paralysis and epilepsy. Surely there are none among the noble charities set on foot by Christian philanthropy which deserve so warm a welcome, and which should command more liberal support than those which seek to emancipate from the awful grip of a living death, those whose helplessness is a peremptory certificate for the utmost aid of that medical magic which can burst even their bonds and set them free! Such an institution, giving hope to the hopeless, and life to the practically dead, is that at 73, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square. Here the most painful and confirmed, the most distressing and chronic cases of nervous disease have been successfully coped with. In some cases an absolute cure has been the result; and most cases have been crowned with so full a measure of success, that those who appeared to be doomed to a life of weary dependence upon others have been able to earn their own livelihood, and even to provide for the wants of dependent ones.

One of the chief excellences of this valuable institution is the existence of a ward for paralysed children of tender years. One case out of many may be taken as a touching example of its beneficent influence.

A little child, aged one year and eight months, was so thoroughly paralysed from birth, that when laid down it was utterly unable either to turn itself or raise itself up. What an awful and life-long misery seemed to lie before it, and before those charged with such a helpless burden! With such success has this distressing case been treated, that it is even now comparatively cured, and bids fair to become a hale and active life, bearing its own burdens, and obtaining its own share of the enjoyments and gains of life! There is also the case of an adult, who, after eleven years of serious paralysis, has been so thoroughly restored as to pass out again, able to fulfil all the functions of an active and self-dependent career. We find that the agency of electricity is largely employed, and with the best effect, in these cases of nervous disease. When we add that the most skilful specialists to be found in all England give their attention and aid to the poor and helpless sufferers in this House of Mercy, we are certain that our readers will not be slow to give the West End Hospital for Paralysis and Epilepsy their hearty sympathy and, as we sincerely hope, their practical aid.

FOOD FOR THE HUNGRY CHILDREN.

The Christian Union Gospel Mission Association, which is doing a good work in quiet undemonstrative fashion among the London poor, and which announces that its operations are not limited either by parish boundaries or religious distinctions, is acting the part of good Samaritan to the hungry and starving children. At Grafton Hall, in the centre of the crowded denizens of Somers Town, a breakfast is given on Sunday mornings, and dinners twice a week, to the half-famishing waifs who are found in abundance in that locality. About two hundred of these, who bear their certificates of admission in their pinched wan faces and their

rags, are comfortably fed, and opportunity is thus given of speaking to them about good things, and seeking to further their moral and religious interests. In appealing for funds to carry on this benevolent business, the Mission asks also for cast-off clothing, which can be judiciously employed in clothing the comparatively naked.

A SOCIETY OF FRIENDLY YOUNG MEN.

An important and extensive scheme for the temporal and spiritual benefit of the young men of our country is being established throughout England. The archbishops, a number of bishops, and several laymen of the Church of England, are patrons of a "Young Men's Friendly Society," the objects of which are to help young men temporally and spiritually; to befriend them leaving home or moving from one place to another, and to protect them from evil influences; to help them to situations, and to promote among them a healthy tone of literature and amusement. It is intended to organise a branch of the Society in every rural deanery and urban parish, with a secretary at its head, and to establish minor branches in surrounding districts. All young men are to be welcomed, irrespective of creed or social position, and may be received as members on the payment of a shilling a year. We believe that a great blessing to the country may result from a liberal carrying out of the scheme. Every young man experiences a wretched loneliness when in a strange neighbourhood, and this Society will supply a felt want. Some one to hold out the hand of fellowship to a stranger, and by friendly counsel, sympathy, and introductions, will steady his conduct and keep him away from the snares of the tempter, and lead him in the paths of morality and religion. Unfortunately, there are hundreds, we might say thousands, of parishes where there is no suitable Bible-class for a young man to attend; no night-school, reading-room, or temperance union; and many institutions such as these will doubtless result wherever a branch of the Friendly Society is established. Therefore we heartily bid God speed to this noble work.

NATIVE AFRICAN MISSION INTO THE INTERIOR.

The mission commenced some time ago amongst that interesting and intelligent South African tribe known as the Basutos, by one or two brave European evangelists, is succeeding wondrously well. These messengers of truth went out much after the fashion of the seventy sent out by Christ, without staff or scrip, and with only one coat a-piece. Their moral heroism and faith in God have been rewarded by seeing native churches growing up all around. The most interesting item of news which has lately come to hand from thence, tells of the departure of a native band of converted Basuto teachers, who, under the guidance of a European evangelist, have penetrated as far as the Zambesi and the town of the chief of the Barotze tribe, in order to tell the saving news which brought light and light to them. While seeking an opening in quite a different locality and much nearer their own homes, they were repulsed by the Boers; a second effort, further away, was resisted by the Matabile chief. The result of these failures has been the opening of a door near the very heart of Africa, and, strange to say, similarity of dialect so far prevails that the Basuto missionaries can tell the willing people, in their own tongue, the wonderful works of God. Just when the mission was threatened with a severe check for want of funds, some sympathising friend sent a cheque for £1,000, which was gratefully regarded as a gift from God. While English missionary societies are holding committees, and cautiously feeling their way, it is very refreshing, and suggestive too, to know that a band of men, whose hearts the Lord hath touched, are already in the field, the very centre of the dark continent, and that nearly all of them are native to the soil.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

172. Quote a passage which shows the great effect St. Paul's preaching had against idolatry.

173. In whose writings do we find a most vivid account of the ravages committed by a plague of locusts?

174. What king issued a decree concerning the behaviour of wives towards their husbands?

175. What king was enriched by the wealth which king Solomon had lavished on the Temple?

176. During what famine was it that women are recorded to have eaten their own children?

177. Quote a passage which shows that the Jews had some kind of hardened iron equivalent to our steel.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 464.

161. One-fifth of the whole production of the land of Egypt (Gen. xli. 34).

162. Every seventh year from the time of the entry of the children of Israel into the land of Canaan, during which years the land was to be wholly uncultivated (Lev. xxv. 2—5).

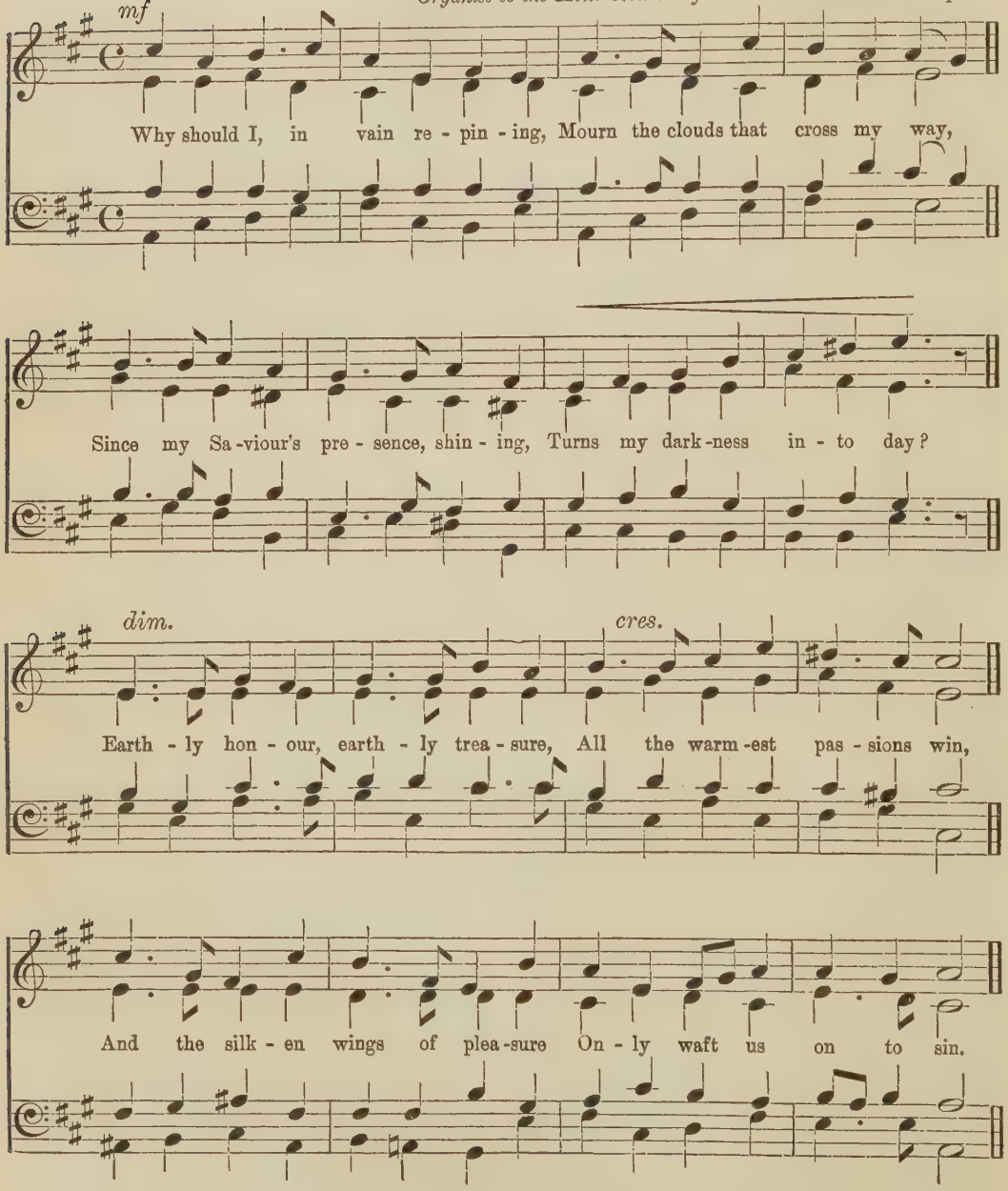
163. The failure of the Jewish exorcists to cast out devils, and the acknowledgment by the evil spirits of the authority of St. Paul (Acts xix. 13—20).

164. Baal-zebub, to which Ahaziah the king of Israel, sent to inquire as to his recovery from sickness (2 Kings i. 2).

165. The waters at Jericho, which were healed by casting salt therein (2 Kings ii. 19—22).

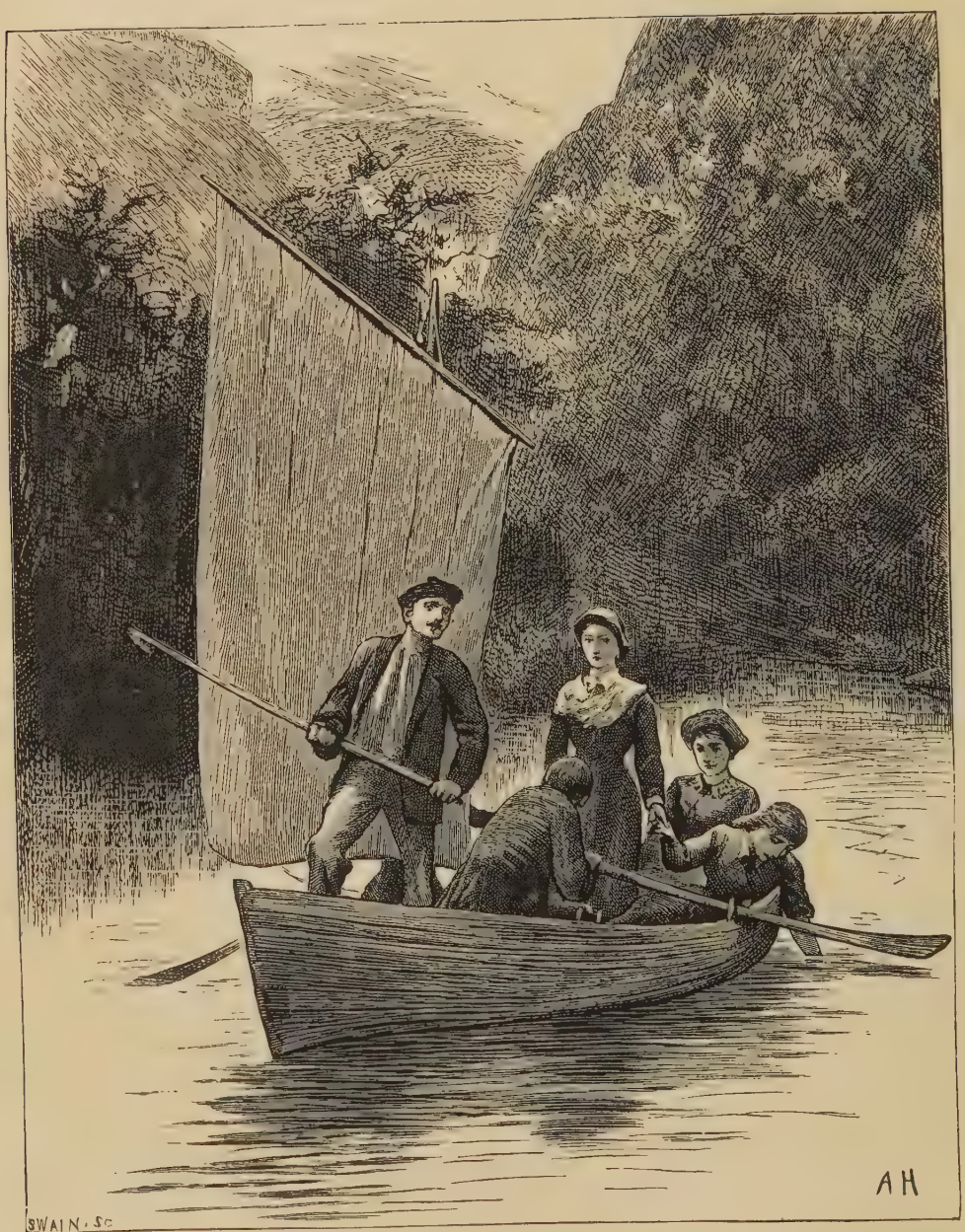
My Saviour's Presence.

Music by EDWARD J. HOPKINS,
Organist to the Hon. Societies of the Inner and Middle Temple.


mf
Why should I, in vain re - pin - ing, Mourn the clouds that cross my way,
Since my Sa - viour's pre - sence, shin - ing, Turns my dark - ness in - to day?
dim.
cres.
Earth - ly hon - our, earth - ly trea - sure, All the warm - est pas - sions win,
And the silk - en wings of plea - sure On - ly waft us on to sin.

But within the vale of sorrow,
All with tempests overblown,
Purer light and joy we borrow
From the face of God alone.

Welcome, then, each darker token—
Mercy sent it from above—
So the heart, subdued, not broken,
Bends in fear, and melts with love.



"Our boat moved down the river
With its fair and happy crew."

"'Oh, the weary trudge I've had,' she cried."—*p.* 498.

A RICH WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CRUST AND THE CAKE," "LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

"Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice."—WORDSWORTH.

THE usual movements of village life went on. The maid at the "Hatch Inn" came into the road-way, and threw some grain to her master's fowls. Then, with a whoop and a halloo, the boys rushed out of school. But still Chrystal Joyce watched the road from Ockholm Wood, only sometimes glancing back at the old clock ticking heavily behind the counter.

Presently the Joyces' serving-lad drove up in the light cart from his morning's delivery of goods at outlying farms and cottages.

"It's awfully hot, miss," he said, as he passed Chrystal, "the sun on Deerham Road is enough to give one a stroke."

But Chrystal stirred not from her post. The next arrival was the mail-carrier.

"Aren't you full early to-day?" asked Chrystal, as she went back into the shop with him, to hand him the letters she had laid in readiness.

"Not a bit of it," said he; "what with turning out of my way for the bags at Carre and Mapel, it will take me all my time to get into Deerham by five."

Chrystal gave him the letters, and followed him to the door, and again she shaded her eyes, and looked down the Ockholm road; but there it lay white, staring, and still in the hot sunshine.

The mail-carrier was off. The serving-boy began to unharness the horse.

"Let it stay in the cart for a little, Michael," said Miss Joyce; "I think I may want it."

Michael wondered, but obeyed. Chrystal left the door, and busied herself about the shop, locking some drawers, opening others, and setting well in sight some of the barest necessaries of her stock, such as tea, sugar, and bread. Next she went up-stairs, brought down her bonnet and shawl, and laid them in readiness in the parlour. Then she returned to the door-step.

The Ockholm road was no longer a desert. An old woman was toiling along it, with the scrambling, climbing step of one whose will outruns her strength. Her head was bowed, except that once or twice she looked towards the church, doubtless congratulating herself that the mail-carrier was not yet in view. When she caught sight of Chrystal she held up her hand with a letter in it.

"Oh, the weary trudge I've had!" she cried, "and I thought it would be for naught, after all. I expected I should just see the tail of the postman's coat whisk into Deerham Road as I came by the Hatch."

"How is he?" asked Chrystal.

"Can't live through to-morrow, doctor says, or this letter wouldn't be written, Miss Joyce. Dear, how he has stood out! What he has done to his folks or what they have done to him to make him this obstinate, 'taint for me to guess. I tried to get him to do it for my sake at last, seeing he seemed always so good-humoured and obliging."

"Who's with him now?" asked Chrystal.

"Only Dame Snelling's silly daughter," rejoined the old woman. "She can hand him a glass of water, an' that's all he'll want till I get home."

"Make haste back, then," said Chrystal, "and there's half a pound of tea to cheer you on through your watching."

And almost before the old woman had left the shop, Chrystal had put on her bonnet.

"I'm glad she never guessed the post had gone already," she reflected, "or she would have told him so, and however I had sent word that the letter should be in Deerham in time, he might not have trusted me."

"I am going into Deerham," said she to the wondering Michael. "You must mind the shop, and do the very best you can. Should your master come in while I'm out, tell him not to be frightened if I'm rather late."

A lovely road is Deerham Road when it first leaves Winds Haven. To its right lies a great pine wood, to its left a rich, waving valley. Presently the road closes in between high green banks, crowned by great trees, which stretch out their arms to each other across it. But at its best it is an up-hill and down-dale road, rather trying to drivers in haste. And as it nears Deerham the banks grow flat, and the trees few. And in winter the wind there is bleak and rough, and in summer the sun is very hard to bear. Chrystal was in the habit of saying that the Deerham Road saved her money—it made her think twice about buying a new gown or bonnet when she had to encounter its regions of heat or cold to procure them!

She hoped she might overtake the mail-carrier. Mounted behind her trusty old horse, she was almost sure to be in Deerham before him, but she might easily miss him on the way while he was making his asides to Carre and Mapel. It would not do for her to try to track him on those asides, that would probably only involve missing post-time at Deerham. But Chrystal devoutly hoped she might come upon him on the high road. For she was not in the habit of leaving home at this hour, and a hundred cares of housewife and tradeswoman crowded on her mind. Michael, for instance, had not been long in her service, and came of a rather scapegrace family, his sudden freedom might tempt him to dishonesty; and, anyhow, he would be sure to make mistakes. Then there were two big bowls of cream standing in the outhouse; Milly, that heedless serving-girl, would be almost sure to leave the door open, and give opportunity to some thievish cat. As for her father, he would not be alarmed at her absence, he had much such faith in her prudence and safety as very small children have in the prudence and safety of their parents; but what if the heavy clouds on the horizon should spread, and burst into a thunder-storm, and he should be soaked to the skin in the wood among his moles and ferns? True, dry clothes were all in readiness to his hand in his bed-room; but when would he think of such precautions if Chrystal were not there to remind him? Was she leaving her own duties—the duties expressly given to her by the Providence which had made her mistress over Michael and Milly, and daughter to Reuben Joyce—to take up other duties which, perhaps, did not belong to her, and whose exact end and aim she could not clearly see?

"No, no," she said; "there's a proportion in everything, as the doctor remarked when Mrs. Mutch

let her father die in a fit because, though she heard a heavy fall, she said she was stirring her pudding, and if she'd left it a minute it would have knotted. Who knows but the good Samaritan let some little business matter of his own in Jericho go wrong while he stayed picking up the wounded traveller?"

And then, for the first time, she bethought herself that she might as well look at the superscription of the letter she was so zealously furthering on its destination. The envelope was a cheap, common one, which had been sold over her own counter. The handwriting was so feeble and uncertain that it might have been that of a child or of an octogenarian. The letter was directed to "Mrs. Esslemont, The Corner House, Northgate, near London."

Chrystal was not without that peculiar shade of half-inquisitiveness which nearly all of us feel whenever we are deeply interested. "If that is his mother," she thought to herself, "either he has passed under an assumed name, or she has been a widow who has married again. 'The Corner House,' surely that must be an inn! I always fancied he was a gentleman, and so he certainly is, as far as education and ways go. Poor soul! Very likely, his mother invested all his father had left to bring up the boy well, and then I suppose he disappointed her, and the stepfather would be sure to be severe, and she would have to back him up and take part against her own heart. And I expect young Carewe could be proud and fierce enough in his own wilfulness, and not inclined to humble himself, little thinking how their hearts would have softened if his had. Oh dear! oh dear! when the prodigal son was repenting among the swine, he did not imagine that his father was standing at the gate watching for him. And yet the best of the father's love was in that patient waiting, and he would not have loved his son half as well if he had followed him about and worried him to come home before his heart longed for it, and he was ready to say, 'Father, I have sinned.' But oh, the waiting is a hard, hard lot!" And the hot tears welled into Chrystal's kind blue eyes, and there came one of those deep sighs which means a memory or a prayer.

Chrystal was hot, and faint, and flushed when she reached Deerham, and after she had dropped her letter into the post-office she thought she would drive round to the High Street and beg a glass of milk and a bun from an old acquaintance who kept a shop there. She found the High Street at the height of the sleepy activity possible to it. One of the local gentry had just driven up his four-in-hand, and the tradesmen were lounging at the doors to watch it, as if it were a new and unfamiliar sight. Two or three horses were harnessed in front of the "White Horse" inn, and as Chrystal drove leisurely past, she heard the ostler say to a coachman, "Why, Jem, this ain't your governor's regular day for London."

"No, it isn't," the other rejoined, "but he's made up his mind to hear the Chancellor speak to-night, and he doesn't spare trouble when he's got an object in view."

"Doesn't spare trouble when he has an object in view." At that moment Deerham Church, standing among its crowd of graves, loomed on Chrystal's sight, with its solemn suggestion of the finis of all mortal effort, the baffling and hushing of all mortal yearning. Within a few hours, in an old cottage in Ockholm Wood, a young life might end in bitter loneliness, haply leaving fond hearts behind gnawed with a hungry pain nothing in life could satisfy. That letter could not reach its destination till the following morning; with the utmost promptitude its mandate could not be obeyed till a few hours later. Besides, who could tell whether its proud writer had fully expressed the need there was for haste? And such need might be even greater than it seemed. The doctor had said his patient could not outlive to-morrow. Certainly that did not make it unlikely that he should die to-night.

"I'll go off to London at once," resolved Chrystal, shaking off the lassitude which was overcoming her. "Nobody can have an object better worth trouble than mine is, for all their politics and finances and speechifyings are only worth anything as far as they make it easier for us all to live together in peace and love. I'm glad that I posted young Carewe's letter, because if I can't find the place, or if the people are out, or any such accident, it will be still making its way as quickly as it can. From what that ostler said, there must be a train starting for London soon. So I'll go round to Sophy's shop, and ask the exact time, and get her to lend me her boy to drive back the horse and cart from the station to Winds Haven, and take word home that I am sure to be a great deal later than I expected when I left. And oh, I do hope Sophy will have a little milk at hand!"

Sophy was standing at her door, like a figure in a picture whose painter has not proportioned his subject to his canvas. For the door was very small, and Sophy was very big—a jolly woman whose one emotional expression was laughter. She laughed all over when she saw Chrystal Joyce.

"How are you, Sophy? And when's the next train for London?" said Chrystal.

"That's meant for 'how d'ye do' and 'good-bye' with a vengeance," answered Sophy. "It'll be off in ten minutes, and it'll take ye eight to get to the station."

"Will you let your boy come with me, and drive the cart home?" asked Chrystal. "I didn't expect to go further than this when I left Winds Haven."

"An' you're not to go further than this on your way home without stopping," interrupted Sophy. "Yes, the boy's at your service. Is there anything I could give you? Take a milk-roll to eat in the train."

"Thanks," said Chrystal, rather faintly, "but—have you any milk?"

"No, Miss Joyce, I haven't. You know whose money is in my stock, and I'm not going to cheat you by letting it change to sour milk or rotten fruit.

I'll keep nothing in stock just now that I can't at least live on myself when it is past selling. This weather punishes things dreadful. Can you take a glass of water?"

"No, I'm too hot," said Chrystal, instinctively too unselfish to relieve any inconvenience by running risk of illness with its consequent disablement and burdensomeness. "I must be off at once, now. Let your Sam run after me to the station. I'll give the horse to somebody there to hold till he comes."

Of course Chrystal travelled third-class. She had never travelled in any other way, except once, when she was going to a cousin's wedding, and wore a white muslin gown, whose purity she wished to keep unsullied for the ceremony. But her own personal errands were so few that she certainly might have travelled second-class on every one of them for the sum which she had spent in going on other people's business at her own expense. There are some people born to pay for themselves and for others, and some who are born to be paid for. And these last generally get the sweetest dish and the softest cushion. Independence is a possession hard to get and harder to keep. And generosity is a luxury which is apt to make a clean sweep of other luxuries.

Chrystal would not have minded the hard bare seat, but her instincts of cleanliness were as refined as those of any lady in the land. Indeed, folks like her, who do their own household work, often attain an ideal of nicety quite beyond that of those who depend on the messy "eye-service" of the modern servant. She hated closeness and tobacco smoke, but it never occurred to her to pity herself for encountering them. She did not divert or insult her fellow-travellers by drawing her neat alpaca dress aside from their soiled smocks or dirty gowns. She helped everybody to settle down into places, packed away bundles, explained time tables, and then—went to sleep.

Stifling and dusty seemed the London streets after the green slopes of Winds Haven. Chrystal did not know much urban topography, but just enough to have some idea that Northgate was a suburb reached through the eastern quarter. A policeman found her the right omnibus, and in half an hour's time it put her down at the corner of Northgate Green. Her inquiries of the conductor and of her fellow-passengers as to the exact whereabouts of the "Corner House" were quite fruitless. The conductor guessed "it might be one of them big houses about the side of the Forest, but he never knowed their names, and she had better ask in a shop. He was sure it wasn't a public, he'd have knowed that."

The thought of the "big house" gave Chrystal a little sinking at the heart. She had allowed her fancy to dwell too much on the picture of the motherly hostess of a wholesome little inn.

"But whatever this Mrs. Esslemont is, she's a woman," Chrystal consoled herself; "and a lady ought to be woman twice over."

She repeated her question in vain in one or two little shops, the only shops she could see—small establishments for the sale of oranges and ginger-beer, and certainly very little likely to have any connection with a "big house." At last a baker's man, coming along the road with a tray of tarts, volunteered to guide her.

"I'm going as far as the corner myself," he said, "and then you can't miss it, for there it is, and that's why it's called the 'Corner House.'"

"Is it the only house there?" asked Chrystal.

"Why, yes, it stands in its own grounds. The old gentleman is one of the richest men hereabouts, and I reckon that's how it is he got a young wife. You don't hear of gals marrying poor old men!"

Chrystal walked on in silence for a few minutes. She wondered whether "Mrs. Esslemont" might be the housekeeper at this grand mansion. As her companion seemed inclined to unfavourable comment on the Corner household, she was not inclined to put any question which might excite his curiosity as to herself or her errand. At last she hit on one which compromised nothing.

"Who was the young lady before she was married?" she asked.

"A Miss Carewe," said the baker. "She came of very high-flying folk, who had not a penny to bless themselves with. There's the house. The gate will be very likely locked by this time, but you must ring the bell, and the woman at the lodge will let you in."

Chrystal thanked her informant, and hurried forward. The man had explained enough to lead her to the conclusion that "Mrs. Esslemont" was a married sister of the poor youth who lay dying in the moss-grown cottage in Ockholm Wood.

The woman at the lodge let her pass, with a dubious look at her thrifty dress, and the remark that she "reckoned Mrs. Esslemont might be engaged." In the great marble paved hall the men-servants at once asserted that she was so. The house was pervaded by a smell of dinner, and silver covers were being carried to and fro.

"This ain't an hour to expect to see ladies," advised the butler, probably judging Chrystal to be a dressmaker or a collector for some charitable institution.

"I know that," Chrystal answered quite meekly; "but I have come about business which cannot be delayed. I have travelled thirty miles that Mrs. Esslemont may hear of it to-night."

The man's manner softened a little. "The master is that particular," he said, "that it might be as much as our place is worth if we announced that somebody was wanting to speak with any of the family at an hour when promiscuous folks is not expected. Are you quite sure it is so very pressing to Mrs. Esslemont? It ain't anything about yourself, now, is it? Because it may be pressing to you, and nothing at all to her, d'ye see?"

"I quite understand," replied Chrystal. "The business is nothing to do with me, beyond it's being

my duty to bring word of it to your lady. If she is at dinner now, and you are afraid to interrupt, I can wait till you can venture on disturbing her, only I, who know what I have to say, think that when she knows it too, then the less hindrance there has been the better will she be pleased."

The butler took a long look at Chrystal. There is a dignity in determination and calmness. He began to doubt his first estimate of her as "only a common woman."

"Well," he said, "you just sit down here, and I'll do my very best."

Chrystal was glad enough to "sit down," though she could not help wondering whether even a few minutes' delay might not cause the loss of the trains back to Ockholm, but she dismissed the fear with the reflection that horses would be easily at the command of people as rich as these.

More than half an hour passed before there was a general stir in one of the apartments, and then a lady crossed the back of the hall, and the butler came up and said, "Mrs. Esslemont will speak with you in the little study."

Chrystal had certainly never before been in such a room as that "little study," though she had been in many of the squire's houses round Winds Haven—spacious, rambling places, full of old oak and Russia leather, and such solid comfort as is apt to surround those who have daily demands made on them for something apart from luxurious personal tastes. Her after description of that "little study" was that it was "like a museum," which was the utmost appreciation her innocence could give to its stores of Nankeen blue, its old etchings, and its cases of cameos. A bronze lamp, burning softly beneath a violet shade, cast a subdued light around. And the only thing Chrystal could see very clearly was a small white hand, sparkling with jewels, which was laid gently on the table, while a voice, cold and regulated in its very softness, said, "I am Mrs. Esslemont. What do you wish with me?"

(To be continued.)

"GREAT IS THY FAITH."

BY THE REV. C. J. ELLIOTT, M.A., VICAR OF WINKFIELD, WINDSOR; HON. CANON OF CHRISTCHURCH, OXFORD.

IT is on the border land of Canaan that we meet with two of the most striking instances recorded in Holy Scripture of the exercise of strong faith, and of the answer given to persevering prayer. I refer to the account which we read in Genesis of the wrestling of the angel of the covenant with Jacob, and to the account given by St. Matthew and St. Mark of the healing of the daughter of the Syro-Phenician woman. And it is deserving of our notice that these two instances of the prevailing efficacy of the prayer of faith present points of strong resemblance, more especially in these respects that in each case the faith of the recipient was exposed to a severe test, and that in the issue the greatness of the blessing bestowed was in exact proportion to the severity of the trial which the suppliant had undergone.

It was either on the very verge of the Land of Promise, or, as some think, within the precincts of Phenicia, that our Lord appears to have withdrawn from the tumultuous excitement which attended His progress through Galilee, for the sake of obtaining temporary privacy and repose. But even here the fame of Him whose "name is as ointment poured forth" could not be concealed. The tidings of His presence soon reached the ears of one of the inhabitants of the land, who had doubtless heard of His mighty works, and whose young daughter was under the dominion of an unclean spirit (St. Mark vii. 25). This woman was, as St. Matthew describes her, "a woman of Canaan," or, as St. Mark more fully describes her, "a Greek," *i.e.*, a heathen, "a Syro-Phenician by nation." She was, then, a descendant of one of those old Canaanitish nations which were to have been utterly extirpated when the Israelites entered into the Land of Promise, and, as such, she had no part nor lot in the promises or in the blessings of the chosen people. But though not, like Jacob, a descendant of Abraham's loins, she was equally with him, an inheritor of Abraham's faith. It may be that she had heard of the visit of the wise men from the East to the birth-place of their Lord, or of the journey through Samaria, and the results of the conversation with the woman of Samaria at Jacob's well, and had been thereby encouraged to hope that some drops of the dew which had fallen so abundantly on the mountains of Zion might water also the parched fleece of the Gentiles. Be this as it may, no sooner had this Canaanitish woman heard of the arrival of the Great Physician on the borders of her land, than she was inwardly moved to seek for her child the exercise of that healing virtue which had been so conspicuously displayed in the regions of Galilee; and, however unconscious she may have been of her claim to a share in those promises which were to be fulfilled in and by Abraham's "seed," she fell as a suppliant at the feet of Him in whom not the Jews only, but all the nations of the earth, shall eventually be blessed: "And, behold, a woman of Canaan came out of the same coasts, and cried unto Him, saying, Have mercy upon me, O Lord, thou Son of David; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil" (St. Matt. xv. 22).

The reception with which the prayer of this Canaanitish woman met, presents a strange contrast to the prevailing character of our Lord's earthly ministry. "But He answered her not a word." Widely different was the reception which others had experienced, whose need of help was not greater than was that of this poor Canaanite, whose faith was less strong, and whose supplications were less earnest. The leper who addressed our Lord on His descent from the Mount of Beatitudes did but utter the words, "Lord, if Thou wilt Thou canst make me clean;" and immediately we read, "Jesus put forth His hand and touched him, saying, I will; be thou clean" (St. Matt. viii. 2, 3). When the Roman centurion besought our Lord on behalf of his sick servant, a reply of mercy exceeding in its amplitude the terms of the request was at once returned to his petition, "I will come and heal him" (St. Matt. viii. 7). Nay, more, in the verses which in St. Matthew's Gospel immediately follow the account of the Syro-Phenician woman, we read of great multitudes coming to Christ, having with them the lame, the blind, the dumb, and the maimed; and though no words of supplication are recorded as accompanying the act of casting them down at our Lord's feet, it is added—and the words seem to imply that none failed to obtain the blessing which they needed—"And He healed them" (St. Matt. xv. 30).

Now it might have seemed that the circumstances of this Canaanitish woman, so far from calling for the repulse which she experienced, were calculated rather to ensure the ready aid of One who had come to seek and to save the lost. But where strong faith is bestowed, there it pleases God, for the most part, to suffer that faith to be severely tried; and where a large blessing is reserved in store, it must be sought by fervent prayer, and waited for in patient expectation.

It was thus with Abraham, the father of the faithful. Bitter was the trial to which his faith was exposed, but great was the reward with which the trial of that faith was crowned. We know not whether it was permitted to Abraham, as one of the great cloud of witnesses, to be present in spirit at the trial of the faith of the Syro-Phenician woman. We know, indeed, that he did in a real sense, though in an imperfect measure, behold by faith the Messiah's day, as seen through the vista of intervening ages. And if the spirits of the just made perfect are permitted to rejoice with unfallen angels in the repentance of sinners, and in the victories of saints, then how greatly must Abraham have rejoiced in spirit as he witnessed the persevering suit of this inheritor of his faith, and as he reaped, in a harvest of spiritual consolation, the fruits of that bitter struggle which he had himself experienced.

We must now proceed to trace the successive stages of the conflict through which the Canaanitish woman was called to pass. As yet no word had escaped the lips of Him to whom "the tongue of the learned" had been given for this very end that He should "know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary." The cries of the suppliant were met with no response; and the prayer of the disciples for her dismissal—whether it did, or did not involve a request that her suit might be granted—appears to have proceeded from no higher motive than that which prevailed with the unrighteous judge, *viz.*, that they might be rid of her importunity—"Send her away, for she crieth after us."

Up to this time neither the cries of the suppliant herself, nor the solicitation of the disciples on her behalf appeared to move Him to whom they were addressed; "But He answered, and said, I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel" (St. Matt. xv. 24). These words, spoken to one who belonged to a race whose ancestors had been driven out by the victorious hosts of Israel, and of which it had been foretold by the prophet Zechariah that when the Messiah should be king over all the earth, the Canaanite should no more be found in the house of the Lord of Hosts (Zech. xiv. 21), might well have been regarded as a final refusal of her prayer, and as the death-blow to all her expectations. They were not so regarded, however, by this woman of Canaan.

Our Lord, according to St. Mark's account, appears by this time to have entered a house. It may be that hitherto the Canaanitish woman had been content to remain without, invoking with a loud voice that boon which she so earnestly desired. Be this as it may, we learn from St. Matthew's Gospel that at this point, instead of abandoning her object in despair, she was attracted nearer to Him on whom all her hope of relief from overwhelming sorrow was fixed, "Then came she," we read, "and worshipped Him, saying, Lord help me" (St. Matt. xv. 25). But again her expectations were doomed to disappointment. It may be that the simple repast was already laid upon the table, and our Lord, who was in the habit of taking advantage of surrounding earthly objects to enforce the lessons which He taught, addressed the Canaanitish woman in words which seemed to combine national antipathy to her race with a determination to reject her petition, "But He answered, and said, It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs" (ver. 26). Words such as these sounded like a final rejection of the suppliant's prayer; and we should have expected to read of the departure of the Canaanitish woman in sorrow, like the young man who had great riches, or in a rage, like Naaman, when the prophet sent him to wash in Jordan, seeing that her cries for help had been unheeded, and her reiterated supplications had been answered by

reproaches. But instead of being thus repelled from Christ's presence, the Syro-Phenician woman, like wrestling Jacob, was more closely drawn to Him who seemed for a while to have become her adversary. As in the case of Jacob, there was given to her that strong faith which could discern beneath the apparent *nay*, the disguised, but true *yea;* and she was enabled to convert the very words of the seemingly stern and inexorable repulse into a strong and prevailing argument, whereby she might obtain the object of her suit, "Truth, Lord, yet (or rather, *for even*) the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table."

And now the true Joseph could no longer restrain Himself before His brethren, or make Himself strange to His suppliant. Now the great Angel of the Covenant could no longer withhold the blessing from this true heir of wrestling Jacob's faith and importunity. Now was made manifest the end for which the desired blessing had been so long withheld. Now it was seen why the faith of this Canaanitish woman had been so sorely exercised; and, in the words which were then addressed to her, there was given to the Church at large, and to each tried and tempted believer in particular, strong encouragement to emulate the example thus afforded to persevering prayer, and in the end to reap the blessing which Christ ever waits to bestow upon like precious faith. "Then Jesus answered, and said unto her, O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt" (St. Matt. xv. 28).

The lessons which may be learnt from the history of this Syro-Phenician woman are plain and simple.

(1) This history commends itself to the special consideration of Christian parents, and to the heads of Christian families. We almost overlook the fact —as we mark the importunity of this Canaanitish woman—that, however great the blessing which she ultimately obtained for herself, it was not on behalf of herself, but of her child, that she had recourse to the Great Physician. So entirely did the affections of this fond mother centre in her beloved and afflicted child—the more tenderly beloved because so severely afflicted—that her child's case is represented as her own; and whilst supplicating mercy for her child, she seems to supplicate, and she does, in fact, supplicate mercy for herself. "Have mercy (she exclaims) on me, . . . my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil." In this respect, the conduct of this Canaanitish woman affords both an example and also an encouragement to Christian parents. It affords an example how parents and the heads of families should carry the temporal and the spiritual wants of their families, and of their households, to the throne of grace; and it holds out abundant encouragement thus to make known their wants unto the Lord, in order that unto them, as to the Syro-Phenician woman, it may be done according to their faith.

The next lesson which we learn from the history of this Canaanitish woman, is the lesson of humility.

We observe in the conduct of this Canaanitish woman no claim preferred for mercy but that which was derived from her need of its exercise; no unwillingness to be classed amongst the lowest and meanest of the human race, if only she might partake of that free bounty from which the meanest were not excluded. There must be the like conviction of our own misery, and the like readiness, on our part, to sue for mercy, even as the very chief of sinners; and it is when most conscious of our own unworthiness to gather up so much as the crumbs which fall from the Master's table, that we shall experience, in the largest and fullest measure, that it is the nature and property of Christ always to have mercy.

Once more, the history of this Canaanitish woman affords a striking illustration of the exercise of strong faith, and a powerful and persuasive encouragement to fervent and persevering prayer. We observe in the conduct of this Syro-Phenician woman, an exhibition of the same steadfast resolution to prolong her suit until she had obtained her request, which found its utterance in the case of Jacob in those remarkable words, "I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me." And, as in the case of Jacob, the same mysterious stranger who appeared to him under the form of a man or an angel, whilst assuming the appearance of an adversary, and arresting his onward progress, inspired him with strength to prolong the unequal contest until the wrestling Jacob became the victorious Israel, even so the same Covenant Angel, no longer as of old assuming the form of man, but actually arrayed in mortal flesh, whilst withholding for a time from the Canaanitish woman the blessing which she sought, endued her with inward strength and perseverance until she had attained it.

Once more, it behoves us to remember that whilst the miracle wrought in behalf of the woman of Canaan must be regarded as prophetical of the blessings which were reserved in store for the Gentile world, it must be regarded also as typical of the manner in which those blessings were to be bestowed. It is true indeed that the cases of Jacob and of the Canaanitish woman present themselves to our view accompanied by some extraordinary outward incidents. It behoves us, however, to remember at the same time that they must be regarded, to a certain extent, as types of God's ordinary dealings with His people. The Psalms testify in a remarkable manner to similar experiences of the writers. "I am weary of my crying," writes one of the Psalmists, "my throat is dried: mine eyes fail while I wait for my God" (Ps. lxix. 3). Another Psalmist writes thus, "I

wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in His word do I hope" (Ps. cxxx. 5). Again, the prophet Jeremiah gives utterance to the same experiences as those of the Canaanitish woman in these striking terms: "Thou hast covered thyself with a cloud, that our prayer should not pass through" (Lam. iii. 44); and again, "Also when I cry and shout, He shutteth out my prayer" (iii. 8).

These and the like testimonies show that in all ages God's dealings with His people have partaken of the same character. He hides himself from them for a time, that He may encourage them to wait upon Him more diligently. He withholds from them for a time the blessings which they most need, that they may be incited to greater earnestness in seeking them, and that in the end He may bestow them in greater abundance.

Whatever, then, may be the nature or the number of those obstacles which surround and which impede us—whether they be outward obstacles, as in the case of the paralytic who could not be brought near to Christ by reason of the multitude—or whether they arise from the opposition of others, as in the case of the blind man at the entrance of Jericho—or whether, as in the case of Jacob and of the Canaanitish woman, they be trials of our faith ordained in wisdom and in love by the great Healer Himself to incite His people to stronger faith and to more persevering prayer, it behoves us to emulate the zeal and the ardour of the three mighty ones of David's host, and in that strength with which David's son and David's Lord ever inspires His own elect, to break through the ranks of opposing foes, and thus gaining access to the true well of Bethlehem, to draw water with joy from the well-springs of salvation.

HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST IN THE WINNING," "FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE."

CHAPTER XVII.

AT THE STATION.

SCARCELY had Percy disappeared, when Duke Averne came sauntering across the builder's yard. He quickened his steps as soon as he caught sight of his cousin's anxious face, and with some embarrassment accosted her.

"Has any one wanted me? It 's odd that people always contrive to time their calls at the wrong minute. What is it, Winnie?"

He was seriously annoyed when, in few words—for she was in haste to be gone—she told him how he had been sought in vain, and another messenger despatched to town in his stead. Duke felt like a petulant schoolboy defrauded of a long-promised pleasure, and it was well that his cousin left him directly, for he was ready to quarrel with her for what she had done, and stood sulkily kicking up the gravel, till a bright thought struck him.

"It may not be too late to overtake my substitute!" he exclaimed. "That train is seldom punctual, and I am a good runner; I can easily do the distance from here to the station in less than eight minutes. Of course I am the fittest person to go. Winnie must have been mad to send some hulking labourer. What would Sir William think of us?"

Percy had taken his ticket, and was just going to cross the bridge to the further platform at which the train was now drawing up, when Duke, panting with haste, dashed through the station, caught him by the shoulder, and swung him round.

"Oh, it 's you, Gray, is it?" he cried. "So I was but just in time. Where 's the note?"

"What note?" asked Percy, contracting his brows, for he was beginning to divine why the young man was here, and hated him for it. Could he, who was free to talk to Winnie Graddon whenever he pleased, to walk with her, to sit by her side and listen to the melody of her soft sweet voice, could he be selfish enough to begrudge to another the trifling pleasure of doing an errand that would win for him her thanks?

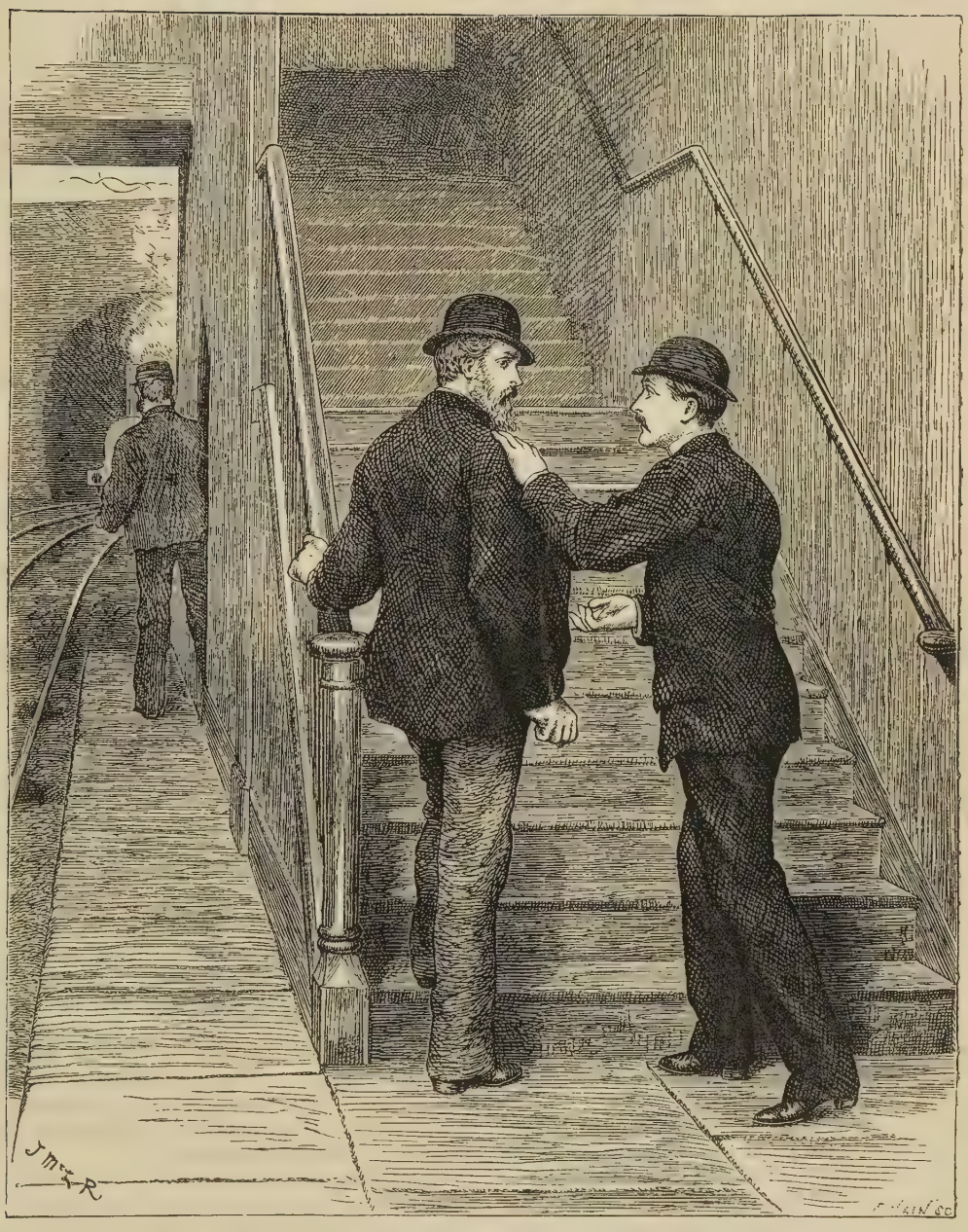
"Mr. Halton's note to the physician of course!" answered Duke, impatiently. "Where is it? Don't hinder me! Can't you see there isn't a moment to lose?"

"Miss Graddon gave that note to *me*, and bade me deliver it." And as Percy finished speaking, he set his teeth in his lip, and bestowed a look on Duke Averne, which, however, the latter was in too much haste to notice.

"Yes, yes, I know all about that, but it is I who intend to fetch Sir William, and you can go back to your work. Don't be afraid, you shan't lose anything by it."

Percy put his hand into his vest—not to produce the precious missive, but to thrust it deeper down into his pocket. The sudden appearance and demand of Duke had roused him into a savage humour, and he was ready to openly defy him.

Duke glanced at the porters, who were putting the last packages into the guard's van and shutting doors of compartments, and, perceiving this, he uttered an invective on Percy's tardiness.



"'What note?' asked Percy, contracting his brows."—*p.* 504.

"You stupid oaf, don't you see I shall be left behind if you keep me waiting any longer. The note, I say! Surely you have not been dolt enough to lose it!"

The guard blew his whistle; and Duke, aware that not a moment was to be lost, thought it would be better to proceed without his credentials than to be left behind. Releasing Percy, he ran to the edge of the platform, and would have crossed the line heedless of the notice forbidding it or the warning shouts of some bystanders, for in his excitement he was blind and deaf to the fact that another train was approaching. With his eyes and thoughts fixed on the one he was so anxious not to lose, he failed to understand how it was that some one, in whose not very gentle grip he vainly struggled, bore him back and flung him on the platform, from which he had no sooner risen than others caught and held him till he was calmer.

"You have had a very narrow escape, sir," exclaimed the station-master, in reply to his angry inquiries why he was treated in this manner, "and you may thank that brave young fellow for it; not but what he was as reckless as yourself."

Did they mean Percy Gray? Where was he?

A porter, who heard the question, pointed to the receding train. Percy had no sooner dragged Duke back than he made that same venture himself, a little more warily perhaps, and with greater consciousness of the peril he was incurring.

Flying along the platform, so as to head the train just coming in, he leaped towards the one going out, and as its speed was not very great, he succeeded in catching hold of the frame of an open window, and raising himself on to the footboard. Through this window he was speedily dragged by the occupants of the compartment, a couple of half-tipsy sailors, who loudly commended his "pluck," and tried to force upon him some of the liquor they carried in a case-bottle, till he astonished them by slipping down on the floor in a swoon.

From this he was soon aroused by their clumsy efforts to raise and revive him. He had acted like a madman, and was paying the penalty of his folly, for there was a pain in his side so acute that it made every breath he drew, every movement he attempted, absolute torture. He could no longer doubt that he must have been struck by some projecting part of the engine, although he had not been aware of the injury at the time of receiving it.

However, he bore up manfully; assured himself that it was only the smell of the spirits the sailors continued to press upon him that caused the faintness he still found it difficult to shake off, and tried to find comfort in the thought that if it was only a bruise from which he was suffering the pain would gradually subside. Anyhow, he had succeeded in keeping the letter, and thwarting Duke Averne. In spite of the latter's most exasperating interference, he should be able to do Winnie's bidding, and win her sweet smile for his pains.

But when he reached the London terminus the sharp throbbing pain was still there, blanching his lips with agony, in spite of his efforts to bear it heroically; and as he alighted from the carriage, large drops stood on his brow, so great was the torture he was enduring. It cost him indescribable pangs to walk along the busy platform and to refrain from crying out whenever a passer-by jostled against him, but a draught of water at a drinking fountain just outside the station revived him, and, hailing a cab, he drove at once to Sir William's.

Fortunately the great physician was at home, and disengaged. He read Mr. Halton's epistle and asked a few questions, eyeing the bearer the while, as if professionally engaged in discovering what could be causing his colour to come and go, and such spasms to contract his features.

After inquiring the time of the trains, &c., Sir William decided to start at once, and rang for his carriage; then inquired sharply of Percy, "And you, what are you going to do? Return with me? But are you capable of it? What's the matter with you? something serious, eh?"

The young man tried to answer coherently, but the deathly sickness with which he had been wrestling ever since his arrival could be kept at bay no longer. "A blow—the engine—my side—" was all he could say; and then he remembered nothing distinctly for some hours, except hearing some one observe, "A surgical case; better take him to St. Bartholomew's Hospital."

And it was in a ward of that noble institution he found himself, when the fresh tortures inflicted by the surgeons brought him back to life.

"A couple of broken ribs," he was cheerfully told, "would compel him to take a holiday for a week or two;" but in his present state of exhaustion it was not considered prudent to add that there was also some injury to the spine that complicated the case, and might render his recovery a protracted one. For the first time since his early childhood Percy Gray was ill and helpless; the great muscular strength that had made Duke Averne a child in his hands was of no use to him now; and, as his thoughts recurred to his distant home and Winnie, he began to ask himself with a shudder whether he had not looked his last at both.

This dread haunted him all through the long wakeful night; it deepened in the morning when the visiting surgeons gathered about his bed, and he gleaned from their conversation that his hurts were not as slight as he had supposed.

Yesterday full of vigour, driving his saw through a sturdy bit of oak, and dreaming the while of the schemes and plans of which his busy brain was so full; to-day—ah, the contrast was too depressing to be dwelt on!

"Shall I recover?" he demanded, hoarsely, his dilated eyes searching for a reply in the faces about his bed; and though some one promptly said, "Oh yes; why not?" it did not impart much comfort. His mind did not regain its tone till a partial

cessation of pain had enabled him to get some sleep, and he had been still further refreshed by the beef-tea the nurse or sister, who had watched for his awakening, compelled him to swallow.

Although he was still languid and helpless, with the cold blank walls of the ward striking a chill to his heart every time he looked at them, he was in a more hopeful mood; he could smile at a little joke the nurse made as she lingered beside him; he thankfully availed himself of her offer to write to his friends; and when a note had been despatched to the worthy couple who kept house for him, commending everything to their care till he could return to them, he was sufficiently at his ease to take a survey of his companions.

In the next bed on his right hand lay a bricklayer, who had fallen from a scaffold on which he was working—a small, spare man, whose head was still half covered with strapping and bandages, though he told Percy, as soon as he caught his eye, that he had been pronounced out of danger some days since. He gave him a fuller account of the accident and his subsequent sufferings than his sensitive auditor cared to hear, and finished up with a fervent hope that he should soon be able to leave "that hole" for his own home.

"Haven't you been kindly treated here?" was the inquiry this announcement very naturally elicited from one who did not know how long he might have to stay in the hospital himself.

The bricklayer was slightly posed, but he was a consequential little man, and soon recovered his self-possession.

"Well, you know, they're paid for what they do for us! well paid. This charity's enormously rich."

"That's scarcely an answer to my question, is it?" demanded Percy.

"Oh, well, I don't complain; they've given me my medicine regular; for they knew I should soon make a stir about it if they didn't; but it's like all other hospitals, they only do just what they're obliged to, and if you grumble there's the whole lot of 'em down upon you. Still, you don't catch 'em doing more than they're obliged."

"The head nurse sat up with you herself the night they thought you wouldn't live," said a shrill voice from one of the other beds, and a wizen face, that looked at one minute like a boy's, at the next like an old man's, peered at the speakers.

"Well, and ain't *she* paid for it? What's she here for but to take care of us?" demanded the bricklayer.

"And jolly well she does it too," piped the shrill voice. "I don't know when I've been in such clover as since that railway wan knocked me down close agin my own crossin', and sends me one way and my poor old broom t'other, and they picked me up and brought me to have my legs mended. I ain't in no hurry to get well, I ain't; nothin' to do but lie snug a-bed in the warm's ever so much better than turnin' out all weathers to sweep a crossin'. Wish they'd pay me to stop here altogether, and be looked at like a chaney image in a shop winder."

"Ah, yours is only a simple case of compound fracture," the bricklayer told him with a contemptuous air. "They'll soon get rid of you."

"Thank ye for nothing, and much you knows about it!" was the sweeper's retort, given with all the exultation of superior knowledge. "Perhaps you're not aweer, Mr. Clever, that they ain't certain yet whether they won't have to take one of my legs off. There now!"

Percy drew the clothes over his face; he did not want to hear any more. After another week or two of hospital life he would learn to listen to such speeches with tolerable composure; but at present they set every nerve quivering, and he felt as if it would be impossible to endure such scenes and sounds as must be constantly passing here. He did not know that by the time his own injuries began to heal he would be able to slumber as undisturbed by the sighs and moans of fellow-patients as they had been by his sighs and moans on the previous night. So certain is it that use renders us callous to much that at first sight appears intolerable.

CHAPTER XVIII.

VISITING DAY.

WOULD there be any one for Percy Gray? he asked himself, as he saw groups of friends gathering round the different beds. No one appeared to be forgotten, not even the Irish labourer in the furthest corner, who had only left Cork for the first time that week, and got hurt in the docks as he was landing from the steamer. A City missionary, who chanced to witness the accident, had not forgotten that he was a stranger, and had come to sit by him for an hour.

The consequential little bricklayer's tall, stout wife brought the elder children to see father now he was sufficiently recovered to welcome them; and Percy almost forgave him his conceit and ingratitude when he saw how his eyes ran over at the sight of his bairns, and how proudly he drew attention to the newly-filled copy-book brought for father to see how well Johnnie was getting on at school.

Then there came a couple of great rough costermongers to visit Jim the sweeper; not because he was related to them, but out of sheer good nature to the lad they had never hesitated to swear at or torment with their horseplay when he swept the crossing close by their barrows; and Jim's eyes glistened with delight as, with a great deal of pulling and tugging, they produced—sometimes from one pocket, sometimes from another—the rosy apples and carefully-selected oranges they had brought him, a bag of nuts being confided to the nurse because the donors weren't sure whether "Barcelonys" agreed with broken legs, and had therefore resolved to leave it to her judgment.

Percy lay looking on, sometimes with a smile, but

more frequently with a sigh, and always wincing when he caught either of the strangers glancing in his direction. He had not grown accustomed to his position yet, and was longing for the ordeal to be over, when a slight, gentlemanly figure came up the ward, and, as this new-comer courteously lifted his hat to the nurse, who stepped forward to answer his inquiries, Percy saw, with a thrill of indescribable emotion, that it was Marmaduke Averne.

The agitation which he tried to conceal made his features look so ghastly and contracted that Duke, who had a horror of unpleasant sights, paused at a little distance from the bed, and inquired, doubtfully, if its occupant was well enough to be spoken to. But for very shame Percy would have made answer in the negative, and signed to him to depart. Of all persons in the world Winnie Graddon's cousin was the last whom he wished to see, and he closed his eyes, hoping that when he opened them again his unwelcome visitor would have disappeared.

But Duke had been reassured by the nurse, and, seating himself on the chair she brought him, he waited till the patient seemed conscious of his presence.

"My poor fellow," he said, kindly, as he detected Percy's laboured breathing, "I'm afraid you are suffering greatly."

"Yes; don't stay," was all the reply he received, and Percy glanced impatiently at the door. Duke Averne always had the effect of an irritant poison on him; his little fopperies of dress and manner, the supercilious tone of command he always employed to Mr. Graddon's men, and provoking unconsciousness of the annoyance he was inflicting, combined to increase the ill-feeling their boyish *rencontres* had engendered. Of course he had come here as Mr. Graddon's envoy, commissioned by Percy's generous thoughtful master to ascertain if he wanted for anything, and to promise him work as soon as he was able to undertake it. But could no other messenger have been chosen than the man of all others he detested?

"Don't stay!" he said again; but Duke, who had not the least conception of the real state of his feelings, concluded that he urged this out of consideration for his visitor's feelings, and thanked him for it.

"It's not the sort of place one cares to linger in," he added, with a shrug of his shoulders, and a glance around him, "and I am rather pressed for time; but I could not leave London without seeing you; in fact, I could not be happy in my mind till I had thanked you."

Percy listened with a bewildered stare, and asked how he had left Mr. Graddon.

"There's a slight improvement, and Sir William—by the way, it was through him we learned where to find you—Sir William approves Mr. Halton's treatment. Yes, it was from him we heard what had happened to you. Upon my word, Gray, I felt quite guilty, knowing it was all for me."

His perplexed auditor now looked so strange that Duke fancied he must be rather light-headed.

"I see I must not talk to you too much to-day; but you must just let me say that I shall never forget the presence of mind you displayed, nor how deeply I am indebted to you for exercising it. I owe my life to you, Gray. Every one says that if it had not been for you I must have been knocked down and crushed beneath the engine; and it was very thoughtful, very considerate of you to come on to London for the physician as soon as you saw that I was incapable of it. In my uncle's name, as well as my own, I thank you heartily."

Was he speaking satirically? No; Marmaduke Averne had never been more in earnest than when he laid his hand lightly on the only one Percy could use, and reiterated his acknowledgments.

"I don't know in what way to prove my gratitude, but there's plenty of time for that, isn't there? But remember you may always depend on me if you want help, or there's any way in which I can further your interests."

Percy's teeth almost met in his lip. The man he detested was heaping coals of fire on his head. It was by no such noble motives as Duke imputed to him that he had been actuated when he rushed forward and dragged him back as he was about to cross the line. Not a thought of the young man's danger had entered his mind, for he was so exasperated at the manner in which he was superseded, that a fierce determination to do Winnie's errand in spite of her interfering cousin had taken possession of him.

This was why he had leaped on Duke, and, gripping his arms, roughly flung him back; in the midst of his aches and pains he had found consolation in having triumphed over Duke Averne. It is true that as soon as he saw him enter the ward he began to experience a feeling of shame for his violence, and to writhe with a mortifying conviction that it would necessitate an apology; but he was wholly unprepared to find that, instead of being blamed for what he had done, he had been exalted into a hero.

It struck him as so ludicrous to hear himself praised and thanked in this way that he began to laugh, but it was in such wild hysterical fashion, and followed by such gasps and moans of agony, that the buzz of talk around the other beds was hushed; the nurse came hurrying up, and Duke was very glad to be sent away.

"Never let him come again!" entreated Percy; "I shall have to humble myself to him, and tell the truth, the whole truth—and I can't. How could he think that I tried to save his life; I, whom he has scoffed at and taunted till I hate him!"

But all he said was put down, and with some reason, to the fever that now set in. For several days his mind wandered, and 'Lisbeth Parnell, who persuaded her mother that it was their bounden duty to go to London to see poor, dear Percy, had the mortification of being refused admission.

Widow Parnell could not be prevailed upon to undertake so long and expensive a journey again, assuring her pouting daughter that Percy was too

sensible to wish her to waste such a heap of hard-earned money on railway fares, without taking count what she suffered with frights, first in the train, then in the crowded streets, where the noise had muddled her head for a week or more.

But Duke, at Mr. Graddon's wish, went again, carrying with him, very much against his inclination, a basket of dainties packed by Hattie, and a bunch of flowers deftly arranged by Nina.

The only gleam of pleasure he saw on Percy's face was at the sight of this bouquet, and his tone was so cold when he begged his visitor not to trouble himself again, that Duke could not help seeing he was in earnest, and felt half offended.

"It was just like the lower classes," he decided, mentally. "They were all boors and louts, and incapable of appreciating a kindly attention.

"If you don't want me I certainly shan't trouble to come out of my way to inquire after you," he said, with a little laugh. "But you know whom to apply to if your money runs short. You can write, I suppose? if not, the nurse will write for you. Good-bye; make haste and get well."

He had scarcely gone a dozen paces when he returned, pulling a little parcel out of his pocket.

"I had almost forgotten; Miss Graddon sent you this."

Percy stretched out his hand eagerly, but it trembled so that he could not unfold the wrapper, and Duke was obliged to render him a little assistance.

When it was removed he found that it had contained a neatly but well-bound and convenient-sized Bible, which opened at the title-page, where he saw his name written, with this addition:—"From W. G., in grateful remembrance of services rendered on——." And then followed the date.

Percy covered his face, humiliated by the bitter consciousness that he was utterly undeserving Winnie's gift.

"I cannot take it!" he gasped. "I dare not! Tell her, oh, tell her——"

But when he looked up, nerving himself to the confession he intended to make, Duke Averne was gone.

(To be continued.)

THE BONNIE BRIG O' BALGOWNIE.

OH, brightly shone the sunbeams,
With many a dancing ray,
On the swiftly-rushing river,
That ran into the bay,
At the bonnie brig o' Balgownie,
That happy summer day.

And lightly rang our laughter,
Resounding far and wide,
While we filled our arms with flowers,
Bright blooming at the side
Of the bonnie brig o' Balgownie,
As we floated down the tide.

Our boat moved down the river
With its fair and happy crew,
Who, laughing, splashed the water
Their oars went rippling through—
Ne'er could the brig o' Balgownie
A bonnier picture view.

Till wearying of our boating—
A merry band were we—
Along the beach we wandered
Where the Don flows madly free,
Beneath the brig o' Balgownie,
Down to the dancing sea.

To some of us the sunshine
Was changed to brightest gold;
And we wondered while we listened
How oft, in days of old,
The staid old brig o' Balgownie
Had heard the story told.

We would not mark how swiftly
The happy moments sped,
But by the beach we lingered
Till the summer sunlight fled,
And behind the brig o' Balgownie
The moon came up instead.

Then homeward by the river
We wandered as before,
Each sighing, mid our singing,
That these happy days were o'er,
And the bonnie brig o' Balgownie
Might hear our songs no more.

For autumn suns shine coldly,
And past is summer's ray;
The bluebells, too, are withered,
Our friends are far away—
So the bonnie brig o' Balgownie
Stands silent, cold, and grey.

N. K. C.

NEW LIGHT FROM AN OLD LAMP;

OR, MODERN READINGS OF ANCIENT FABLES.

THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES; OR, SELF DO, SELF HAVE.

"SELF do, self have," says a very independent and manly sort of proverb; but if self doesn't, preferring to trust its interests or place its burdens in somebody else's hands, the "having" becomes a very uncertain business, unless, which is very likely, *that* is done by proxy too. "Self-help," says another old saw of a similar spirit, "is a capital quarter-staff, good both for travel and for fight;" and to this we may add that dependence upon others is a broken crutch which often pierces the hand that leans on it.

This wise lesson is well and wisely taught in the admirable fable of "The Lark and Her Young Ones."

There was a brood of young larks in a field of corn which was just ripe, and the mother, looking every day for the reapers, left word, whenever she went out in search of food, that her young ones should report to her all the news they had heard. One day, while she was absent, the master came to look at the state of the crop. "It is full time," said he, "to call in all my neighbours and get my corn reaped." When the old Lark came home, the young ones told their mother what they had heard, and begged her to remove them forthwith. "Time enough," said she; "if he trusts to his neighbours he will have to wait yet awhile for his harvest." Next day, however, the owner came again, and finding the sun still hotter and the corn more ripe, and nothing done, "There is not a moment to be lost," said he; "we cannot depend upon our neighbours, we must call in our relations." Turning to his son he said, "Go call your uncles and cousins, and ask them to begin to-morrow." In still greater fear, the young ones reported to their mother the farmer's words. "If that be all," said she, "do not be frightened, for the relatives have all got harvest work of their own." She went abroad the next day, and the owner, coming as before, and finding the grain dropping through over-ripeness, called out to his son, "We must wait for our neighbours and friends no longer; go and hire some reapers to-night, and we will set to work ourselves to-morow." When the young ones told their mother this—"Then," said she, "it is time to be off; for when a man takes up his business himself, instead of leaving it to others, you may be sure that he means to set to work in earnest;" and so saying, she removed her brood forthwith to another lodging.

Surely no wiser little fable was ever coined. "If you want your business done, go; if not, send." "What I do is done; what I order is half done, except what isn't done at all." Like most Spanish proverbs that is a sweeping statement, and is somewhat cynical; nevertheless, and despite the exaggeration, there is enough truth in it to warrant quotation, and it cuts sharply, as an old saw should. "If you want a thing well done, do it yourself;" and indeed that is often the only way to insure its performance. The shrewd Scotchmen say that "The fox never sped so well as when it went on its ain errand," and they infer that men and women may find a good example in Master Reynard, who evidently knew that "I and myself are a hundred," however odd the arithmetic may appear to be. "Keep thy shop," says Poor Richard, "and thy shop will keep thee;" but if it be left to the care of other people, it will only "keep thee" poor.

> "Those who rely on others aid
> Will often find their hopes betrayed."

On the whole, therefore, a well-placed trust in "God and my good right hand" is the best and surest recipe for ultimate success. "He who sponges on his neighbours wipes out his own manliness, and the sum-total of his credit and his character may be read on an empty slate." "He who by the plough would thrive, himself must either hold or drive." And what is true of ploughing is true of sowing, and of every other avocation whose end is profit and independence. The most friendless mortal in the world has got ten real friends, good and true, who never leave him, even in the days of adversity. If anybody doubts it, let him count his own digits, and then turn them to account. Those who seek to stay their hunger by dining with rich relations will often find more than a sufficiency of "cold shoulder," which has to be eaten in the unsociable company of "Duke Humphrey." There are those, too, who are stupid enough to wait idly and hopefully for "dead men's shoes," and who suffer terribly from chilblains as the natural consequence, and then die barefoot after all. No doubt there is a measure of truth in the old adage that "A friend in need is a friend indeed;" but every wise man will find him under his own hat. Society is sadly pestered with that too-numerous class which is always waiting for somebody to "give them a lift." If they would but exercise their own muscles, a little persevering effort at the leaping-bars would enable them to reach the altitude of independence and prosperity. "God helps those who help themselves," and the sweetest bread that can be eaten is that which is self-earned; it least seldom troubles the eater with indigestion. This independent line of action, too, is the way to secure the pleasures of true friendship; for if you "help yourself, your friends will love you," and the stream of that friendship flows all the more smoothly because the current is unchafed with the boulders of charity. What is true in the secular world is true in the spiritual. "Give us of your oil" gets little response in the day of need. "Buy for yourselves" is the wisest plan, only take care, at all

hazards, that the store is gained before the "door is shut."

THE FOX AND THE GOAT; OR, LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

"Better be sure than sorry," says the Irish proverb, which evidently means that timely caution may prevent an untimely fall. It is too late to cast anchor when the ship's on the rock; a little prudent steering may avoid the danger, then the cable-chain may rattle through the hawse-holes into safe anchorage. One word before is worth two behind; and, if that word be a careful question, it may prevent many a useless word of self-blame. The thoughtless man is constantly taking "a fisherman's walk—two steps and overboard," and half his life is spent in vain regret for blunders that might have been prevented but cannot very well be cured. The more haste the worse speed, for that gives little time for choosing the safer path. Surely this is the lesson contained in the old fable of the Fox and the Goat.

A fox had fallen into a well, and had been pondering a long time as to how he should get out again. At length a goat came to the place, and, sadly wanting a drink, asked Master Reynard whether the water was good, and if there was plenty of it. The fox, hiding the real danger of the case, replied, "Come down, my friend. The water is so good that I cannot drink enough of it, and so abundant that it cannot be exhausted." Hereupon the goat, without any more ado, leaped in. The fox, taking advantage of his friend's horns, equally nimbly leaped out, and coolly remarked to the deluded victim of his cunning, "If you had half as much brain as you have beard, you would have looked before you leaped."

You see the goat did ask two questions as to the sweetness of the water and the abundance of its supply, but, like many equally incautious bipeds, he forgot to ask a third as to the safety of the enterprise. If this is not secured, pleasure and plenty are of small avail, and are sure to end in vanity and vexation.

He who enters without having a clear knowledge as to exit, may find a prison where he hoped to find a prize. Many people acknowledge that they have fallen into a mistake when, in reality, they leaped in, as the goat did, for want of a little forethought earlier on. Many a simpleton has been advised by some human fox to "rattle the dice," "shuffle the cards," or "back the favourite," because he'd be sure to win, and winning, they say, like the water in the well, secures both sweet and plenty. Incaution gives consent, and the fox leaps out on the horns of his victim's purse, and so leaves the gambler's dupe to drown in the waters of poverty, with never a helping hand. The goat in the fable gained a drink to quench his thirst, but he bought it at a terrible price, and, like Benjamin Franklin, "paid too dear for his whistle." In all your plans take time to consider, and remember that a wise man will waver, but a fool is fixed. As a result, the latter too often finds himself in a fix, from which there is no escape. There is a wise old proverb, very popular with the Dutch, whose constant intimacy with dykes and ditches gives it extra point, to the effect that "if you can't see the bottom you'd better not wade." This is an adage that may well be emphasised in this age of rash ventures, keen speculations, and of rage to be rich. Eager grasping too often ends in painful gasping, gasping in vain for breath as the waters of ruin close over head. Little by little the purse may fill, much at a time, and the whole may spill. Mr. Plimsoll's load-line is a very wise arrangement for other ventures than those connected with the shipping interest, and many a life-bark might be saved from sinking by a careful measurement of capabilities before the launch is made.

"He is the wise man, this I know,
Who, when he's well, can hold him so."

The Spaniards, whose proverbial philosophy is generally of a very racy and expressive character, tell us that "he that will not look before him, always looks behind him with a tear in his eye." The prevention of tears is better even than wiping them away, and nothing does that so effectively as—

"The prudent thought that shuns the hidden snare."

FIT FOR THE WALL.

CHAPTER I.

"A stone that is fit for the wall
Will not be left in the way."

SOME years ago a fisherman of the name of Landin lived with his two grandchildren in a small granite-built cottage which was set on the heights of the beautiful island of Sark. Jean Landin had lived in that cottage all his life, his parents had died, his wife had died, and lastly his only son, a widower, had been drowned off Guernsey, leaving two children, Marie and Jacques, in their grandfather's care.

The children were now fourteen and fifteen years of age, Marie being the eldest; they had had such education as the island could afford, and, like their grandfather, they lived in the fear of God, seeking to do His will and to walk in His ways.

Marie looked after the cottage, and was a nice little housekeeper, whilst Jacques idled away a good deal of his time doing some gardening and carpentering, if needful, and very little besides. The boy had a great aversion to the sea, and so his grandfather did not press him to devote himself to that life, but let him do as he liked. The truth was that Landin was not firm enough about the boy, he feared to be harsh with either of the children, and he did not make Jacques work—though not necessarily at sea—as he should have done.

One glorious summer's day, when the sky was of a

deep blue—blue as the sea which surged round the cliff-bound coast—when there was scarcely a leaf stirring, and the perfect colour of the sky was only broken by a procession of white clouds that rose like snow mountains above the Guernsey horizon, when Jean Landin being away at Brechou, Jacques was mending the fowl-house, while Marie sat on a low wooden bench near him. Brother and sister were very like; both were short, with brown eyes and fair hair that was bleached almost to lint-whiteness by the strong sun-rays which at the same time had tanned their faces to a deep brown hue. They spoke English, for their mother had been an Englishwoman, and Landin, too, had long ago dropped the Sark *patois;* but still there was a sing-song way of speaking that is not foreign and not English, but essentially connected with the speech of the Channel Islanders.

"Where 's grandfather?" asked Jacques, presently, standing at a little distance to survey his work, and noticing that the lath he had been nailing on was quite crooked.

"He 's over at Brechou," said Marie, knitting as she spoke. She was busy over a Guernsey jacket which she was making for her grandfather in coarse blue wool. She was a slow knitter, but what she did was well and evenly done, and sooner than leave a mistake she would undo and do over again many times.

"Look, Marie, is that crooked? I think it is," said Jacques, and Marie looked up.

"Yes, it is crooked. What a pity, Jacques, for that has taken you a good time to do."

"I shall leave it so, it does not matter," said Jacques, flinging down his hammer, and looking up at the sky in a dreamy way. "Marie, I have been thinking," he began, and then stopped.

"Yes, Jacques, what about?"

"I will tell you. I don't mind talking to you, Marie, for you don't laugh at me, and you understand."

"Yes," said Marie, encouragingly.

"It 's this; I can't forget the sermon that the minister gave us last Sunday morning; do you remember it?"

"Yes; well, go on, my good boy," said Marie, who was getting impatient.

"And, Marie, I do want to be, as he said, of use in the world, to do something for the Lord Jesus Christ."

"Yes," said Marie, leaning back until her head rested against the low wall near which she was sitting. "And he also said that we must be meet for the Master's use, did he not?" asked Marie, who though she spoke less, went more deeply into things than her brother did.

The desire to do all as perfectly as it could be done, to be *thorough* in her work, was always noticeable in Marie; whilst Jacques was more unstable, though he had greater abilities than she had, and a spirit of laziness made him leave things very far from complete.

"Yes, he did," answered Jacques, slowly; "and then, Marie, I could not help thinking what a waste of everything it is, living on here. One might do so much if only one was even in Guernsey, not to say England."

Marie did not answer, for she remembered that they were to go that afternoon on a message for their grandfather, and, telling Jacques of it, the two soon set off. Their way lay through the table-land of the island; around them were fields and grassy slopes where many wild flowers grew in great luxuriance, and every now and then they came upon views of singular beauty. Below them were rough cliffs and rocks standing away in strange fantastic shapes, the sea was an intense blue, and yet just at the foot of the cliffs the water over the sandy pools seemed of a wonderfully clear green. From different parts of the island they could see Guernsey, just six miles off, quite well, and the shell beach at the nearer island of Herm.

When they had done their message, they walked to the Coupée, a narrow pass that separates Great Sark from Little Sark, and just as they reached it, Marie was attracted by a piece of pale pink paper lying amongst the grass, and near which grew a clump of sea-campions. Accustomed to skipping over the cliffs, sure-footed as a goat, and fearless as her grandfather, Marie was soon running lightly down the sharp descent in search of the piece of pink paper.

(*To be concluded.*)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

178. What king of Syria is noted for the fearful cruelties which he practised on the people of Israel?

179. What advice does St. Paul give as to the conduct of servants towards their masters?

180. What prophet refers to God's promise, never to destroy the world again by water?

181. What words of Isaiah declare the tenderness of God in dealing with the repentant sinner?

182. What king is recorded as having made a public acknowledgment of his sins against God?

183. Quote a passage from St. Matthew's Gospel which shows how difficult it is to judge of the goodness of any man by his outward conduct.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 432.

166. Jehoram, king of Israel, and Ahaziah, king of Judah, who were slain by Jehu (2 Kings ix. 24—27, and x. 4).

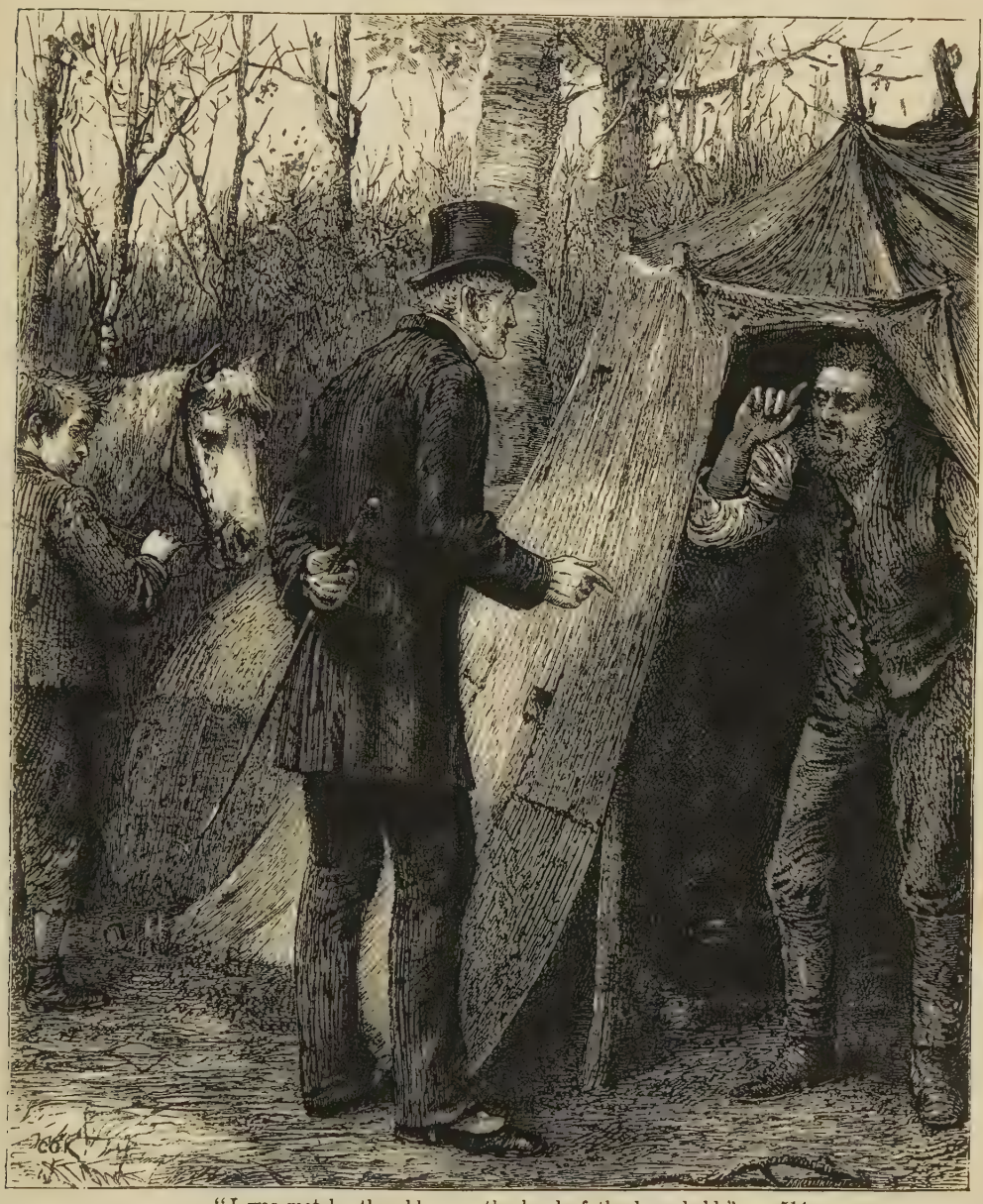
167. St. Peter and St. James (the Lord's brother) (Gal. i. 18, 19).

168. Seven years' famine (2 Kings viii. 1).

169. In the reign of Hezekiah king of Judah (2 Kings xviii. 4).

170. "Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour, so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honour" (Eccles. x. 1).

171. The Shunamitish woman, whose son Elisha had restored to life, and whose property was given back to her when she returned to her own land after the famine (2 Kings viii. 2—7).



"I was met by the old man, the head of the household."—*p.* 514.

DAVIE, A TINKER.

BY A SCOTCH MINISTER.

"HAVE ye heard, sir," asked a parishioner whom I happened to meet one day, "that there 's a tinkler man up i' the wood there terrible ill?"

"No, I have not heard," I replied. "Is he terribly ill?"

"Ay is he," was the answer, "for they 've had the doctor at him."

The reply was convincing; if the tinkers had really sent for the doctor the man must be ill indeed.

A few hours found me on my way to the wood. It is on the upper slope of a hill of moderate elevation. Part of the wood had just been cut down, and was being removed to a lower level to be sawed up by a steam saw-mill temporarily erected there. The tinker's encampment was placed on the edge of a younger portion of the wood, not yet ripe for felling, and faced the part that had been cleared. It was not far from the public road; and as I drew near the path that led to it, two young lads, brothers of the sick man, having observed the minister and his pony turning their way, came running forward to act as his guides through the long heather and brushwood with which the ground was encumbered. The encampment contained ten persons—the father and mother and four sons, one of whom was married, and had his wife and three children there. The married son was the man who was "terrible ill." They were accommodated in three tents, or, rather, in three divisions of one tent. The centre part was a bell-shaped structure, supported upon slender poles some six feet long, meeting at the top. It had its entrance towards the south. Attached to it, on opposite sides, were two lower arched erections which opened from the main apartment. The boys had told me that only their father and "Davie," their unwell brother, were at home. The rest were away selling their tin goods, and, especially, begging.

Having arrived at the entrance, and committed, with some misgiving, my pony to the elder of my guides, I was met by the old man the head of the household. He was a short, stoutly-built, curly-haired man, and although under sixty years of age, looked ten years older. I said to him that I had heard that a son of his was very ill. "Ach! ay, very ill," he replied. "Could I see him?" "Ach! ay, he would be very glad to see you."

Stooping down, I entered the middle part of the habitation, and, after my eyes had got a little accustomed to the blinding smoke, I looked upon a sight strange indeed. The place was round, with a fire in the middle of it, and a hole in the roof where the poles met, by way of chimney. On the opposite side of the fire from the entrance was a space occupied as "a bed by night, a—not chest of drawers, but—dining-room by day." To the right was the division in which the sick man lay; to the left another, exactly similar to it.

When I had crawled into and crouched down in the former apartment, this is what I saw: Some straw had been placed on the bare ground, above it was laid a nondescript piece of cloth that did duty as a sheet. On that lay the patient, covered with blankets of various kinds. He was a young man, about eight-and-twenty, his father told me. He was "terrible ill." He was in high fever, and his laboured, spasmodic breathing, interrupted by a racking cough, told that his lungs were very bad indeed. Beside him were two jugs, one with milk, the other with wine and water in it, and, on his straw pillow, an orange, with which he had been trying to allay his thirst.

He turned towards me with looks half eager, half frightened; but after I had spoken a few words of sympathy to him he became comparatively calm. In reply to my questions he told me that he thought he was very ill. He had been ill before, but never like this. He had got it by going to see "granny" (granny, his grandmother, was a veteran tinker in the district who had died some months before). It was a very wet day when he went to see her, and the cough had come on after that, and it was aye growing worse. The doctor had given him a mixture, and had ordered nourishing food for him. "She"—by which pronoun he always indicated his wife—had brought him some oranges from the shop. Was he able to take any food? "Ach! no, no muckle, no muckle. Davie's bad, very bad," interjected the father.

And now what was I to say to these people as a minister? I had heard that they were Roman Catholics. If so, they might not care for my ministrations. I asked if they were. No, the old man said, they were not. In after conversations he told me that his father was a Glengairn man who had been evicted, that he himself himself had been in bad health when young, and that thus he had fallen into this wandering life. I asked if they had a Bible. No, they had not a Bible. Why? Because none of them could read. Did they know nothing about God? Oh yes, they did that. And then followed, on this and other occasions, conversations which showed that they had, indeed, a dim idea of religion, but of religion chiefly as a kind of charm. They could tell who the Saviour was, and that He came to save sinners, but of what sin is, and how salvation is to come to them, they knew almost nothing. Of religion as a new life they had no conception. It was rather a dim mysterious thing, which was in possession of a minister and which he could somehow, when the worst came to the worst, put between them and the punishment that their evil lives deserved. But it was very difficult to find out what they thought. They could express themselves very imperfectly in their broken Scotch. I had never before so completely felt myself outside a brother man's consciousness. I tried to put the simplest truths in the simplest way; I tried to express in prayer the simplest wants in the plainest terms; but I felt baffled.

After arranging for some things they needed, I came away, humbled and with many sad thoughts. Their physical condition was bad enough, but it was comfort itself compared with their spiritual condition. To see that poor man lying there on straw, covered with ragged rugs and bits of blanket, under a low tent, in the winter season, one would be apt to conclude that physical suffering could scarcely

further go. Such a conclusion would, however, be a very mistaken one. He was not so very uncomfortable after all. These tinkers thoroughly understand the conditions in which they live. Their tents are so placed that the "flaught o' the fire," as the old man afterwards explained to me—that is the stream of heated air—circulates all through them, and gives a comfortable, at times, as I have felt, an uncomfortable, degree of warmth. The wife of the writer had once occasion to satisfy herself that they can take better care of themselves than is generally supposed. A tinker woman had called with a child in her arms, evidently in the last stage of consumption. Haunted by the memory of its pinched and miserable looks, my wife determined to go up to the camp, and see for herself in what condition it was. She found it very comfortable indeed. It was lying well wrapped up, near the fire, with hot stones placed at its feet, tended by "granny," above-mentioned. In a few days it died, and next Sunday, apparently to show their gratitude for the attention paid them, by a kind of return call, "granny," and two of her grandchildren, appeared in church. Strange worshippers they were as they sat there, with their dark eyes gleaming from under their elfin locks—eyes now wandering in a frightened restless way over the church, now gazing intently upon the minister, as if they would read his very soul. No, the physical condition of these people is bad enough, and must be improved if they are to be improved; but their spiritual condition is wretched in the extreme, for they are little better than heathens in the heart of a Christian country.

On subsequent visits to "Davie," I became better able to speak with him in a way that he could understand; I trust not altogether without good result. I taught him some short texts, some simple petitions. I tried to make him understand a Saviour's presence and love through my poor efforts to help him, to teach him faith in Him by means of his faith in me. To the last, however, it was very painful to see the eager look of the immortal soul, longing to see more of that light of which it could catch but broken gleams. The last was not far off. He gradually and rapidly grew worse, and about three weeks after my first visit the Angel of Death entered that poor tent on the hill-side, and Davie's eager eyes closed on time for ever. Let us hope that what was dark to him then is clearer now.

He died late in the evening. Early next morning his father and eldest brother came, with tearful eyes, to tell me of his end. It was peaceful. The restless struggle for breath had left him. He was calm and collected. He did not speak much, but mostly lay with his eyes closed and his lips moving, though no sound came. He said not to "greet" for him, he was going "hame." The last word they could catch was "Jesus." A short time before he died he asked for a small gift he had received the day before, and when the cold hand was unclasped they found he had held it to the last.

"Had they any one with him during the night?" I asked.

"Oh yes!" they said; "the folk had been very kind, and 'Molie' had come up and read the Bible to him." "Molie," I may explain, is the mole-catcher of the district, an intelligent and pious man. The funeral, they told me, was to be the day after next. Would I come? "Certainly," I said; "I intended to come;" and I went.

Would that a painter had been there then, to render imperishable the scene I witnessed! On the hill-side the old snow had not all disappeared. Patches of it lay in hollows here and there among the long heather, and the stumps of the felled trees. The morning was cold and cloudy, with now and then the first flakes of another snow-storm falling. When we came up we found the tents struck and packed in the cart. The bent boughs that had formed the supports of the division in which Davie died, were all but consumed in the fire which was now being extinguished. The bare coffin, with only God's own pure wreaths of snow upon it, rested on the long heather which bent tenderly beneath its burden. Round it stood the old man, his sons, and a few people of the neighbourhood. At a little distance, seated on two adjacent tree stumps, were the mother and widow of the deceased, moaning and swaying themselves in their grief. Beside them were the young children, in silent bewilderment. A short and simple service was engaged in, the horse was yoked into the cart, the coffin was tied upon its "spokes," and the small company began to wend its way towards the old kirk-yard that they could see nestling in the quiet and beautiful "howe" below.

As we wound slowly down the brae, "Molie" and I had some interesting talk about our strange friends and their sad condition. He told me that when reading to them on the night before the funeral he tried various parts of the Bible, but found that, after a time, their attention flagged, "even when the passage was a parable." At last it occurred to him to read them the history of Joseph and his brethren. "An', sir," he said, "ye widna believe hoo they were ta'en wi' it!" Wise plan of the worthy reader, to show them that, if they could comprehend nothing else, there was at least something of human interest, even to them, in the Word of God.

"Davie's" grave was dug in a vacant "lair," close by the churchyard wall—beside the wall, but *inside* it. The coffin was lowered into it, and we stood, with uncovered heads, looking down and thinking of the coming time when we, too, would be on the same level as the poor tinker. And now the earth was being shovelled in, when "Molie," turning to the old man, who stood silent, with eyes concealed beneath bushy eyebrows, which ever and anon worked convulsively, asked, "Man, div ye think that *that* will ever rise again?"

"Ach, ay, I ken that."

"Fan (when) will that be?"

And then the sharp voice softened, and the answer came, in tones slow and solemn, "In the Great Day."

Yes, indeed, I thought, in the Great Day, we, the Christians of Scotland, shall stand face to face with "Davie" and his fellow-outcasts, and perhaps *we* shall have something to answer for as well as they.

GOD, THE GIVER OF STRENGTH.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HANNA, D.D., LL.D., EDINBURGH.

"The God of Israel is He that giveth strength and power unto His people. Blessed be God."—PSALM lxviii. 35.

BEFORE referring to the particular gift here spoken of, let us ask you to notice, that it is as a Giver that the God of Israel is here presented to the eye of faith. There are two ways of looking upon God—as a Donor, or as a Demander; as one who bestows on us certain benefits, or as one who requires from us certain services. So long as we think only, or think primarily and chiefly of Him under the second of these characters—*i.e.*, as an Exactor, rather than as a Bestower—our entire connection and converse with God will be dark, disturbed, uncertain, unsatisfying. The claims of God upon us are embodied in His law. The requirements of that law are perpetual, illimitable, incommutable. They meet us at every turn, they press upon us on every occasion, the weight of their obligation is one that we never can throw off, never can fully meet and satisfy. Let us first, then, come into connection with God as that great Being, all good, all holy, all powerful, who ever urges us to be all, and do all, that His law requires; let it be purely and simply as an exactor of obedience at our hands that He is thought of—it can scarce be otherwise than that He shall wear a stern repulsive aspect to our eye. A hard master, He shall seem to us a task-master standing over us with lash in hand to drive us to our unwilling work. But it is not thus that the God of Israel presents Himself to us. He gives freely and largely to His people, before asking anything at their hand, He does great services for them, before requiring any service in return. "I am the Lord thy God, that brought thee out of the land of Egypt." So ran the preface to the commands written on stone at Sinai. "I am the Lord thy God who hath redeemed thee unto myself;" so runs the preface to all His commandments still. It is by looking first at God as that loving, pitying, providing God, who of His great mercy, His pure grace in Christ, bestows upon us what we first and before all things need—pardon, acceptance, His divine favour, eternal life—that we step forth out of the region of alienation, suspicion, distrust; and, entering into peace with Him, are prepared to deal with Him as our Father in Heaven, whose will should be the constant rule of our lives. Let us cease then, if any of us yet know Him not as your reconciled Father in Christ—cease to think of Him as an Exactor, and learn to know Him as a Bestower. Acquaint yourself first with Him as the Redeemer of your soul, and then, but not till then, regard Him as the Requirer of your services. Don't try to serve, that by your services you may reconcile yourselves to Him; be reconciled in order that you may serve; serve not in the spirit of a slavish fear, but of a grateful love, remembering ever that reconciliation with God, forgiveness and acceptance, are not the prize for which the Christian soldier fights—conscious possession of which would in such case have to be postponed till the warfare was over, the victory was won—but the royal bounty put into the soldier's hand at the time of his enlistment, under a sense of possession of which it is, that every struggle is to be made, every victory achieved. Weary and heavy-laden, go first to Him who gives the rest, and having entered into that rest, take up the yoke, take on the burden; the Christian yoke and burden is not to be borne to get the rest, that rest is to be gotten first, and afterwards the yoke and burden to be borne. Now is it not just because of their failing to perceive this—their not regarding God as He wishes to be regarded, in the first instance, by every sinner of our race—their not entering at once into peace with Him, their not grasping at once the full privileges of an entire and well-adjusted reconciliation, that religion is with so many a wearisome labour, a painful, protracted, almost hopeless toil, the labour of an oarsman who pulls and pulls against a stream he can make but little head against, and who, the moment he remits his toil, finds himself borne down and away by the strong setting tide?

With these preliminary observations upon God as a Giver, I proceed to remark, in illustration of our text, that the God of Israel gives strength and power to His people to become so by drawing them unto Himself—enlightening, quickening, disposing enabling. Take here two testimonies: each coming from the lips of Jesus Christ. On that Sabbath in the Synagogue of Capernaum which followed the feeding of the 5,000, Jesus is speaking of Himself as the Bread of Life—the Bread that came down from heaven—the Bread of which, if a man ate, he should never die. Some of His auditors who had heard, perhaps with entire consent and approval, a former discourse of His delivered upon a neighbouring mountain, are offended at His speaking of Himself, in what seemed to them, in such a boastful and arrogant spirit (and in

truth, had He been only what they took Him to be, there had been great arrogance in His speech). They murmur their disapproval into each other's ears, unheard, as they fancied, by Christ. Knowing their thoughts, Jesus pauses in His discourse, and fixing His eye upon them says, "Murmur not among yourselves; no man can come unto Me, except the Father which hath sent Me, draw him." For the moment the murmuring is checked, and Jesus goes on to repeat again and again the sayings at which they had taken offence. The repetition but confirms the dislike and the rejection. Knowing this, too, Jesus closes His long discourse by saying, "But there are some of you that believe not;" adding, as His final and emphatic word, "Therefore said I unto you, that no man can come unto Me except it were given unto him of My Father." It was from that time that many, even of His disciples, went back, and walked no more with Him.

The active labours of our Lord's ministry were over. In the retired and romantic region of Cæsarea-Philippi, up at the sources of the Jordan, under the shadow of Mount Hermon, He rested awhile ere He set His face to go up to Jerusalem. Being apart there with His disciples, as if He had desired to gather from them what the gross result of all His teaching had been, so far as men's notions about Himself were concerned, He put to them the question, "Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am?" They told Him that some said He was Elias, some John the Baptist, some one of the old Prophets, they knew not which. As if grieved at such discordant and unsatisfactory replies, Jesus said to them, "But whom do ye say that I am?" Peter answered, and said, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Now mark our Lord's reply, "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona"—Simon Bar-jona—the very way in which Jesus names his name preparing us for some mighty speech about to issue from the speaker's lips, "Simon Bar-jona, blessed art thou." I know not if Jesus Christ ever pronounced such a special blessing on any other single man. And when we hear one of our race called blessed by Him who knew so well wherein the highest human blessedness consists, our ear opens to catch the reason why it was that he was so called. "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but My Father which is in heaven." Flesh and blood hath not revealed it, thine own eye hath not seen it, thine own ear hath not heard it, it hath not come to thee alone by any ordinary channel from without, it is not due alone to any exercise of thine own spirit within. It hath come as a revelation from the great Father of Spirits to thy spirit; and therefore art thou blessed. It was but a very faint perception of his Master's true character that had at that time dawned upon Peter's mind—the feeblest glimmer of the morn. But Christ recognised it as a light not of earthly kindling—a light that came from heaven—a dawn giving promise of a bright and at last cloudless day. And blessed still in our Saviour's judgment, blessed beyond all that this world has in it of blessedness to bestow, is he upon whose darkened mind and heart the faintest rays of the same heavenly light have fallen, that God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness shining in upon his soul, giving him the true knowledge of his God in Christ his Saviour.

But God by His Spirit not only opens their blinded eyes to see His glory in the face of Jesus, He gives power to become sons of God to as many as receive Him, working in them the work of faith with power. That pardon and acceptance which are then for all in Christ, become ours simply by faith, solely by faith, fully by faith; *i.e.*, by our trusting in Him and accepting the benefits of His purchase at His hands. One does not well see how, in any simpler or more natural manner, they could be ours. Our justification before God is by faith, that it might be by grace; *i.e.*, that it might be seen and known that it is upon God's part an act of free rich bounty, on our part an act of simple recipiency. But this very faith, simple as it seems, is not of ourselves, it is at once the gift of a divine love, and the product of a divine power. For are there not obstacles to our entire and cordial trust in Christ which need to be removed? Did not Jesus Himself point to one of these when He said, "How can ye believe which receive honour one from another, and seek not the honour that cometh from God only?" Indifference has to be removed, the conscience quickened, the affections stirred, the pride of the heart broken, the will subdued, ere the soul yields itself to Jesus and clasps Him to its bosom as its own, its only, its all-sufficient Saviour; and whose work is all this but God's? Jesus is the life of the new-born soul in a double sense. Its life it gets in Him as its fountain head, and the vital link which binds it to Him is one of Christ's own forming—the grafting of the branch into the Vine an act of the same love and power divine, by which the Vine itself was planted to be the source of life and all fruit-bearing power.

Still farther, God giveth strength and power unto His people—amid all the difficulties, under all the burdens, in all the conflicts and temptations, beneath all the griefs and sorrows of life—strength of heart, strength of purpose, strength of will, the power to be, to do, to struggle, to endure.

Are these not then what, as Christians, we so greatly and so constantly need? Is not our want of them that want which presseth most heavily upon our spirit? Is not our want of them that want out of which there cometh on us so

continually that sense of feebleness, of heartlessness, of hopelessness, which of itself goes so far to disqualify for duty, and gives us up as an easy prey to the great adversary of our souls? It is to meet that want, to relieve us from that oppressive sense of our insufficiency, that God is pleased to reveal Himself to us as the great Giver of strength and power. And how are we to meet the revelation He has thus made of Himself to us, but by believing and acting on it, trusting in Him that He will make good to us that character, and counting on Him that He may do so in the way and manner that seemeth good in His sight?

Let us then assuredly believe that, over and above whatever natural or inherent ability any of us may possess, there is a God-given, Spirit-imparted strength, by which all duty is to be done, and all temptations resisted, all trials borne, and all enemies conquered. Was it not for the very purpose of giving a palpable, conspicuous proof, that the power which every true disciple of the Saviour so urgently requires to fit him for his work and warfare, is one that he must be taught to feel his need of, and taught to pray for, and wish for—and which, when it does come, is a new fresh gift of God—that that marvellous ten days' interval was interjected between the Ascension of our Lord and the day of Pentecost? The great commission had been already given. The order had gone forth from the lips of the risen Saviour, "All power is given unto Me in heaven and on earth; go ye, therefore, into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." But in His last interview with His disciples Jesus appended to that commission the condition, "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with *power* from on High, for ye shall receive *power* after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto Me, both in Jerusalem, and in all Judæa, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." We can understand how it should have been, that the descent of the Spirit should be connected so with the ascent of the Saviour, that until He went the Comforter should not come. We can understand in part why it should have been that in all the fulness of His influence, the Holy Ghost should not be given till Jesus was glorified. It seems even to our dim vision here, a suitable and becoming thing that the one should link itself with the other, the ascending up on high of Him who led captivity captive, and the descent of that great bestowment upon the church. But why, when that ascent was made, and the enthronement and glorification of our Lord had taken place, why that ten days' pause, that holding back of the great gift, that suspension of it in the heavens, why that arrest upon every movement of the disciples, that holding of them in from the going forth on their apostolic errands, that loss of so much precious time in the Christianising of the world? Those ten days of stillness and inaction, served they no purpose in the economy of grace? Looking at them as they ought to be looked at, as a truly singular passage in the history of the administration of the Spirit, we notice that though days of commanded quietude, they were days of restraint, of expectancy, of prayer. "They all continued," we are told, "with one accord in prayer and supplication." Day by day, after the departure of their Lord, the disciples met, each day hoping that the promise would be then fulfilled, but each day doomed to disappointment, and thrown afresh in faith upon the future. Could *they* in a more impressive way have been reminded, or could we in a more impressive way have been taught, that yet one thing was wanting ere they entered on their life-struggle and life-work, and that thing must come to them from on High—come to them in answer to prayer, come to them to qualify them for their work? That wanting thing was power—the energy of a firmer faith, a more dauntless courage, a more heroic spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice. And that power was given on the day of Pentecost; for let us not forget that day was one of strengthening as well as "quickening" grace—strengthening grace for the 120 as well as quickening grace for the 3,000. We are somewhat apt to overlook this; and, our eyes filled with the wonders of that day's conversions, the turning of so many thousand souls to God—to think less perhaps of that other work of the Holy Spirit carried on within the circle of the discipleship: a work not less wonderful in its way and not less a type and prelude of a like work needed still and continued still in the breasts of all true believers. For no less than these first disciples need we to be taught that, till we be endowed with power from High, we are unfitted for the services and the sufferings of the Cross-bearing followers of the Lamb.

And those ten days, in which nothing was to be attempted and nothing was to be done, that striking interlude in their lives was meant to do, and did, for the 120—has there been no period, it may be of many ten days, in your lives, discharging towards you a like spiritual office?—a period, not indeed of commanded or enforced rest from outward labour, instead of that, perhaps a period of great and forward and bustling activity, yet bare, barren, profitless, for it was work done in your own strength, work done but not by that inward, renovating, energising power that cometh from on High, that is received when the Holy Spirit cometh upon the soul. Happy for us if the failures and the fruitlessness of any such period has shut us up to pray the more earnestly, that the Spirit should be given to us to strengthen us with all might in the inner man. And happier

still, if in answer to such prayer, the exceeding greatness of that power which worketh so mightily on all them who believe, hath been put forth upon us, girding us with strength, making us strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might.

The strength which the Spirit thus imparts is strength in Christ, and strength for daily duty; strength springing from a realising apprehension of the continued presence, love, sympathy and help, of the Redeemer, a strength to be received and put forth, not upon great occasions only, in great trials or difficulties only, but a strength in which each common service of our earthly calling is to be undertaken, and by which alone it can be discharged in that way which is pleasing unto God. Three times St. Paul speaks of this strength having been promised and given to him. On looking at these three instances we are struck, first with the commonness of the occasions on which the heavenly grace is represented as imparted; and second, with the rapid and broad generalisations of the Apostle, his passing at once from the particular case in hand, and extending his ideas so as to cover the whole wide surface of the Christian life. The first of the three instances alluded to we may indeed magnify as we please, for a cloud of obscurity hangs over it. I am apt to think, however, if we knew precisely what that thorn in the flesh was—that messenger of Satan sent to buffet him—we should find it was liker one or other of the ordinary visitations that all flesh is heir to, than we may be ready now to imagine. Whatever it was, thrice he entreated that it might be removed, and thrice did the prayer return unanswered, yet not unheard, nor in a sense unanswered either. "My grace," said the Lord in reply to his petitions, "is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness." Paul felt at once that in that grace being made so sufficient, in his human weakness linking him so to that divine strength, the very greatness of the one magnifying and making fuller the manifestation of the other, a far greater boon was given him than if his thrice-repeated request had been literally complied with. But he did not stop at the recognition of that single fact, remembering that the grace promised him for that particular infirmity was one that was needed for all others, was sufficient for all alike, his ready answer to that Divine assurance of aid and strength was this, "Most gladly therefore"—instead of complaining any longer, or any longer seeking somewhat impatiently for relief, "most gladly will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me, therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake, for when I am weak, then am I strong."

The second instance, in which St. Paul tells us of his having got strength from Christ, was in the cultivation of that contented spirit with which he had learned to submit to poverty and to dependence, to the pressure of straitened circumstances, and the acceptance of relief. "Ye have done well," said he to the Philippians quite frankly, while acknowledging the pecuniary aids that they had forwarded to him. "Ye have done well that ye did communicate with my affliction, that once and again ye administered to my necessity. Not that I speak in respect of want, for I have learned in whatever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased and how to abound, everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer much." It is in this connection, as springing out of this instance, that he adds, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." The one thing that through Christ strengthening him he had been enabled to do, was to be content with such things as he had. A very common lesson—contentment with our lot, which in one form or other how many have to learn! But it is he only who learns that lesson as the Apostle learned it, who gets at his contentment through the strengthening grace of Christ, who can see the truth and force of the general inference of the Apostle, if that one thing has been done by him. I might, I should, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

The third instance that Paul mentions is that of a petty but vexatious squabble that he had with a turbulent, self-sufficient craftsman of Ephesus—Alexander the coppersmith. He says to Timothy, writing years after the thing had happened, yet smarting still under the painful and humiliating remembrance, "Alexander the coppersmith did me much evil; the Lord reward him according to his works. Of whom be thou ware also, for he hath greatly withstood our words. At my first answer, no man stood with me, but all men forsook me. Notwithstanding the Lord stood with me, and strengthened me; and I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion." That same Jesus who stood with him as he stood before Felix and Agrippa, and gave him the words and the wisdom at which they wondered and trembled; that same Jesus who stood with him as he trod the rolling deck of the tempest-tossed vessel, and gave to him his own life and the lives of all the crew that sailed with him; that same Jesus who stood with him as he stood at last before the Roman executioner, and bowed his head to the death-stroke; that same Jesus stood with him no less in that miserable affray, when vulgar impudence carried it over apostolic argument; and of Paul it was true, as it had been of his Master, that all men forsook him. Paul did not think that an unmeet occasion to invoke the

presence and aid of Jesus Christ; and his Lord and Saviour did not think it beneath Him to stoop to His servant's necessity, and grant him the comfort and the aid that he required. Proof at once of the devout spirit in which the whole of Paul's life was lived, and of the ready aid that Jesus is ever at hand to tender to all who trust in Him. "I was delivered," said he, "out of the mouth of the lion," and in that deliverance I read the pledge and promise that He by whom it was effected shall not leave nor forsake me till He has done that He has spoken to me of. For "the Lord," he adds, "shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto His heavenly kingdom; to whom be glory for ever and ever."

Finally, let me remind you, that the strength which the Lord gives to His people, is not meted out at once and in full measure. It is given according to the desire, the capacity, the faith, the need, the duty, the trial. The lowest powers we have—our bodily ones—we get by growth, and they grow by exercise. Such is the law of our physical childhood, and no other is the law of the childhood of our spiritual being. You may not hope that all the spiritual strength that you know you need, shall be at once infused, that the strength and stature of the perfect man in Christ Jesus shall at a leap be reached. The grace that strengthens is not given in the gross, there is no full stock of it at first bestowed to be laid up and drawn upon by us as we require. The Giver of it holds it ever in His own hands, and He deals it out in the wisest, kindest, most beneficial ways. Our safety, our comfort, our progress lie wrapped up in an abiding sense of our continued and entire dependence, and He evokes and He sustains that sense by keeping us in His hand, obliging us to repair every day afresh to Him for fresh supplies; by giving the strength, not beforehand, but only at the time that it is needed; by giving the more the more that is asked and longed for; by giving the more the better use that is made of what already had been given; by giving the more, the more trust is put upon His promise, and the more effort in the exercise of that trust is made. Consciousness of weakness is the way to the gaining of this strength. "He giveth power to the faint, to them that have no might He increaseth strength." It is out of weakness that they are made strong. It is "by waiting" on the Lord that they renew their strength, that they mount up with wings as eagles, that they run and are not weary, and walk and are not faint. Blessed are they whose waiting eyes are ever towards the Lord, whose strength is the Lord's. They go from strength to strength on this their earthly journey, and in Zion shall every one of them appear before the Lord. "And blessed be He, the God of Israel, who giveth such strength and power unto His people. Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before His presence with exceeding joy; unto Him that is able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen."

HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST IN THE WINNING," "FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE."

CHAPTER XIX.

IN DARKNESS.

WHILE Percy lay in the hospital, counting first the days, then the weeks, of his sojourn there, and longing for a glimpse of the green trees and fields about his country home, or a breath of the fresh breezes that always blew across Enford Green, Mr. Graddon was regaining his health. He would never be as active and healthy and energetic as of old; there was a sprinkling of grey on his head, his shoulders were bowed, and he had not that command of his temper he once used to have. Contradiction, or anything that went wrong in the business, threw him into a state of irritability which there was no sensible gentle wife at hand to soothe away.

He was still the loving, indulgent father, but when he was angered he could be very severe, and Winnie was not able to soften his wrath as her mother would have done. Coming in one day unexpectedly, he was the unseen auditor of one of Nina's fits of contumacy. She was a high-spirited, wilful girl, vain of her good looks and abilities, and had always rebelled against being advised or controlled by her elder sister, no matter how gently Winnie exerted her authority. Conscious that she could learn in a few minutes what it took the duller Hattie an hour to acquire, she could seldom be prevailed on to prepare her lessons for the daily governess who directed their studies. While Mrs. Graddon lived she had compelled Nina to be industrious, no one but herself knowing what a constant strain upon her nerves and temper her child's waywardness had proved; but what had been

"Nonsense; you maun't talk like that."—*p.* 524.

a trial to the mother was a sheer impossibility to Winnie. Neither coaxing nor remonstrance would induce Nina to apply herself, and her saucy speeches were rousing Hattie's indignation, and taxing her sister's self-control more severely than usual, when Mr. Graddon strode forward.

His stern reproofs were followed by the announcement that Nina should be sent to a boarding-school, a plan to which, after her first burst of dismayed tears, the culprit resigned herself as not without its advantages. There would be many restrictions imposed upon her, certainly, but she would enjoy a change, and the society of girls of her own age far more than she did at home, where Winnie was absurdly particular in her choice of companions.

Winnie had scarcely overcome the trouble—and it was a great one—of parting with her gay thoughtless sister, when, to the astonishment of every one in the house, Miss Symes suddenly announced that she should be obliged to leave them.

"Are you tired of us, Janet?" Mr. Graddon inquired.

"No, I'm afraid I was beginning to love you all too well," she answered, choking down a sob.

"And yet you are going away!"

She nodded, and said so brusquely that she had good reasons for it, that her brother felt half offended, and questioned her no more.

But at the first opportunity he took Winnie aside, and inquired the meaning of Aunt Janet's sudden determination. Had there been any fresh complications? or had either of his own hasty speeches been reported to Miss Symes, inducing her to think that she was not a welcome guest?

But the answer was in the negative. If anything had displeased Aunt Janet she had not complained.

"Well, child, there must be something amiss," Mr. Graddon concluded, "and I shall leave you to find out what it is and put it straight. We must not let your aunt's peculiarities lead us to forget how much she has done for us. No matter how irritable or exacting pain has made me she has always been kind and forbearing. If she persists in leaving us, you must ascertain where she proposes to settle herself, and whether she will accept a small annuity from me."

Winnie executed her task with tact and delicacy, and Miss Symes' lips trembled as she listened, but she resolutely kept back all other signs of emotion, and her answer was almost snappish.

"You can tell your father that I am obliged, but I have enough for my wants; and—don't worry me, child. I have decided to go, and it will only upset me if I am teased for reasons, and entreated to stay."

Thus rebuffed, Winnie said no more, and the following morning Miss Symes, in her driest, coldest tones, announced that she had fixed her departure for an early day in the ensuing week.

Mr. Graddon, now really vexed at what he stigmatised as "an old maid's caprice," made no further attempt to alter her decision, and forbade his daughters to do so either. But Winnie, who could not help watching Miss Symes while she bustled about the house, arranging that everything in it should be put into beautiful order ere she went, soon arrived at the conclusion that her aunt's resolve was costing her a severe mental conflict.

She would astonish Jane by starting away while superintending some piece of work or other, to shut herself in her own room for hours; the knitting-needles she had been accustomed to ply so incessantly lay on her knee, while she sat absorbed in sorrowful thought; and when spoken to she would either start violently or answer at random.

If she went into the kitchen to give orders she would behave just as strangely, and yet the perplexed Winnie noticed that Nannie had grown far more respectful and attentive than she used to be, while her eyes would follow Miss Symes' retreating figure commiseratingly.

On one of these occasions Winnie could not help giving cook an inquiring look, which was understood and promptly answered.

"No, miss, I don't rightly know what ails the poor dear lady, and I would not demean myself to be inquisitive, but a body can't help seeing that she's in trouble; and they do tell me that there 's a many banks broken lately."

This surmise sent Winnie in haste to her father. It was just possible that Miss Symes had lost part, if not all, her little property, and her pride would not let her reveal the fact; but when Mr. Graddon's letter to the solicitor who managed her affairs, elicited that nothing had gone wrong in her investments, her relatives were more perplexed than before.

"I don't think Miss Symes is well," said Hattie. "She has not eaten much lately, and she looks——"

"Disagreeable," added Duke. "Is that so unusual that it astonishes you?"

"She is very nice and kind when she hasn't her doubting fits on her," Hattie retorted, warmly. "You knew I did not mean what you said. She looks——"

"So you said before, Miss Collis," Duke politely told her, when she paused for a word that would express her meaning.

"Well then, she looks *strange*, though I can't tell you in what way."

"Very likely not," muttered Duke; but Winnie took the alarm. Perhaps Aunt Janet was ill; and she ran up-stairs to seek her, and make affectionate inquiries.

Miss Symes had locked herself in her room, and in answer to her niece's rap and request for admission, called out that she had just commenced packing, and could not let her in. She was very well, and wanted nothing.

Winnie went away reluctantly, to be teased a little

by Duke for being in such a hurry to adopt Hattie's fancies, until she was almost induced to think with him that Miss Symes, accustomed to a solitary life from her girlhood, really preferred it to the greater bustle and cheerfulness of a large family like her brother's.

But a few hours later in the day Aunt Janet's bell rang sharply, and the servant who answered it came to beg Miss Graddon to go to her.

Winnie found her sitting amongst her trunks, presenting a most deplorable figure. She had robed herself in a dingy grey flannel gown, donned to save her dress from dust or injury; while for the same reason her head was enveloped in a bundle handkerchief, tied under her chin. The drawers and closets had been emptied of their contents, piles of linen were on every chair, and wearing apparel waiting to be folded lay on the bed; while on the table, beside the open desk, there was an inventory, barely commenced.

"Will you help me pack, my dear? I know I can trust you. I 'm afraid I shall have to give you a great deal of trouble, for I thought I was settled here for the rest of my life, and so I emptied all my boxes, and the task of re-filling them seems quite beyond me."

"Must there be a list drawn up of everything?" asked Winnie, contemplating her aunt's multifarious belongings with alarm at the prospect.

"Certainly, my dear, and then it can be compared with the old one. See, I have commenced it; just read out the items as far as I have gone."

Was this Aunt Janet's precise little caligraphy—this blurred illegible scrawl, that looked as if it must have been written in the dark? An impatient "Why don't you go on?" made Winnie guess at the first word.

"Carpets, is it, aunt? Oh no, contents; I see now, contents of b—no, d—dr—drawing box."

"Are you playing tricks with me?" Miss Symes demanded, her voice tremulous with anger or agitation. "Surely you can see that it is dressing-case, not drawing-box."

"I beg your pardon; shall I read on?"

But it was so difficult to decipher the words, that Winnie stood hesitating and stammering till—to her intense surprise—the paper was snatched out of her hand, and flung on the floor.

"I am very sorry; perhaps I am rather stupid to-day," said the young girl, gently. "Will you let me try again, or shall I make out a fresh list for you?"

Instead of replying Aunt Janet hid her face in her hands and rocked herself to and fro, paying no regard to the questions of her niece, till Winnie, who was kneeling beside her, would have risen to go in search of Hattie to advise with.

Then an arm was thrown across her shoulders.

"No, don't leave me; at least not yet, and don't tell any one how babyish I have been. A dreadful trouble 's coming upon me," and there was acute distress in Aunt Janet's sorrowful accents. "I am losing my sight!"

Tears were running down her pale cheeks, and she would not listen to Winnie's attempts to reassure her.

"No, no, it 's useless deceiving myself any longer. For some time past I have been unable to distinguish colours; don't you remember how I refused to believe that those flowers we saw at the florist's were blue, and persisted in my opinion till I made you admit that you might have been mistaken? I believe now that it was I who was in the wrong; and lately, I have not been able to count the stitches in my knitting, or see to do any needlework, for a mist has floated between my eyes and everything I looked at."

"Why have we not known this sooner?" exclaimed Winnie, now recalling several trifling circumstances unheeded when they occurred, which corroborated what Miss Symes was saying. "Dear aunt, why did you not tell us?"

"Dear child, I could not bear to have to admit it to myself while there remained the faintest hope that the cloud would pass over. I tried to think that it was merely a cold. I have used every remedy within my reach, and have not attempted to read or work for several days; but the dimness has steadily increased. And last night, when I lay thinking how soon I should have to bid you all good-bye—you've grown very dear to me, my love, I shall miss all of you dreadfully—thinking of our parting, I cried till I think I must have wept away what little sight I had left."

By this time Winnie's arms were about her neck, and she was mingling her tears with her aunt's. But she was too practical to do this long. Miss Symes was persuaded to exchange her disordered chamber, carrying the key with her, for another; to permit herself to be undressed; and when she was comfortably in bed, to admit Mr. Halton.

After examining her eyes, he advised that she should be placed under an eminent oculist, to which she consented, though evidently convinced that it would be useless.

"Mr. Halton has done his duty," she said, "and I must do mine, and that is to resign myself to God's will; but I am afraid it will be a hard lesson to learn. It will be a long, long while before I shall be able to content myself to grope about in darkness at the mercy of those about me. Where's your father, Winnie? ask him to bear with me till I have grown accustomed to my helplessness."

"I am here, Janet," said Mr. Graddon, profoundly affected. "You shall not leave us while you want our care and our sympathy. We have both something to be sorry for, let us remember that, and have more patience with each other's foibles in future. A little while ago you were nursing me, now my children and I must do all we can for you."

And in the face of the great affliction that had befallen her, every one was so pitiful and forbearing

that the dim eyes overflowed again ; and the tears then shed began to wash away the distrust that had so long poisoned every better quality in the heart of Janet Symes.

CHAPTER XX.

A GOSSIPING VISITOR.

THE spring flowers were not out of bloom when Percy Gray was carried to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, but the roses of June had faded, and still he lay there, forbidden by the doctors to sit up for more than an hour or two in the course of the day. The beds on either side received new occupants, and they in their turn went away ; some rejoicing in their restoration to health, and with hearts overflowing with gratitude to those who had done so much for them ; others—like the bricklayer—giving their thanks grudgingly, and accepting the skill and care bestowed upon them as if it were their right to be so tended.

Duke Averne paid him no more visits. Twice or thrice he had been in London on business for Mr. Graddon, and on each occasion had promised Winnie that he would call and inquire how Percy was progressing ; but apart from his distaste for such gloomy sights as the ward of a hospital presents, he could find pleasanter occupation for the very little leisure that remained to him after executing his commissions. There were old acquaintances to be looked up, or favourite haunts to be revisited, and the consequence was that he invariably found himself too much pressed for time to go to St. Bartholomew's.

However, Johns, the steady if somewhat obtuse foreman at Mr. Graddon's, came to town purposely to see Percy Gray, availing himself of a local holiday for that purpose. He waited patiently outside the gates for nearly an hour before he could obtain admission, and sat beside Percy's bed until warned that all visitors must depart.

Honest, well-meaning Johns went home again, pleased with himself for the effort, and was satisfied that he had heartened up the poor lad by telling him all the shop news—from the improvement in Mr. Graddon's health down to the death by misadventure of the old yard-dog. He never discerned how Percy chafed and fretted over his own helpless condition while his visitor descanted on the difficulty they had had with the foundation of those new schools, and the way they had decided on framing the roof of that memorial church, and how successfully Mr. Graddon had competed for the building of the new corn exchange at the county town.

"Work will be brisk with us for months to come," he said at parting ; "so make haste and get well. There 'll always be a bench for a chap I can 'pend upon like you, Gray."

"You 'll have to give my place to some one else ; I shall never come back !" said Percy, so sadly that Johns was quite concerned.

"Nonsense ; you maun't talk like that ; you 're mending finely, the nurse told me so. You 're only moped with lying here so long. I shall see you walk into the shop some morning as sprightly as ever ye were !"

Percy smiled, and let him go away without attempting to explain that it was no morbid fancy that he was dying had dictated his speech. Long since he had told himself that he could never return to Mr. Graddon's. How could he meet Winnie's eye ? how listen to her expressions of gratitude, knowing that he did not deserve them—that if he confessed what the real state of his feelings had been at the time he was supposed to have perilled his life for Duke Averne's sake, she would shrink from him in angry disgust ? He kept her book under his pillow, but he never dared to open it, lest the words inscribed on the title-page should meet his eye. If any hand but hers had penned them he would have torn out the leaf, knowing how little he deserved the good-will they testified.

Instead of being exhilarated by Johns' visit, it left him feverish and moody ; and ere its ill effects had quite passed away 'Lisbeth Parnell came again. The family in which her sister Ann held a situation was in town, and Ann received permission to invite her mother to spend a couple of days with her. Widow Parnell was highly elated at receiving this invitation, but she was easily persuaded to let her daughter go in her stead ; and the two girls, at 'Lisbeth's instigation, employed part of the time allowed to them for seeing the sights in visiting Percy.

It chanced that they arrived just as a child who had been badly burned was carried into the hospital, and Ann, who was tender-hearted, was so overcome by a glimpse of the little boy's face, and the noisy grief of his Irish grandame, that she had to be left in the porter's lodge to recover herself.

But 'Lisbeth, who could not see the sense of "making oneself unhappy about people as we don't know," went dimpling and smiling up the ward, flattered by the consciousness that every eye was fixed on her rosy face, and more gratified than confused when Jim, the sweeper, who was now hopping about on crutches, whispered loudly that she must be Number Four's sweetheart.

'Lisbeth let a tear fall on the wasted hand that was held out for her own, then comforted herself and Percy with the assurance that though it was terrible thin, it looked just like a gentleman's, as white and fine as young Mr. Averne's."

"What do you know about Mr. Averne ?" asked Percy, gravely.

'Lisbeth bridled and simpered.

"How you do pick a body up if they say a word ! You 're just like mother. Can't I give Mr. Averne the time o' day when I take home the clean clothes, without being found fault with for it ? He 's as civil as civil ; but I 'll never speak to him again if you don't like it, Percy."

"Study your mother's wishes, not mine, 'Lisbeth. I 'm sure she 'd not like to hear of your gossiping with Mr. Graddon's nephew."

"And where 's the harm?" asked the girl, tossing her head; "and he as good as married; leastways they say he 's engaged to Miss Winnie, and going to be taken into the business as pardner, and——"

But Percy's uplifted hand stopped her; he was faint, and begging for a glass of water, and while he drank it the nurse whispered a warning to 'Lisbeth not to excite him by too much talk; adding that he had not been so well since his last visitor came and stayed too long.

So 'Lisbeth had to content herself with sitting quietly till he spoke again, and then merely answering the few questions he asked. The Smiths were keeping his garden in good order, but they didn't train the roses over the porch as he used to do. The store pig he gave mother was growing wonderful! but, then, it always was a fond (nice) little thing. How was Jim Robins? She didn't know nothing about Jim Robins! She hadn't cared to go to club at Whitsuntide, nor to fair at Midsummer, nor to speak to nobody, since Mr. Johns came up to mother's hisself, and told them what had happened to Percy.

"Then you 've thought of me more kindly than I deserve, 'Lisbeth. If ever I come back to Enford Green I hope it will be to see you a happy wife, and give you a handsome present on your wedding day."

"Why shouldn't you come back to be nursed by mother and me?" responded the girl, earnestly. "Oh, Percy, you 'd get well ever so much faster in the old home, with the sweet scent of the flowers coming in at the windows, and the 'cherrup' of the birds waking ye up in the morning, and every one glad to see ye back! the neighbours dropping in, all eager to do something for ye; your shopmates coming to inquire after ye; and Miss Graddon herself calling to bring ye books and——"

"Don't, 'Lisbeth, don't!" gasped Percy, averting his face, while the bed shook with the emotion he could not conceal. The picture she had drawn of Winnie bending over him, her sweet eyes full of compassion, had been more than he could bear.

The nurse patted 'Lisbeth on the arm, and advised her to go, which she was reluctantly preparing to do, when he looked up, and, having by a great effort steadied his voice, bade her good-bye.

"I haven't made ye worse, Percy?" she inquired, anxiously.

"No, oh no! it was only that your scheme is too pleasant to be realised."

"But why? Don't you think the doctors would let you come? They sent Faro's lad home to get his strength up, and why not you? Any way, you 'll think about it, Percy?"

"*I shall think of nothing else!*"

And with this reply 'Lisbeth was forced to be satisfied, though she felt chilled and uneasy every time she remembered the expression of Percy's face as he uttered it.

(*To be continued.*)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. New Series. No. 11. David in Danger.

Chapter to be read—1 *Sam. xix.*

INTRODUCTION. Where did we leave David last? What friends had he at Saul's court? Shall see in this lesson how Michal and Jonathan both befriended him. How did the people about the court regard him? (xviii. 30). What had made them so friendly? His bravery commanded their admiration. Was he puffed up? Modesty always wins regard. So all esteemed him except the king. Why did not he? What a shocking thing jealousy is!

I. Jonathan's Friendship. (Read 1—7.) What a startling order is now given by Saul! Can fancy the servants and princes gathered into knots talking it over. Can it be true? What can David have done? Who now tries to save him? Picture the two friends secretly consulting what is to be done—a hiding-place for David proposed. Jonathan's repeated promises to do all he can with Saul for him. How Jonathan seeks Saul. What does he say? Reminds him of all David has done for him—how he risked his life to slay the Philistine, how God helped him, how Israel was by him saved from its enemies, how innocent David is of wishing any harm to the king—nay, more, what a great sin Saul will be doing to kill him without a cause. What effect did it have? The soft answer turned away wrath. Picture Jonathan's joy—his running to find and tell David, the friends embracing, his bringing David to Saul, the king receiving him graciously once more. Notice in Jonathan's conduct: (1) *He was wise.* He put David's deeds in the most favourable light to Saul. (2) *He was bold.* Not afraid to tell the king would be doing great sin. (2) *He was disinterested.* David was to succeed to the throne instead of himself, yet he did all he could to keep him in favour. (4) *He was unselfish.* How easily might have poisoned Saul's mind against him, but thought more of his friend than of himself. In all these respects an example to children. True happiness to think most of others—seek their good (1 Cor. xiii. 5). This is to copy example of Christ, who "pleased not Himself."

II. Saul's Hatred. (Read 8—17.) Another war with Phflistines! How did David act? Surely these successes will increase his favour with Saul. Did they? Why not? The same story again. Perhaps the women sang similar praises to what they

had before (xviii. 7). What evil spirit again came upon Saul? Jealousy, indeed, evil turning friendship to hatred. Picture the scene: Saul on a couch; his javelin in hand. David on a stool playing his harp; courtiers standing round; all listening; perhaps David singing a psalm; a sudden start; javelin hurled; David's slipping aside; the javelin stuck in wall; David's hasty flight; leaves harp behind him; Saul's rage at his escape; messengers hastily send to his house; watch set all round; no escape seems possible. What did Michal do? Probably house on wall of city; so escaped like spies from Jericho (Josh. ii. 15), or Saul from Damascus (Acts ix. 24). Now Saul sends for Michal; what does he ask her? what does she answer? this probably a mere excuse; can hardly believe David would threaten her life. Can learn two things from this story. (1) *The fearful effect of jealousy.* Saul did not try to check his jealousy; led him to great sin. So will it always. Led Cain to murder. Led chief priests to crucify Christ. Wants great grace to overcome. Such grace promised to all who seek it (2 Cor. xii. 9). (2) *The safety of God's people.* David sings of this in his Psalms (see Psa. xi. 1, 2, possibly written on an occasion of this sort). Now experiences it for himself. This true for all. God knows what is best for us; may send trouble; still nothing can really harm His people (Psa. xxxiv. 11).

III. SAMUEL'S INFLUENCE. (Read 18—24.) Where did David flee to? Had he ever seen Samuel before? Quite an old friend; would tell him all his troubles. How grieved Samuel would be for his trials and Saul's sin. What did Saul do when he heard where he was? What did the messengers see? Samuel, in priest's robes, offering sacrifices; no fear of Saul; doing appointed work; prophets all standing round joining in worship and praises (*i.e.*, prophesying). What did the messengers do? Who else did the same? Yes; Saul, who came to kill, stayed to pray; caught the enthusiasm of the solemn service; felt the influence of the holy band of men; his evil spirit departs. What comes upon him once more? He, too, worships, prays, prophesies. What a change! See the effect of example. Solemn prayer not only blessing to them but Saul also. What an encouragement to persevere in religious duties; assemble together; exhort one another (Heb. x. 25). So David once more in peace.

Questions to be answered.

1. Who were David's two friends at Saul's court?
2. How did Jonathan befriend him?
3. What did Jonathan's conduct show?
4. How did Saul again seek David's life, and why?
5. What two lessons may we learn?
6. What strange thing happened to Saul, and how was it brought about?

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

184. What prophetess is mentioned as living in the days of king Josiah?

185. What words of our blessed Lord set forth the sacredness of marriage?

186. What coin is referred to in the New Testament under the name of a "penny"?

187. What prophet confirms the account given of the miracles which God performed during the journey of the Israelites through the wilderness?

188. Quote a passage which shows the hard treatment suffered by the captive Israelites while in Babylon.

189. What expression is used many times in the Bible to set forth God's love and tenderness in warning His people Israel of the judgments coming upon them?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 495.

172. "Moreover ye see and hear that not alone at Ephesus, but almost throughout all Asia, this Paul hath persuaded and turned away *much* people, saying that they be no gods which are made with hands" (Acts xix. 26).

173. In the book of the prophet Joel, wherein he tells of God's judgment upon His people (Joel ii. 2—12).

174. King Ashasuerus, because of the disobedience of Vashti his queen (Esther i. 20—22).

175. Shishak, king of Egypt, who came and took away all the golden shields and other ornaments which Solomon had caused to be made for the Temple (2 Chron. xii. 9).

176. During the famine at Samaria in the time of Elisha the prophet (2 Kings vi. 28, 29).

177. "Shall iron break the northern iron and steel" (Jer. xv. 12).

THE FATHER'S KNOWLEDGE.

"The very hairs of your head are all numbered."—MATT. x. 30.

GOD'S knowledge as the light the world enwraps—
The broad white light that freely shines on all;
Nor bird that flies, nor thirsty beast that laps,
Without the Father's loving will can fall.

But of the Church that He vouchsafes to call,
His knowledge is more rich, like radiance shed
Through pictured panes of some cathedral tall;
While, centering still, upon each chosen head
His knowledge, halo-like, is sweetly gatherèd.

FRANCIS H. DINNIS, M.A.

FIT FOR THE WALL.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

JACQUES was too lazy to follow Marie; he flung himself down on the grass and watched her as she went down the cliffs, which at the Coupée are three hundred feet above the sea. At last Marie got the paper, which she had felt a strong wish to possess. A lady who had been sketching there that morning had let it drop from her pocket-book. It was only a slip of paper on which was written, in a large clear hand-writing,

"A stone that is fit for the wall,
Will not be left in the way."

It was strange that Marie should have lighted upon words that fitted in so well with what they had been speaking of. A curious occurrence, perhaps, but not half as strange as some of the coincidences that happen every day of one's life, *not one* happening by chance, but *all* ordered for a wise purpose by Him, who, numbering the hairs of our heads, and caring for each soul individually, makes *all* things work together for good to them that love Him.

"See here, Jacques," said Marie, when she had regained her breath, and thrown herself down on the grass near her brother, "are not these strange words? I never heard the like of them before."

Jacques lazily held out his hand for the paper, while he glanced up at the road, watching some people who had been over to Little Sark cross the Coupée. As Jacques read the words they seemed to bring back the Sunday's sermon very forcibly to his mind, and he also thought of what he had first been speaking of to Marie. Perhaps if he was *fit* he might be used. Ah! but how was that to be?

Neither brother nor sister spoke then, and neither forgot the words on that slip of pink paper which Marie had found on the cliffs of her island home.

The next day Landin was very much distressed because the cat belonging to their nearest neighbour had come into the fowl-house and eaten up several of the fowls, and Jacques had to admit that if he had but mended the house better, no cat could have got in.

Two years passed away very uneventfully, and life at the little Sark cottage seemed exactly the same as on that first summer's day when first we saw Marie and Jacques. Both had grown taller, it was true, and the creeper over the cottage door was thicker and handsomer, but there the changes seemed to cease. But were there no changes in the lives of brother and sister?

Ever since that day that Marie had read those words of that old Persian proverb, the course of her life had seemed materially altered. She felt the same, and yet not the same; there was the old home life that she had known since her childhood, the familiar faces of the few inhabitants of the island and the nearer home faces of Jacques and Jean Landin; there was the same round of daily duties, the same common tasks, and yet all seemed different now. For Marie went to work with a will, making her life more beautiful, by reason of the spirit which she put into it. All her duties seemed now but means to an end, *all* her life was but a working of the great hand of God shaping her into fitness for His purposes. Thorough, earnest, and utterly removed from shallow commonplacedness as Marie had been before, she was now happier in that her days and hours had a purpose in them. How God would use her she knew not, but she felt sure that when "fit," she would not be left in the way. She tried to be content, and so acquire the spirit of contentment to be patient in bearing all the little crosses of every day that will come into the most quiet life; to gain victories over sin in little things, so that by constant watchfulness she might be able to conquer if great occasion arose, and in many ways that it would take too long to write of here, Marie tried to be *meet* for the Master's use.

"Ah, Jacques, my boy," said Jean Landin one day, when he came in from fishing, "it's a pity you're not fond of the sea."

"Why, grandfather?" asked Jacques.

"Because then you could come with me in the boat, and be doing something," said Jean, who seemed struck, for a wonder, with the fact that Jacques was very idle.

"But, grandfather, I hate the sea!"

"I don't know what you do like. You were offered that situation at the Seigneurie as help to one of the gardeners, but you would not go."

"I don't like that style of work," muttered Jacques, "I want to be a schoolmaster."

Jean said no more; but in a day or two he came back to the cottage with a gentleman whom he had helped to climb up a stiff bit of cliff down near the Tintageu Rocks. Jean's face was flushed with pleasure. "Here, Jacques, where are you?" And Jacques came. "Here, now, is not this fine, my boy. I meet this gentleman, who is as kind as can be, and he inquired of my life here, and I tell him of you and how you want to be a schoolmaster, and he says, 'I can help you, I think.'"

The object of these remarks was a tall, elderly man with a kind face and manner that soon won confidence. Jacques, nothing loth, told him all about himself and his desires, and the gentleman smiled involuntarily at the boy's ambition, especially as he confessed that he had not touched his books since he had left school. But the gentleman did not smile, however, when Jacques said that he wanted to work for Christ, and that he hoped in that way to do it, for he saw the boy was in earnest.

"My boy, I am sorry to disappoint you, but I see you will not do. I have an estate in Hampshire and we are in want of a young man to train under the master for my school, but you would have to know much more than you do now."

"I can work hard, monsieur," said Jacques eagerly.

Mr. Granger shook his head. "No, had you kept up your education after you left school, there might have been some chance, but as you are, I cannot undertake to have you."

"I never saw the use," said Jacques.

"You should have neglected nothing that could fit you for use."

"Ah, but if you had, as you say, nothing to do, you should have neglected nothing that could fit you for use, especially desiring, as you do, to be a schoolmaster."

Then, turning to Marie, he said, "Would you like to come to England? We want a maid for the children, and I think you would do."

Marie was delighted, and soon all was arranged. In a week she had gone over to Guernsey in the *Rescue*, Jacques watching her departure with longing eyes, and the next day she went with Mr. and Mrs. Granger to England.

Marie lived with the Grangers, and had no cause to complain on the score of work for her Lord. All the sweet graces that she had so striven to cultivate in her Sark home, all the patience and unselfishness that had been the fruit of her earnest desire to be made "meet for the Master's use," made her indeed of great use in the little world of the nursery, and among her fellow-servants.

In her the children learnt lessons that time would never efface, and they saw those principles she upheld lived out in her simple Christ-like life. "Fit for the wall," she had not indeed been "left in the way;" and Jacques, now a hard-working boy, is the stay of his grandfather's old age.

L. E. D.

"'Thank you. Now I understand,' said the lad."—*p.* 532.

A RICH WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CRUST AND THE CAKE," "LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

"Must I consume my life, this little life,
In guarding against all may make it less?"

"IF you please, madam," began poor Chrystal, suddenly becoming conscious of the dustiness of her apparel and the weight of weariness dragging at her feet; "if you please, there is a young gentleman of the name of Carewe, now lying sick in Surrey, who has sent to you."

The lady gave a little cry, and sank down on a

chair. That movement brought her face within the full light of the lamp, and Chrystal saw that she was indeed quite young, not more than twenty-five years of age, though her rich lace cap, fastened down by an antique jewel, did all it could to invest her with matronly dignity. Her face might have been pretty once, though possibly it had been a little blank and insipid, before it acquired the weary, watchful look which spoiled it now.

"Did he send you to me?" she gasped, with an agitation full rather of dismay than of emotion.

"Yes," said Chrystal; "at least, he has sent a letter to you, and I, knowing his condition, thought I would bring you word of him direct. The letter is on its way; but it cannot reach you before to-morrow morning."

"What can I do? what can I do?" cried Mrs. Esslemont, wringing her hands. "He is my only brother, and I have heard nothing of him for a year. Not that we ever quarrelled; but ——. Are you sure he is so very ill?"

"Quite sure," said Chrystal, sadly; and as she spoke she became aware that somebody entered the room behind her.

"My dear! my dear!" piped a querulous voice. "What is all this agitation about? Calm yourself! I cannot see what news this person can have brought to affect you so deeply."

"She says that Edmund is dying," sobbed Mrs. Esslemont, suddenly growing still.

"Well, well, well." The speaker came forward and stood beside her—a tall, lean man, with sparse iron-grey hair, and a cadaverous visage. "Well, well, well," he repeated, "we must each die in our turn. And it is no cause for special grief when those are taken first whose"—he paused and looked sharply at Chrystal before he proceeded—"whose lives have given us no particular reason for gratulation."

Mrs. Esslemont was calm enough now.

"But I don't believe in Edmund Carewe's dying!" resumed Mr. Esslemont, with a change of voice. "If he does so, it will be a falsification of all the proverbial wisdom of the world. I shall die, Mrs. Esslemont, and that young scapegrace will live to prey upon you and waste my substance in riotous living."

"Forgive me, sir," said Chrystal, "but I have known the young gentleman for two summers in Winds' Haven, and there is not a person there who has lived a simpler, quieter life."

"Does he live in your house?" asked the gentleman, tartly.

"Not now," answered Chrystal. "This year he was too ill to be able to climb so steep a hill as ours every time he came in or out. But he stayed in my father's house last summer; that was how I grew to know him so well."

"And so he has written to his sister at last! Simply that his sister's husband may have the pleasure of stepping in to pay his debts and spare him a pauper funeral, not that he will die, but probably at present he imagines he may," said the old gentleman.

"He would not have written if we had not urged him to it," pleaded Chrystal; "I do not know what he has said. Mrs. Esslemont will get his letter to-morrow. But I do know how ill he is, and so I took it upon myself to let her know too, as soon as I could after I found out her address. He may be dead by this time," Chrystal added, earnestly.

"Ah, not likely," said Mr. Esslemont, with a cold gleam in his grey eye. "Of course, nothing can repay such disinterested kindness as yours in coming thirty miles to bring unpleasant news a little quicker than it could otherwise arrive." Then, turning to his wife, he went on: "Well, my dear, what do you mean to do? Of course, you are free to do whatever you like. Say the word, and your orders shall be carried out."

Mrs. Esslemont looked up at him with an expression which Chrystal could not for the moment understand. It reminded her of a dog to whom his master offers a tempting morsel which he will not allow him to touch.

"If I went to-night——" she began.

"Don't see how you are to go to-night," he returned, promptly. "I know the trains on that line. No more trains to-night will stop any nearer to Winds' Haven than Deerham, which is more than four miles away."

"Can I take the footman with me and hire a coach at Deerham?" she suggested.

"This is the butler's night at his own home," said Mr. Esslemont; "he has left here already. Of course it is quite natural for you to forget that the course you propose would deprive the house of its only other in-door male servant, and leave me to be shot down by the burglars who always keep their eye on an unprotected moment in such a place as this," and he glanced around. "Indeed, one never knows how remote a conspiracy may be formed for bringing about such an unprotected moment," he added, suspiciously.

"I know it 's no use!" said Mrs. Esslemont, rather excitedly.

"Calmness, calmness, my love," rejoined her husband. "Is there any other plan you can suggest?"

"I might take the coachman and our own chaise, and change horses at some half-way house," suggested the lady, very doubtfully.

"Well, my love, if you had been used to horseflesh all your life, instead of knowing nothing about it until you married me, you would think twice before you exposed such horses as ours to the perils of strange rough roads in the darkness, and to the tender mercies of village stable-keepers."

Chrystal had listened to this interlude with personal interest, for she certainly had to get back to Winds' Haven that night, and had hitherto troubled herself little about the return journey, feeling assured she would at least have a companion. When she found herself in this grand house, with its stables,

horses, and servants, all minor difficulties of trains and hiring had seemed to vanish. They came back now; not to be feared, but to be solved. What wealth would not or could not do, a little more straining of energy, a little higher lifting of courage, must accomplish.

"I have to return at once to Winds' Haven myself," she said, quietly.

"Must you? How do you mean to do it?" asked Mrs. Esslemont, eagerly.

"I shall take the train to Deerham, and walk thence to Winds' Haven," answered Chrystal.

The lady's countenance fell.

"How far apart do you say the places are?" she inquired of her husband.

"Four miles," he said—"four miles from the last house in Deerham to the first cottage in Winds' Haven. The way lies through a wood. You never meet a soul there, and the trees are so thick that it is dark even in the day-time."

"I could not do it!" sighed Mrs. Esslemont, dropping back in her chair.

"Of course you could not, my love!" said her husband; "I knew that from the first, but I allowed you to convince yourself of it, that you might feel quite satisfied. Well," he continued, rising, to signify that the interview was ended—a hint which Chrystal quickly took—"well, you understand that nothing can be done to night? To-morrow we shall get Mr. Carewe's own letter, and then, if we see any real cause for such action, Mrs. Esslemont may be expected at Ockholm Station by the first fast train which leaves London."

"When does it reach there?" asked his wife, feebly.

"About two o'clock in the afternoon," he replied.

"Is there not an earlier train?" she asked again, still more faintly.

"Certainly there are, my dear," he answered, "but they are ridiculous crawling things, which take nearly three times as long on the journey, and would weary you for nothing."

But, in plain truth, did any charwoman, going to her mean home after twelve hours' toil, any field-worker beaten down by sun and wind, look wearier than looked the old millionaire's young wife, as she stood there with the lamplight gleaming over the jewels on her fingers?

She glanced rather wistfully at Chrystal, and rang the bell. As Chrystal turned to leave the apartment, she started to find that a fourth person had been present. He must have entered with Mrs. Esslemont, and had remained behind her. This was a tall, slight lad, with the rather striking personal peculiarity of bright blue eyes combined with black hair. Rather regardless of manners, he gave a slight whistle, stepped aside out of Chrystal's way, and then followed her from the room.

"Ought I—do you think we should have offered to pay for her journey?" asked Mrs. Esslemont, when the husband and wife were left together.

The old man laughed grimly.

"Certainly not," he said. "The best way by which the wealthy can free themselves from such obsequious services is to allow people to render them at their own expense."

Chrystal found the footman in attendance at the hall door, like a splendid automaton. Without another word she passed from the bright luxurious hall into the outer darkness of a murky starless autumn night. She was terribly tired, almost ready to faint from want of food, and, worst of all, her errand had so far failed. And yet she felt a sense of relief which almost inspired her to leap and run. After the spiritual atmosphere of that great house, the mere silence and solitude were as reviving to her soul as fresh air would be to the body of one whose strength was half succumbing to noxious gases.

A light step came crashing over the gravel behind her, and a clear youthful voice cried, "Don't go so fast; I declare I'm out of breath trying to overtake you."

Chrystal paused, and turned. The speaker was the youth who had been the silent listener to her conversation with the Esslemonts.

"I say!" he said, in frank, impetuous boy fashion. "Tell me more about this. I knew Edmund Carewe, and I liked him. What is this about him? Is he really dying?"

"He is really dying," Chrystal repeated once more. "I wish you could come to him, sir; it was so pitiful to hear him say that nobody would care."

"Poor Ned!" said the lad, as if half shy of showing his real sympathy. "I'm sure you seem a kind friend to him. I'm nothing to him myself; I might aggravate him, I should think, for I'm only nephew to Mr. Esslemont, who married his sister, and showed him the door."

"Mr. Carewe may have done something which Mr. Esslemont may think deserved that," said the just Chrystal. "But, however that may be, he is young, and kindly natured; and he is dying now."

"What has made you take so much interest in him?" asked the boy. "For I can tell that you have put yourself to a great deal of trouble for a mere stranger—more trouble than I think I would take for anybody."

"If God is our Father, then every stranger is a brother or sister," said Chrystal, simply.

"Yes, yes," returned the boy, with a slight impatience; "but I think it takes something special to make us realise that in any particular case." Something of his uncle's cynical tone came into his voice as he spoke; and Chrystal felt impelled to do something she had never done in all her life before, and which now made her heart beat, and her face flush in the darkness.

"Well, sir," she said, "I believe you are right. It is often hard to realise the kind of suffering in others of which we have not felt the pinch ourselves. Years ago I parted in pain and anger from somebody I've never seen nor heard of since. I'd give all I have for

a chance of another last word. That I can't get; but I 'll do what I can to gain such a chance for other people."

"Thank you. Now I understand," said the lad, in his peculiar dry tone. "By the way, do you believe in running away?"

The matter-of-fact manner in which he changed the subject, so completely gave Chrystal such a revulsion of feeling that she nearly burst out laughing.

"That depends upon what you run from, why you run, and where you run to," she answered.

"You 've got some fun in you," he observed. "Well, most people run away from being found out or punished, don't they?"

"Yes," said Chrystal, "and that is very foolish, because in so far as they have sinned, their punishment will run with them to the ends of the earth."

"But suppose anybody ran away from being wicked?" suggested her queer companion.

"Well, he must remember that he will find no place where temptation cannot come," answered Chrystal.

"That is all very good," said the boy. "But would not you advise one predisposed to drunkenness to run out of a public-house?"

"Certainly I should," rejoined Chrystal; "and it is very sad to think that while so many find energy to give up everything in hopes that they may escape, as they think, from the punishment of their vices, there are few who have courage to give up anything for the preservation of their virtues."

They walked side by side in silence for a few minutes, then the lad said, abruptly, "Yours must be a jolly life."

"It is very good," she answered. "But what makes you say so, sir?"

"Your face," he returned, briefly.

Chrystal felt half inclined to be angry. To one accustomed to the slow shy speech of the village, his sharp directness sounded very like impertinence. But his next words quite disarmed her.

"I can't remember my mother, and there isn't a picture of her, so I shall make believe to myself that she was something like you."

They had now reached the point where Chrystal would get her omnibus.

"I shall be sure to hear of you again, I suppose, one way or another," he said. "Write me a line about Carewe, in case that letter coming to-morrow alters present plans. My name is Bertram Esslemont, at my uncle's address here for a few days more, at any rate. You haven't told me yours yet."

"I am Chrystal Joyce, living at Winds' Haven," she answered; "and I will not forget to send you word of Mr. Carewe."

"Chrystal Joyce—Clear Delight. That 's my artificial memory. Now I 'll not forget it. Good-bye."

And almost before she had mounted the omnibus step he was scudding back down the dark road they had come.

And this was the end of her effort. It began to look something like a fool's errand, even to her own unworldly eyes. That is the worst evil which suspicion and unresponsiveness can work. The world is fainting for the refreshment of divine impulses of loving-kindness and self-forgetfulness, and these throw poison into its stream.

"I have failed altogether," thought poor Chrystal; "and whether or no that lady reaches Ockholm before her brother dies, I am not sure that she has any healing balm to soothe his departing soul. She seemed to me like an empty vessel left beside waters of bitterness. I dare say I might have managed better. I believe I opened my story clumsily. As for the boy who came out with me, either he thought there was something very queer about me, or there is something very queer about himself. Perhaps there is a crack in the family, and that is at the bottom of the estrangement. But no, that can't be it, for this Bertram Esslemont and my Mr. Carewe are not of the same side of the house. Heigho! I meant well, though I seem to have only made matters worse. It's a blessing to remember that Jesus prayed, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do;' and that takes in all the mischief we accomplish when we really think we are doing our best."

It did not then occur to Chrystal that the Master's sweet excusing prayer may sometimes change into a promise—the secret of the bread cast on the waters to be found after many days, of the word spoken in secret to be presently proclaimed on the house-tops.

We "know not what we do" for good as well as for evil; but He knows who teaches the swallow to follow the summer, and fructifies the flower by the touch of the wandering bee.

(To be continued.)

THE TRUE VINE.

"I am the true Vine."—JOHN xv. 1.

FOR the creeping vines that grasp the earth,
Wasting their tendrils on the unworthy ground;
O! for the wild grapes, small and little worth,
That in the unclaimed hearts of men abound.

Crude kindnesses and little loves are found
Gemming the dust, while lifted up on high,
Lo! the true Vine with light and beauty crowned;
Grafted therein the tendrils clasp the sky,
Bearing the nobler fruit of heavenly charity.

FRANCIS H. DINNIS, M.A.

THE PASSION IN ST. JOHN.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF DERRY AND RAPHOE.

"They crucified the Lord of glory."—1 Cor. iv. 8.

IN the narrative of St. John we have the Passion in its ideal glory—the crucifixion of the *King of Glory*. In this idea we find the clue to this portion of the history of the fourth Gospel, the explanation of much which he asserts, and of much which he admits.

St. John brings out wonderfully the astuteness and cruelty of the hierarchy, and the long struggle which was carried on in Pilate's soul. But this is only as a dark frame in which to set the glory of that strange *royalty*. For He is the *King* of suffering.

"Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe. And Pilate saith unto them, Behold the Man!"* This is one of the few passages in St. John's narrative where a something of the subjective seems to pierce through the strong reserve which the Evangelist has imposed upon himself. He who holds the pen pauses for a moment. There is something of admiration as well as pity in Pilate's words. We cannot wonder that the "Ecce Homo" has become almost the motto of Christian art.

But the chief priests feel no admiration and no relenting; they cry out, "Crucify! Crucify!" To Pilate's half appeal to their better feelings, they answer, "We have a law, and by our law He *ought* to die, because He made Himself the Son of God." Well has the most thoughtful of commentators said—"another *ought* lay below this." Let us observe what a sense of awe St. John represents as brooding over Pilate's soul. "When Pilate heard that saying (*i.e.*, because He made Himself the Son of God) he was *more afraid*." Then he feared *before*. Under the influence of this deepening awe, Pilate hastily went in, and said, "Whence art Thou? What is Thy mysterious origin? Art Thou a son of the gods?" But Jesus gave him no answer.

(10) "Then saith Pilate unto Him, Speakest Thou not unto me? knowest Thou not that I have power to crucify Thee, and power to release Thee? (11) Jesus answered, Thou couldst have no power at all against Me, except it were given thee from above; therefore, he that delivered Me unto thee hath the greater sin." That is to say, the powers that be are ordained of God. Rome held the power then by the divine right of fact. The sovereign disposition of life and death the high priest had not; he was arrogating it to himself, extorting it from the weakness and fear of Pilate. Therefore, he who, as the representative of Judaism, gave up Jesus to Pilate, has and holds close to his soul, in terrible reality, a greater guilt. Before the world's greatest masters in jurisprudence he calmly weighs out the comparative degrees of guilt in scales which are at once supremely just and supremely delicate. Once more, there is divine glory here.

(23) "Then the soldiers, when they had crucified Jesus, took His outer garments, and made four parts, to every soldier a part; and also His tunic; and the tunic was without seam, from the top woven wholly throughout. (24) They said therefore among themselves, Let us not rend it, but cast lots for it, whose it shall be; that the scripture might be fulfilled, which saith, They parted mine outer garments for themselves, and for mine apparel did they cast lots." A detachment of four soldiers was told off for the execution. These soldiers did two separate acts in their dealing with the raiment of the condemned. They *divided* the different pieces of the outward wearing apparel, the girdle and the vest; they *cast lots* for the tunic, which must be taken entire or wasted. So that the great lines of the most tragic picture which time has ever seen were drawn by unconscious agents. The Roman governor, though it was in mockery, proclaimed Him King of the Jews. The Roman soldiers (of all men in the world) acted as if they had received orders to follow the twenty-second Psalm* like a rubric. One reflection naturally occurs—it is a great thing to have faith; is it not a small thing comparatively to have a relic, even if it be as genuine as that which fell to the lot of the successful gambler among the four soldiers?

What a glory, too, there is about the last words which the Church owes to the fourth Evangelist.

1. The word of true human affection in Him who is the Perfect Ideal of man, because in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.

(26) "When Jesus therefore saw His mother and the disciple standing by, whom He loved, He saith unto His mother, Woman, behold thy son! (27) Then saith He to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own house."

This is the word of true human affection. The Cross is rich in gifts. He who hung upon it bestowed these presents with that pierced hand. To one He gave the way to Heaven, which is pardon, and Heaven begun, which is Paradise; to

* St. John xix. 5.

* "They part My garments among them, and cast lots upon My vesture" (Psalm xxii. 18).

two others the foretaste of Heaven, which is the sanctified affection, the power of love we need most, heart for heart, Mary to John, and John to Mary. The incident must be historically true. The hard people who had the charge of the little Dauphin, the son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, reported that "little Capet" had died, and that his last words were, "I hear music—up *there*." Much doubt has been expressed as to the truth of the story. A celebrated French historian, however, has said, "It *must* be true. The people among whom he was could never have imagined it." What a contrast with the last moments of the wisest man of classical antiquity? The sacred ship has arrived. The wife of Socrates sits by him with tears and strong sobs, holding his child. Socrates said sternly, "Let some one take her hence"—words which are an anticipation of the stern hardness of heart which valued nothing but self-conscious strength and calmness.

2. As there is a glory of perfected human affection in the first of the three last words peculiar to St. John's gospel, so is there a glory of perfected human suffering in the second—"I thirst."

After the agony in Gethsemane; after being led from tribunal to tribunal, from Annas to Caiaphas, from Caiaphas to Pilate, from Pilate to Herod, from Herod back again to Pilate; after the piercing of the acanthus crown, and the cutting of the tremendous scourge; after the exposure under the burning sun, and the sultry darkness, the drops trickling down, which the nailed and extended hands could not wipe away, a severe thirst took possession of Him. How gentle He is in that sacred helplessness! Cæsar, in a burning fever, asks for a drink from a friend "like a sick girl;" but Jesus appeals to His enemies. The Indian brave at the stake, girt round with a ring of fire, has scorned to ask a drop of water to cool his blackened lips; but Jesus deigns to speak appealingly out of His physical anguish. Nothing in His Passion is superfluous. Let us remember that there are three distinct mentions of *drinks* upon the cross. There is first the opiated wine, which He rejects; there is the mock vinegar after the nailing;* there is the accepted sponge, dipped in vinegar, which is passed across His lips.† The believing soul has ever instinctively felt that we enter here into a mysterious region. This suffering, which comes with nearly every great and prolonged pain, is part of a predestined anguish. Of those pathetic wailings in the subjectively Messianic Psalms, *two* are expressive of *thirst*.‡ The last word is expressive of the sufferings which redeem. It is a rebuke to sensuality, extravagance, drunkenness, luxury, delicacy. It may also (as Christians of old loved to say) be a type of the deeper two-fold thirst which consumed the soul of our Lord—a thirst for the salvation of souls, a thirst for the presence of God.

3. Above all, there is glory in that last word, so grand, so comprehensive, so triumphant, "It is finished!" It was in His heart before, knowing that all things were now accomplished.* Now, the labour is over, the task ended, the sufferings done, the types and prophecies fulfilled. The completion of all that is old is announced in one great glad word.

Even in death, St. John's narrative shows us the glory that waited upon that Body.

(33) "When they came to Jesus, and saw that He was dead already, they brake not His legs. (34) But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced His side, and forthwith came there out blood and water." Let us try to gaze upon that sacred form as St. John did. To him it was literally all in all, the one thing precious upon earth. He gazed, longing to see how the Scriptures should be fulfilled; and he saw that the type of the Paschal Lamb,† and the promise to God's servant,‡ were there in the unbroken limbs of the Lamb of God, who was also His righteous servant. Zechariah's prophecy was written on His very flesh with the Roman soldier's spear-point.§ They treated it as if it were a common thing, piercing it through the side to the very heart; and it becomes full of wonder, the fountain-spring of the two sacraments. Here, in presence of the dead Lord, are the three ever-abiding witnesses—the Spirit, and the water, and the blood; and the three have one concentrated language which makes up the inner testimony in our hearts.

Thus, as we meditate with St. John, the death of Jesus is not only *foretold*, *powerful*, *beautiful*, it is also divine and glorious. By the divine self-possession at the moment of the arrest;‖ by the hushed awe of the Roman Proconsul, whilst those few deep words came forth, grand and brief, as if from the long silence of God; by the strange royalty of the pathetic form, tricked out in that sad finery, and crowned with that dreadful coronation; by those unlooked-for fulfilments of type and prophecy, in the raiment, the thirst, and the piercing; by the three last words, which another might apparently have spoken, and yet in which lie folded all suffering, power, and tender knowledge of the human heart; by the heaven and earth, hushed to keep guard around the helpless body of the offered Lamb, we behold the glory as

* St. Luke xxiii. 36. † St. John xix. 29.
‡ Psalm xxii. 15; lxix. 21.

* St. John xix. 28.
† "Neither shall ye break a bone thereof" (Exod. xii. 46).
‡ "Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord He *keepeth all his bones:* not one of them is broken" (Ps. xxxiv. 19, 20).
§ Zechariah xii. 10: "They shall look upon *Me* whom they have pierced;" "On *Him* whom they have pierced" (St. John xix. 37).
‖ St. John xviii. 1–9.

of the Only-begotten. "They crucified the Lord of Glory."

* * * * *

We have thus seen the Passion in the four Evangelists, in its sacredness, its power, its tenderness, its glory. We have contemplated the Cross as true, mighty, beautiful, Divine. We have followed the Evangelists, one by one, in their several delineations of the death of the Messiah, of the Son of God, of the Son of Man, of the Word made flesh. Before passing on to the Poems of the New Testament, we shall follow their leading ideas in the joyful story of the Resurrection. But we must, before leaving the Passion, point out briefly how the fourfold delineation meets the wants of humanity and of the Church. (1) St. Matthew meets the wants of the *Hebrew* element in man and in the universal church. Of all our histories, Bible history is the centre. Of ordinary history the successful are the heroes, and the strong and fortunate are the heirs. He who fills St. Matthew's pages is also heir and hero. But He is the hero of patience, the heir of tragic anguish, of prophecies full of pathetic burdens. The note of the First Gospel is, "That it might be fulfilled." (2) St. Mark stands for the *Roman* element in humanity and in the church. The Lamb is also the lion. The Cross lifts up a victim. We want more than recollections. At the close of the Second Gospel, Jesus is not a mere memory to us. He is at God's right hand. "He is ever working with us." (3) St. Luke stands for the *Greek* element, of which we have already spoken. (4) St. John, perhaps, specially represents *religious thought.* The age and the church alike want *ideas.* This great world is something more than an emporium in which beetles may be collected to be pinned upon cards. There is something higher than analysing guano, growing orchids, or dissecting dogs alive or dead. In religion we want a true *theology.* Theology does not destroy the beauty of religion, any more than a knowledge of botany destroys the beauty of a rose. We want a science of the great ideas of the Gospel. The idea of the Incarnate word in the death upon the Cross is the idea of St. John. Some say that the dwelling upon the Cross is not practical. One cries, "I am a man with fierce temptations of temperament and circumstances, resolving and sinning, sinning and resolving again." Another, "I am a woman habitually tormented by the contrast between the winning love which I should bestow, and the corrosive irritants which my temper is ever dropping into all the petty wounds of love." These, and many others, cry, "We want something to quell these fires, something to sweeten this bitterness." One has called the preaching of the Cross, the dwelling upon the Passion, a "thin and *vaporous* sentiment." We may accept the word. By keeping a thin film of vapour between the hand and molten iron of the furnace, we can plunge it into the metal. Between the soul and the fires of sin the thought of Christ's Death and Passion may be the interposing film. When next a bitter thought, or an impure thought assaults us, let us only try.

HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST IN THE WINNING," "FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE BURWINS.

HAD Percy Gray ever imagined that a time would come when he should yearn for the cottage home once so distasteful to him? or that he should long to be a boy once more—despite smock-frock and heavy boots—a boy free from aches, and pains, and weakness, basking in the sunshine, and sleeping, when night came, the dreamless sleep of perfect health?

Closing his eyes, to shut out the gaslights and his surroundings in the ward—how weary of it he had grown!—he let fancy carry him back to the little chamber at Widow Parnell's he used to share with his uncle. Once more it was early morning, and he could hear the birds rustling and chattering in the thatch of the cottage roof; the patient cows that knew him so well, and would come across the green at his call, and stand to be stroked and talked to, were beginning to low in their shed, as if to arouse their milker; the poultry crowed and fluttered; a lark burst into glorious song as it sprang from its nest; and 'Lisbeth—always up with the dawn—mocked its warbling with her clear strong tones.

Then, again, Percy saw himself the widow's guest, all her motherly heart warming towards him in his helplessness; nursing him, somewhat roughly, perhaps, but with no stint of zeal or kindness; and 'Lisbeth, hovering near, not only softening her voice and treading lightly, but even renouncing her love of admiration and finery to please him, and striving to be more gentle, more womanly, for his sake.

But between these visions and his aching heart

there rose the form of Winnie Graddon, and they vanished before the impossibility of encountering her, and listening to her praises of his bravery, while he knew himself to be not only undeserving them, but cherishing something like hate for the man to whom they told him she was, or soon would be, betrothed. No, he must be stronger nerved, or a greater hypocrite, before he could meet her frank, smiling gaze, knowing what he knew. When next they met, the purpose of his life must be nearer its fruition than now; and Percy, as he lay, cheated some of the tedious hours with his endeavours to arrange his plans for his future proceedings.

Enford Green and Mr. Graddon's were closed against him for the present, and if he had been induced to think that he might do worse than wed 'Lisbeth, and settle down to such a married life as companionship with a flighty ignorant girl offered, he thought so no longer.

As soon as his old yearnings to raise himself in the intellectual scale began to revive, and he grew more hopeful and energetic, his recovery was rapid. While 'Lisbeth was teasing the old postman daily for a letter from London, Percy was trying to decide what he should do with himself during the few weeks that must pass after he left the hospital before he should be strong enough to seek work; and a note for Mrs. Parnell, gratefully declining her—or rather 'Lisbeth's—proposal, lay in his little writing-case, to be dispatched as soon as he could say definitely whither he intended turning his steps.

It was about this time he made the acquaintance of an elderly man who had been brought in a few nights ago, and laid in the next bed to his own.

At first the new-comer laboured under slight concussion of the brain, but he had now recovered his senses, and accommodated himself to his position with great equanimity. He had the appearance of having known better days; he was scrupulously polite to the nurses, aired a few Latin phrases when talking to his doctors, betrayed a disposition to be fastidious about trifles, and frequently produced from the box beside his bed a hand-mirror and comb, by the aid of which his hair and whiskers were carefully arranged.

His only visitor was a thin, lady-like woman, as silent as he was loquacious. But quietly though she came and went, Percy's eyes often followed her with interest. Her faded Paisley shawl and silk bonnet had once been handsome—they were still neat and respectable—and her dark dress, though of the cheapest texture, was free from speck or stain.

No one else came to see Number Five, and after he had fallen into a habit of chatting with Percy, he took the trouble to explain that his family and friends were ignorant of his whereabouts.

"I am poor, sir, as better and cleverer men than I am have often been," he went on. "Poor, and yet proud. The feeling is wrong, but it was born in me, and will not be exorcised. I could not endure to let my children know that their father is lying in a—a charitable institution. I cannot blame myself for being here. Had I been conscious, I should have opposed it, and assured these good people that I am not an object for their charity; but being here, and not in a fit condition to be moved, I submit. My children have been told that I am away from home, that is all. Is it not better so?"

As Percy did not feel inclined to express an opinion, he evaded doing so by asking how his neighbour met with the injuries—a broken collar-bone and several contusions—that he had received.

"The reckless driving of a cabman has laid me here, sir, and if I were of a revengeful disposition I should punish him for it; but I have always dealt gently with my fellow-mortals, Mr. Gray, for I am weak and erring myself; and so I have not regretted that every effort to find the ruffian has been unsuccessful.

"One can study some interesting phases of human life in this ward," he went on, presently. "I shall take away with me no little additional insight into character. But, then, I have always been an observer. Fortune has played me some wicked tricks; my purse is not as well filled as it used to be; but the jade cannot rob me of my intellectual pleasures, nor my keen enjoyment of the eccentricities of my brother men."

"Are you fond of reading?" was his next query. For Percy, who was rather bewildered by his harangues, had taken no share in the conversation beyond an occasional "Oh!" or "Ah!" "If so, I shall be happy to lend you any volume I possess. My stock at present is small, but it includes several of the classics."

"What do you mean by the 'classics'?" asked Percy, following up the question by a frank confession of his ignorance, and his earnest desire to overcome it.

Number Five listened with flattering attention, immediately proffered his own instructions as long as they were companions in misfortune, and seemed pleased to have found so willing and intelligent a pupil.

The next time the faded lady-like wife visited her husband he pompously introduced her to Percy as Mrs. Archibald Burwin, daughter of the late Colonel Eselby, for some years a justice of the peace for the county in which he resided. Mrs. Burwin's thin cheek flushed as she listened, and she glanced furtively at Percy as if to see whether the tone of the announcement struck him as ludicrous; but his grave and respectful demeanour reassured her, and after this day she always stopped to speak to him. Her voice, like her manner, was depressed, and she looked like a woman who had let her sorrows crush all hope and animation out of her. Sometimes her spouse received her with great demonstrations of affection, and after her departure would eulogise her virtues to Percy; at other times he would draw her head down, whisper some eager question, and when he had received the customary reply, "I dare not, it

"I stand at the door and knock."—*p.* 540.

is against the rules;" turn from her with some cutting speech and address her no more. On such occasions as these he would talk, if he talked at all, to his neighbour, entertaining him with a tirade on the shocks to his sensibility a man of refinement and education had to endure from those who could neither understand nor sympathise with him; but whether he proved kind or petulant, whether he discoursed at or to her, Mrs. Burwin listened in the same spiritless way, never relaxing in her attentions, but never showing any annoyance when they were rejected.

And yet she was a devoted wife, and thoughtful for others. She always stopped to speak kindly to a crippled child who lay in the ward, and brought the poor little creature many a cheap toy and gaily-coloured picture; and she was quick to perceive that Percy's attire needed feminine supervision, often carrying home with her his worn and buttonless garments, which she repaired neatly, never listening to the thanks with which he repaid her.

As soon as he was allowed to rise and dress himself, and creep into the garden for an hour when the sun shone, he was eager to leave the hospital, and he talked over his intentions with Mr. Burwin, who was also convalescent, and preparing to depart. In his well-brushed, well-mended suit of black, the latter looked the character to which he laid claim, a poor gentleman reduced by unexpected reverses, which he bore with cheerful philosophy.

"No," said Percy, in answer to his inquiries, "I do not intend returning to the country. I shall not think a year or two wasted in getting an insight into the higher branches of my trade, and they tell me that is best done in London."

"Ah! you propose to stick to your calling," Mr. Burwin commented. "It seems a pity that a young man who gives promise of better things—but I dare say you are right; every man to his vocation. I myself have an antipathy to trade, but it is a foolish one, I admit it. There are many good and clever men engaged in it, and so I shall further your wishes as far as I possibly can."

"Are you acquainted with the heads of any of the large building firms?" inquired Percy.

Mr. Burwin put his finger to his forehead and reflected. "Well, no; I cannot call to mind at this present moment any gentleman with whom I could intercede for you; and I am afraid, my dear Gray, your want of experience will stand in your way. Our great builders want skilled artisans, and do not willingly engage any others."

"I suppose not, but I can wait," said Percy, quietly. "Sooner or later my turn will come, and I am not penniless; I can have patience till I find a good opening."

"Then you have resources!" cried Mr. Burwin. "I am glad to hear it—very glad. I was afraid you were too sanguine, and so gave you a friendly caution. Your thirst for learning, and your aptitude—yes, I am justified in saying that, my dear Gray—have won my esteem. I shall not lose sight of you, depend upon it."

"I shall be pleased to come to you for regular lessons, if you are willing to teach me and to be paid for your trouble," he was promptly told.

"Well," said Mr. Burwin, slowly, "I see no objection to reading with you in my leisure hours. It would grieve me to discourage so willing a learner. As to payment, the offer is rather—shall I say impertinent? No, because you err in ignorance, and I like the independent spirit that prompted the proposal. If it would make you happier to present me with an honorarium I will not oppose it. I'll calculate my time as worth to you one shilling per hour, and you shall buy as little or as much of it as you please."

To this arrangement Percy agreed. Considering that Mr. Burwin had just borrowed of him the sovereign out of which he had presented sundry gratuities and little presents, he thought the tone of it might have been less patronising. But he forgot this when, with an air of almost paternal interest, his friend inquired where he proposed locating himself till he obtained employment.

"That is the question now troubling me," was the reply; "I do not know any one in London. I was thinking that Mrs. Burwin might be able to advise me where to look for a respectable lodging."

Mrs. Burwin, who had just arrived to escort her husband home, began to consider, but her musings were cut short by his suggestion that Percy should take up his abode for the present with them.

"We are living at Chelsea—not from choice; but never mind that. We do not murmur, and the locality has its advantages—it is cheap and quiet—we can put up with it till our sun shines more brightly, and it will gratify us to lend a helping hand to any one who needs it. Our domicile is small, very small, for not requiring the lower part—which consists of a shop and parlour—we have arranged for a decent couple to occupy it. I am not even sure that we can offer you a room to yourself, my dear Gray, but you shall share the bed of a scapegrace son of mine. Perhaps the companionship will do him good; he may imbibe a little of your steadiness."

"What does Mrs. Burwin say?" queried Percy, who had been studying her generally impassive face, and fancied he saw dissatisfaction imprinted on it.

"She says that Mrs. Burwin has no will but mine," retorted her husband playfully.

"But I should not like to feel myself an intruder," Perry demurred.

"No man whom I have invited," answered Mr. Burwin with great dignity, "ought to look upon himself in that light. In my way I claim to be an autocrat; in my own household I am chief ruler, and Mrs. Burwin will tell you that she never opposes me."

"I have no desire to do so now," she said, induced to speak by Percy's evident uneasiness. "If Mr. Gray

will come to us *for a few days* as you propose, he shall be welcome."

The emphasis she laid on the words, "a few days," was so significant that Percy might have been tempted to decline the hospitality that was to be so limited in its duration, but he disliked the idea of going amongst strangers; he was still too weak to brave the fatigue of lodging-hunting, and, more than all, he would have been sorry to lose sight of Mr. Burwin, whose instructions he found invaluable.

Although Mr. Burwin pooh-poohed the subject in a very off-hand manner, Percy insisted that a weekly payment for his board and lodging should be named; and would not be answered with a careless, "Nonsense, my dear fellow, you and I will square that somehow." He was beginning to have a shrewd suspicion that his philosophical friend had a talent for borrowing, and he inherited enough of Daniel Gray's cautiousness to prefer to mark their respective positions at once. If he went to the Burwins' it must be as their lodger, not as their guest, and this he told them with a frankness that had the desired effect. The wife promptly named the sum she considered fair, while the husband laughed, and bade them settle it themselves; declaring that they both possessed a trading spirit, with which he was happy to say he had no sympathy. But Percy felt that he had acted wisely, for now all constraint was at an end, and Mrs. Burwin broke through her usual reticence to observe that it was a sensible arrangement, as it would enable Mr. Gray to feel free to leave them as soon as he felt inclined to do so.

CHAPTER XXII.

A NEW HOME AT CHELSEA.

It was arranged that Percy should join the Burwins on the following day, and he was languidly saying his adieux to his good friends at St. Bartholomew's, who would fain have persuaded him to stay with them till he was a little stronger, when Marmaduke Averne appeared. Winnie had wrung from him a promise that on this occasion he would not let anything prevent his calling on the invalid, and as Mr. Graddon had also wished it, he had been shamed into a flying visit.

As his light, careless observations always jarred on Percy, he avoided them by plunging into business. Daniel Gray, for some years before his death, had been laying by the greater part of his savings for the purpose of building some cottages on a piece of the ground he had purchased at Enford Green. The shrewd old man had calculated all the chances for and against its proving a profitable investment, had decided in its favour, and would probably have commenced building, if his decease had not prevented it. His idea was to erect, a couple at a time, some neat four-roomed cottages like the one he had built for himself, but Percy looked farther ahead than his uncle. He knew that the ground in the immediate vicinity of the town was all taken up in the culture of hops, and that none was to be had for building purposes. The consequence was that the townsfolk were crowded into the old-fashioned, ill-ventilated houses in the streets, and of suburban residences there were none. Foreseeing that many of them would be glad to escape into neat little villas in a healthy spot within a walk of the town, Percy had sketched his plans for well, though simply built and convenient dwellings, and now proposed to submit them to Mr. Graddon, to be erected by him as soon as possible.

"Whew!" cried Duke, as he received the message and roll of drawings for his uncle's inspection. "But these villas will cost you a good round sum! Are you prepared with it, or wouldn't it be better for you to apply to one of those speculative men who make advances, or accept mortgages, or something or other?"

"I have considered the cost of what I am doing," answered Percy, stiffly. "I shall not launch into any expense I have not the funds to meet."

Duke began to regard him with something more like respect. This lout, as he had been accustomed to call him, had been wonderfully lucky, and yet had been so silent about it that no one dreamed of the extent of his riches.

Unconscious of the feelings his admissions had aroused, Percy went on explaining what he proposed doing, till Duke broke in with the remark, "Upon my word, you 've been very fortunate; the amount of the old fellow's savings must have astonished you considerably."

As this observation did not elicit any reply, he proceeded to make another.

"It's odd how money seems to grow in the hands of some people. Every thing they touch turns to it, whilst others ——"

He finished with a sigh, and then sank into such a fit of abstraction that Percy, seeing he was paying no heed, rolled up the drawings, and said that he thought after all he had better write to Mr. Graddon, as he had originally intended.

"Yes, do," cried Duke, rousing himself. "I've a shocking bad head for messages, especially business ones; and it will save me the trouble of taxing my memory. By the way though, Gray, you might invest your spare cash more profitably than in building. House property only pays, let me see, I forget how much per cent.; but it's very little. Now there are plenty of people, in fact—" Duke paused to clear his throat, for his voice had grown husky—"in fact, I happen at this present moment to know some one who would gladly give you ten or fifteen per cent., or even higher interest, for the loan of, say, a couple of hundred for a year or two."

"I am no money-lender," answered Percy, in such curt tones that his auditor's brows contracted; and his own accents were sharp and short as he retorted. "And you don't choose to listen to what, after all, was but a friendly suggestion? Just as you please; I am sorry I mentioned it. Of course, our conversation has been quite confidential; you understand that, eh?"

"About the building? Yes; I should not care to have my intentions gossiped over in Mr. Graddon's shops. Oh, I beg your pardon! you mean what you proposed about loans? I shall not speak of it; I am not in the habit of discussing such affairs with any one."

It was not till Percy was seated in a cab and on his way to Chelsea that he recalled the anxious look Duke's face had worn while he discussed the money question, and comprehended that it must have been for himself he wanted it. Winnie's betrothed in need of two hundred pounds; willing to pay high interest for the accommodation, and stipulating for secrecy! It had an ugly sound, and set Percy dreaming and conjecturing till he arrived at his destination.

In a very quiet street not far from the Thames the home of the Burwins was situated. His philosophical friend stood at the door ready to give him his arm up the stairs, and Mrs. Burwin, seeing his look of exhaustion, hastened to place a cushioned chair near a window, from which a tiny peep of the river, with its gay freight of boats, could be obtained; and then he was left alone to recover himself, for the effort to appear strong enough to warrant his discharge had combined with the journey to rob him of what little strength he had been slowly gathering.

He was glad to sit still all the evening listening, or appearing to listen, while Mr. Burwin read aloud and commented on a political article in one of the dailies, and his wife sat at the other window, stitching busily on some delicate fabric. Percy could not help seeing that the room was very poorly furnished, and that all the articles of furniture were odd, as if picked up at sales. But everything was scrupulously clean; the engravings on the walls, though only framed with paper rosettes, were well chosen; and the pots of cheap flowers on the window-sills were gay with blossoms. It was easy to see, by the careful manner Mrs. Burwin drew down the blinds, and her regretful look when she found a promising spray broken off one of the fuchsias, that they were her especial pets; under her apathetic exterior there still lingered a capacity for loving, even though the objects of that love were only a few comparatively worthless plants.

At last Mr. Burwin laid down his newspaper, and addressed his wife, "Our guest looks pale and weary, my love. Your tea and toast has not roused him as much as you predicted. What do you advise?"

"His going to bed," Mrs. Burwin replied, rising with alacrity to light a candle and show Percy to his chamber.

"Ah, yes; he requires rest, but surely he ought to have a restorative as well. A glass of good ale or a tumbler of warm spirits and water."

"Thanks," said Percy, "but I dislike the taste of ale, and spirits give me the headache. I never touch either," and with the sound of his host's doubtful incredulous little cough in his ears he followed Mrs. Burwin from the room.

His hostess looked round to assure herself that there was no draught from the window, that he had pillows enough, and would not be likely to want for anything in the night, bade him have no hesitation in touching the bell to which she pointed, and told him, with a sigh, that she was easily awakened, for she was accustomed to watching.

Percy lay down to sleep, luxuriating in the pleasant change from the hospital ward and the pale faces he had been wont to see on either side. He had taken a step that separated him from all the old ties, but his heart was beating hopefully. In time he should make himself what he purposed—a man with whom Winnie Graddon would clasp hands as an equal. To win her esteem, what would he not do or dare! It was true that ere they met again she might be the wife of one whom he instinctively felt to be unworthy of her! but she would always be his ideal of everything that was good and lovable in woman. It was her sweet face, her tender commiseration that had comforted him in his miserable boyhood; it was her voice that had roused him from the lethargy of later years, and whose echo was still spurring him on. That a higher motive than winning the praise of a woman should be influencing his aspirations, Percy had never known, or else forgotten.

(To be continued.)

"I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK!"

"I STAND at the door and knock!"
It is bolted and barred;
I have stood many years,
I have waited with tears,
And thy heart is still hard;
The door to My summons is bolted and barred.

"I stand at the door and knock!"
I am waiting for you;
I have loved as a friend
Who loves to the end,
And the cold and the dew
Descend on Me waiting in patience for you.

"I stand at the door and knock!"
Will you open to Me?
In mercy and love
I came from above,
And I died on the Tree;
And will you not hearken and open to Me?

"I stand at the door and knock!"
I am bringing the light;
There is darkness within
And sorrow for sin;
And My presence is bright
With the joy of Salvation, and I am the Light.

"I stand at the door and knock!"
And My summons is heard;
For conscience has made
Thy spirit afraid;
And thy sorrow is stirred,
And conscience awakes, and My summons is heard.

"I stand at the door and knock!"
My Redeemer come in!
I open the door,
That closes no more
In rebellion and sin;
My Lord and my Life! my Redeemer come in!

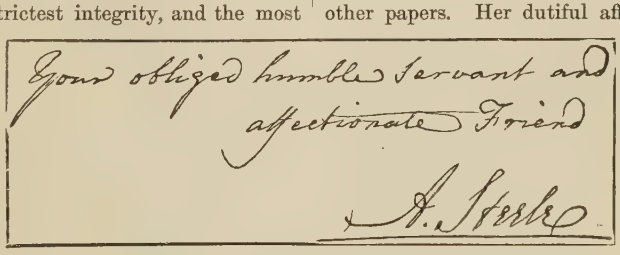
J. R. E.

"THEODOSIA:" ANNE STEELE AND HER HYMNS.

IN the same year in which Augustus Toplady, the author of "Rock of Ages," passed away to his reward and crown, another hymn-writer, not much inferior in rank, went to her eternal rest; in this case not in the beginning of life's prime, but at the ripe age of sixty-one. We allude to Anne Steele, who departed this life November 11, 1778.

Anne Steele, otherwise called "Theodosia," was a daughter of William Steele, pastor of the Baptist Church in the village of Broughton, Hampshire, a branch of a family long distinguished for their integrity, Christian virtues, and benevolence.

William Steele has been described as "a man of primitive piety, the strictest integrity, and the most amiable simplicity of manners. The powers of his mind were vigorous, his ministerial abilities great, and peculiarly his own; but they were accompanied by the most unaffected humility." It is added that "he was an uncommon instance of how much may be done by regularity and diligent improvement of time. Without infringing on the duties of his pastoral office, though he wrote his sermons at length, and did not use shorthand, he carried on an extensive business as a timber merchant, like his uncle; and as, by the blessing of Providence, he possessed a comfortable independence, his labours in the ministry were all gratuitous. He died September 10, 1769, when only a month less than eighty, having preached to one congregation sixty years, half the time occasionally as a deacon, and the remaining half as their pastor."



The "uncle" referred to was Henry Steele, who held the pastoral office at Broughton forty years. He was in business also for some years as a contractor for the navy, and died in 1739, at the age of eighty-five, leaving considerable property to his relations, and giving the chapel, which he had erected, and a burying-ground and some cottages, as a legacy to the Church to which he had ministered.

Though less gifted than his nephew, who succeeded him, he must have had considerable pulpit ability of some kind, as it is said he was so followed in his native village that when the celebrated Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Sarum, held a visitation in that part of his diocese, the incumbent of Broughton complained that "one Henry Steele had set up preaching, and had drawn away all the people after him." He asked the bishop what course he should take to subvert the influence of the Dissenting preacher. The reply of Burnet was characteristic of the man, and affords a good lesson for all such complainers. "Go home," said he, "and preach better than Henry Steele, and the people will return." The hymns and poems of Miss Steele were first published in three small volumes. Her humility, and her earnest desire to glorify God—sentiments which were largely shared by her beloved and revered father—shine out with very pleasing lustre in her poetic pieces, as well as in her letters and other papers. Her dutiful affection to her parents, especially to her "honoured father," presents a beautiful picture of a home sanctified by true piety, and adorned with the ornaments of intelligence, good taste, and those virtues which are implanted and fostered by the grace of the Holy Spirit.

She had been baptised on a profession of her faith, and united in fellowship with her father's Church, at the age of fifteen years, and thus a double tie bound her to her beloved parent, who was to her a bright example and a faithful guide as well as a father and a friend.

The father was not unmindful of the talents of his amiable daughter, and his wife, the second Mrs. Steele, shared his admiration; but they were anxious that any public expression as to her abilities should not injure her character. The poems having been published, the stepmother wrote in her diary, "I earnestly desire the blessing of God upon that work, that it may be made very useful. I can admire the gifts that others are blessed with, and praise God for his distinguishing favours to our family. Mr. W. spoke very highly of her (Theodosia's) book. I pray God to make it useful, and keep her humble."

In presenting a copy of her work to her father, she wrote in "humble acknowledgment of her grateful sense of his parental affection, and the benefit she had received from his instructions." "If you should survive me," she adds, "it will be preserved, I doubt not, as a mournfully pleasing remembrance of a

departed child who once shared your tender regard." Referring to any possible use her productions might be to her fellow-Christians, she says: "They may, perhaps, find seasons when the thoughts of the unworthy writer may suit their own, and the remembrance produce delight. If, while I am sleeping in the silent grave, my thoughts are of any real benefit to the meanest of the servants of my God, be the praise ascribed to the Almighty Giver of all grace."

This was written when she was in a very weak state of health, and when her departure to another world would have taken no one by surprise.

The unpretending volumes of her poetry were published under the name of "Theodosia," a name that may be well applied to herself and to her writings, which have proved "the gift of God" to many a weary traveller along life's pathway, to many a sincere worshipper in many a land, and to multitudes who have never heard her name, but who have been cheered in their sorrow and pain by her sweet and heaven-breathing hymns.

Many a "troubled mind" has been guided to "God the only sure Refuge," by her hymn—

"Dear Refuge of my weary soul!
On Thee, when sorrows rise—
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
* * * * * *
"To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel."

Her hymn, "Desiring Resignation and Thankfulness," has doubtless hushed the murmuring of many a disquieted spirit, especially the last three verses, which, slightly altered, have found their way, as a separate and complete hymn, into almost every hymn-book:

"Father! whate'er of earthly bliss," &c.

The original contains ten verses beginning—

"When I survey life's varied scene,
Amid the darkest hours,
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mixed with flowers."

Her hymn on "The Holy Scriptures" has been highly appreciated, if its introduction into a large variety of selections may be regarded as a proof of its value. At Bible Society and missionary meetings, Christians of every name, and in every land, join in singing—

"Father of mercies, in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy name adored
For these celestial lines."

While still increasing thousands of the devout and earnest breathe its last two verses as their earnest prayer—

"O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

"Divine Instructor! gracious Lord!
Be Thou for ever near:
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there."

The somewhat delicate constitution and rather feeble health of Miss Steele had received a painful shock somewhat early in life, which event, no doubt, cast a shadow on her subsequent course, and perhaps gave a tinge of sadness to her spirits. She was engaged to be married. It is said the day was fixed, and near, and all needful preparations ready, when a painful and fatal circumstance cast a deep gloom over her anticipations and the whole of her family circle. The gentleman to whom she was to be united was accidentally drowned while bathing.

The effect on her health was deep and lasting, and though she knew how to be still, and acknowledge the hand of God, the painful wound was long in healing, and she carried the scar to her grave. These trials no doubt gave a point and a force to some of her hymns, and a breathing of pensiveness to others. She would find a solace in making verses, and they would take the colour and odour of her own mind. The remembrance of these things will help us to appreciate her rendering of Psalm xxxix. The first three verses are usually omitted, and the fourth verse forms a good beginning.

"Almighty Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to Thy praise."

The last verse shows that in her case there was no unhealthy longing for death, no morbid desire to get rid of sorrow in the grave, which we sometimes see in some who have little if any meetness for another world.

"Oh, spare me, and my strength restore,
Ere my few hasty moments flee;
And when my days on earth are o'er,
Let me for ever dwell with Thee."

It is remarkable that the same county should have given the Church two such sweet singers as Watts and Steele. It has been said in commendation of the North of England over the South, "We grow *trees* in the South, and *men* in the North." There may be some truth in the remark; but if so, there have been some noble exceptions.

Miss Steele, like the great Welsh poet, William Williams, wrote missionary hymns before modern missionary and Bible societies were established. She also wrote a well-known Sunday-school hymn long before Sunday-schools were thought of.

"When blooming youth is snatched away
By death's resistless hand"

was penned thirty or forty years before Robert Raikes began his glorious work.

The death of the Rev. James Hervey, whose excessively flowery style was forgiven by the pious of his day for the sake of his solid worth and evangelical earnestness, drew forth a poem of no mean worth from her pen. This is said to have been the origin of the well-known epitaph—

"Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear."

Of hymns specially fitted for cheerful congrega-

tional worship we will cite only two examples, though others are within reach.

"Ye humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise,
For He is good, immensely good,
And kind are all His ways."

This, though full of fine sentiments, is perhaps excelled by that entitled "The King of Saints."

"Come, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before His throne."

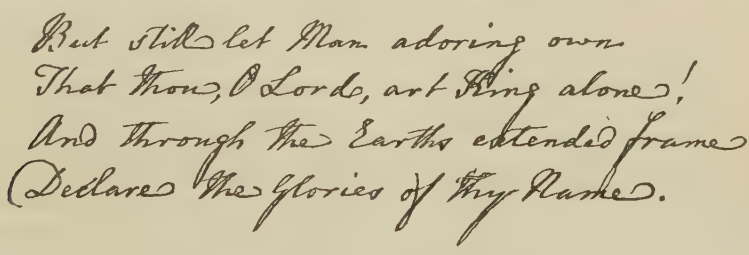
As Miss Steele was, unlike most authors, placed in circumstances above the reach of want, she was enabled to devote the pecuniary profit of her books to religious and charitable uses, and the same course was pursued by her surviving relatives. After the death of her father she spent the remaining nine years of her life in the house of her brother William, which he had built very near the old home. It may be thought that her illness and her painful disappointment tended to produce misanthropic sentiments, but such was by no means the case. "She was possessed," says Dr. Caleb Evans of Bristol, who wrote a preface to her books, "of a native cheerfulness, which not even the agonising pain of her latter days could deprive her of. In every short interval of abated suffering she would, in a variety of ways, as well as by her enlivening conversation, give pleasure to all around her." The same writer thus describes her last illness and death, which took place at the age of sixty-one:—

"Having been confined to her chamber for some years, she had long waited, with Christian dignity, for the awful hour. She often spoke, not merely with tranquillity, but with joy, of her decease. When the hour came she welcomed its arrival; and though her feeble body was excruciated with pain, her mind was perfectly serene. She uttered not a murmuring word, but was all resignation, peace, and holy joy. . . She closed her eyes with those animating words on her dying lips, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' and gently fell asleep in Jesus."

She was buried in the parochial burying-ground of her native village, where her tomb-stone may still be seen, with the following lines underneath—

"Silent the lyre, and dumb the tuneful tongue,
That sung on earth her great Redeemer's praise;
But now in heaven she joins the angelic song
In more harmonious, more exalted lays."

It is a matter for profound regret that no portrait of Miss Steele is in existence, or was ever taken. For, though the best portraiture consists in those things which are inward and spiritual, rather than those which are outward and physical, and the best ornaments are those of wisdom and grace, yet we love to look on the outward resemblance of those who, though passed away from earth, still live in their works and example, and whose spirit still breathes in their pious utterances. The regret, however, in this case, has been mitigated by the kindness of some surviving descendants of the Steele family, who have most cheerfully placed at our disposal the original of a verse of one of Theodosia's psalms, and her autograph.


But still let Man adoring own
That Thou, O Lord, art King alone!
And through the Earths extended frame
Declare the Glories of Thy Name.

ACROSS THE BRIDGE.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

ON the sunny slope of a green hill-side a number of boys and girls were amusing themselves, some playing games or running races, others leaping backward and forward over a narrow stream that murmured along, forming a pleasant accompaniment to their merry voices.

It was the long-looked-for day of the school excursion, and to these young people even a few hours spent in the real country was a treat little understood by happy children brought up amongst trees, flowers, and the singing of birds.

And now dinner was over, and all were allowed to wander about at will, until the bell should ring to assemble them for tea.

"What are you going to do, Bertie?" asked a tall, strong-looking boy, pushing his way roughly through the crowd to the place where a pale, delicate little fellow lay on the grass basking in the sunshine.

"I 'm very well where I am, Georgy. It 's fine fun watching the others. Not long ago the girls asked me to go with them to pick flowers, and I 'm sorry I didn't, for mother would have liked some."

"Oh, come on up the river, I 'm going to fish, and there are plenty of flowers along the bank, if you want them."

Bertie rose slowly; he was not inclined for more walking, but would not spoil his friend's pleasure; besides, he liked being anywhere with George, who was usually so good-natured to him, and fought his battles at school.

And so they followed the course of the stream for a good way, over fields and rough pathways, until the voices of their companions grew indistinct in the distance, and they found themselves in a pretty little lonely glen.

"Let us sit down here for a little while, Georgy. It 's nice and shady, and the river has grown ever so much broader. Maybe you 'd catch a fish or two."

Bertie threw himself down beside the brook, and watched George's attempts at fishing; then, when he had gained sufficient energy, climbed a little way up the high bank, and gathered a bunch of ferns and wild flowers.

"Bertie!" cried George, "if we were at the other side I could catch lots of fish. I see them in shoals under the far bank. Come on a bit, there must be a bridge somewhere. Ay, here 's one just at the end of this glen."

"Where?" asked Bertie; "you don't mean that stick lying across the river? Oh, Georgy, I 'd never be able to do it unless you give me a hand."

"That would be dangerous, for it mightn't bear both our weights, but, if you like, you can stay till I come back."

"No, no, I'll try," and Bertie stepped cautiously on the slender bridge, drew back, came on again, stopped several times, and at length reached the opposite bank.

"Oh! George, it was very hard to cross. My poor head grew so giddy. How shall we ever get back? Is there no other way?"

"Not that I know of; we certainly couldn't keep this side, for as we came along I saw ever so many high ditches, and an orchard wall that was built down into the very water."

George fished for a long while without success.

"I say," he exclaimed at last, "there's no use trying any more. I wonder what hour it is; I doubt if we'd hear the bell so far off, and they were to start for home soon after tea."

"Oh, George! what would become of us if we were left behind?"

"Never fear, I'd take care of you," and George strode on, not without some uneasy feelings, and self-reproaches for his want of kind consideration for the delicate little fellow who had been entrusted to his charge.

Bertie trotted along, making wonderful exertions, tired as he was, to keep up with his friend, until they came again to the narrow bridge which he so much dreaded to cross.

"Now, come on at once!" shouted George, "no time left to think about it. Just watch how I can run over."

"But it rocks so terribly, and the water makes a rushing sound, and it 's very dark and deep."

"Never mind all that, it does sway about a little; but it 's quite safe."

George was half across, when, looking round, he suddenly lost his balance; but, with great presence of mind, made a spring forward, and managed to reach the other side in safety. But, alas, the frail stick—never very firmly fixed—rebounded from his feet, and rising a moment in the air, fell with a loud splash into the deep waters beneath. George turned at the sound, and gazed in mute dismay, while Bertie uttered a cry of despair.

(*To be continued.*)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

190. What is meant by the expression "carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom"?

191. Quote a passage in which St. Paul speaks of Jesus as being of "the family and lineage of David"?

192. Which of the tribes is mentioned as being most skilled in the making of pottery and such-like work?

193. In what way did the potter in old times prepare the clay for moulding?

194. What words are spoken concerning Moses which declare him to have been the greatest of prophets?

195. Of what Church does St. Paul call himself "the wise master-builder"?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 512.

178. Hazael king of Syria (2 Kings viii. 12).

179. "Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh; not with eye-service, as men-pleasers; but in singleness of heart, fearing God: and whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men" (Col. iii. 22, 23).

180. The prophet Isaiah, where he says, "For as I have sworn that the waters of Noah should no more go over the earth, so have I sworn that I would no more be wroth with thee" (Is. liv. 9).

181. "A bruised reed shall He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench" (Is. xlii. 3).

182. Manasseh the son of Hezekiah, of whom it is said, "he humbled himself greatly before the God of his fathers, and prayed unto Him," and that his prayer is written "in the book of the kings of Israel" (2 Chron. xxxiii. 12, 13, 18).

183. "Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name? and in Thy name cast out devils? and in Thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity" (Matt. vii. 22, 23).

AT THE ROCK-POOLS.

BY REV. M. G. WATKINS, M.A.

PHILOSOPHER or artist, I
At will this golden day,
Can happiness and beauty spy,
Earth 's purest, in this bay ;

This little red-cragged pebbly cove
Beside the western waves,
And rock-pools, where the tide-swells love
To sweep their mimic caves.

Ah, blessed children! run, invade
(No white-crests need you fear)
These sea-realms, and with bare legs wade
Through grots to sea-flowers dear.

See, Philip slips and laughs, while Lance
Plucks seaweeds green and red;
Sidney leads babe to catch perchance
A water-babe in bed.

For elders—while their mirth we see
And chat—from buried years
Uprise old joys with added glee,
Old sorrows without tears.

Oblivion o'er those past days twines,
They too felt parting's wrench;
Now life smiles as each rock-pool shines
Fresh from its tidal drench.

And often, as these flow'rs sun-dried
Wait till the tide-swells lave
Their blooms; so we have yearning sighed
For sympathy 's sweet wave.

Our home-life can we hardly brook
To leave? our rustic shade?
So grasps this zoophyte the nook
A thousand tides have made.

But wider thoughts, and ampler ken
Befit the human mind;
And man must know his fellow-men,
Life's purpose would he find.

Must love for all and solace keep
Until faith's fruits be ripe;
Not isolation hug, or sleep,
Meet for this lower type.

Experience we slowly learn,
And wisdom's beauty gain,
From many a struggle we discern
The blessed ends of pain.

And taking up the Cross, we seek
To tread the foot-prints trod
By Christ; made by His teachings meek,
Brought daily nearer God.

For manhood as for children now
Like those below who play,
Sea-flow'rs for fancy well may blow
Within this sheltered bay.

We cherish them a while; the sun
Sinks lower; children, come!
The sea moans; billows nearer run;
Come, children, hasten home!

THE CONDITIONS OF DISCIPLESHIP.

BY THE REV. H. MARTYN HART, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. GERMAINS, BLACKHEATH.

LUKE ix. 46, to the end.

IT is possible that St. Luke has placed here, in close position, five incidents which occurred to him, to describe—the conditions of discipleship.

Times may have changed, but the principles of the doctrine of Christ are unchanged. The requisites which Jesus demanded of His disciples as He walked in bodily presence the land of Judæa—those requisites He still requires as He calls one and another of us "to follow Him."

These are not the days when the discipleship of Jesus mark with ignominy and bring trouble and persecution to the faithful follower. These are the days when, not to profess discipleship casts a shade of stigma; and men look askance at those who openly reject the universal call, and hold in doubtful estimate the man who turns his back to the great Prince of Peace. And, rightly; for, although it be too true that many a professed follower is an enemy to the cross of Christ, yet it is a rare exception to find a determined traducer of His great name who is morally straight; for, let the world say what it will, the doctrine of Jesus Christ is a mighty help to keep a man moral, and there are thousands to-day who would be a shame to themselves if it were not for the sustaining grace of their faith and following of Jesus Christ.

So it is the effect of an unexpressed experience, which looks coldly on those who do not join in professing the discipleship of Jesus. It is in obedience to that following that you attend public worship. By your presence in the congregation you declare that you have accepted the call, and are in some degree bent on following the Master. See, then, from these five illustrations, the conditions of true discipleship:—

1. A Child-like Character. He set a little child in the midst, and, according to the fuller account of St. Matthew, He said to them, and to us, "Except . . . . ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Look at a little child. It has no anxiety—what it shall eat, or what it shall drink, or wherewithal it shall be clothed, costs it not a thought. It never meets its troubles half way, it lives in the present. It may catch a glow from to-morrow's promised pleasure, but you never saw a child filled with trouble because of that which to-morrow was to bring. And its thoughts are upon the present—what the present brings, what the present needs.

So with the real disciple of Jesus Christ, the forgiving blood has wiped out the past, the love of God has covenanted for the safe future, the present is all that concerns him; how to fill the present hour with loving faithful service, how to shoulder well the present cross. He wastes no groans in useless anxiety as to what may come to-morrow, he waits for the morrow to become to-day, and he knows that "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

If he does look forward, it is not to "the evil," but to "the day of the restitution of all things," the bright day of this world's redemption—the day of the coming of the blessed God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.

It is this which crowns him, in this he casques his head, and wears for a helmet "this hope of salvation." A child of God has only bright prospects.

Look again at the child-teacher. How it believes everything it is told, the most wonderful story it credits, its trust is so perfect, that you instinctively dread to impose upon so fresh, so beautiful a thing as the utter confidence of a little child. Disciple of Jesus, what of your trust? He has told you of His free and perfect forgiveness, He has told you of your safe conduct, He has told you of His presence when "thou passest through the waters," He has told you of the mansions He has gone to prepare, He has told you He will come again to receive you. Are these things, these many and precious promises, are they reality to you? do you believe them with the simple unquestioning confidence of a little child? Oh, what a life of brightness for you if you did!

But just once again. You have noted how a little child likes to be led—it will always take your hand if it can, and as you hold the little hand, how alive it is! how it moves, how its fibres work within your grasp! you cannot forget that you hold the hand of one who is totally dependent, and claims your love, your help.

Disciple, does the Master's hand so hold your hand? Are passages of sympathetic feeling ever thrilling from you to Him? What! know you not the grasp of the hand of Jesus? But this is a condition of discipleship. The disciple must know his Master; and, to know Jesus Christ is at once to discover that it is hopeless to attain His likeness or walk in His footsteps without His hourly help. It is just here that saintship begins; discover the secret of holding the hand of Jesus, and you will "grow in grace, and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ our Lord."

St. Luke now adduces a singular proof of that great truth, that the power of Jesus, when even upon earth, was not confined to His personal presence; that discipleship did not, of absolute necessity, require a conformity to the generally-accepted "mode" of religious service.

But inasmuch as this is the solitary instance in the Gospel of a believer in Jesus doing even miracles in His name, and yet not following with the other accepted disciples, it acts as a warning that in the vast majority of instances it is a condition of discipleship, that we follow with the rest; and still it may so happen, that one who has a living hold of the Great Name may not be found companying with the believers. It is a warning, too, that we are not to judge. So Melchizedec reigned in a heathen land—a king of righteousness, a king of peace. Balaam in the far East attained "the vision of the Almighty." And Cyrus, the Puritan of the old world, is "called by name," and styled the servant of the Lord, even when yet he was in the high lands far north of Persia.

The condition of discipleship is not a material bond—it does not lie in being here, or being there, in belonging to this company, or that church; it is of unseen power—a power which claims "this one from the north, this one from the south, and this one from the land of Sinim."

It is rare that a solitary disciple is found, and yet this may be—God has His secret ones; but though there may be recluses by disposition, though the great secret may be carefully guarded, forced back upon the heart by cold and forbidding surroundings, yet in every instance the power of the Great Name is recognised, to Him the knee bends, to Him the heart vacates its throne, and there again "by the name of Jesus" are devils cast out, and when He cometh and calleth "the other sheep who are not of this fold," and leadeth them out by name, then "those who follow not with us," will join "the one flock" and for ever follow the Good Shepherd whithersoever He goeth.

And now we have recorded one of those wonderful glimpses into the clear depths of the infinite loveliness of the character of the Lord Jesus, and here it is told how distantly did the nearest of the disciples follow the Master.

The Lord, upon His way to Jerusalem from Galilee, passes through Samaria. At this time, between the two peoples the tide of rivalry and hatred was almost at its height. The Jews now had "no dealings with the Samaritans;" for some twenty years before this incident the Samaritans had intensified the long-standing aversion which the Jews had always shown towards them, by stealing into the Temple when the gates were open during the Passover, after midnight, and profaning the holy place by strewing dead men's bones in the sacred enclosure! Yet our Lord had often been in Samaria, and with His liberal hand had poured His healing gifts upon their lame and blind. No town, no village even, had received Him which had not been repaid a hundred-fold. This day He had travelled far; and now, as the day was closing, they drew nigh to a hamlet. The ready messengers

ran on before to announce, in Eastern fashion, the coming of a Great One. Doubtless they told His fame, what gifts He had, what blessings came with Him. "Would He stay?" the head-men of the village ask. "No," answer the disciples; "He can but rest the night, for the Rabbi hastens to Jerusalem." And then these churlish country-folk, doubtless with shouts and threats, and with a tumult which the gentle narrative covers with a charitable silence, "refuse to receive Him." It was in epitome the cold rebuff the world ever gives to its Saviour. Then was told one of the conditions of discipleship—the very commonest hospitality would be denied the preachers of the Gospel of Jesus Christ; that no matter how beneficent might be their intention, how blessed their work, yet "the world would not receive them." Then how were they to bear the treatment? The great conditions of discipleship require them here "to follow the Master."

The insult was so wanton, so unmerited, that the sons of Zebedee—men strong willed and fierce, the Boanerges of the company (though in after years the very gentleness of Jesus became their chief characteristic)—pray that they may use the power they had, to call down fire, even as Elias did, and consume these rude Samaritans. Not so the Master; He, tired as He was, made them no answer, but went on "to another village." And He who would follow Jesus' will must be prepared to brook any insult, and, forgetful of self, receive in meekness any rebuff, being reviled, answering not again.

And now we are carried to another scene back to Capernaum, to the shore of the lake, that we may learn on what other conditions the cross of Jesus must be borne.

Of the days of Capernaum not one had been more remarkable. In the morning, upon the slope of Mount Hattim, close behind their town, the Lord had preached the "Sermon on the Mount," a sermon which has had more living power on the hearts of men these eighteen centuries and more than all the truths all other men have ever uttered. Coming down from the mount, He healed, at a word, the servant of the godly centurion, then He went, most likely for the evening meal, into Peter's house, and there at His touch the mother-in-law of this disciple rises from a bed of sickness, and ministers unto Him. Then, going forth again, the most astonishing sight that men ever saw Capernaum witnessed—a sight that seems to have transcended the imagination of the poet, and no painter's pencil has ever dared to picture it.

The whole diseased and sick of a city were hurried to one place, and then in a short evening hour did Jesus heal them all. That day's sun looked, for the first time and the last, upon a spot on earth from which pain and sickness, sorrow and sighing, had fled away; that day of Capernaum was "as a day of heaven upon earth." Do you wonder a crowd followed Him? Can you imagine the rejoicing of the healed ones, the thanksgiving of the saved? So excited was the whole population, that, to escape, the Lord bid His disciples take Him across the lake to the opposite shores of Gadara. As they make ready the boat, a Scribe, or as we should say, one of the clergy of Capernaum, struggling to the foremost rank in the crowd, cries out that he will be one of the close followers of the Rabbi of Nazareth. But Jesus, perhaps knowing the character of the Scribe, reminded him of the conditions of his discipleship—a state of possible poverty, of hardship of life, of such contempt for the softnesses of life, that when occasion demanded, the disciple, with perfect composure, could forego all that with which civilisation has surrounded us, and suffer the loss of all things, counting them "as dung," in order that Christ may be reached and His discipleship may be faithfully maintained.

So the Lord, pointing with His hand over the lake to the rough shores of Gadara, which already the evening shadows were throwing into gloom, said: "On yonder hills the foxes have their holes, and the birds of the air their nests, but wilt thou follow me to no home, but to a night of prayer upon 'the mountain side?' For the Son of man hath not where to lay His head."

The Scribe moved back, and was lost amongst the crowd. He would not take up the cross, even to gain a crown, upon the condition of present sacrifice and present self-denial!

It must have been an incident which happened at another time which the evangelist now lastly narrates, and He does so to enforce the great truth, that "now is the accepted time, now the day of salvation," that the call of God is without repentance and will brook no delay; that, first, before and beyond all things, is the kingdom of heaven to be sought, and to that one great fact of life let all the other elements of earthly existence be added.

A man who seems, from St. Matthew's account, for some time to have been a disciple of Jesus, was so convinced that He was the Christ, that he was ready to become one of those personal attendants by whom it was the custom of Jewish Rabbis to be accompanied. In our Lord's case His twelve disciples were those favoured pupils. The eye of the Master noted that this disciple had reached that point in his life when he must decide between his Saviour and the world. There is a crisis which every history records, perhaps more than once, when the voice comes, which he who had the spirit of the messenger before his face, addressed to the halting people, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

It came to that man when the Lord said to Him, "Follow me."

With fatal hesitancy he replied, "Suffer me first to go and bury my father."

We cannot suppose that his father was really dead, that the discipleship of Jesus, of the man of the tenderest sympathies, of kindest thoughtfulness, should require us to disregard such natural and becoming duties, that in that Eastern country where the dead are buried the same day they die, the Saviour should peremptorily require the attendance of a son who might be all the stay of his newly-widowed mother, and without whose direction strangers must perform the last sad offices, and intrude upon the fresh grief of the bereaved family.

Of this the loving Saviour was not capable. But the man used an Eastern proverb—a proverb which, gathering its force from the stern necessity which demands that the son shall "bury his dead out of his sight" and that at once, intimates under its phrase that there was some very important business waiting to be transacted.

"Follow me," said Jesus.

"Wait," replied the man, "wait till I have finished what I am about—it must be done—then I will come."

But the Lord heard the clock of the man's destiny whirr the warning; He knew that the hour which was striking was for him "the acceptable time;" with ready authority He returned answer in a second proverb:—

"Let the dead bury their dead."

Let things which are useless take care of themselves. Turn thy attention to that which is of living importance.

"Having put thine hand to the plough," turn not back, but "Go and preach the kingdom of God;" and let the silence of the narrative give us room to hope he obeyed, and went.

Here, then, are the true conditions of faithful discipleship:—

1. Childlike trust, childlike realisation, childlike obedience.

"Be quite a child, and you will soon become a saint."

2. Not a necessary adherence to this or that form of church polity, but a powerful use of the "name of Jesus," for the casting out of evil.

3. Great meekness under insult, and gentleness under rebuff.

4. A sacrifice of even bodily comforts if time for prayer and meditation is thereby gained, if Gadarenes are to be freed from the fear of Satan, and a soul delivered from his bondage.

5. Forgetting all else, a pressing forward to the mark of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Making an extolling of Jesus and the extending of His Kingdom the first thought of the morning, the motive of the day's life, and the joyful retrospect of the evening hour.

So shall we "bear our cross daily, and follow Him" "who lived here for an example that we should follow in His steps."

HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST IN THE WINNING," "FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE."

CHAPTER XXIII.

TOM.

AS there had been no allusion to that son of Mr. Burwin's whose bed Percy was to share, he concluded that some other arrangement must have been made, and then forgot that such a person had been mentioned at all.

His slumbers must have lasted about a couple of hours when he was aroused from them by a rough shake. He opened his eyes directly, but was too much confused to know where he was, or why he had been disturbed, till he discerned the figure of a lad standing by his bedside with a candle in his hand. Then he raised himself on his elbow and stared wonderingly at the intruder, who on his part surveyed him with angry looks.

As soon as he began to inquire why he was roused in so unceremonious a fashion, a clenched fist menaced him, and he was pushed back.

"Yes, you'd better!" muttered the lad in a suppressed growl. "Just attempt it now, if you dare! Only make a noise, and wake the neighbours, and frighten mother, and see if I don't do something dreadful to you!"

"Who are you, and what do you want?" demanded Percy, beginning to feel amused at the belligerent attitude of the boy.

But he was so thoroughly in earnest, that although Percy could not help smiling, he tried to conciliate him.

"I am quite willing to apologise, if I have done anything wrong in coming here."

"Bah!" was the scornful reply, "as if I did not know all about! Wrong, indeed! isn't it all wrong, and nothing else? Now look you, mister, I'm going to sit here," and he bundled Percy's clothes off the solitary chair on to the floor, "and wait for the morning. As soon as it's light enough, out you go, and if ever I find you here again, I'll make you remember it. Ah! you may laugh!" he added, working himself into a fury, none the less intense because he kept his voice carefully lowered; "but you don't know what I wouldn't do for mother! Hasn't she borne enough and suffered enough, without having fellows—yes, *fellows;* you're a fellow,

and you know it—brought here to sleep it off because they 're ashamed to go to their own homes ?"

"But, my good boy, let me assure you——" Percy began, only, however, to be imperatively silenced.

"Don't good boy *me*, and don't assure me, neither; if I am good, it 's no thanks to you. All you've got to do is to listen to what I 'm saying, or if you're not sober enough to understand me, perhaps a dash of cold water will help you to it."

He seized the ewer, and Percy would have been deluged with its contents, if a voice at the door had not arrested the lad's hand.

"Tom, dear Tom ! pray, come here !"

"It 's mother ! I knew you 'd disturb her," he cried resentfully, and, with another shake of his fist at Percy, he ran out of the room.

There was a whispering in the passage, and presently Percy's assailant came back and stood at the foot of the bed, looking very much disconcerted.

"So I've been and made a pretty mistake !" he exclaimed. "You see," he went on, when Percy's smile relieved him, "I could not know anything about you, could I ? Mr. Tiler—that 's a good friend of mine—took me with him into the country three days ago; and I've only just come back, and I wasn't going to have strange fellows here annoying mother."

"And quite right too," Percy answered; "but you might have given me time to explain how I came to be here."

"Yes, I suppose so; but there 's no harm done, is there ? You 're not a quarrelsome kind of chap, are you ? well, then, don't let 's say any more about it. Mother told me it was time I was in bed and asleep, and so it is."

With great alacrity the lad divested himself of his clothing and slipped into bed, and in a few minutes his regular breathing proved that he had obeyed the maternal injunction. He had departed again when Percy awoke the next morning, but the clothes smoothly folded and replaced on the chair, and the boots nicely brushed and placed in readiness for their wearer, were pleasant proofs that Tom Burwin had been doing his best to atone for his former churlishness.

Neither of his parents mentioned his name, nor did he put in an appearance all day; but then, Mrs. Burwin rarely spoke except when addressed, and her spouse found plenty of occupation in arranging a course of study for Percy, walking with him to a shop to select some books he would require, and writing letters on his own account. It was evening, and the lamp was lighted when he closed his desk with a yawn. Percy too, was beginning to feel thoroughly fagged with the work of the day, when Mrs. Burwin, as she passed his chair, ventured to whisper, unheard by her husband, "Won't you ask him to teach you chess ? Pray do ! He is an excellent player."

Fancying she was prompted to say this by a fear that time was hanging heavily on his hands, Percy was about to declare himself too fatigued to attempt anything else, when the trouble he saw in her eyes as they watched her husband's movements, led him to alter his intentions.

Mr. Burwin, who was proud of his skill, and told with glee how he had once defeated a champion player, was flattered by the request. He owned that the game was a favourite one, yet picked up his hat and looked longingly at the door, as if he only wanted a pretext for escaping. Without seeming to notice this, his wife placed a chessboard on the table, and when Percy took out the men and began to ask questions concerning them, Mr. Burwin could not but answer his inquiries; his hat was put down while he described the moves and initiated the learner into his own favourite openings; the fascination the game exerts gradually stole over him, and long after Percy had nodded in his chair and finally gone to rest, his host sat, working, or trying to work, out a problem he had found in a scientific journal.

The morrow was Sunday, and as Tom Burwin indulged himself with an extra nap, and a more deliberate toilette, Percy was able to improve their acquaintance. He was a merry, good-natured boy, not afflicted with more shyness than young Londoners in general, and chatted about himself and his affairs with a comical mixture of candour and reticence.

"I 've kept out of father's way ever since he came home," he explained, "or else you 'd have seen more of me. I should have dropped in once a day to say 'How are you ?' and come in at night ever so much earlier, for I like to be at home evenings to look after mother. I 'll be bound now she 's been stitching the eyes out of her head, hasn't she ?"

"I can't be sure that I've seen her doing anything so horrible, but she certainly does seems to be always at needlework."

"That 's it, she will do so much !" cried the lad regretfully; "but I 'll alter it somehow. One comfort, father won't like to say much to me to-day, specially as you're here, and so the storm will blow over."

"Then you have contrived to vex him, Tom ?"

A nod of assent. Tom was too busy standing before the glass arranging his collar and necktie, to answer directly. When he could take out of his mouth the pin that was to secure them, he came and sat down on the side of the bed, and talked more confidentially.

"You see, Mr. Gray, father's a gentleman born, and wants me to be one too; but there 's so many reasons against it, that I 've given up trying. Mother 's one of my reasons, for I want to be doing something to help her; and I could only do that by giving up the grandee, and taking to business, a step that father quite sets himself against; so that 's the present state of affairs, you see."

"What business have you taken to ?" asked Percy; but Tom shook his head.

"When I know you better, perhaps I 'll tell you, but it isn't a genteel one, and as I don't choose to be laughed at, I shall keep my secret. You needn't ask me any more questions, for I shan't answer them.

I'm not ashamed, mind you, but I won't be laughed at—there!"

"I should be very sorry to ridicule you for doing what you feel to be right," Percy answered gravely, "if your mother approves—but does she?"

"Yes, only she don't like to say so outright, because she won't go against father, but I know what it means when she hurries out of her room to kiss me before I go away in the morning. There isn't such a woman in the world, Mr. Gray, as my mother!" Tom added enthusiastically. "Why, I can remember when we had the fever—there were five of us then, now there 's only Mary, and Milly, and me—and how bravely she nursed us through it herself, and worked her fingers nearly to the bone to get us nourishing things to make us strong again. It was then that her pretty hair—it was curly and long, so long and thick that we used to tease her to pull out her comb and let us play with it—all went, for she cut it off and sold it to help to bury poor little Katie."

"And your father, where was he?"

Tom gave a kind of sob, "Ah! where, indeed!" then jumped up in a hurry, to stand for awhile with his back to the light. But he soon turned round again, crying briskly—

"Aren't you going to get up, or shall I give you a treat, and bring you up your breakfast?"

Percy preferred to rise, his room-fellow hovering about him the while, offering him assistance; and when that was declined, flattening his nose against the window and staring at the backs of another row of houses till he was ready to go down-stairs.

Then Tom's reason for lingering oozed out.

"I say, Mr. Gray, if father should begin at me, just push in betwixt us, will you? It 's for mother, you know; it 'll be such a miserable Sunday for her if there's a row, and he turns me out as he's threatened to do!"

Percy readily promised to do his best to keep the peace between father and son, though he hoped in his heart no necessity for his interposition would arise. The wish was gratified. Mrs. Burwin was trembling so violently when she bade them good morning, that she could scarcely pour out the coffee. Tom looked anxious, more on her account than his own, and Percy felt uneasy, but Mr. Burwin was in a placable mood, and contented himself with shaking his head at his son and exclaiming sorrowfully, "Another caprice, my boy, another caprice! I 'll not ask what it is that takes you away from us so much, lest your confession should breed strife; but take care that you do not try my patience too much. I cannot forget, if you do, that I am a Burwin of Burwin Hall, and your mother a daughter of Colonel Eselby."

Still sighing and shaking his head, he attacked the slice of ham his wife had just set before him; and as Tom kept his lips resolutely closed, the threatened storm passed over. Mr. Burwin pleaded indisposition after breakfast, and returned to bed, where he alternately dozed and read the day away; and his wife and son, after assuring themselves that Percy would not want for anything, went off hand-in-hand as soon as the Sabbath bells began to chime, the lad's cheerfulness bringing a faint smile to the pale sad face of his toil-worn mother.

Percy watched them from the window, and then opened his books, determined to devote the morning to study. "He must not lose any more time," he reminded himself; "there was so much to be done before he could overcome his ignorance;" and he strove to read steadily, but between his eyes and the page came a picture of earlier days, the figure of a pretty child walking soberly to church between her parents. About this time Winnie would be pacing along the avenue from the lych gate to the porch, or diverging from it to stand awhile beside the grave of her mother. Would there not be reproach in those sweet eyes of hers if she could see him now?

Rebuked by the thought, he put his books on the shelf, and after a little irresolution, followed the example of Mrs. Burwin and her son, stealing into the nearest place of worship, oppressed with a consciousness that his prayers were but a mere form after all.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BOTH MENTAL AND BODILY.

A FEW weeks, and Percy, no longer the invalid, but healthy and vigorous once more, was so busily employed that the time passed swiftly. He had applied for work at a large firm not very far from his lodging, and was told by the foreman that they wanted no new hands; but one of the partners, struck by his appearance, detained him to ask a few questions. His address was taken down, and the following week he was sent for.

The change from Mr. Graddon's shops to the large London one, where so much was done by machinery, and the men were of a different class to the somewhat obtuse countrymen to whom Percy had been accustomed, was rather confusing. There were new rules to be observed, and, though Mr. Graddon plumed himself on keeping up with the march of improvement, there was much to be learned at works where every part of the business was necessarily on a much larger scale. Some of Percy's shopmates lifted their eyebrows and nudged each other when they saw him, instead of hurrying away to his dinner, stop to study the details of some piece of framing or labour-saving machine. Others looked askance at a man who would sooner lose an hour's time than "scamp" a job entrusted to him; who civilly declined to share their beer, and never smoked; nay, who even refused to subscribe when a fund was raised for one of the labourers, who was fined for being drunk and beating his wife, although every one knew that being a bit quarrelsome in his cups was poor Jack's only fault! No, Percy was certainly not a general favourite at Messrs. Norbert's; but there were a few of the more intelligent who soon became friendly

with their reserved companion; and after he had proved his courage by interfering on behalf of a meek little man, who was being ill-treated by one of those swaggering, brutal fellows to be found in all large communities, he was respected even by those who found fault with his freedom from their own follies or vices.

He saw Mr. Graddon twice soon after he had taken up his abode at Mr. Burwin's; but it was in London, when business brought his former employer to town, and Percy met him by appointment to settle various questions concerning the building of his houses on Enford Green. He—Mr. Graddon—though pressed for time, found leisure to evince a kindly interest in the young man, and expressed his regret that he had determined to remain in the metropolis.

"Go on and prosper, my lad," said he; "and remember that if work grows slack here, we shall be glad to have you back in your old quarters."

They shook hands with mutual good-will, and Mr. Graddon talked of their interview that evening, while enjoying a late tea, after he reached home.

"Your hero of the smock frock, Winnie, will make a man of himself yet. He has improved wonderfully! I could scarcely see in the shrewd, quiet young fellow I've been talking with to-day a trace of that gawky urchin I took as apprentice at your recommendation."

Winnie's eyes sparkled, but Duke said directly, "He's a very grumpy individual."

"I did not find him so," his uncle replied.

But Duke went on,—

"And he inherits the miserly propensities of his old uncle. He is one of those fellows who make their money their idol."

"Possibly," said Mr. Graddon, but with the air of one who does not feel convinced. "I dare say you may have had more opportunities of studying his character than I have; but he was liberal enough in his dealings with me. Cautious, certainly, not to go beyond his means; but in my eyes, Master Duke, that is more creditable to a young man than launching out."

Duke reddened and winced, for he had been so pressed by an importunate creditor, that, failing to obtain a loan from Percy, he had been obliged to avow one of his liabilities to his uncle, who though he spared him a lecture at the time, had evidently brooded over this proof that the young man had been guilty of much extravagance during his sojourn at Edinburgh.

And then there followed some talk on business matters in which Winnie could have no part; but when her cousin was once more at liberty to listen to her, with true feminine pertinacity she returned to the charge.

"I am still at a loss to know why you call Percy Gray a miser?"

Duke answered carelessly that he could not always analyse his impressions, and that he would rather practise their new duet with her than try to do so.

"But I don't like to be obliged to think ill of persons in whom I am interested," Winnie observed, "and if you feel that you are justified in what you say, I shall be sorry, for I have always liked poor Percy."

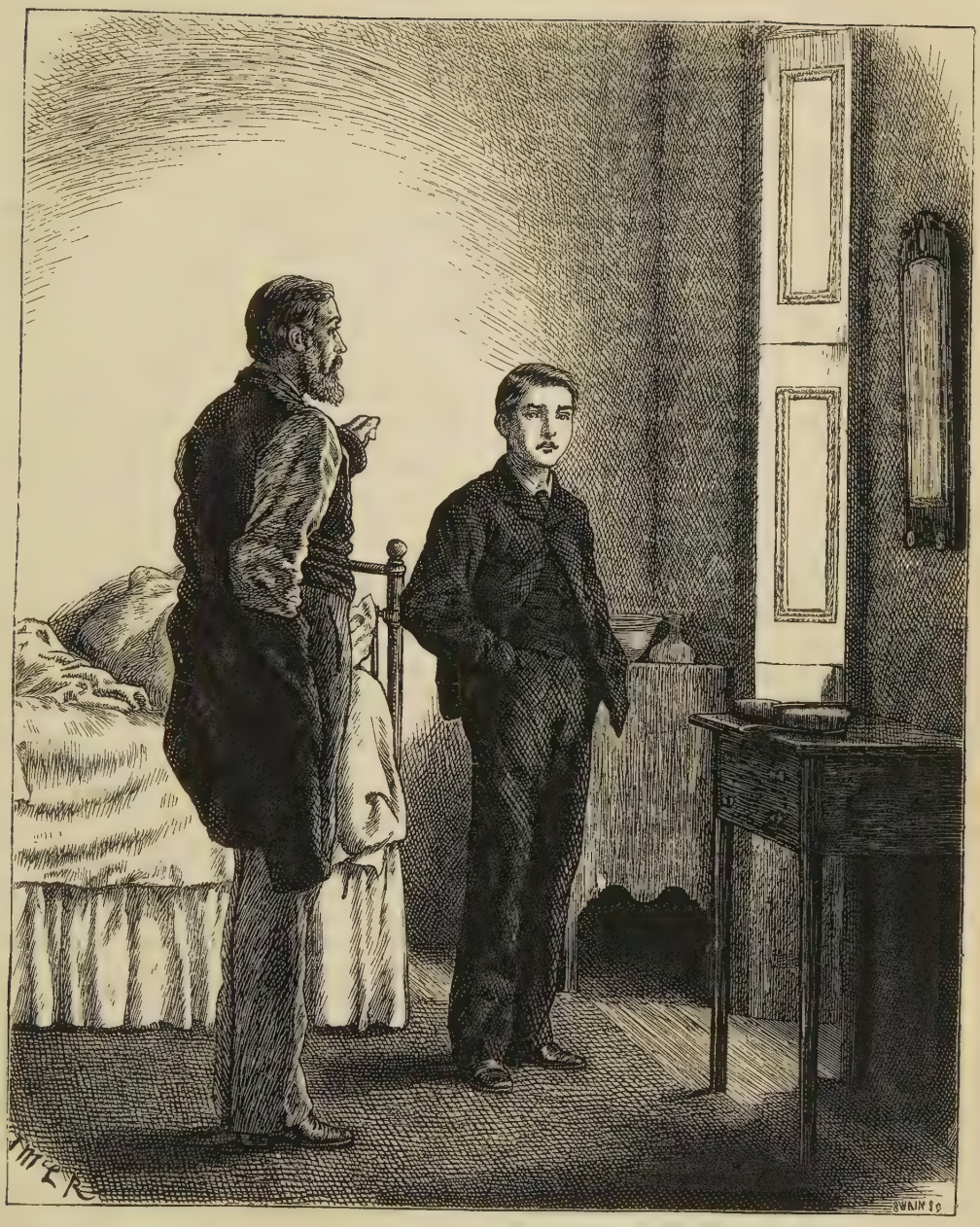
"My dear cousin," Duke retorted, with impatience, "*poor Percy*, as you call him, is no longer a puny boy; we have paid our debt of gratitude, at least we would have done so if he had not refused to accept anything; and now, as our opinions differ, and are likely to do so, we had better agree to forget him."

While he was thus under discussion at Mr. Graddon's, Percy was sitting at Mr. Burwin's, knitting his brows over a difficult sum in fractions, only laying it down when fairly conquered, to pick up ruler and compasses, and work away at architectural drawing. His studies rarely came to an end till, Mrs. Burwin's gentle reminder that it was getting late being unheeded, Tom would puff out the lamp, and by the time his elaborate apologies were at an end and the lamp re-lit, Percy would acknowledge, though with reluctance, that he was tired.

Of Tom's father he saw very little now, which was not surprising, considering the variety and number of the occupations that took Mr. Burwin from home. He reported for a couple of suburban newspapers; he was agent for the sale of some clever patents; he kept the books of two or three small tradesmen who were not sufficiently good accountants to keep them themselves; and he did a little copying for a law stationer. "In fact," as he rather pompously informed Percy, "his friends, in their eagerness to assist him in retrieving his fortunes, made too many demands upon him." But when he did spend an evening at home, his shrewd observations were invaluable to the eager learner, and carried him on till Mr. Burwin was again at leisure to inspect his progress.

Percy could not help noticing that all the friendly devices to amend his host's circumstances did not seem to have the desired effect. The rooms were still bare, and the wife stitched as busily as ever for the baby-linen warehouse, for which she made the daintiest of robes, marvels of feminine taste and industry.

It was only when her son came home that her labours ceased. Tom would rush up the stairs three at a time, and open the door just wide enough to ascertain who was there. If he caught sight of his father he would say "Good night," and betake himself to bed; but if Mr. Burwin was absent he would enter the room, and persuade his mother—whose face always brightened for him—to go for a walk; or, if the weather was unfavourable, to sit by the window and chat. On these occasions Percy was often forced to lay aside his books, for the boy's quaint remarks and high spirits were irresistible. Then Tom would suddenly discover that it was somebody's birthday, or, if it wasn't, that it ought to be, and must be celebrated with a grand banquet, which he would rush off to procure. The banquet generally consisted of mutton chops or a juicy steak, cooked by Tom



"Percy readily promised to do his best."—*p.* 551.

himself, with a great deal of merry importance; and Mrs. Burwin, as the only lady present, had to consent to be waited on, and also to accept the best of the viands.

At first Percy looked on Tom's pranks as mere boyish fun, but when he comprehended that the chattering and joking was only assumed to silence Mrs. Burwin's scruples and entice her to eat, he abetted him, for it was evident that if it were not for her son's thoughtful care, the self-sacrificing woman would have denied herself all but the barest necessaries. Always toiling, never complaining, her days passed on with no break in their monotony, save when Tom took the needle out of her thin fingers and coaxed her to rest.

She had two daughters who, when they paid her a visit, rushed into her arms, kissing and crying over her, and watching her looks with anxious affection; but they came at rare intervals, and were always in terror lest father should come in and find them there. Once Millie Burwin ventured to leave on the mantel-piece a smoking-cap she had worked for him. This he picked up and admired till he learned whose gift it was; then Percy saw him fling it into the fire, saying bitterly that he could not accept anything from daughters who had disgraced him.

Mrs. Burwin compressed her lips, and said nothing, but Percy could not help feeling a little curiosity to know what those quietly-dressed, gentle-mannered girls could have done to merit their father's condemnation. (*To be continued.*)

SILENT PREACHERS:

NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS USED IN THE TEACHINGS OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

FARTHING. 1. The solemn thought that we are debtors to God is brought to our minds by our Lord in the short parable contained in St. Matt. v. 25, 26: "Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Verily I say unto thee, thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing." A similar expression is made use of in the parable of the unmerciful servant (St. Matt. xviii. 23—35), where the same view of our relations to God is brought under our notice with even greater force—the sinner in the latter parable being represented as a debtor who had *nothing* to pay, and who, having abused the mercy by which in the first instance he was freely forgiven, was at last condemned to be delivered to the tormentors till he should pay all that was due.

It does not seem quite clear whether, as the connection in which it occurs would lead us to suppose, the adversary in the first of these parables refers to an offended brother, who may in a sense be called an adversary, or whether it refers to the violated law of God, which is the constant enemy of the persistent sinner, and it is not very important (as perhaps it is not possible) to decide which of these meanings was intended by our Lord, for the general teaching is much the same in either case, namely, that while time is given us we should repent of our sins, become reconciled to God and His law by bringing our will into conformity with His, so that being freely forgiven, a strict account may not be taken at the last; else, having nothing to pay, we should be shut out from God for ever. For the expressions "till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing," "till he should pay all that was due," seem to point to nothing less than an unending exclusion from His presence, inasmuch as it is on His pure mercy through Christ that we depend for forgiveness and acceptance, and if left to ourselves we should *never* succeed in discharging our debt to God.

It would be well for us often to pause and remember that God has a right to the *whole* of our life; that in justice we deserve punishment for wasted time and neglected opportunities; that most of us have so lived that we cannot persuade ourselves that we have of right any claim to be forgiven, and that all the hope we have depends on the greatness of His love and the freedom of His mercy through Christ; such a view of life will be likely to deepen our repentance, and increase our love for God.

2. We find a very different reference to a farthing made by our Lord on other occasions. In St. Matt. x. 29 it speaks to us not of the stern justice, but of the infinite love of God. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father;" or, as St. Luke expresses it (xii. 6), "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings? and not one of them is forgotten before God." What a forcible expression this is of the care of God for every part of His creation! not one sparrow forgotten by God! How careful the remembrance of this truth ought to make us of the animal creation. What a warning there is here against cruelty to animals. They are cared for by God. He is watching them. And what a blessed assurance too of His love for us, for *each* of us, "Fear not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows." Such words may cheer the Christian in his moments of loneliness and depression, when he feels as if one man out of the multitude of men could not be the special object of God's love; at such times let him listen again to those words "not one sparrow forgotten by God," "fear not, therefore;" let him meditate

on them until He comes to know that God loves every single Christian just as if he were the only one on earth.

3. The mention of a farthing suggests to us another message of loving comfort from God which is contained in our Lord's approval of the poor widow who offered to the treasury of God "two mites, which make a farthing." "Verily I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast more in than all they which have cast into the treasury: for all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had" (St. Mark xii. 43, 44). So different are God's ways from man's ways that the truth of this saying of our Lord is one of the hardest of all the practical truths of His teaching. It is hard for rich and poor alike—hard for the rich man to believe that His splendid offering (as men call it) for building a church or a cathedral may be absolutely worthless in the sight of God, and hard for the poor man to believe that his insignificant offering, never seen or heard of by any of his fellow-men—so small perhaps that if given to some charity, whose subscription lists are full of the names of great men who give largely of their abundance, it would be thrown aside as scarcely worth consideration—may be thought more of by God than the most costly gift that could be offered; and yet it is true, for what God regards is not the outward action, but the devotion of the heart; and just as a mother's love would show itself in that she would give to her dying child the last crumb of food in her possession, not, indeed, hoping thereby to save his life, but simply as an expression of her love, so the offering of the poor Christian, though absolutely worthless from a human point of view, is of priceless value in the sight of God if it is the expression of love to Him. How often it may be that this story of the widow's mite is repeated in those subscription lists which, after detailing large contributions with great care, close the list with "small sums," too small to be mentioned separately, and making in the aggregate an amount scarcely worth consideration. May not God often say of those small sums, "They are more than all the rest"?

Our Lord's acceptance of the widow's farthing suggests to those who can give much, the need of a searching self-examination as to the real motive of their gift, and speaks encouragement to those who can give very little, if they are willing to give all they can—nay, surely, it even tells those who have *nothing* to give that the desire of the heart, the *wish* to make an offering, may be a more welcome gift to God than all the riches of the world.

FIG-TREE. The parable of the barren fig-tree (St. Luke xiii. 6—9) was spoken by our Lord to illustrate God's method of dealing with sinners, and to urge upon His hearers, and, through them, upon us, the need of repentance and of holiness of life. In the opening verses of the chapter which contain this parable, He had been holding a conversation with some (we are not told who the people were) who had spoken to Him about a special punishment which Pilate had inflicted upon the Galilæans; it would seem from the remarks of our Lord, that those who referred to this transaction supposed the punishment to have been allowed by God on account of some special sins in those who were punished. But He warned them against such an inference, and showed them that their duty was rather to see in such startling events a message to themselves calling them to repentance,—"except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish;" and then, in connection with these words, He went on to speak the parable of the barren fig-tree. A certain man had a fig-tree which bore no fruit, and he proposed to cut it down, but yielded to the entreaties of the dresser of the vineyard to leave it yet a while and take special care of it, if perchance it might even yet bear fruit, but if not, it must be cut down. The application of this parable to the Jewish nation may be expressed in the words of the prophet Isaiah (v. 7). "The vineyard of the Lord of hosts is the house of Israel, and the men of Judah His pleasant plant: and He looked for judgment, but behold oppression; for righteousness, but behold a cry." And as a consequence, the Jewish nation was to be visited with heavy punishment, their cities destroyed, and the people scattered over the world.

But it will be more profitable to read this parable as applying to each individual Christian. Each Christian is planted in the vineyard of God, that is to say, he is placed in the midst of opportunities and privileges which are sufficient to enable him to bear the fruit which God requires; God requires fruit in proportion to the opportunities of growth, and if the fruit is not apparent, the fault must be in the Christian himself, and it is a fault, moreover, for which the Christian is responsible; for there is this difference between the fig-tree and that of which it is taken as the representative, that a fig-tree cannot help being barren, but a Christian can, because his growth and fruitfulness depend upon the co-operation of his will with the will of God, his failure is the result of active opposition to God's will. And what a fearful picture is given us here of the unfruitful Christian in the words of the owner of the vineyard, "cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?" An unfruitful tree in a vineyard would be not merely useless, but also harmful, by drawing off the nourishment from the other trees; and so the Christian whose life is barren in the sight of God, is not only useless but injurious in the world—his influence is bad, his wickedness is like the germ of an infectious disease, it has a tendency to infect the neighbourhood where he lives. And yet in the long-suffering of God he is spared, in the hope of his ultimate conversion. The vine-dresser (that is, no doubt, our blessed Lord Himself, who "ever liveth to make intercession for us," and who, if any man sin, is our "Advocate with the Father") pleads that it may be spared a little longer, "let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it, and dung it;" these words seem to tell us of God's special dealings with sinners to bring them to repentance. He is unwilling that any should perish, and so He makes (if we may say so)

special efforts to bring back those who have gone astray; He sends them, perhaps sickness, or sorrow, or He deprives them of the temporal blessings of life which have drawn away their hearts from Him, or He speaks to them through the so-called accidents which happen in the world around, if by any means they may hear His voice, and begin to grow that they may bear fruit. But the concluding words of the parable warn us that the period of long-suffering and special effort will have an end, "if it bear fruit, well: and if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down." These are terrible words. Let them drive us to self-examination. Have we come to God in true repentance? are we fruit-bearing Christians? or are we perhaps cumbering the ground, doing harm in the world?

Fire. 1. On more than one occassion our Lord makes use of the word "fire" for the purpose of expressing the severity of the punishment which will at last come upon impenitent sinners. Thus, in St. Matt. xxv. 41, the sentence on the wicked is "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire." The force of our Lord's words is not at all weakened if we suppose "fire" to be used figuratively in these passages; indeed it matters very little, after all, whether it is used figuratively or literally; it speaks without doubt of a punishment of great severity, a punishment from which we should shrink as really as we should shrink from the touch of fire. It is necessary for us to think more of such words of our Lord than men are sometimes inclined to do in the present day. It is necessary often to remind men that sin unrepented and unforgiven *must* be punished. If the love of God were sufficient to move sinners to repentance, there would be no need to speak of punishment, but inasmuch as oftentimes the love of God is despised, and His goodness taken advantage of by men that they may continue in their sins, it is most necessary to remind them that they cannot do so with impunity.

2. In speaking of His own work, our Lord declares it to be His design to send "fire on the earth" (St. Luke xii. 49); the expression may well be considered along with another of similar meaning in St. Matt. x. 34: "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword." These seem at first sight strange words to be spoken by Him whose title is the "Prince of Peace;" at whose birth into the world the angels proclaimed "peace on earth," and who left to His apostles at His departure from the world a legacy of unearthly peace. But there is no inconsistency between these two declarations. When our Lord said that He came to send "fire" or a sword upon the earth, He was referring to the general effect of the preaching of the Gospel; it was the Gospel of peace indeed, but it would not be received peaceably; the peace which He brought was to come only as a consequence of holiness, but He came to a world of sin; He taught truths which did violence to the prejudices of those who heard them, and the result of such teaching was, during the time of His life on earth and after His Ascension into Heaven, to excite men to an angry opposition, which led to His own crucifixion, and to many a fierce persecution afterwards. Often must these words of our Lord have come to the minds of His Apostles in their sufferings after He had left them.

But in regard to individual Christians also, it is well to remember these words of our Lord—"I am come to send fire upon earth." That fire comes to each of us, to consume what is sinful and displeasing to God, to purify us, and make us fit to be presented to Him at the last. Let us take care that wickedness is not so closely bound up in us that when it is consumed we shall perish with it. Let us gladly entrust ourselves to the fire of God, until all the dross is purged away; and then we may look for peace, which our Lord brought, not unconditionally, but to those only who should be willing to be saved, first of all, from sin. For *that* was His special mission, "to save His people from their sins;" and, until that mission is accomplished in the world, or in the individual, there can be no real or permanent peace.

ACROSS THE BRIDGE.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

"OH, George! what shall we do? Why did you bring me here?"

"I say, don't cry. I didn't mean it, indeed; and I'm very sorry. You can't cross to me now, and I can't go back to you; so all you can do is just to stay quietly where you are till I run and look for help."

"Oh, Georgy dear," cried the poor child, "don't leave me alone. I'd die of fright."

"Nonsense, what's to happen to you? I'll go very fast, and be back in no time."

Off went George without waiting to hear further entreaties, for he feared much the school party might be already returning to town.

The bell had been rung long ago, tea was over, and all were assembled ready for starting, all but the two missing boys, whose absence was beginning to create much uneasiness and perplexity, when at last George appeared, running at full speed. Panting and breathless he rushed at once up to one of the teachers, and gasped out his story.

The departure of the whole party could not of course be postponed, but, after a hurried discussion, it was arranged that George, at his own desire, should remain behind, and follow with Bertie by the next train.

"But how am I to get him over the river?" asked the boy.

"You must walk at opposite sides about half a mile

further on, until you meet a large bridge, then there will be full time to catch your train; but now you must come to the station with us, where I will give you two tickets."

George thought of poor Bertie left alone all this time, and regretted that he could not return at once. However, as soon as the tickets were taken, he made good speed to the place where, as he supposed, his little friend was anxiously awaiting him; but to his astonishment and dismay Bertie was nowhere to be seen. He called loudly, over and over again, and only the echo of his own voice replied. Where could the poor frightened child have hidden himself? He might have fallen asleep on the damp grass, and thus catch a cold from which he would never recover. He might have fainted from some sudden alarm, or, more terrible still, have fallen into the deep dark waters! Oh, how bitter were George's self-reproaches now! How could he ever return and tell Bertie's mother that through his own selfish carelessness he had lost her precious boy? No; he would not go back alone. Better to hurry on to the bridge, cross the river, and make a further search on the other side.

And what had become of Bertie all this time? After he had watched till George was out of sight, the poor child threw himself down on the grass and tried to be patient; but uneasy thoughts would intrude. What if George should be late, and they would have to sleep in the fields! How mother would fret all night! It was very lonely in this strange place, and the time seemed long. When would George come back?

At length a sound broke the stillness; it was the creak of a gate at the upper end of the field. He started to his feet, uncertain what to do, as a little girl, driving two or three cows, approached. The two children stared at one another without speaking, until a sudden idea struck the girl, and she exclaimed, "I 'm sure you must be one of the excursion boys!"

"So I am," he answered.

"Why did you stay here, then? they 're all gone off."

"Off!" repeated Bertie; "are you sure?"

"Yes; I saw them start for the station, and one of them was near being late, too; he ran up at the last minute."

"It must have been George; but surely he didn't go off with the rest?"

"Yes, he did indeed."

"Oh, George, George! to leave me alone here! How could you? and you promised to come back!" And then the poor child burst into tears.

"I wouldn't have left him behind," he sobbed. "Oh, mother, mother! if you only knew!"

The little girl was touched by Bertie's distress, and tried to comfort him.

"Don't cry," she said; "God will take care of you, and bring you back to your mother. He will not leave you, whoever does; and I think He sent me here just at the right time. You must come home with me. I 'm sure mother will give you some supper, and let you sleep in our house."

Bertie allowed the girl to lead him through a few fields up to a comfortable farmhouse.

"Sally, who 've you got there?" called a voice from the window.

"It 's mother," she said; "just stay in the garden a few minutes, while I go in and tell her all about it."

Left alone, Bertie felt so desolate he could not help crying again. "Oh, George," he repeated between his sobs, "how could you know I would not have to sleep in the fields? George, George!"

"Well, here I am," said a voice from the garden gate. "What 's the matter? I wish you had stayed where you were. I 've had a pretty hunt after you."

"Sally told me you had gone home with the rest!" cried Bertie, as he clung to the arm of his recovered friend.

All was soon explained, and after a good supper, Bertie being very tired, Sally's father drove both boys to the station in his cart. In due time they arrived at home, where Bertie presented to his mother a large bunch of flowers, gathered for him by Sally from her own garden, and before he went to sleep, related all his wonderful adventures across the bridge.

S. T. A. R.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

196. Quote a passage in which Jesus attributes a bodily infirmity to the influence of Satan.

197. What words of the prophet Isaiah declare the extent of God's wisdom above man's understanding?

198. What slanderous report was circulated about the Apostles to which St. Paul refers in one of his Epistles?

199. What act of worldly cunning did our Lord on one occasion commend as an exhibition of skill?

200. By whom is the proverb quoted "sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind"?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 526.

184. Huldah, who dwelt in the college at Jerusalem (2 Chron. xxxiv. 22).

185. "What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder" (Mark x. 9).

186. The Roman *denarius*, the chief Roman silver coin from the beginning of the coinage of the city to the early part of the third century (Matt. xx. 22; Mark xii. 15).

187. The prophet Isaiah, who says, "And they thirsted not when He led them through the deserts: He caused the waters to flow out of the rock for them: He clave the rock also and the waters gushed out" (Is. xlviii. 21).

188. "I was wroth with my people Israel and I gave them into thine hand: thou didst shew them no mercy; upon the ancient hast thou very heavily laid thy yoke" (Is. xlvii. 6).

189. God is represented as "rising up early," to send His prophets and messengers to warn them (2 Chron. xxxvi. 15; Jer. vii. 13, 25, xi. 7, and xxv. 3).

GOOD DEEDS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

MISSION WORK IN ROME.

"MISSION Work in Rome," "the Vatican Mission," these are sufficiently remarkable titles, and convey some idea of the marvellous change which has come over the Eternal City since Italy ceased to be a mere geographical expression, and came to be a grand political fact. Under the very shadow of the papal palace the Rev. J. Wall is zealously pursuing his pious enterprise, "preaching and teaching the things concerning the kingdom of God," unmoved alike by the ban of the Pope, the frown of the Jesuit, or the threat of the priest. In the last days of 1878 Mrs. Wall gathered together 250 beggars to a Christmas treat of hot coffee and bread. These neglected outcasts seem to have much of that lady's pity and generous labour, and there is evidence that the influence of Gospel truth will thin their ranks, and lead them to strive after a nobler physical life, as well as that higher life which the evangelists set before them. Mr. Van Meter's work, too, deserves special mention. Three hundred pupils are gathered from day to day in schools in which the Gospel is taught; not less than 121 of these are men who attend a night-school. These toilers attend with remarkable regularity five nights a week. Half the time is spent in ordinary instruction, and half the time in the reading and exposition of the Word of God. Seventeen of these men have been regular attendants through five successive winters, and forty of them, whose constancy and diligence have sufficiently proved that they would value the gift, have each received a copy of the Word of God. Mr. Van Meter corresponds with these men, and keeps them well equipped with means to do good work for the Master while their military term continues. These are strange things to transpire at Rome, and will lead to still better things for the kingdom of which it is the head.

THE AGED POOR IN SEVEN DIALS.

It is our pleasure to chronicle the latest doings of the Bloomsbury Domestic Mission, which is doing good work among the crowded denizens of the Five and Seven Dials. No fewer than two hundred and twenty old men and women were gathered together in social fashion for tea, and after that for Christian counsel, entertainment, and instruction. All the recipients of the bountiful cheer provided were over sixty years of age, most of them had overpassed the allotted term of threescore years and ten, and not a few had reached the ripe old age of fourscore. If this latter age had brought its usual accompaniment of "labour and sorrow," it was at any rate reduced to its minimum on this occasion. A kindly and touching address by the Rev. J. P. Chown fairly took his aged hearers captive, and proved that age had not yet dried up the fount of tears, and that neither had so long a pilgrimage of poverty extinguished their power to appreciate and respond to words of pleasant cheer. A few kindly neighbours formed themselves into a choir and delighted the aged guests with much of Christian song. The meeting was afterwards thrown open; nearly five hundred people were present, and these listened to the well-told Gospel messages, the entire motley company manifesting the greatest interest and decorum. It is in connection with such good deeds as these that much seed is sown, whose good fruit the "day of God" will undoubtedly declare.

CHRIST'S WORK ABROAD.

The United Evangelistic Association, which has its home in Scotland, is evidently bent on adding a large and effective quota to the agencies which are at work for the conversion of universal man and the moral subjugation of the world to "Him whose right it is." Dr. Somerville, its agent, after many journeyings in India, Canada, and Australia, brings home a hopeful report of the missions in operation. Many colonial centres have been established, agents of almost every denomination have been appointed, and, though the plan of the Mission is absolutely unsectarian, each missionary must be thoroughly accredited by his own Church. It is desired that in every mission field occupied by men thus accredited, every other mission organisation shall be benefited and none of them injured by his work. One specific object is to help in infusing more vigour and vitality into Christian professors, and to stir up all the Churches everywhere to prayer, expectancy, and effort for the salvation of the world. Dr. Somerville himself is now turning his attention specially to the continent of Europe, and proposes to visit for this purpose the English-speaking residents in the various European countries.

HOMES FOR POOR GENTLEWOMEN.

While we chronicle with satisfaction the manifold good deeds which are done for the poorest, meanest, and most pitiful members of the community, we are none the less glad of an opportunity to tell of kindly beneficence and gentle thought towards those in higher grades, who, though they are not the subjects of the most rigorous penury, are yet the victims of a very real distress. There are ladies who have so far fallen from their first state, either by reason of misfortune, sickness, or old age, that they are compelled to pass their declining years in a continued struggle to "make both ends meet," and in a state of comparative deprivation, all the harder to bear because of the luxuries and comforts of better days. The widows of poor clergymen, the disabled governesses, and other respectable and educated gentlewomen, whose little annuity, gained by saving or charitable gift, is just enough to subsist upon, found a true

friend in the late Miss Sheppard of Bayswater. This excellent lady succeeded in establishing four Homes in the west of London, where poor ladies of this class could live rent free in comfortable quarters, and so enable them to provide something a little better than the semi-starvation which must have been their lot if their pittance was subjected to severe taxation on account of rent. By this kindly favour forty excellent women, worthy in every respect, are able to live without being perpetually confronted by the grim ghosts of debt and difficulty. The origin of this charity is not without interest—Miss Sheppard was attending some charity election, and as the lists of poor ladies were read, who received some fifteen or twenty pounds annuity, she thought if these could have a home provided how much their happiness and comfort would be increased. She began by collecting pennies, and, strange to say, her first donation was from a lady who has since become an inmate of the Home. At the orphan-school at which Miss Sheppard was a diligent teacher she mentioned her design, and on the following Sabbath received with tearful eyes a voluntary gift from every child to aid her pious design. She has gone to her reward; her last hours being greatly cheered by the success of her cherished scheme; and now other ladies, notable for the "alms-deeds which they do," are carrying on the work with, we hope, increasing success.

MISSIONARIES TO CONGO-LAND.

"I go gladly on this mission, and shall rejoice if I may only give my body as one of the stones to pave the road into interior Africa, and my blood to cement the stones together so that others may pass over into Congo-land." Such was the testimony calmly and deliberately given by young James Telford, when, at a special meeting for the purpose, he bade farewell to Mr. Grattan Guinness and his co-workers in training evangelists for foreign missions. In company with other valiant toilers in the same field, the young missionary laboured with zeal and success, and then fell a victim to the unhealthy climate of that region, and was laid to rest under the palm-trees, waiting until the day of God shall come. At the Training Institute at home a special service *in memoriam* was held, a service of a touching and memorable kind. "These heavy tidings"—the words were said to young Vickars who was about to sail for Congo-land to join the little mission band which is fighting for the truth against such desperate odds—"These heavy tidings come in time for you to change your mind, if you wish, and refrain from taking your young wife to that deadly climate." "Say rather to confirm our purpose," was the response; "we are ready to go, and die there too, if it be the will of God." This is true heroism, and promises well for the mission which has been so boldly planned, and hitherto so vigorously carried on.

"This is the way the Master trod,
Should not His servants tread it still?"

SHIP LIBRARIES.

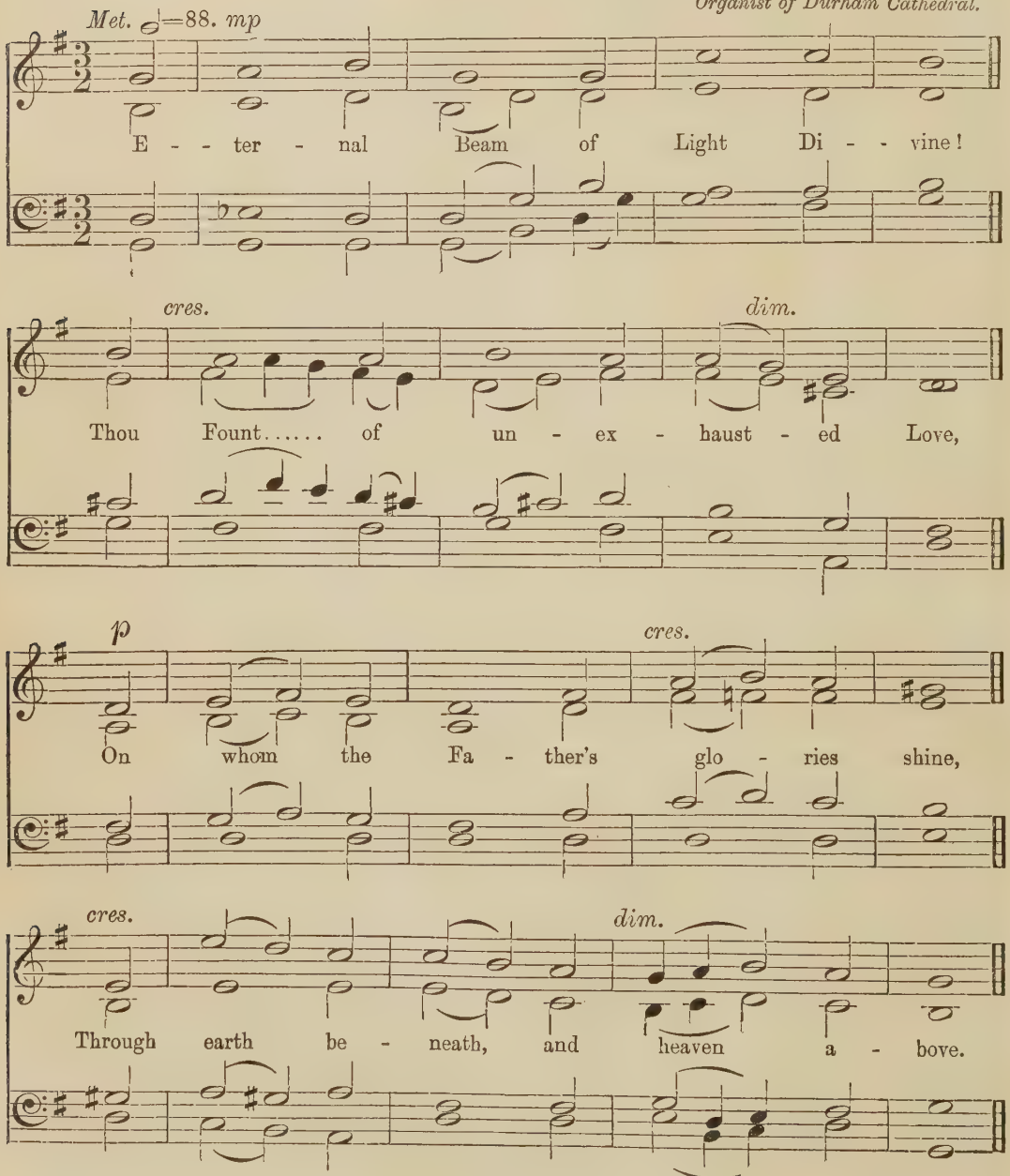
"The Seaman's Friend" is a title to which the British and Foreign Sailors' Society has long earned its right. In 1865 a library department was established and is a separate branch of its beneficent undertakings. Out of its funds, books, magazines, and boxes for their safe keeping are provided, and then lent for use on board merchant vessels. During the past year, 337 of such floating libraries have been at the disposal of captains and crews, much to the delight, and much also to the profit, of the parties so favoured. Nearly 2,000 such libraries have been issued for the use of sailors afloat since the commencement of this work. Sailing barges, on coast and river work, have received bags of tracts and similar publications, a provision which has been met with such grateful acknowledgments, and followed by such earnest and increasing demands, that the department feels bound to extend the favour. It would be difficult to over-estimate the value of these boons to the thousands of English tars whose monotonous life on board ship has been cheered and enlivened by the companionship of such stores of entertainment, instruction, and spiritual profit. We are glad to be able to add the unusual statement that the finances of this department are in a flourishing condition; all the more glad inasmuch as we may hopefully predict from this that this admirable scheme will be still more largely developed. Captain W. B. Custard, of the Sailor's Institute, Shadwell, has the charge of this good work.

DR. MOON'S WORK FOR THE BLIND.

This well-known and laborious blind man's friend has lately published a summary of his good work during the past year. The number of embossed books for blind readers, printed in the type which he himself devised, circulated during the year, is something over 7,000 volumes, making a total of nearly 120,000 volumes since the commencement of his work, thirty years ago. Not only in England, but in almost every land, his beneficent plan for teaching the blind to read, and providing good material for perusal, is used and appreciated. Embossed copies of the Lord's prayer, and small portions of Scripture, have been provided in a hundred and thirty languages. These are in much request amongst missionaries and others, whose duties call them to visit far-off lands. A subscription for the charitable disposal of these and similar works, amounting to £500 annually, has all but failed owing to the closing of certain mines in the north. He puts forth an earnest plea that new subscriptions may enable him to continue the charitable department of his work. There are 30,000 blind people in the United Kingdom, and it is estimated that there are at least three millions in other lands. So valuable a method of putting the precious gift of God's word into the hands and hearts of the "hapless dark," deserves the utmost sympathy and aid.

Light Divine.

Music by PHILIP ARMES, Mus. D., Oxon.
Organist of Durham Cathedral.


Met. ♩=88. mp
E - - ter - nal Beam of Light Di - - vine!
cres.
dim.
Thou Fount..... of un - ex - haust - ed Love,
p
cres.
On whom the Fa - ther's glo - ries shine,
cres.
dim.
Through earth be - neath, and heaven a - bove.

Be Thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
So shall each murmuring thought be gone;
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the midday sun.

Speak to my warring passions peace,
Say to my trembling heart, Be still;
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve Thy sovereign will.

O death, where is Thy sting? where now
Thy boasted victory, O grave?
Who shall contend with God? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

"Each stitch is set in faith and hope."

THE VOICE OF HOME.

A SONNET.

WHEN first the fledgeling leaves the parent nest,
And, faltering, its unaided course essays
Through briar and thicket, or through flowery ways:
When first the daughter whom her sire loves best

Leaves home and all its tender care in quest
Of Life's stern work—what wonder hearts are weak,
And, full of sadness, find few words to speak,
While trembling lips tell out Love's last behest?
And yet withal that loving parting word,
Wrung from the depths of a fond parent's woe,
Is full of living power and loudest heard
When Conscience' lamp is dull and tempests blow;
And, though the world may tempt with lurid light,
The voice of God and home will guide aright.

G. W.

A RICH WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CRUST AND THE CAKE," "LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

"Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall."
LONGFELLOW.

ALL was darkness in the Deerham road when Chrystal started down it on her homeward journey. She had hastened through Deerham town, resisting all inclination to knock at Sophy's door, though she knew that jovial woman would have gladly risen from her bed to welcome her. But if she went straight on she would reach Winds' Haven about an hour before midnight. She knew that her father, though not likely to be nervous at her prolonged absence, would not go to rest till she came back. He would sit poring over his herbarium, with his candle winking on the window sill—the star which had often guided her home from her errands of mercy on the darksome ways, though seldom, indeed, at such an untimely hour as this.

And so she plodded on, through the bare upland part of the road nearest Deerham, till the banks began to rise on either side, and the blacker darkness of the over-arching trees made the gloom through which she had already passed seem lightsome. The dew lay heavy on every leaf and blade of grass, and struck a sense of chill on Chrystal's heart even amid the heat of the sultry night. Among the sodden vegetation the glowworms were giving forth their tiny illumination. The petulant, exacting cry of the hedgehog made Chrystal pause and listen. Her father's daughter was too familiar with the origin of all such sounds even to start when she heard them. But she would not go on till she made quite sure the sound did come from a hedgehog.

"For if simple folks have run from that, thinking it was a ghost's scream," said she to herself, "over-sharp ones might pass a lost child, and mistake its wail for a hedgehog's. That 's what I think about learning in general. It takes a deal of wisdom to keep from being too clever. I don't despise ghost stories. There must be something in them, though it is more likely to be the sin or sorrow or remorse of souls in the flesh than of souls out of it. And I 'm sure no fiend with hoofs and horns could do a man half the mischief he gets from the distilled spirits which make him fancy he sees such a one."

And then Chrystal suddenly remembered she was approaching the scene of the last sensation in Winds' Haven life.

It has been said that one side of Deerham Road was skirted by a dense pine wood. In this pine wood a few clearings had been made. One such clearing lay about the margin of a small deep pool, called the Gipsy's Pond. It was a village history that more than a hundred years before, a gipsy mother had drowned her baby there. She had been hanged for the crime, and there were still living very old people who could remember her gibbet left standing for long years on the top of the Warren Hill. From time to time during those hundred years, village fathers, belated in Deerham beershops, had whispered of seeing a dark figure or figures moving about among the trees, or sitting with bent head on the margin of the water. After these stories the men had been treated by their spouses with a pitiful reverence or a withering contempt, according to the confiding or incredulous nature of those helpmates; and village public opinion had generally taken its cue from these good women, as presuming that those who knew most must know best. With a view to dissipate all such fumes of fear and superstition, the last Vicar of Winds' Haven had repeatedly held entertainments under the picturesque shades of the great trees which stood a little back from the pond. It seemed as if the children's hymns and the glee-singing of the older people had effectually laid the ghost, for nothing had been heard of it for many years. But now, not more than a week ago, old Harry Snelling, having stayed late at work in Deerham, had taken the short cut across the corner of the wood on his way home, and was prepared to asseverate that the dark-robed gipsy was once more to be seen cowering on the edge of her pond. Old Harry had found himself fallen on a sceptical generation. A sharp fire of cross-examination had opened on him at once, and his only comfort was that his answers were to the discomfort of his examiners. Of course he had stopped at the beershop? No, he hadn't; he 'd been at work in the railway rooms, and the porters could prove it. But he had been drinking—of course he had, though he might deny it. Then it was of no use for him to deny it; but Dame Snelling could prove that he came home sober enough, with all his money in his pocket, and never a tavern smell

about him. Even some rough-and-ready views of hereditary disease had found their way to Winds' Haven, and there were those who remarked that Snelling's daughter was a "natural," which was perhaps due to some crack latent in her father. And, to own the truth, poor old Harry himself confided to his wife "that he 'd seen the thing that clear that if so be it were only in his own eyes, there must be something mortal wrong inside his head."

Winds' Haven was still making fun of this latest ghost story. The blacksmith went to the Gipsy's Pond in the late gloaming, but he saw nothing, and delivered his opinion, "that you wouldn't never see nothing if you waited till midn'ght all the year round." Even poor old Harry himself was stung into perceiving the logical inaccuracy of this conclusion, though he could not prove it except by muttering that he "didn't know as even ghosts were obligated to stand in one place every night." Most of the villagers declared that they would gladly arm themselves with stakes and spend a night at the Gipsy's Pond, but that just now it was harvest time, and after a hard day's work they were too tired to play such pranks. One or two old women dreamed dreams, and remembered strange noises. Among all those who heard the story, Chrystal and her father, being the wisest and kindest (for the rectory family were at the sea-side), were the only ones who suspended their opinion, and were particularly careful not to hint that old Harry had been drinking, or telling lies.

But now the question was, should Chrystal follow Harry's track across the short cut, and have a chance of seeing whatever it was which had so terrified him, or should she plod on by the high road and reach home a quarter of an hour later?

"I 'll go through the wood," she resolved. "I 'm not going after the ghost, and I 'm not going to turn out of my way for it. The moon is just coming out, and if I should happen to see the stump or the shadow or the vapour-wreath that caused poor old Harry's mistake, it may be a very good thing."

And so she struck into the wood, and hastened onwards. The clouds about the moon, which had been growing less dense for some time, were now so thin that a pale silvery light shivered down the long aisles of the old pine forest.

Chrystal was in sight of the Gipsy's Pond. The fair light in the sky was reflected in its heavy sluggish waters. And——was Chrystal bewitched? She stood still, and rubbed her eyes and shaded them, as if she might redeem them from some magic spell of the moonlight. For there, on the grey cairn which local tradition had always pointed out as somehow connected with the gipsy's crime, crouched the black-robed form of a woman.

It was but a slight, girlish form, and as it sat on the lowest of the mossy stones, its white hands were clasped about its knees, and though the neck was bent, the face was set straight forwards, and was white and motionless as that of a corpse.

It would be absurd to say that Chrystal's heart did not beat fast, nor that, for a moment, she did not wish she had kept the high road. She might yet have stolen back to it, for if she had chanced to make a rustle among the grass, it would have been to that entranced figure as the stirring of the breeze. But not even for one weak moment did that course occur to Chrystal. What she had not seen, and did not know, might not be her business; that was still God's only, for which He could provide without her help. But what He let her see and know became her business, a task which He would require at her hand. Yet it was with no severe sense of duty that Chrystal lingered, trembling. Be this ghost, or living woman, there was an air of such desolation and misery about that cowering figure, that even with her heart in her mouth, Chrystal gasped—

"Oh, poor thing!"

Strong-minded folk may utterly denounce Chrystal's hesitation as a despicable weakness. She ought to have shouted out at once, though thereby she might have caused the figure to plunge into the dark depths of that unfathomed pool, and so to end a wretched, mortal life; or have startled it to flee away, and be lost in the misty recesses of the wood, leaving a mystery and a terror to haunt the neighbourhood for years.

But Chrystal stood quite still, and watched, and wondered. The figure did not stir. Whether or not it was of a nature to vanish from her sight, Chrystal did not care to decide. She only felt that whatever it was, it could be by its own will alone that she could seize it. And what does maddened misery crave? The assurance of a haven of peace and love, waiting even for itself.

But Chrystal did not trouble herself to argue out the question. She only remembered what had once brought healing sleep to herself in some fevered day of her long-past childhood. And standing in the deep shadow of an oak, she began softly to sing the old, homely hymn:—

"In the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest;
Where the Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.

There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you!"

Almost at the first note the figure started to its feet, and a moment after the still night air was thrilled with a cry of such mingled ecstasy and anguish as almost broke Chrystal's heart. She still sang on. Across the moonlit grass the form came rapidly towards her. It was certainly a form of flesh and blood. Nay, more, her face was not unknown to Chrystal. It was that of a young lady who, about a fortnight before, had come to lodge in the sexton's house, and who had been once or twice in the Joyces' shop, but who otherwise had been scarcely seen in Winds' Haven.

"Who is singing? Who is singing?" cried the girl; "speak, and tell me."

"It is I—Chrystal Joyce," said the other, stepping from the shadow and folding her strong, kind arm about the slight form just in time to prevent its falling heavily to the ground.

The poor ghost had fainted in the most human fashion. And while Chrystal fetched water from the pool to lave the cold white forehead, she had time to recollect a few facts which might bear on the mystery.

She had noticed that the young stranger wore new mourning, and the sexton's wife had mentioned that her lodger had just lost her only brother, and "seemed dazed-like, though taking it particular quiet, poor thing, and looking out quite business-like for a situation as governess." The story had struck Chrystal as a pathetic one, when she heard it in that common-place way over the counter. She had tried to use special little wiles of kindness to the girl when next she came to her shop, but had found a distance, even a repellant coldness, in her manner, which made Chrystal feel as if she were one of those who must bear their own burdens entirely themselves, because the most sympathetic hand approaches them only as an additional weight. And this was the end of it, poor thing!

She opened her eyes presently, and looked up at Chrystal. "You will be able to walk presently, my dear," said the good woman, "and we can go back to Winds' Haven together."

The chill, hard spell was broken. The stranger was crying like a child. Chrystal let her lie there for a few moments resting against her shoulder. Then she helped her to rise, and drew her trembling hand through her supporting arm. The girl was quite docile—there was a touching readiness in her submission, as if she was thankful to be thus forcibly taken from her own keeping.

"What made you sing that hymn?" she murmured.

"I don't know, dear," said Chrystal. "It was the first which came into my head."

"It was my brother's favourite," said the girl, "and, oh, when I heard it, for one moment I fancied—I fancied—oh, can't you guess?"

"Yes," said Chrystal, "I can. But, dear, don't we know who sends us a telegram by the words of the message, though we read them in the handwriting of the office clerk?"

"Do you believe in those kind of things?" asked the girl, rather vaguely. But Chrystal understood.

"I believe in God's love," she said, cheerily, "and that includes all manner of things that are good."

"I can't believe in it now!" cried the stranger, passionately. "Other people have so much, and Charles and I had only each other, and yet God took him. And I don't believe that Charles himself can be much happier without me than I am without him! Either Charles has forgotten all about me, or else he is wretched, or else Heaven has made him selfish, for he never would have been happy while I was in anguish!"

"Hush, hush, dear!" reasoned Chrystal. "There is a difference between his separation from you and yours from him. Just now, you feel as if you had lost him; your grief has that bewildered feeling which comes to us when somebody suddenly disappears from our sight in a crowd. But he knows the way he has gone, and what a sure and safe way it is for you to follow when the right time comes. I own I never can help thinking that when we let sorrow make us wretched, we may cast a shadow even on the heavenly bliss of those we mourn. Yet it may not be a very dark shadow, but only such as a mother feels when her babe tosses in the fever of some slight ailment. They may know our misery will end, leaving us stronger and more joyful than before."

"I only want to go to Charles," wailed the girl, but in a softer tone. "I only want him; I cannot rest without him. Oh, Miss Joyce, I suppose you will think me a great sinner, but I can only endure myself from day to day, because I have been able to creep out here at night, unknown to everybody, and have felt that when I can bear no more I can drop down, down, down, into that dark water!"

"Ah, my dear, it is not your own self which feels that," said Chrystal, squeezing the little hand which lay so heavily on her arm. "What we say and feel in delirium is not our real selves."

"I don't want to kill myself," sighed the girl; "I feel it might part me from Charles for ever; but, oh, I do want to die! If you knew what my life is!" she continued. "I have nobody left to love, nobody to serve. I shall forget how to love; I shall grow quite unlike the girl Charlie loved. There is no duty in life for me, except teaching children to read that I may eat a bit of bread. And that is what dear Charlie used to call the sanctuary profanation of modern life!" she added vehemently.

Chrystal chose to take no notice of the last sentence then, though she made a note of it.

"Those who have nobody to love, have everybody to love," she said, "and they have to serve everybody who needs service. I want somebody's help and comfort myself, just now. I am going home after a very weary day, and at earliest dawn I wish to start out again to visit a dying bed. If there is nobody whom I can trust to waken me I shall have to sit up all night, for I am so tired that if I lie down, I shall sleep till it is quite late, and time to go into my shop, and attend to my work. Can you come home with me, and undertake to wake me as soon as the first streak of dawn is in the sky?"

"Yes, of course I can," said the girl. "I shall not sleep one wink, wherever I am."

"And I shall be glad of your company on my early morning walk," Chrystal went on. "But what

will the sexton's people think has become of you? Did you manage to get out and in without their knowledge?"

"Always," said the girl. "But I know they are sitting up late to-night, though they would have been all in bed before I should have returned, if I had not met you. What can we do? They suppose I am in my room."

"We will stop at their door as we pass," decided Chrystal. "I will say that I met you; they will not wonder at your having taken a little stroll when the moonlight is so glorious as it is now. And we will say that you are coming home with me to help me in some duties I have undertaken."

"That will do," said the girl. And she left Chrystal to be the chief spokeswoman. But as they turned from the sexton's house and clambered up the hill to the shop, she observed, "And so you, too, are going to stand by a dying bed. How full of sorrow the world is!"

Her face looked calmer as she spoke. A poor wrung heart may feel that God has forgotten it, or is dealing with it in judgment, and when it sees others in like case, it finds a strange consolation, not in their pain, but in a child-like feeling that God cannot have forgotten so many! It took a great genius to say, "That which is universal cannot be evil," but many a simple soul has felt it.

And Chrystal and she shared a rustic meal, while Chrystal explained to her father all she had been doing, and told him what her guest had kindly undertaken to do for her. And then the two went off to Chrystal's white, narrow chamber, and Chrystal fulfilled her part of the contract by lying down and sinking into deep slumber, while the other, once more caught in the beneficent mesh of human duties, kept her watch amid surroundings which made her recent vigils by the Gipsy's Pool begin to fade into the uncertain memories of a nightmare.

(*To be continued.*)

RELIGION IN UNLIKELY PLACES.

BY THE REV. H. BONNER, NOTTINGHAM.

ONESIMUS.

"I beseech thee for my son Onesimus."—PHILEM. 10.

THE Epistle to Philemon is the shortest and least formal of all St. Paul's Epistles which have come to us. It is a letter from a friend to a friend, written with the ease and familiarity of perfect confidence and affection. We see St. Paul here, not as an apostle, missionary, or theologian, but as a man, as an affectionate and faithful friend. The Epistle discusses no grave questions of doctrine, it gives no moral precepts, it has nothing to say upon the organisation and government of the church; it is simply a plea to Philemon on behalf of his runaway slave Onesimus. But the letter has a value to us out of all proportion to its length, or the importance of the occasion which called it forth. It gives us a most beautiful, impressive, and instructive incident in St. Paul's life.

Onesimus was a slave in the household of Philemon, a rich citizen of Colossæ, and one of St. Paul's converts. Eager to gain his freedom, and perhaps tempted by the temporary possession of money entrusted to him by his master, he fled to Rome. St. Paul also was then at Rome waiting his trial before Nero, and by some chance the two men met. Onesimus listened to the Apostle's teaching, and was converted to the Christian faith. After his conversion St. Paul sent him back to Philemon with this letter, begging him to receive him "no longer as a slave, but as a beloved brother;" and with such grace and tact, with such delicacy and fervour, with such a sweet persuasiveness does he write, that we can hardly doubt the issue, remembering the kind of man—judging from this letter to him—Philemon was.

Our first interest in this story centres in the two men themselves, Onesimus and St. Paul. Onesimus, most likely, was no better than the majority of the class to which he belonged; and if not, he was bad, very bad. An honest slave, and especially an honest Phrygian slave, seems to have been rare. In all probability Onesimus had added to the crime of running away, that of theft. St. Paul speaks of him—playfully punning upon his name—as unprofitable; and he promises to repay Philemon if he had wronged him, or owed him aught. Though not quite decisive, the passage certainly supports the conclusion that Onesimus was not only a runaway, but a thief. At Rome he would be driven, as his best chance of escaping detection, to associate with the degraded and abandoned. His companions would most likely be gladiators, criminals, and runaway slaves like himself. Such companionship would almost inevitably lead him to further vice and crime; to resist its degrading influence would be next to impossible. It would seem as though Onesimus were a lost man; his recovery to honest ways an impossible task. And had any good man of the time been confronted with the problem, how to change this runaway thief into an honest man, how so to change him that he would voluntarily go back to his master, and become a faithful servant to him, he would have given it up in despair. He

would have said, probably, that the problem was insoluble; that to change a rogue into an honest man, to make a good man out of a runaway slave, who was also a thief, was a task almost, if not quite, beyond the skill and power of the wisest of their teachers. They had no cure for vice or crime. They thought, for the most part, that if a man was once smitten with these, recovery was out of the question. The chances, therefore, of Onesimus getting back to an honest life, were certainly few. Who was there to care for or help him, even if he wished to become a better man? Who was there in all that great city who would waste a thought on him, much less stretch out a hand to show him any kindness or to render him any help. But from this depth of degradation into which he had fallen, he was raised by the power of Christian love. The generous sympathy, the unselfish care, the fervent love of St. Paul completely won him; under his influence he accepted the Gospel and became a new man. He confesses his wrong, repents of it, and is willing to make reparation, as far as he can, to Philemon. He has found some one who cares for him, who meets him as a man, yea, more, to whom he is as a brother. Even slavery now will be tolerable to him. He will return to his master, though to return is to place himself entirely at his mercy, for his offence was punishable by death. He has been taught, and he has mastered the difficult lesson, not only to serve Philemon, but also to love him. In regaining his slave, Philemon gains a brother, whose service to him, henceforth, will not be one of fear, but one of love. The runaway thief is changed into a loving, obedient, honest man.

The part which St. Paul plays in this little story reveals in a very impressive way his largeness of heart, the breadth and intensity of his sympathies; it shows us how really great and noble he was. We know St. Paul as the great missionary, the founder of churches, the heroic worker, as he speaks and acts in the full light of publicity; but here we catch a glimpse of his more private life, of something done by the way, as it were. And a deed of this kind, done quietly and unobtrusively, and the knowledge of which comes to us accidentally, is far more valuable as an evidence of a man's true character, than that which he does when many eyes are upon him. St. Paul was in prison, chained to a Roman soldier night and day. He was uncertain what would be the issue of his appeal to Cæsar; it might be death—he did not know. He had many cares and anxieties. He was writing epistles, receiving and sending messengers from and to the many churches in which he was so deeply interested; troubled by false teachers who were trying to thwart him in his work. And yet amid these many cares and occupations he could give himself to the work of instructing and rescuing a poor slave. To preach to him or instruct him would not perhaps have been so much. It is easy to preach to the unfortunate and the lost; but to sympathise with them, to care for them, to love them sincerely—that is often very hard. And especially when the difference of class and position is great. It is not difficult to lecture, or to patronise them, it is difficult to many to sincerely love them. But St. Paul loves Onesimus, he makes a friend of him, he speaks of him as his "brother." The once proud Pharisee, to whom blood and caste were as much as to the proudest Roman, makes a friend of a slave. There was more in that fact than appears on the surface of it. The gulf between the slave class and free men, especially those of them who made any claim to virtue or wisdom, was great. It is difficult for us to conceive the profound contempt with which slaves, as a class, were regarded. There were exceptions, of course, but they were few; contempt the most intense was the general feeling towards them. "To our slaves," said Seneca, "we are most insolent, contemptuous, and cruel." There ought not to be, there could not be, it was said, any friendship between a free man and a slave. The wise man, the sage, dishonoured himself, said one, in even speaking to a slave. Nothing good or great, said another, can exist in a slave. Such sayings, even if we do not press them to the letter, show how great was the distance which separated slaves from free men. But for St. Paul, all such distinction of class was now at an end. In Christ there was neither bond nor free. Onesimus, slave though he was, was to St. Paul a "brother beloved." The equality of man was a doctrine which had often been preached, but here was a man to whom it was something more than a theme for the spinning of fine sayings. Here was a man who believed it, to whom it was so true that he could stretch out his hand to a slave, and call him brother. The doctrine was not new, the deed was.

And then how fine is his pleading with Philemon. With what delicacy and consideration, and yet with what modest dignity and fervour, does he urge his suit. He will not command Philemon, he will not stand on his authority with him, lest he should rob the deed, which he is sure that he will do, of its grace. He will rather beseech him for love's sake, "being such an one as Paul the aged, and now a prisoner of Jesus Christ." He begs Philemon to receive Onesimus as he would receive his own son, as he would receive himself; and if Onesimus hath wronged him, he, Paul, will repay him. He will not dwell on Philemon's obligations to himself; he would not entrench upon his liberality. He will leave him perfectly free, for he knows indeed that he will gladly go beyond what he asks. Almost every line of the letter is effective; had it been written with the most consummate art, it could

not have had the force and persuasiveness which the sincerity, earnestness, and affection which pervade it, give to it. Nowhere does the generous spirit of the Apostle, his utter self-forgetfulness, his fine courtesy, his delicate consideration for the wishes of another, shine forth more beautifully and impressively than in this appeal for Onesimus. We sometimes think of St. Paul as having few personal ties; as if in his busy life, his splendid devotion to his work, he cared little for friendship. We are apt to think of him, and he is sometimes represented to us, as caring more for men in the mass than for individuals. But a man who could care for a slave, as St. Paul cared for Onesimus, who could write with such tenderness, fervour, and delicate feeling as the Apostle does in this Epistle, was not wanting in the sympathies and affections which make the very closest friendships possible. And if in Onesimus we see the power of the Gospel of Christ to save the lost, not less in St. Paul's love for him do we see the power of the Gospel to break down caste feeling and prejudice, and to make the heart of the narrowest and the proudest beat with that large human love which sees in the slave, the outcast, the lost, *a man.*

But this story has a still wider interest for us. This is not the first instance we have of the conversion of a slave, or of the contact of Christianity with slavery. A slave-girl was one of St. Paul's converts at Philippi; and we see from the epistles which he had already written, and from those which he wrote just about this time—especially the Epistle to the Colossians—that already there were slaves in the Christian Church. But Onesimus is the only slave mentioned by name in the New Testament as having become a Christian, and of whose history we know anything. We may take this incident, therefore, as illustrative of the influence of Christianity upon slavery.

Slavery was part of the very structure of ancient society, it may almost be said to have been the very basis of it. In Rome, at the time of which we write, it is estimated that there were at least a million slaves; and throughout the whole empire, though it cannot be much more than a guess or a very rough calculation, sixty millions. In some particulars ancient slavery would compare favourably with modern slavery. Manumission was easy and frequent; slaves were not intentionally kept ignorant; nor were they, probably, put to such exhausting and continuous labours as where they are kept mainly or solely for profit. Physicians, teachers, poets, artists were often slaves; and their usefulness, learning, and accomplishments would ensure them consideration and kindness. There were masters too, no doubt, who were gentle and humane. Stories are told of devotion on the part of slaves to their masters, such as could have been won only by kindness. But, speaking generally, the condition of the slave in Pagan society, especially in Rome, was most wretched, and in the latter days of the Republic, and for some time during the Empire, it was hard and sad in the extreme. The slave had no rights in law, and no legal standing. If an injury was done to him, his master could recover damages for depreciation of his property, but the slave himself had no protection. The words "husband," "father," had no legal meaning as applied to him; his evidence was received, as a rule, only when under torture. If a master were murdered in his own house, and the murderer could not be discovered, all the slaves in the house at the time of the murder were put to death. A case of this kind occurred only two or three years before the date of this Epistle to Philemon. A master was murdered by one of his slaves, and four hundred of them were executed at once, in consequence. This tragic event may account for the earnest exhortations which St. Paul addresses to masters and slaves in the Epistles to the Colossians and Ephesians, which were written at the same time as the Epistle to Philemon.

That their masters were frequently most cruel to them it is hardly necessary to say, when we call to mind that they had absolute power over them. They might sell them as gladiators, or compel them to fight with wild beasts. When old or useless they were often exposed on an island in the Tiber, and left to die uncared for. They were punished and tortured at the mere caprice of their masters and mistresses; and for grave offences they might be put to death, and death of the most horrible kind. Indeed, stories are told of slaves being killed in sport. A Roman noble is said to have put to death a slave simply to gratify the curiosity of a guest. Another to have ordered a slave to be crucified, only because when hunting one day, he struck with his lance a wild boar at which his master was just aiming. The stories related of their cruelty, and cruelty of the most revolting kind, are almost endless. We have already quoted the words of Seneca as to the treatment of slaves by their masters; his charge was too true.

But, perhaps, a still sadder feature of their lot was their moral degradation. The law did not recognise them as men. It said distinctly that the vileness of their condition rendered them unworthy of the regard of the law. Their masters, as we have seen, scarcely dealt with them as if they were men. "What! is a slave a man?" an angry mistress is made to ask. Contempt and scorn were the feelings with which they were almost universally regarded. All this could have but one effect upon them. It led to their utter demoralisation. This is the crowning evil of slavery—it is fatal to manhood. It destroys self-respect, self-reverence; it saps the very foundation of all virtue. Here again, of course, there were

many exceptions, some very noble exceptions. But the slave population of Rome generally, was utterly corrupt and demoralised.

And what had Christianity to say to this oppressed, degraded class? What impression did it make upon them? what did it do for them? We have seen what it did for Onesimus. It saved him, it made him a new man; it begot in him patience, hope, courage; it changed the whole complexion of life for him. And in what it did for Onesimus we can see what it did for large numbers of slaves. It raised them from vice, misery, and despair—it made them honest and pure; it inspired them with hope and courage; it told them that, friendless and despised as they were, they were yet dear to God; sinful and degraded as they were, a righteous life was yet possible to them. And among no class did Christianity spread more rapidly than among the slaves. So great, indeed, were the numbers who embraced it, that it was made a matter of reproach. Christianity, it was implied, was a religion for slaves; as indeed it was, though not in the sense they who cast the reproach meant. That it should be eagerly received by many among them, was only natural; it appealed to them as men, it recognised their worth, it brought them love and sympathy, and these would make it dear to them.

We see here, too, in what manner Christianity modified and finally abolished slavery. Our first feeling is one of disappointment when we find that St. Paul proposes to send Onesimus back to Philemon. We should have expected that at the most he would simply have expressed regret for what had occurred, and that he would have used his authority with Philemon to procure Onesimus his liberty. That he does not do so, has often been urged as a proof that Christianity does not condemn slavery. If Christianity were opposed to slavery, it has been said, would St. Paul have sent Onesimus back to Philemon? or if he sent him back, would he not have bidden Philemon give him his freedom? But though St. Paul sends Onesimus back, he exhorts Philemon to receive him no longer *as a slave, but as a brother beloved.* Though he might still retain the name of slave, might still be a slave in form, their relations to each other were now changed; and in this assertion of their kinship, there was a virtual, though not a formal, condemnation of slavery.

Whether St. Paul saw that Christianity was essentially antagonistic to slavery or not, does not much matter. If he did, it is obvious on a moment's thought, that he could not prohibit or condemn it. He could not call the slaves to revolt, or enjoin it as a duty on masters to set them free, without opening the way for greater evils than that he would suppress. To have preached freedom to the slave would have led to a servile war. Slavery could not have been assailed in that manner without endangering the whole fabric of society. Christianity could not set itself in direct antagonism to existing social or political arrangements and institutions. Had it done so, it would have drawn upon it at once an overwhelming and irresistible opposition. In fact some of the early persecutions of the Church were inspired mainly by the idea that Christianity was relaxing or dissolving some of the social bonds. With political and social institutions as such, Christianity had no direct concern. It would not dissolve them at once and reorganise them on a Christian basis. It would only affect them indirectly and gradually. And that is the way in which it told on slavery. It proclaimed no revolutionary doctrine; it did not condemn or prohibit slavery; but it was nevertheless in essential antagonism to it. It recognised no distinction of class or caste. In Christ, it taught, there was neither bond nor free, Jew nor Greek. The doctrine of one common Father in heaven, to whom all men are dear, of the brotherhood of man, could not but prove fatal to it. The leaven soon began to work, and its influence may be clearly traced. The Church asserted, and guarded jealously, the rights of the slave against the master. It recognised in its services and discipline no distinction between them. The highest offices in it were open to both alike, manumission in the case of those who wished to enter the Church being, for a time, obligatory, and always easy. And above all, while it did not command enfranchisement, it taught that it was a work specially acceptable to God. Thus, not directly, but indirectly, did it modify, and finally abolish slavery. And its abolition may be claimed as one of the greatest social victories which Christianity has won. Slavery among civilised nations is now at an end, and there can be no question that its abolition is due mainly to Christianity. A more humane spirit, moreover, was beginning to manifest itself in Roman society before Christianity had spread to any considerable extent. The doctrine of the brotherhood of man was taught by the Stoics, and not wholly without effect. Seneca was specially emphatic upon the duties of masters to slaves, and their obligations to treat them kindly and without contempt. From about the middle of the first century, laws were passed from time to time securing their protection and improving their condition. Other influences, social and economic, have no doubt contributed something to the great work. But it is to Christianity mainly that the victory over this great evil is due.

"'I believe in God's love,' she said, cheerily."—*p.* 564.

HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST IN THE WINNING," "FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE."

CHAPTER XXV.

A RENCONTRE.

ONE evening, some months after Percy had taken up his residence with the Burwins, he came in from a mechanics' institute, of which he had become a member, smiling to himself at the recollection of a little adventure that occurred to him earlier in the day. He had been sent to a house at Knightsbridge to assist in hanging some doors, and, turning sharply round the corner of a street, he came in collision with a lad who was carrying a butcher's tray so heavily laden with joints, that the bearer staggered under its weight. Percy put out a hand to steady the tray, and enable the lad to recover his equilibrium at the same moment that an angry "Now then, stupid! because you're a six-footer are you bound to run over a chap?" was hurled at him.

He would have walked on without taking any notice if the voice had not sounded so familiar that he halted to ascertain to whom it belonged, and perceived that the wearer of the blue apron and gabardine was none other than Tom Burwin.

The recognition was mutual, but both were in a hurry, and went their way, and Percy's mind was full of other thoughts, when, as he quitted the house where he was employed, at the dinner hour, he found himself accosted by Tom, who appeared to have been waiting for him.

"Want to find a coffee-house?" he cried. "Then come this way. I know one that will just suit you, quiet and respectable, and take in lots of papers."

He started ahead at a brisk pace; but as soon as they were beyond the ken of the other workmen, he came back to Percy's side, and looked steadily in his face.

"Now you know all about it, and you needn't think that it was because I was ashamed of what I was doing that I always changed my clothes before I came home, and didn't say outright that Mr. Tiler had taken me into his shop. I won't say I liked it at first, I don't care about it much now; but the pay's good, and it's for mother. I could not bear to be living on her, and hanging about doing nothing but wait for the berth under Government father promised to get me."

"But, Tom, you need not have had any concealments from me;" and Percy laid his hand affectionately on the boy's shoulder. "Don't you know that I honour you for your affection for your good mother?"

"Ah! but you were father's friend, and had heard so much about his connections that I didn't know how you'd take it. I did tell you that my business isn't a genteel one, and I might have added that it's rather greasy," said Tom ruefully.

"It's an honest calling; why should you be more ashamed of your tray than I am of my basket?"

"Oh! it isn't me, it's father," was the response. "You see he's a Burwin of Burwin Court. It's been a great misfortune for us that he can't forget he was born a gentleman. He's never been able to forgive Mary and Millie for going to service, though we were nearly starving when they made up their minds to do it."

"I'm sorry for him," Percy could not resist saying.

Tom glanced at the speaker as if he guessed what was passing in his mind, and felt tempted to be more confidential, but both recollected themselves in time. The boy remembered his mother's lessons, and Percy that it was not right to encourage him to speak of his father, and so they parted.

Mrs. Burwin was sitting with her hands folded in her lap—a most unusual attitude—when Percy entered the sitting-room that evening. Tom had gone to bed, she said; from which he concluded that Mr. Burwin must have been at home when the boy came in from his work. Anxious to make notes of a lecture he had been hearing, Percy lighted his own lamp, opened his desk, and set to work, expecting that Mrs. Burwin would retire at her customary hour, leaving him to himself.

But instead of doing this, she wandered restlessly about the room, and by-and-by she came and touched the absorbed writer on the arm. He dropped his pen and sprang up in alarm when he saw how ghastly she looked. Was she ill? Should he fetch some one to her assistance, or get her anything?

"I am not ill," she answered, her features convulsed with emotion; "not ill, but in frightful trouble! Mr. Gray, my husband went out a short time before you came in, to keep an appointment with some thoughtless young men who—yes, there is no denying it—who have discovered his weakness, and amuse themselves at his expense. After he had gone I discovered that he had taken with him the money I was to have paid to-morrow for our half-year's rent. If he should be induced to part with it—and I know these friends of his gamble—what will become of us? I am not so strong as I was; it kills me to think of what our position will be if we are penniless and homeless once more!"

"What can I do to help you, dear Mrs. Burwin?" asked Percy, greatly moved by her anguish.

She clasped her hands entreatingly.

"If you would follow him—the house is a billiard saloon, free to all—your very presence would be a check upon him, as it has often been here; and you

might persuade him to return home with you. I see that you do not like to do this, but there is no one else whom I can ask. How can I tell Tom what his father has done? It has cost me a great deal to reveal it to you; but if I lose that money what shall I do?"

"Be comforted," said Percy, slipping on his overcoat. "I will go in search of Mr. Burwin, and see what can be done."

Though the promise was a vague one it relieved the unhappy wife, and she murmured a blessing on him as he hurried away. She was right in saying that he did not like his errand, and he also felt doubtful of doing any good. Any attempt to remonstrate with Mr. Burwin would be treated as an insult, and probably end in his being told to find himself a home elsewhere; but he would not stop to think of this; the pride of a man who had stooped to rob his wife of the fruits of her weary labours was but a cloak worn to conceal his own selfishness, and Percy knew he should find it difficult to refrain from uttering the reproaches Mr. Burwin merited.

How it would be most prudent to act in this difficult position he could not decide, and had reached the house to which he was directed before he could determine whether to walk in as if in the habit of frequenting the place, or send a message to Mr. Burwin requesting him to come out and speak to him.

But just as he was stepping up to the door, a boy rushed out, urged by two or three voices to lose no time in fetching a doctor, lest the man should die before medical aid arrived. Unnoticed in the confusion, and unable to find any one to answer his inquiries, Percy walked into the house. A group had gathered at one end of the room, to which he found his way, busied about a prostrate figure, which, as he had foreboded, proved to be that of Mr. Burwin.

While some were endeavouring to revive him, others were angrily accusing a well-dressed young man, whose features were striking enough to impress themselves on Percy's memory, and whom he heard addressed by the name of Ordley. He, on his part, flushed with excitement or liquor, or both, was just as angrily defending himself.

"It is a falsehood to say that I struck the old man," he was declaring as Percy drew near. "You all knew that he persisted in betting, and if I won, what of it? I 'll own that I pushed him back when he said I cheated him, and caught me by the throat; but he was not hurt. He was about to attack me again when he staggered and fell, as my friends here can testify."

"Don't make a bother, gentlemen, pray!" said the landlord of the house. "There 's no harm done, it 's only a fit. I'm sure it 's nothing else. Mr. Burwin 's been drinking more heavily than usual for some days past."

"*Only a fit!*" Percy shuddered as he gazed at the distorted countenance and heard the stertorous breathing of the miserable man, and a touch of disgust mingled with his horror. Where was the pride that revolted from his children earning their own living, when Mr. Burwin sought such companionship as some of the disreputable, knavish-looking fellows now staring curiously at him, and discussing the probability of his recovery.

The doctor who had been summoned agreed with the landlord as to the nature of the attack. "There was no immediate danger," he said, but he advised that a cab should be procured, and his patient conveyed to a hospital or his own home with as little delay as possible.

On hearing this, Mr. Ordley and his companions prepared to take their departure. There was no longer any pretext for detaining them; they had attested their innocence, and neither seemed to think it incumbent on them to manifest any concern in the still insensible figure on the floor, or to ask who would prepare his wife for the shock of seeing him in this condition. Conversing noisily, and even laughing as they went, they would have quitted the room if Percy had not planted himself in their way. He was not disposed to let them off so easily.

"Stay!" he exclaimed, his clear and indignant tones rising above the buzz of talk, and silencing it. "I happen to know that when Mr. Burwin came to this house he had with him a purse containing about fifteen pounds. I have convinced myself that it is not in either of his pockets, and before any one leaves this room it must be found."

"Must!" echoed Mr. Ordley, surveying him with an angry stare. "Why, who are you? his son?"

"When this purse has been produced, I 'll answer impertinent questions," replied Percy, calmly, "but not before."

There was a dead silence. Some one who stood behind Mr. Ordley twitched his sleeve and would have whispered in his ear, but the hand was shaken off impatiently, and the young man came a step nearer to Percy and began to bluster.

"Is this the way you address gentlemen? Do you think we are a set of thieves who have been deliberately robbing the man?"

"I am not bound to say what I think of any one I see here," was the slightly aggressive retort. "You can hear my opinion of you presently, if you wish it. What I have to deal with now is the question of the missing purse."

"Was it yours, that you come interfering and meddling?"

"Must I tell you to whom it belongs?" cried Percy, glowing with righteous indignation. "To a woman who worked from dawn to dark, no matter how weak or how weary she felt, to gather together the sum—a small one, perhaps, to you—which it contains. It would be a cruel, an unpardonable act to rob her of it. She told me herself that it would be her ruin. Don't attempt to go away with such a crime on your conscience, Mr. Ordley. By your own admission some, if not all this money, has passed into your hands; be just, and restore it."

"Nonsense, man! it was fairly won, and it's like your insolence to talk to me in this strain!" was the angry retort. "Stand out of my way! If old Burwin persists in forcing himself upon gentlemen, the pompous, bragging idiot must take the consequences."

"No *gentleman*," said Percy, sternly, "no honourable man would attempt to retain that money after what I have just told him. Unless it is returned, I shall call in the aid of the police. Mrs. Burwin shall not be defrauded of her earnings by a heartless scamp!"

Mr. Ordley, furious with passion, was springing on the bold speaker, and some of his backers were also closing upon Percy with no friendly intentions, when they were restrained by the person who, ever since Percy's entrance, had kept in the background.

"Be quiet, all of you! Give up the money, Ordley. Any thing's better than a fuss, and about such a pitiful sum! Think of the exposure. Ordley, you must," he added, in lower tones, "for my sake, if you won't for your own."

And then he drew back again, for Percy's eye was upon him, and he had the mortification of seeing by the sudden start that he was recognised. But he kept his hold on the arm of his companion urging, and expostulating till, very suddenly, the purse was produced and flung at Percy's feet.

Securing it, he followed those who were carrying Mr. Burwin to the cab, his mind in such a whirl that he scarcely knew what he was doing. Duke Averne, for it was he indeed, an actor in such a scene as this—coming from daily intercourse with Winnie Graddon to associate with such men as these! His father had been a spendthrift, would he degenerate into something worse?

As he was about to take his place in the cab, beside his still unconscious charge, he found Duke beside him, his embarrassment visible on his countenance, though he tried to talk as if quite at his ease.

"It's you, Gray, is it? Who would have thought of meeting here? I didn't know you frequented such places; I don't myself; it was the merest accident that brought me to the house to-night. Ordley's an old schoolfellow of mine, and bent on seeing life. Any message for the Graddons? I shall not mention where I saw you, and of course you'll feel yourself bound in honour to be equally silent."

Percy nodded, and Duke, stepping back, he saw him no more.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ONCE AGAIN.

Mr. Burwin recovered from the attack, but it was very slowly; and when not bemoaning himself for being such a frightful sufferer, he would make innumerable promises for the future.

"I've not been careful enough of myself, Gray," he would say in his grandiloquent style. "I'm quite ready to admit that I have been somewhat reckless; but, then, think what I feel, a man of my birth and acquirements, at being reduced to such adversity!"

"Yes, you must feel it keenly sometimes, and blame yourself for it," said Percy. "The worst sting of such poverty must be a consciousness that it has been of your own seeking."

Mr. Burwin winced. He was not prepared for such plain speaking as this.

"If I have erred," he argued, "surely I am sufficiently punished in having to live here and endure so many privations."

"And Mrs. Burwin? Is it not as bad for her to bear as for you?" asked Percy, thinking how much she had borne, and how bravely she had struggled on till, but for the loving sympathy of her children, she must have sunk under the ever-increasing burden. But the reply was like the man, utterly selfish.

"Mrs. Burwin's sufferings equal mine? Well no, I think not," said her spouse, reflectively. "Women have a power of accommodating themselves to circumstances in which our sex is deficient. For instance, she has her flowers, her work—what a fascination for the female mind the needle possesses!—and she has no ambition, whilst I can never forget who I am, and find it impossible to live without society."

"Then all I can say is that I am very sorry for your wife and family," he was bluntly told. "You prove yourself thoroughly undeserving their affection when you neglect them to indulge in degrading habits, and seek such society as I found you in the other night."

"You are hard upon me, Gray. It is ungenerous to taunt one so helpless, so remorseful for the past as I am."

"If you would be a little more hard upon yourself, a little more thoughtful for others——"

But as Mr. Burwin's boasted remorse did not prevent his losing his temper when his auditor's indignation betrayed him into these sharp rejoinders, Percy always took care to make his escape directly he saw this, leaving the angry man to digest the bitter pill *solus*. The anger his rudeness evoked generally evaporated by the time he returned, and he would find the invalid subdued and penitent as before, and full of resolves to lead a better life, which, alas! his silent wife had heard too often to depend upon.

"I have the abilities, Gray, as you are well aware, and I will eschew all my follies, I really will. I haven't behaved well to my family, but I'll atone for it to all of them. Now get your books out, and we'll have a long evening."

But these good resolutions only lasted till his recovery was complete, and, like the miserable man in the parable, the evil spirit he refused to drive away brought in others. He soon grew less careful to preserve appearances—to stagger home or be led there in a state of inebriety that made him helpless as a child. Mrs. Burwin could no longer conceal his condition, as she had formerly done, for some one

now must generally be called upon to assist him to bed.

This was a frightful state of affairs in a Christian household of the nineteenth century, but it was not without its lesson—one that sank deep in the hearts of Percy Gray and Tom Burwin. They learned to loathe as well as to dread the vice that had made a man of intellect and education the soddened, debased wretch they now beheld him. Seeing at times the absolute disgust with which the boy would hurry from the presence of his parent, Percy would not know which to pity most—the father who could so utterly ignore his duties and obligations, or the son who strove in vain to render honour and respect where it was due. The heads of our households ignore too frequently that the fifth commandment is for them as well as for their children, or they would not make it of no account by their levity, their bad example, their tendency to forget how closely their conduct is watched and imitated by those who come under their influence.

Percy would have found himself another lodging, but he intuitively felt that his doing so would distress Mrs. Burwin. Reserved though she was, her eye would brighten when he came in; occasionally she would consult him on her many little perplexities, and he knew that his presence was a protection as well as a comfort both to her and Tom. Mr. Burwin was ashamed to raise his hand against his wife when the stern eye of Percy was upon him, while the lad, despite his love for his mother, would have shunned his home, and perhaps fallen into evil courses, if it had not been for the companionship of Percy, who was like an elder brother, and good-humouredly submitted to be sometimes teased, sometimes deferred to, according to whichever of Tom's moods were in the ascendant.

And so Percy stayed on in spite of many discomforts, availing himself of Mr. Burwin's instructions, whenever he was in a condition to give them, till that unhappy man's excesses culminated in delirium, and his removal to an asylum, from whence there was very little prospect of his ever being discharged cured.

Mrs. Burwin's health now gave way. She had been so silent, so uncomplaining, that no one but He who knoweth all things could divine how much she had suffered, mentally as well as bodily. But her friends rallied round her. Percy thought some of his savings well spent in procuring strengthening food for her, and a wealthy relative, who had held aloof in consequence of Mr. Burwin's conduct, now offered her a home beneath his roof, which her daughter prevailed upon her to accept, until Mary, who would soon become the wife of a respectable tradesman, could receive her.

As Tom's master had long wished to take him into his house, there was no obstacle to the arrangement except Percy, and he promptly offered to remove that by seeking another lodging. Now, more than ever, his thoughts turned yearningly towards Enford Green. With the exception of a couple of hurried visits to inspect his new houses, he had been a stranger there for two long years; but he could not resolve to return there yet, and he was debating whether to remain in London or close with an offer from an English firm in Vienna, when an event occurred that settled the question for him.

About ten o'clock one morning he was on his way from a job to the shop to consult the foreman on some difficulty that had arisen, when his route led him over a bridge that spanned one of the railways. It was the one that passed through the hop-gardens and undulating scenery of Surrey; that could have whisked him in an hour and a half to the spot around which all his hopes and aspirations centred; and on more than one occasion, as a train thundered past, while Percy was crossing this bridge, he had paused to look after it wistfully, and wish he was in it. To-day, some men who were leaning over the parapet when he approached, were gesticulating and talking so excitedly that Percy stopped to learn why.

"Anything the matter, mates?"

"Fire!" cried two of them simultaneously. "Train on fire! Look for yourself!"

One swift, comprehensive glance, and Percy was running down a flight of steps beside the bridge, and making his way as rapidly as he could to the spot where the train was being brought to a standstill. The axle of one of the carriages had taken fire, the flames were spreading rapidly, and the terror of the passengers, who found themselves in danger of being suffocated if not burned, was indescribable. Their shrieks for help had been uttered in vain; it was a fast train, stopping at none of the intermediate stations, and it was not till they were nearing London, and the danger of the occupants of the burning carriage imminent, that the guard discovered what had happened.

The first person whom Percy assisted to alight was a blind lady, whose terror had reduced her to such a pitiable condition that it was difficult to convince her she was safe. He half led, half carried her to a mound of earth, on which he seated her, and then would have gone to the assistance of others, but her shaking fingers gripped his coat.

"Don't leave me, sir!" she moaned. "I am sightless and helpless, and my niece——" She screamed in a fresh access of terror, "Ah! where is she? How could I be so selfish as to forget her? Is she dead? Oh, Winnie, Winnie!"

"I am here, dear aunt. Be calm, pray be calm!"

And Percy, turning quickly, found himself face to face with Winnie Graddon.

(*To be continued.*)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. NEW SERIES. No. 12. FATHER AND SON.

Chapter to be read—1 *Sam. xxiii., xxiv.* (*parts of*).

INTRODUCTION. Must pass over many scenes in David's life. Same thing continued as before: Saul's increasing hatred; Jonathan's continued friendship; David, compelled to flee for his life, goes through various adventures; Saul hunts him from one place to another on the mountains. Will speak of two scenes in this lesson.

I. DAVID AND JONATHAN. (Read xxiii. 13—18.) How many men had David with him? Hides these 600 in sheltered caves on the mountain side, whence could easily escape in small parties from time to time as Saul drew near. How was it he always managed to escape? (see Ps. xi. 1, 5, 7). Saul allowed to persecute him as a trial of his faith, but as long as trusted in the Lord was kept safe. Saul not allowed to seize him (verse 14). What a trying life to be leading! No home—few friends—hunted as a wild beast—constantly in fear—enemies all about—still singing Psalms—happy under God's protection, knowing all would end well. Would he have changed lots with Saul?

Now scene changes to a forest. Who came and paid him a visit? How pleased Jonathan and David would be to meet once more! How did Jonathan encourage him? What kind words! What a comfort his visit must have been to David—no friend is like an old friend. But what did Jonathan say about the kingdom? Perhaps David had been troubling himself about taking the throne from his friend. What place is Jonathan content to take? This a sign of real friendship to take second place, see others promoted. This shows Jonathan's character—same as saw it before—pious, unselfish, disinterested. Now what do the two friends make? Just as had made a covenant before—once more they part, and never read of their meeting again. Jonathan "did what he could" for his friend, and five years later fell in battle. His life an example of true friendship. What did he do for David? (1) *He helped him* in several times of danger, not caring what risks he ran. (2) *He interceded for him* with his father—risking falling out of favour himself. (3) *He strengthened him in God, i.e.*, directed him to source of all help and comfort. Is this the way we behave to our friends?

II. DAVID AND SAUL (Read xxiv. 1—15). Now David is safe in the wilderness of Engedi, on coast of Dead Sea. Once more Saul hears of him, and tries to take him. How many soldiers has he? Try and picture the limestone rocks, with numerous caverns extending far into the hill-side, even for miles. At last, one day, Saul and his army quite close. Saul even enters same cave where David's men are. What do they remind him of? Yes, his enemy was now delivered into his hand! What could he have done to him? But what did he do? Showing how close he was to him. But even cutting off his robe an indignity; ought he to have done it? Who had caused Saul to be anointed? What a tender conscience David had! True, Saul had sought his life, but was the Lord's anointed—must be honoured. So Saul was spared. But this not enough. David must convince Saul that he wishes him no harm. So what does he do? Picture David calling aloud after him, Saul looking back, David prostrating himself, then telling his story: he might have killed him, some of his party wanted him to, but he could not touch the Lord's anointed; here is the sign, he has no evil thought against Saul, God shall be the judge, he shall avenge him if need be, but he will take no vengeance himself; besides, David is only like a dog in comparison of the king. Why then does he hunt him? the Lord must judge his cause and deliver him. What does this conduct of David show?

(1) *Regard for the king.* Even though he is his enemy he must be respected as being the Lord's anointed. He fears God, and therefore honours the king (1 Pet. ii. 17). What an example to those so ready to despise and dishonour those set over them (Heb. xiii. 7). (2). *Forgiveness of injuries.* Could any one have treated him worse? yet forgave, as Jesus forgave His murderers, and Stephen his (Acts vii. 60). This is the spirit to cultivate; must forgive, or cannot be forgiven (Matt. vi. 15).

What effect did this have upon Saul? He was convinced of David's integrity—his feelings of hatred passed. David had heaped coals of fire on his head (Rom. xii. 20), and his hard heart was melted. What does he ask David to do? He had tried to cut off David's seed, still David gladly promises to spare his seed. So they swear friendship once more, and then part. See the effect of generous behaviour. Saul became once more David's friend, though he knew he was to succeed him as king. Blessed are the peacemakers (Matt. v. 9), they are indeed children of God. Are we such?

Questions to be answered.

1. Why was Saul allowed to persecute David?
2. Who came to see David? Describe the interview.
3. How did Jonathan prove a true friend?
4. Where did David meet Saul?
5. Describe David's treatment of Saul.
6. What did David's conduct show?
7. Quote text about the forgiveness of injuries.

OTHERS' BURDENS.

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG. IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"MRS. COOK! I say, Mrs. Cook! didn't you say your daughter Nell was comin' home to day?" and the speaker panted to get her breath, for she had been running to overtake her neighbour.

"Yes, I 'm expectin' her every minute," she replied, unlocking the door of her humble but neat little dwelling. "And I want to get a bit of dinner tidy like for her, so just step in a minute and sit down, Mrs. Green. I like 'em to take a pleasure in home, you know, and feel I am glad to see 'em when they comes, so I try to make a little welcome for 'em; it keeps 'em from wantin' to go elsewhere." And the good woman's fingers went as nimbly as her tongue, for she had taken off her bonnet and shawl, hung them up on a peg behind the door, placed a bowl on the table, and began to pare potatoes.

"Yes, you 're quite right; and if every girl had a mother like you they 'd getter on better, I 'm thinkin', but I 'm afraid I shan't get what I 've come to ask," she added, glancing at the "bit o' Christmas" with which Mrs. Cook had adorned the room, "for I see you 've been gettin' ready, and it really looks quite holiday-like—that it does."

"Well, you see, I didn't keep Christmas Day, as neither Tom nor I cared about it when Nell was away, so I just settled I 'd keep it when she *did* come." And Mrs. Cook glanced at the shining green leaves and scarlet berries with great pride and pleasure; "but what was it you wanted to ask me?" she continued.

"Well, it 's just this," replied Mrs. Green; "the family where my Mary 's cook has gone into the country, and the servants have been invited to a servants' party, and Mrs. Gresham—that 's Mary's mistress, you know—says they can go if they get some honest, trustworthy person to go and mind the house while they 're gone. Whoever goes 'll get five shillin's, and a good tea and supper into the bargain. My Mary 'll look after that, I promise you. But she 'll be late back, I expect, so Mary thinks she 'd better sleep there, if she settles to come."

"Well, I won't say as Nell won't go; five shillin's is not to be got so easy every day; but I don't like to promise for her quite. If you could wait till this afternoon I 'd be able to tell," said Mrs. Cook, thoughtfully.

"I don't mind; there 's plenty as 'll be glad to get such a chance," replied Mrs. Green; "indeed, I 'd be glad to go myself if I hadn't a large wash to get up; but I thought it would be doin' you a good turn to give you the choice of takin' it, you know."

"Thank you kindly, Mrs. Green," replied the other woman. "I 'll tell her what you say."

"Very well, but, mind, I can't wait after this afternoon," replied the other, as she opened the door. "Here 's your Nell coming up the street, I do declare!" she exclaimed, looking in again, "but I dare say you 'll have plenty to say to each other, so I 'm off; you can tell her."

"Oh, how nice it is to be home again, mother!" said Nell, after the first greetings were over. "I mean to enjoy myself, and only do a little light work while I 'm home, for I 've been kept pretty hard at it, I can tell you; such lots of company, you know, and cook that cross you wouldn't believe. How nice it all looks!" she added, turning her excited, smiling glance on the humble preparations made for her welcome.

"Yes, I think it looks pretty comfortable, considerin' what hard times we 're havin'. And so you think your mistress is satisfied?" asked her mother.

"I should think so. I 'll show you something that looks like it, in a minute," and Nell proceeded to untie the string that fastened down the lid of a cosy little hamper. "There, what do you think of that?" she asked, triumphantly, as she brought forth a nice joint of beef, and placed it on the table.

"Well, I declare! that is kind!" exclaimed her mother, with a shining face.

"Ah, but there 's more coming," returned Nell, busily rummaging in the straw, from under which she produced sundry paper packages, and a bag of flour.

"Mistress she heard me sayin' to cook, how I should like to send you some money for a pudding on Christmas-day, as I knew you wouldn't have one; but you know I had to spend all my wages, as we are obliged to look tidy and comfortable. Well, she didn't say anything at the time, but the day before yesterday, she come down into the kitchen herself, and she says to cook, 'Cook, there 's been a good bit extra to do lately, and you were saying that Ellen had been very ready to help, besides doing her own duty well, and you 're quite satisfied with her in every respect, I believe.' 'Yes that I am, m'm,' says cook (for she 's a kind-hearted sort, though she does speak up sharp sometimes); 'in fact, I don't know what I should ha' done the night of the party if Ellen hadn't turned to and helped me—a good bit too.' 'Well, then, cook,' ses missis, as pleasant as possible, 'you may order a nice piece of beef, and the materials for a pudding, and Ellen can take them home with her, if she likes, when she goes for her holiday next week.' You may be sure how pleased I was, mother, and surprised too, for I was half afraid I shouldn't give satisfaction, for they 're real grand folks, you

know. So I thanked missus, and cook too, for her good word; and I dare say if I try very hard to please, I shall stay as long as I like to, for missis can't bear to be always changin', she says."

And Ellen would have continued in the same strain, I am afraid to say how much longer, had she not been interrupted by the sound of the postman's knock.

She jumped up in a hurry to run and get the letter, which she handed to her mother, exclaiming, "Oh, make haste and open it, it 's from uncle Tom, I know."

"Come now, Nell, it's past two," replied her mother, "let 's get a bit of dinner first, for I feel quite faint for the want of it."

"I don't care much about that, mother," replied Ellen, looking discontentedly at a dish of Irish stew hot from the fire, but composed chiefly of potatoes, and a minimum of fat meat.

"Well I 'm thankful to get it, I don't get meat every day in the week, I can tell you, and I hadn't ought to get this, only I thought it would be comfortable for you coming out of the cold."

"It's better than nothing, anyhow," replied Ellen, beginning to demolish her plateful with a very good appetite.

While they were sitting at dinner Mrs. Cook told her daughter of the proposal Mrs. Green had made.

"Oh, mother, I don't half care about it! Need I go?" asked Ellen, dolefully. "Five shillings would be very nice, I know, but I should be so frightened when it got late; there 's been lots of burglaries lately."

"Well, please yourself, child," replied her mother, "but I must say I wish you didn't mind going, for I really don't know how I shall manage to get a dinner like this for you every day you 're here."

"You forget the beef, mother," replied Ellen. "I 'm sure we shall do all right till the end of a week with that and the pudding."

"True, there 's the beef," said Mrs. Cook, with an anxious sigh; "but—well, never mind; it 's right you should have a rest, so we 'll say no more about it. Open your uncle's letter, and you can read it to me while I clear the dinner away."

"Oh, how nice!" said Ellen, glancing her eye over the letter. "Listen, mother!" And she went on to read her uncle's letter aloud:—

It 's such a long time since I 've seen any of you, that Martha and me intend coming to dinner with you to-morrow; but you 're not to put yourself out about it, for we can take our chance of what you 've got, and I 'll bring some nuts and oranges in; and in the evening I mean to take you all to a first-rate entertainment at Bow, for we 've set our minds on enjoying ourselves, &c. &c.

"Well, I am glad, Nell! I can't go on account of a lodger I 've got up-stairs; but it needn't hinder you, you know. How did your uncle know you were at home?"

"I wrote to cousin Martha last week, and told her," replied Ellen. "I wish you could come too," she added.

(To be concluded.)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

201. What length of time was occupied by the Israelites in journeying to and fro through the wilderness, after their refusal to enter the land of Canaan at God's command?

202. What description does Moses give of the country through which they passed?

203. What proof have we of the extent and strength of the kingdom of Og, king of Bashan, whom the Israelites conquered?

204. What words of St. Peter show the great barrier which existed between the Jews and other nations, as regards their social intercourse?

205. What passage from the Old Testament does St. Peter quote to urge upon his hearers the necessity of a holy life?

206. Quote a passage which shows the privations St. Paul, and others of the early Christians, suffered in the work of spreading the Gospel.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 544.

190. "Abraham's bosom," is a Jewish expression used to signify the place where the happy departed dead are resting, and is equivalent to our word Paradise (Luke xvi. 22, xxiii. 43).

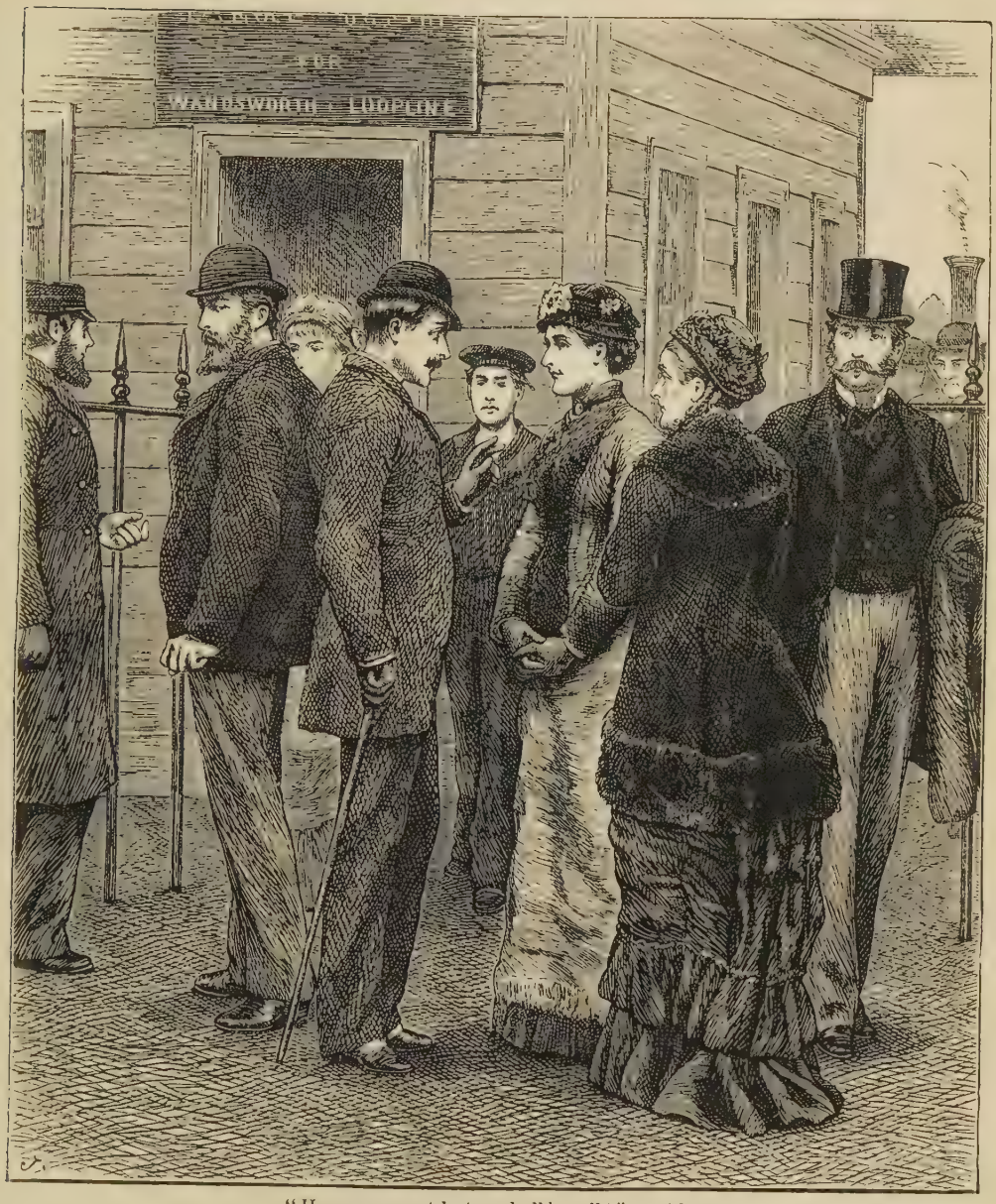
191. "Concerning His Son Jesus Christ our Lord, which was made of the seed of David according to the flesh" (Rom. i. 3).

192. The descendants of Shelah the son of Judah (1 Chron. iv. 23).

193. By treading it with his feet (Is. xli. 25; Wisdom xv. 7).

194. "And there arose not a prophet since in Israel like unto Moses, whom the Lord knew face to face" (Deut. xxxiv. 10).

195. Of the Church at Corinth (1 Cor. iii. 10).



"Here you are at last, and all 's well!"—*p.* 580.

HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST IN THE WINNING," "FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE."

CHAPTER XXVII.

AT WATERLOO.

YES, it was the same Winnie, and she was looking just as when he last saw her, two years ago; the same, yet not wholly unchanged either, for her form had developed; and she had grown a little taller, though the dimples lurking in the corners of her mouth still came in sight as soon as her lips

parted into smiles, her brow was graver, her whole air more womanly.

It had been a season of much trial to Winnie. At the time of her mother's death she was, as she had herself felt, with a natural shrinking from such responsibilities, very young for the onerous post she was expected to fill; and there had been moments when she shut herself in her chamber to weep bitterly over her failures. Her patience would be sorely tried when her father found fault with her, or Hattie's stupidity tried her beyond endurance, or the boys defied her, and Nina made the sarcastic speeches that were always so intolerably provoking; but Winnie's humility stood her in good stead. She could generally make allowances for her tormentors, and acknowledge where she had herself been remiss, and the often-recurring thought "Mamma had all these petty trials to bear, and more," would always remind her where Mrs. Graddon had found help, and send her to the same Comforter.

Winnie was no *rara avis*, no piece of perfection, but a warm-hearted impulsive girl (like many others we all know), who found it no easy task to have to put herself wholly aside, renouncing her pleasures and her occupations, to take up, instead, the cares and anxieties pertaining to the head of a large family. But she struggled bravely on, often receiving no thanks, no encouragement, when most deserving of them; yet surely, if slowly, winning her way, and proving herself worthy of reliance. Her father—certain of a sympathising and intelligent auditor—no longer put her aside with an abrupt "It 's no use talking to you, child; you would not understand me." The boys deferred to the sister, who, while as ready as ever to share their frolics, asserted her authority when necessary; and even Nina—saucy, wayward Nina, more difficult to control than all the rest—began to comprehend Winnie's gentle "It *must* be, dear, not because *I* wish it, but because it is right," would have to be obeyed.

It was some time before Winnie, who was occupied in soothing Miss Symes' nervous excitement, was sufficiently at leisure to look up and recognise the young man who was so quietly, unobtrusively assisting her; but when she did, her joyful exclamation—the "Is it you, Percy? I am so glad!" filled him with delight.

Miss Symes was a difficult person to manage. It appeared that she had come to town to consult the oculist, who gave her faint hopes of recovering her sight, and she would not listen to her niece's suggestion that, as her nerves had received such a shock, it might be more prudent to postpone the interview, and return home as soon as they could.

"But, Winnie, I should have to come again, and the bare idea of taking another such journey, and running the same risks, would upset me more than proceeding now. I had much rather go on."

"So would I, if you are sure you feel equal to it," her niece replied. She was thinking of Duke, who, having been in town for two or three days visiting a relative, had been asked to meet Winnie and Miss Symes at Waterloo, and escort them to their destination. If they did not make their appearance at the appointed time, how uneasy he would be!

"Then it 's settled," said Aunt Janet. "We go on, but how? I could not venture in that train again."

Percy offered to fetch a cab, and the offer was thankfully accepted. In a few minutes he had handed the two ladies into the vehicle he succeeded in finding, and would have taken his leave, feeling sufficiently compensated for what little trouble he had been put to by Winnie's smiling thanks. But the voice of Miss Symes arrested him.

"What was that you said, Winnie? Good-bye? Is Mr. Gray going to leave us? I hope not. Where is he? Call him back. I want to speak to him."

"I am here, madam," Percy told her, with the deepest compassion for poor Aunt Janet, who was leaning forward, straining those sightless eyes in vain endeavours to discover where he was. "What can I do for you?"

"My niece tells me that she recognises in you a person she has known for years, and whom she can rely on, eh, Winnie? I wonder whether, as she has known you so long, I may ask a favour of you?"

"I shall be most happy——" Percy began, so eagerly that he checked himself.

"Will you then give us your protection till we can find Mr. Averne at Waterloo?"

"Dear Aunt Janet," Winnie remonstrated, "there can be no reason why we should put Mr. Gray to so much inconvenience."

"But, my love, there is an excellent reason for it. You forget how defenceless we are!" half-whispered her still trembling and agitated relative. "I ought not to have insisted on coming till your father could accompany us, as he wished to do."

"But, dear aunt, there really is nothing to fear," she was assured. "We are not more than a quarter of an hour's drive from Waterloo, and Duke will be there to take care of you."

"Yes, yes, but the cabman—he cannot hear you, can he?—his voice, when he answered your question about the distance, made a most unpleasant impression upon me, and you are young and unused to travelling, whilst I am helpless as a child. Think how easily he might drive us to some lonely spot and rob us. I hope you 're not smiling, Winnie. You know such things do happen, and I cannot see to take care of you, my darling!"

Winnie kissed the cheek of the speaker, and looked perplexed; it was Percy who reassured Miss Symes with a promise not to leave her and her niece till Mr. Averne joined them.

The thought of his neglected job embarrassed him a little, and he had glanced ruefully at his working clothes. They were scrupulously neat and clean, it is true, but they would look shabby against

Duke Averne's fashionably-cut morning suit of light grey. Not being vain of his personal appearance, Percy had yet to learn that his well-proportioned, muscular frame, and cleanly-cut intelligent features endowed him with a nobility of air that made those who turned to gaze at him as he passed along the street forget to notice what he wore.

Miss Symes detected this constraint in his tones, and remarked upon it.

"Winnie is right; you are putting yourself to some inconvenience for us, but I hope you will not mind that! I do not think you will regret taking pity on my fears. They may be foolish, but in my condition it is difficult to be always reasonable. With you on the box, beside the driver, I shall feel quite safe."

While she talked, Winnie was thinking of Duke, perhaps already at the terminus looking for them, and startled by the tidings of the accident that had befallen the train. To relieve his mind she was eager to reach Waterloo; and Percy, divining the meaning of her changing colour and anxious looks, climbed up beside the driver, and bade him use his utmost speed.

There were no signs to be seen of Duke Averne when Percy guided Miss Symes and her niece to a waiting-room, where he advised them to rest while he kept a good look-out for their kinsman. But Winnie could not sit still just then, and while her aunt sipped a cup of tea to relieve the headache of which she complained, she came to the door; and though her eyes roved hither and thither in search of the truant, she contrived to talk pleasantly to her old acquaintance.

"I don't think we ought to detain you in this way. My cousin was to have met us at half-past ten, so he cannot be long now," and she glanced at a clock the hands of which pointed to the quarter to eleven. "Pray do not hesitate to leave us. Aunt Janet will feel safe enough now."

But still Winnie was not sorry when Percy said with decision that he had promised to stay till Mr. Averne arrived. She was a timid traveller, and dreaded being left at the crowded terminus with only her helpless and fidgety relative. Such a thing might happen as their missing Duke altogether; and though Winnie assured herself that this was impossible, and that he would be as anxious to find them as they were to be found, it was a great comfort to have a friend and protector at hand in Percy Gray. Idlers lounging by might stare to see the daintily dressed young lady conversing with one whose attire proclaimed him to be a mechanic, but Winnie's gentle dignity, and the respectful manner of her companion, silenced impertinent remark.

From looking about her she began to look at him. Her father had said truly that he was greatly altered, and for the better, though Winnie was not sure that she had not felt more at her ease with the shy, awkward lad of earlier days, than with this tall, self-possessed man. But was he self-possessed? When he felt that Winnie's eyes were upon him, he grew so pale that she noticed it, and with kindly solicitude inquired if he still felt the effects of that accident he had met with when——"

She was checked by Percy's imploring gesture; he had winced as if she had probed some smarting, festering wound.

"Pray don't speak of it, Miss Graddon. There are some circumstances connected with that time which——"

He could not say more; he lacked courage to confess the degrading truth, and Winnie, though surprised, promptly replied, "If it pains you to speak of what you suffered then, I am sorry I alluded to it. Do you like London? Have you laid your books aside since you left us?"

Ah! now he could talk freely, and she was pleased as well as astonished to find that the learner to whose studies she had given the impetus was outstripping her. Only in some things, however; he was attending classes for drawing, for algebra, and mathematics; he was reading books on social and political economy, as well as mechanics; but of history and geography he knew so little beyond mere dry facts, that she was induced to remark on it, and inquire the reason.

"I thought you must have read the works I was alluding to. How is it that you, who seem so familiar with the author on other subjects, have never read his historical essays? Do you not like history?"

"Very much; but I have a purpose in my reading, and till I have made myself master of those subjects most likely to advance it, I cannot afford to spend the little leisure I can command on lighter ones."

Winnie looked rather curious, but she could not question him respecting the purpose to which he had alluded with such a determined knitting of his brows; so she was silent awhile, saying, presently, "I do not think I should like to live in London; the noise and the ceaseless hurrying to and fro must be so confusing. I should long for the comparative quiet of our own town, especially on Sundays. What do you do with your Sundays?"

"Waste them," was the frank reply.

Winnie drew back a step. Did he mean this? Had he given up all the good habits of his youth?

"I did not intend to shock you, Miss Graddon," he said, colouring a little as he met her inquiring looks; "but I could not tell you an untruth. I'm afraid London workmen, as a body, are not regular churchgoers."

"But you would disdain to plead this as *your* excuse?" Winnie said confidently.

"Yes; it would be more honest to confess that, until your question brought before me the contrast between the old times and the present, I did not feel it strongly enough to speak as I did."

"Then you do waste your Sundays! I cannot understand it. The rest, the putting aside all the work and worry of the week, seems too precious to be relinquished; and here,"—Winnie glanced again at the busy people passing and re-passing,—"here you

seem to have so little time for quiet thought. Papa brought me to town with him one day, and we stepped suddenly from the noise of Ludgate Hill into St. Paul's ; and when I looked about me, and saw many who, like us, seemed to have turned aside to spend a few minutes on their knees in God's house, I cannot tell you how it impressed me, or how much more I seemed to value our services at home. But you do go to church, don't you ? "

" Yes, I go."

And then he paused ; but Winnie's soft eyes had an irresistible power over him, and compelled him to explain himself.

" When I said that I waste my Sundays, I meant that, like many of my companions, I have fallen into a habit of wandering from church to church, not to pray, but to listen to and criticise the most popular preachers ; and of visiting the Abbey and Cathedral for the sake of the music, nothing more."

Winnie made no other comment on this explanation than was conveyed in her one glance of grieved surprise, but that was sufficient to make Percy gnaw his lip and turn somewhat doggedly away.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHERE WAS HE?

It had been a strange time and place for carrying on such a conversation as this, and it was at an end, for Miss Symes was groping her way to her niece's side, fretfully inquiring how much longer they would have to wait for Duke.

" What can be keeping him, Winnie ? My appointment with the oculist was made for eleven o'clock, and his practice is so large that if I am very late, there will be scarcely any chance of finding him at home."

" I am sorry, Aunt Janet, but we must have patience. He will be here soon."

" So you said half an hour ago. You may depend upon it, child, something has happened to your cousin."

" Oh no, we will not think that ! "

But though Winnie tried to speak cheerfully, the prediction blanched her cheek. She was tired and harassed by the delay. Why did not Duke come ?

Aunt Janet at her elbow croaked on, unconscious of the alarm she was creating. " You say 'oh no,' as if it were most improbable ; but he was in London all night, and we do hear and read of such dreadful things—robberies with violence ; young men disappearing and being seen no more, in spite of the efforts of their friends—— "

But here Percy, who saw how Winnie shuddered while she listened, thought it right to interfere.

" Excuse me, Miss Symes, but I don't think you know how much you are terrifying Miss Graddon."

Miss Symes put out her hand directly, and catching hold of Winnie's dress, drew her to her side. She had learned to love very dearly the gentle girl who was eyes to her blindness, and often tried to overcome her besetting failing, because it gave pain to Winnie, and to yield her own judgment to that of one who strove to think no evil. It was only when frightened and excited as she had been this morning that she lapsed to her old self.

" My dear child, I did not mean to alarm you," she said, anxiously. " Let Mr. Gray fetch you a glass of water. It must be as you said. Business is detaining your cousin ; don't you think so, Mr. Gray ? "

Thus appealed to, Percy made a suggestion.

" Will you allow me to propose your taking a cab—I will be careful to select a cautious driver—and keeping your appointment ; leaving me here to look out for Mr. Averne if he should arrive in your absence ; if not, you shall tell me where I am most likely to find him, and I will go and ascertain why he has not met you."

Winnie looked not only grateful, but relieved, for the tedium of waiting would have engendered dreadful fancies now Miss Symes had suggested these frightful reasons for Duke's absence. She would be glad to have something else to think of, and as she warmly seconded Percy's plan, her aunt agreed to it ; and he was left to saunter to and fro till, some time after noon, when he saw Duke Averne coming leisurely along the platform.

Not feeling disposed to spare him any annoyance, Percy purposed to keep out of sight till the laggard had suffered some of those pangs of suspense he had inflicted on others ; but he was foiled in this, for as soon as Duke had satisfied himself that neither Winnie nor her aunt were visible, he turned, and would have left the station if Percy had not stopped him.

As he slowly retraced his steps, the cab containing the two ladies drove up to another entrance ; but for his being recalled he would have missed seeing them, and Percy would have rejoiced at it, except for Winnie, and the uneasiness it might, nay, must have cost her.

As it was, he had to stand by and hear Duke defend himself with the assertion that the time named in his cousin's note asking him to meet her and Miss Symes was half-past twelve, not ten.

" I think you must be mistaken," said Winnie, " for I know I told you we were to be at Mr. Lysander's not later than eleven."

But Duke was more positive than before that twelve was the hour named, and his cousin yielded the point.

" It was very stupid of me to make such a mistake, and I deserved all the anxiety I have suffered in consequence ; but here you are at last, and all 's well ! "

She spoke in such a joyous tone, and gave Duke such a look of happy confidence in him, that Percy—convinced he was deceiving her—clenched his hands, and walked away. It was monstrous that he should do this ! Ah ! why had his handsome face and plausible tongue enabled him to steal into the heart of the sweetest, dearest girl in all England ? and why

was he already requiting her with neglect and falsehood? A keener observer than poor Winnie, he had discerned many unpromising signs that escaped the unsuspicious girl. Duke was heavy-eyed, his lips were parched, his face pale and bloated, as if the previous evening had been ill-spent. Tortured with a racking headache, and sundry twinges of conscience, who could doubt that he had tossed about half the night, to fall asleep at last, and rise too late to meet his cousin?

And then he had descended to a petty subterfuge. Percy's lip curled in scorn, for he was no merciful judge. Those temptations Duke, very differently constituted, found irresistible, had no power over him, and he fiercely asked himself of what Mr. Graddon could be thinking when he consented for his innocent child to link her life with her cousin's.

But here he was in error. Although affection for his young kinsman, together with his own trustful disposition, combined to make Mr. Graddon accept unhesitatingly Duke's accounts of what he did, and where he went in London, he was keen-sighted enough to what passed before his own eyes. He saw but too plainly that the excellent abilities Duke possessed were marred by grave faults.

Less bitter in his judgments than Percy Gray, Mr. Graddon found excuses for the present and was hopeful for the future. "The boy is indolent and unstable," he would say to himself, "but in time he will mend." And so he was patient with him, frequently passing over some serious piece of neglect with no other comment than a good-humoured sarcasm, and secretly congratulating himself on having been so forbearing when he saw how Duke would be shamed by it into more care and greater obedience.

But when Duke came to him as a suitor for his daughter's hand, he positively refused to sanction an engagement between the young couple.

"Yes, I believe that you love Winnie," he said, in reply to the remonstrances on his cruelty with which he was favoured. "And I don't mind telling you that it has always been my wish to see you two united; but not yet. My own shortcomings as a husband and father have taught me to be careful for my daughter. Now that it is too late I know how often I must have pained my poor Mary with my thoughtless acts, and yet I think I had a deeper sense of my duties than you can have."

"You judge me harshly, sir!"

"My dear boy, I don't want to judge you at all. I only ask you to give me proofs that you are fit to be trusted with the happiness of my Winnie. You haven't done that, yet."

"But many marry and do well who are neither older nor wiser than I," Mr. Graddon was assured.

"I grant the marrying, but I doubt the doing well, Master Duke, and whether right or wrong, I cannot consent to part with Winnie yet. She is worth waiting for," added the proud father, "and she is worth working for. Keep steadily to business, and in two or three years' time——"

But Duke flung away in a pet, refusing to hear more. He was angry with his uncle for a caution which he chose to consider an insult to himself, and equally wroth with Winnie for acquiescing cheerfully in her father's decision.

"How could papa spare me," she argued, "till Nina sobers down sufficiently to take my place? And then there is Aunt Janet. Oh, Duke, it would be cruel to leave her till she has grown more accustomed to her blindness."

"And then there are the boys," added Duke, crossly, "and the servants, and your class at the Sunday-school—all and every one to be considered before me!"

But he consented to be pacified. It would have been difficult to resist Winnie's smiles and caressing speeches long; and though after every visit to the old school-fellows with whom he kept up his intimacy, he would be moody, and complain that Mr. Graddon had not used him well in postponing their marriage, the fit of ill-temper wore off in a few days, and he was gay and genial once more.

While Winnie was giving her cousin an animated description of the morning's adventures, Percy Gray walked away, envy and hatred rankling in his heart. He was no longer wanted; in fact, he was already forgotten. He had been useful for a time, but he would not be missed now Mr. Averne had arrived. Would it be worth while staying for the chance of a "Thank you" from Winnie, which might be marred by some insult from her arrogant cousin?

(To be continued.)

A LOVE-GIFT.

HE whom she loves is far away
From her and summer trees;
Daily he toils by dying beds,
Whose woe God only sees.

She cannot share his holy task,
She sits at home and prays,
And sends her dainty handicraft
To cheer his dreary ways.

Each stitch is set in faith and hope;
He feels their mystic spell:
And how they aid his skill and strength
He knows, but cannot tell.

Not all of us may bear the gloom
Where sins and sorrows blend,
But those who do may feel our love
On all their steps attend. I. F. M.

THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

A SERMON PREACHED IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL, SAVOY, BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A., VICAR OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S, HIGHBURY.

"And being in an agony He prayed more earnestly: and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground."—ST. LUKE xxii. 44.

THERE are few preachers, I should think, who do not experience a feeling of hesitation when about to enter upon the subject suggested by our text. Every one shrinks from observing closely the mental distress of even a fellow-creature. But the agony of the incarnate Son of God has something about it so tremendous, so appalling, that we almost instinctively avert our eyes from the spectacle, and only by an effort can induce ourselves to draw nigh and contemplate it attentively. The subject, however, is an important one, and a right understanding of it will help us considerably in the divine life. And so, perhaps, when it is brought before us in the services of the day, we may hold ourselves justified in the endeavour to gather up the lessons which it is calculated to teach. I propose, then, to consider, in an earnest and reverent spirit, the agony of our Lord in the garden of Gethsemane.

It was late, as you will remember, on the Thursday night which preceded the day of the Crucifixion, before our Lord had finished His last conversation with His disciples, and offered up His final prayer. When He ceased praying He passed out into the dark, the disciples following Him, and made His way to that gate of the city which lay in the direction of the Mount of Olives. It was Passover, of course, and the gate was consequently open, though the night was far advanced; and the little company, silent and sad (for a cloud was already beginning to gather over the soul of their Master), moved down to the side of the brook Kedron, crossed the bridge, and began to ascend the road which leads over Olivet to Bethany. Their way took them through stone-walled orchards and gardens, and before long they arrived at an enclosure which our Lord was in the habit of frequenting for the purpose of meditation and prayer. We know it by the name Gethsemane. Pausing for a moment at the entrance, Jesus left there the greater part of His disciples, first addressing a few words to them; and then, taking with Him the chosen three—the little inner circle who stood closer to Him in sympathy and affection than the rest of their companions—He advanced more deeply into the shadows of the garden. The broad Paschal moon shone on the young and tender leaves of the olive-trees (for it was the time of early spring), and threw down on the grass a chequered pattern of light and shade. Jerusalem lay behind them; even its usual hum was hushed, for few were stirring at this hour, except those who, in the lighted palace of Caiaphas, were plotting the destruction of Jesus of Nazareth. The mass of the Temple towered in silent magnificence over the quiet city. The gentle slopes of Olivet rose above the garden, and passed out in succession into the night. All nature seemed asleep. The calm sky above reflected the calmness of the still earth below. And the whole scene was one of the most perfect tranquillity and peace. But there was not peace in the Redeemer's soul. Peace had to be won. And He had come there, as He knew, not for ordinary meditation and quiet communion with His God, but to pass through the most tremendous crisis of His life upon earth.

Let us advance to consider what took place.

I. We have said that Christ left most of His disciples at the entrance of the garden, taking only three with Him. True man, He longed, in His sore distress, for human companionship and sympathy. And yet the presence of many—even of many friends—would have been intolerable; for a great sorrow shrinks from a crowd. Having, then, with Him His three dearest friends, somewhere in the heart of the garden He kneels down with them, and prays. But prayer brings no relief to His soul. A horror of great darkness begins to overwhelm Him. He is sore amazed, and very heavy. He is sorrowful even unto death, and the anguish becomes more and more intense, until it seems as if His human nature would sink under the load, and give way altogether. At last the misery rises to such a height that even the presence of the three companions becomes unendurable. He must be *alone;* and He withdraws from them, yet not so far as to be altogether out of sight and hearing (for to feel that a human friend at such a time was near Him was something), and, kneeling down, again He prays that if it were possible, the cup might pass from Him.

After a while, it appears, He obtains a momentary relief (the anguish coming upon Him in surges), and He returns to the little group, and, finding them asleep, addresses to Peter the plaintive words, "Couldest not thou watch with Me one hour? Watch ye and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." Then again He leaves them, goes back to His former station, and, flinging Himself prostrate on the ground,

pours out His heart in intense and agonising supplication before God. "O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from Me, except I drink it, Thy will be done." It is as if He said (let me undertake the task of interpretation, with all reverence)—it is as if He said, "Yea, Father! I understand Thy silence. I have besought Thee to let the cup pass from Me, if it were possible, and Thou hast given Me no answer. I understand. The cup may not pass. I am to drink it—drink it to its dregs—*and I will.*" Again, there is a momentary respite, and He returns to His disciples. They are sleeping! They cannot be any comfort or help to their Master in His hour of sorrow. They love Him, they are devoted to Him; but they are useless. Christ must feel how completely He is alone. Human nature is too feeble to stand by Him at such a time. And a kindly loving sense of this draws from Him the words of compassionate allowance—"The spirit truly is ready, but the flesh is weak." But the Saviour has to gird Himself up now for a final conflict, one more tremendous and appalling than any that has gone before. The dark hosts of Satan compass Him about like bees; all the waves and billows of mental agony pour in upon Him, and roll over Him. The strain is so great that His bodily frame is on the point of succumbing altogether. His sweat, tinged with blood, bursts out at every pore, and falls—almost audibly—in large drops to the ground; and, but for the appearance of an angel, who comes from heaven to strengthen Him, His heart would have broken with the swelling anguish, and He would have expired on the spot—anticipating the Cross. But out of the conflict He emerges at last, calm and tranquil; the struggle over, the battle fought and won, His will one with the Father's will; and, coming to the still sleeping disciples, He bids them rise up, that He may go forward and meet His fate. "Rise, let us be going! Behold, he is at hand that doth betray Me!"

Such seems to be, in few words, the history of the mysterious agony in the garden.

II. And now, in the second place, we have to consider the meaning of it. It would be perfectly correct, of course, to say that our Lord shrank, with a natural and inevitable recoil, from the painful and humiliating death which He was destined to undergo. Had He not done so He would not have been human. To leave life in the prime of life; not when exhausted and worn out by the toil of years, but in the fulness of intellectual and bodily capacity; to be wrenched from the earth which was so fair to His pure and unsullied eyes, from the companions whom He loved, and from the work which He was conducting to a successful issue; to have to encounter death in its most agonising form; to be cast out as an impostor, and to be treated as a malefactor when He was conscious in His soul of the sublimest devotion to the well-being of the human race—all this, trying and distressing as it would be to us, was infinitely more so to the sensitive, tender, loving, sympathetic spirit of Jesus of Nazareth. And to say that He shrank from death, and especially from such a death as that of the Cross, is only saying that He was truly and really man.

But, on the other side, there was something to counterbalance this natural recoil. Conspicuous as are the tenderness and gentleness of our blessed Lord, equally conspicuous are His masculine firmness, His imperturbable courage, His fixed and immovable determination. Consideration for Himself when duty was concerned never seems for a moment to have entered into His thoughts. And it is, when we consider His character, impossible to interpret upon any ordinary principle the mysterious conflict through which He passed in the garden of Gethsemane. A struggle there might have been when He was reconciling His mind to a painful and ignominious death; but such a struggle as the Evangelists describe is simply out of the question. We must look deeper for the explanation, and we find it in the fact that Christ was not a mere man, not a mere unit among the many units of mankind; but man, in an exceptional position; man, representing before God, the human race; man, who stood in the place of the great mass of transgressors, and with whom, as such, God was dealing in the awful severity of His justice.

There is a profound and touching significance in the words which precede our text, words which Christ Himself uttered—"I say unto you that this that is written must yet be accomplished in Me—and He was reckoned among the trangressors—for the things concerning Me have an end." In these words we have the whole secret of the matter. Christ would not have considered it much to be reckoned amongst transgressors by *men.* With an approving conscience within Him, and with the smile of His heavenly Father resting upon Him, what would an unjust judgment of the Sanhedrim have mattered? The verdict would soon be reversed in the courts of heaven! ay, would soon have been reversed by the opinions of men—as soon as the appeal was made from the prejudices and animosities of one race and one generation to the general council of the ages, to the wide tribunal of the universal human race. But the misery of the matter lay in the fact that He was reckoned amongst transgressors *by His heavenly Father;* that, having identified Himself with transgressors He had to bear the consequences of the position; and that His Father was obliged to deal with Him as if guilty of the abominable thing from which His soul recoiled. The sin of the world was bound upon our Lord, as it were, in one vast black hideous mass; it enveloped Him like a poisonous

atmosphere; He could not be separated from it. He could not put it away from Himself, except by undergoing the death of the Cross, and until that death was accomplished, He, innocent and spotless as He was in Himself, yet lay, by virtue of His self-assumed position, under the withering, blighting influence of the Divine indignation against sin. This was the sting—this was the cause of the intense bitterness of the cup. "I am, I must be, reckoned amongst the transgressors by my heavenly Father."

Grant this (we do not attempt to explain the mystery of it, but there must be mystery about the position of the second Adam), grant this, and everything else seems intelligible enough. We can understand the fearful agony. We can understand the mental struggle. He could face death. Yes! He could bear the Cross, with all its hideous accompaniments. He could make up His mind, though with a shudder, to the vile companionships, to the foul surroundings, to the mockery and the scorn, to the contemptuous rejection by the people whom He loved, to the thirst and the spasms and the intolerable burning pain; to the death and the tomb. Yes! All this, with His Father's smile, would have been tolerable; His resolute spirit would not have shrunk from it. But, oh! to have the Father's smile withdrawn, to be dealt with as a sinner—this was the draught of unendurable, almost unimaginable bitterness, which was put to His trembling and shrinking lips! Some ancient nation had a hideous punishment for a murderer. They bound him hand to hand, foot to foot, breast to breast, face to face, with the decaying, rotting corpse of the man he had murdered; and so left him to perish. The idea is a frightful one! It makes one shudder all over even to think of it; but it will help us to understand the feelings of the innocent and spotless Christ, tied to the loathsome sin of the world, inseparably tied by His own consent, until the sharp knife of a sacrificial death should touch and cut the bonds, and set Him free. And is not the mental struggle intelligible? Had He not recoiled with horror from the fearful suffering, He would not have been human; He would not have been one among the many brethren. Had He so recoiled as not to yield Himself to the Father's will, He would not have been our Saviour; there would have been no acceptable sacrifice. It was natural that there should be a conflict. Perfect submission—under such circumstances—although perfect submission was the habit of His life, was not to be attained to at once. Flesh and blood cried out against such a bitter trial, and had to be silenced. The dark hosts of Satan (for it was their hour) were busy with their suggestions, and the tempter's machinations had to be crushed. And the work was not to be done without such a girding-up of the forces of the mind, and such an agony of prayer as the Saviour had never experienced before.

The whole thing, then, may be regarded as a rehearsal of the great act of sacrifice by which the salvation of His people was accomplished. On the arena of His will, He went through that which showed itself afterwards in outward act, in the council-chamber of the Jews, in the hall of Pilate, in the guard-room of the Roman soldiers, more than all on the Cross of Calvary. The work of Gethsemane is an answer to the Father's demand, "Wilt Thou suffer all that shall be laid upon Thee?" "I will suffer all," is the reply. "Wilt Thou suffer the shame?" "I will suffer the shame." "Wilt Thou suffer the agony?" "I will suffer the agony." "Wilt Thou suffer death to place his defiling hands on Thee, the Lord of life?" "I will suffer it." "But wilt Thou suffer Thyself to be brought into actual contact with the loathsomeness of sin, to be so identified with it that I, Thy Father, shall be compelled to turn upon Thee the dark frown of Mine indignation, and to deal with Thee, all pure and spotless as Thou art, as if Thou wert Thyself the abominable thing which Thy soul abhors?"

There was a pause—there was a moment of silence—a mental struggle was going on. But, presently, the reply rang out clear and distinct, "Yes, I will suffer all! I will suffer, that My people may be saved, and that the Father may be glorified in the Son. The cup that My Father hath given Me I will drink it to the dregs." And then peace came back to the Saviour's soul.

III. And what ought to be the practical effect of our consideration of such a subject as that which is now engaging our thoughts? Surely, this: to deepen our sense of the value of the sacrifice which Christ offered for sin, by deepening our sense of the price which was paid for it. Pain, shame, the Cross, death—these things we understand, and these things constituted part of the price. But there are the unknown and untold agonies of the Saviour to add to the account. Let us think at what a terrible cost we have been redeemed! Let us think, also, of the force of the plea, which we may urge when we come to this Saviour in prayer. Such sorrow, such suffering as His—He cannot have forgotten it! And He will not send us empty away, whatever our life has been, if we only plead with all our heart, "By Thine agony and bloody sweat, by Thy cross and passion, by Thy precious death and burial, good Lord, deliver us!"

"'Have you given her the last money you've got?' asked Ellen, gravely."—*p.* 590.

FRANCES, BARONESS BUNSEN.

BY THE REV. R. SHINDLER, KINGTON, HEREFORDSHIRE.

ONE day, in 1787, while the royal family was at Kew, George III. had gone over to Windsor. Walking about, he passed the house of Mrs. Delany, and thought he would look in, probably with the intention of carrying to his dear old friend, whom he knew to be with the queen, tidings of her adopted daughter, Miss Port. He knocked at the door of a room in which that young lady, aged seventeen, was sitting.

"Who is there?" she asked.

"It is me," said the king.

"Then *me* may stay where he is," said Miss Port.

The knock was repeated. "Who is there?" "It is me."

"Then *me* is impertinent, and may go about his business."

When the knock was repeated the third time, the young lady thought she had better open the door and see who "me" was.

"What *shall* I say?" was all she could utter.

"Nothing at all," said his majesty, "you were very right to be cautious who you admitted."

This young lady's daughter, Frances, had much to do with kings and queens, popes, princes, and princesses, during the greater part of her long life.

Just a year after that pleasant encounter with King George, Miss Port's good old aunt and foster-mother, Mrs. Delany, died, at the age of eighty-eight, and the girl's court life came to an end. She had enjoyed the companionship of the younger princesses, Mary and Sophia; they and she had been taught drawing by the same master; and Queen Charlotte had taken personal interest in her writing lessons, teaching her to imitate her own beautiful handwriting, which is known to have been singularly perfect.

All was changed now.

Thrown among relatives with whom she had little sympathy, Miss Port made haste to marry Benjamin Waddington of Llanover, a gentleman more than twice her age; and in March, 1791, her daughter Frances was born.

The marriage was a happy one. Mrs. Waddington—beautiful, accomplished, good—entered on it with the determination to make at least one person happy, and succeeded in brightening the lives of many. She had two other daughters—one six the other ten years younger than Frances—and their education at home supplied all the interest that was needed to relieve the quiet of Llanover. Her eldest daughter was her daily companion, and learned from her to find interest in good reading and in the intelligent discussion of what was read. Taste and skill in drawing were cultivated among the beautiful scenery of the Usk and the Wye; and the habit of expressing herself in letter-writing with accuracy, ease, and natural idiom, had been formed before Frances was well entered on her teens. These accomplishments stood her in good stead every day till the end of life.

There were breaks in the extreme quiet of this home life. In 1805 Mrs. Waddington returned for the first time to London, and was graciously received by the king, grown nearly blind, and by the queen, grown enormously stout; and the visit became an annual thing. In 1806 she took her daughters to Windsor, and attended the levée on the terrace.

"The king said to mamma, 'I did not know you at first; I am grown quite blind lately.' So mamma answered, 'But your majesty looks well.' 'Yes, I am in perfect health; I have no right to complain.' The king then stooped to Augusta, 'And who is this little thing?' Upon which Princess Augusta said, 'Oh, that is a very beautiful little thing.' And mamma lifted Augusta up, and the king looked at her, and praised her, and Princess Elizabeth kissed her, and then said, 'These are the two others;' and she took me by the arm and put me close to the king, who looked at me through his glass, and said, 'You are a very undutiful daughter to grow taller than your mother' (a proof of the badness of his eyes); and he asked me how long we had been in town. . . . He said to mamma, 'Well, how do you think the old walls look?' and laughed at her expressing her delight at hearing the chimes; and Princess Elizabeth said to me, 'I have such a beautiful drawing of yours.'"

A visit to Hereford on occasion of the musical festival, awoke that sense which Madame Bunsen found so many opportunities of gratifying in Rome and London. The winter of 1809—10 was spent in Edinburgh, the whole family going to the northern capital that the daughters might have the benefit of studying under masters. In the society of Bishop Sandford, Jeffrey, Sir Walter Scott, and Lady Louisa Stuart, Frances Waddington both enjoyed much mental stimulus, and began to have her superiority recognised. Her mother wrote thus at the end of these happy six months:—"Professor Playfair said, in a mixed company, that he never had met with so well-balanced or so elegantly cultivated a mind as Miss Waddington's, and many other similar speeches inevitably travelled to me, made by other men about her. I say *men* only, for I kept all the boys aloof, not allowing one to enter the house, excepting Lord Glenbervie's son, Mr. Douglas, Mr. Rich, and Lord John Russell, who, by-the-bye, is the only English young man of any promise in Edinburgh."

But the mother was not always so successful in guarding her much-loved daughter. At the end of 1816 the family went to Rome, taking advantage of the peace which followed Waterloo. Niebuhr, the historian, was then Prussian envoy to the court of the Vatican; and a young German scholar of the

highest promise, who had already begun to sit at Niebuhr's feet at Berlin, had eagerly availed himself of the opportunity afforded by his being travelling tutor to a young Englishman, to follow his master to Rome. The Waddingtons were happy to have this young student, full of all learning, beaming with purity and intelligence, and beautiful as Apollo, for their guide among palaces and temples; and no one dreamed that any harm could come of his reading German with the accomplished young lady now six-and-twenty years of age, and five months older than himself. When the time for their leaving Rome approached, the discovery was made that nature had been too many for considerations of ordinary prudence; and the parents behaved admirably. They consulted Niebuhr, who said:—"The talents, abilities, and character of Bunsen are a capital more safely to be reckoned upon than any other, however securely invested; and had I a daughter myself, to such a man I would gladly consign her." Mrs. Waddington spoke to Frances, who truthfully assured her that she had not understood the state of her own heart, "till on Saturday, the 31st of May, in the Coliseum by moonlight, at eleven o'clock at night, Bunsen presented to her view what he should suffer from a separation, how he should be blessed by a union; when every nerve vibrated to the touch, and she was aware that her life would lose half its charm if not spent with him." The parents gave their hearty blessing, and waited in Rome to see their daughter married on the 1st of July, 1817. Long before 1841, when his Excellency the Chevalier Bunsen came to the court of St. James's as ambassador from the King of Prussia, Mrs. Waddington knew that she had gained for a son-in-law one of the greatest and best men of his age.

All Madame Bunsen's strength of body and mind was severely tested by the crowding occupations of the next twenty-one years. Her husband was attached to the Prussian Embassy as secretary, and rose before very long to fill the post of ambassador, when Niebuhr retired from it. His fame as a scholar, a thinker, a Christian diplomatist, spread over Europe. Their home in the Palazzo Caffarelli on the Capitol became the resort of all the best among the resident and the transitory population of Rome—artists, musicians, princes, young English scholars one day to become bishops and deans. While entertaining these, and being entertained by them, Madame Bunsen gave birth to twelve children, of whom two died in infancy; and to the education of the remaining ten she gave as much energy and heart as though she had not been an ambassador's wife, with a busy place in society to fill. It is very pleasant to come on traces of the good mother cutting out and making dresses for her children, correcting their faults, drawing out their hearts, and praying for them, in the midst of notices of distinguished society and refined enjoyments.

At length change came. Bunsen resigned his place in consequence of differences between his Court and the Vatican, differences which Falk and Bismarck have not even yet settled; and his wife was permitted the joy of returning to England and Llanover. During twelve or eighteen months of freedom from household cares, she resumed direct fellowship with her much-loved mother; saw her husband embraced with honour by the Universities and the best society of London; and shared with him the pleasure of meeting such men as Hallam, Macaulay, Gladstone, Wellington, Palmerston, Ashley, and many more.

No worthy person could know Bunsen without being drawn to reverence and love him for the beauty and elevation of his character, and royal personages were no exception to this rule. Both the King and the Crown Prince of Prussia had thus become warmly attached to the yeoman's son when they visited Rome and he visited Berlin; and they never rested until, in 1839, a place was found for him as Envoy-Extraordinary and Minister-Plenipotentiary to the Swiss Republic. For about a year and a half Madame Bunsen had her home at Berne, and was busy in the training of her daughters. Then the king sent his friend to the Court of St. James's as his representative, and Mrs. Waddington received the following letter:—

Mivart's Hotel, 1st July, 1841.

It is a most solemn moment to me in which I address you; it is the 24th anniversary of that day on which your precious Fanny became my wife at Rome. You, then, and your excellent husband, gave her to *me*—to a stranger to you in blood and nationality, a young man you had fallen in with on the high road of life, in a foreign country, without fortune, and without any other place in society except that which the education he had received entitled him to. To him you confided what was most precious to you, not unconscious of the blame your friends would cast on you. That man now addresses you as the envoy of one of the greatest kings of this world, a king who calls himself his friend, and who has proved to him brother and a father—an envoy sent to your country on an object of peaceful magnitude. . . Receive, dearest mother, the effusions of a heart you adopted four-and-twenty years ago, and which you never misunderstood since; the thanks of a man who, in the midst of a life of almost miraculous blessings, every day of his existence feels more and more that your daughter is the centre of all of them. May God bless you, my dearest mother, here on earth and eternally, for all your maternal kindness to one who will never cease to be your most devoted son, CHARLES.

Until the spring of 1854 England was the home of the Bunsens, Carlton Terrace being their head-quarters. Madame Bunsen found great pleasure in frequent visits to Windsor as the guest of the greatest and best in the long line of English sovereigns. Many a bright, delightful glimpse do her letters give us of life at Windsor in the earlier years of Victoria, and the contrast is striking between the letters of 1842—54 and those of 1805—7. We have space only for one little bit from a letter of February 7th, 1854, to which our recent bereavement gives a peculiar pathos. Telling her grand-daughter about a winter evening's amusement, she says: "We all sat in the dark till the curtains were drawn aside, and the Princess Alice, who had been dressed to represent *Spring*,

The late Baroness Bunsen.

recited some verses taken from Thomson's *Seasons*, enumerating the flowers which the spring scatters around; and she did it very well, spoke in a distinct and pleasing manner, with excellent modulation, and a tone of voice like that of the Queen."

But much as she enjoyed good company, the whirl of London society, with its constant publicity and its night-work, was a distress and burden to Madame Bunsen. She tried to find one home after another in the country, where domestic life could be cultivated and time could be spent in ways more agreeable to her sense of duty and religion than was possible in Carlton Terrace. Each of these attempts was more or less a failure; and she was not sorry to rest with her husband at Heidelberg after he retired from public life. There the king conferred a patent of nobility on his friend, already noble in every other sense.

Bunsen died at Bonn in October of 1860. His widow, at the age of sixty-nine, set herself to obey his last wish by writing his Life; and a very noble book it is. That labour of love accomplished, she would have arranged to remain in England; but her daughter Theodora, Baroness von Ungern-Sternberg, died, leaving five children, and she accepted the care of these as the work and solace of her old age. For their sakes she took up her residence beside her son-in-law at Carlsruhe with two of her daughters, and there the last fourteen years were spent, enjoying life and fulfilling its duties to the last. After her eightieth year she built herself a summer châlet at Herrenalb, three hours distant from Carlsruhe, where she could have the flowers, and the country air, and the forest scents she loved so well. There children and grandchildren surrounded her with the grateful affection in which her faithful training had its great reward.

On the 5th of March, 1876, her eighty-fifth

birthday, the Emperor William wrote to express "his life-long gratitude to Bunsen," and his remembrance of "the hospitality so often received in her house and family." On the Sunday following the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden brought her, while she was walking in her garden, "the kindest possible message from Queen Victoria, a last proof of remembrance from a sovereign whose course she had never failed to follow with the most profound admiration and affection." On Easter Sunday, the 16th, her daughter found her dressed in black silk at seven in the morning, reading her favourite hymns, and beaming with the love and gladness of one who felt "the power of Christ's resurrection." Before another Sabbath came, the ripe and beautiful saint had gently fallen asleep among her children. All her five sons carried her to the tomb in Bonn, over which her own hands had placed the words of Isaiah—

"Let us walk in the light of the Eternal."

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. New Series. No. 13. Abigail.

Chapter to be read—1 *Sam. xxv.*

SAMUEL'S DEATH (ver. 1). Who had been David's early friend? Samuel had anointed him while a youth, and predicted his reign after Saul. Now time for Samuel to die. What an eventful life his had been! Why did Samuel's sons not succeed him? Who was the first king? Remind of Samuel's anointing Saul; then of his reproofs to him, because of his disobeying God; his warning him; his solemn sermon to the Israelites; his anointing David. What a sad condition the kingdom in now! Philistines prevailing; Saul sinning more and more; David an outcast, fleeing for his life; the people distracted. What a sad end to Samuel's life! Now he dies—this great and good man. *Where*, we know not; *how*, we know not. But who mourned him? A solemn sight—a whole nation mourning for a good man. Even David comes out of hiding; joins in general lament; then moves to Paran.

II. Abigail. (Read 2—35.) Once more David in exile; could not trust Saul's promises; has a band of men with him; must procure provisions. What farmer was living near? What was his character? What sort of woman was his wife? What message did David send? How were they to begin their salutation? So sent a friendly message to ask for food. How did Nabal receive them? (*a*) *He was rude.* Even if unable to help, might have answered civilly; but he was offensively rude. How did he describe David? Had he improperly fled from his master? (*b*) *He was disobliging.* David's servants had treated him civilly; helped his servants in time past. Will he not help them? What time of year was it? His riches lay in his sheep. Shearing time, therefore, was gathering in of year's produce—a time to open the heart. What did David purpose to do when he heard it? A large party of 400 on way to Nabal's sheep-farm. But what did one of his servants do? What a good character they give to David's men; and how badly their conduct has been requited by Nabal. What character do they give to their own master? How sad for servants to be obliged to describe a master thus. What does Abigail do? Picture the haste in the farm. Servants bustling about getting the asses ready; five sheep prepared for the shearers; corn, raisins, figs, hastily packed in baskets; the asses laden, and driven on quickly. Who follows behind? Abigail will go and intreat with David herself; or else, perhaps, the men will all be killed, the farm-buildings burnt, and the sheep driven away. Oh, will they be in time to stop David's anger! What did she do when she saw David? This the ordinary Eastern mode of salutation. Now notice her conduct. She does not excuse her husband; but what does she ask? Let the sin, *i.e.*, the punishment for the sin, be upon her; also asks David to accept the "blessing" (*i.e.*, present) for his followers. What does she prophesy as to David's house? for whom is he fighting? with whose life is his bound up? Therefore, God must help him; but what shall be done to his enemies? So she looks forward to his prosperity, and suggests how glad he will be not to have shed innocent blood. What does David answer? What has Abigail kept him from? to whom does he give glory? So he accepts the present, and sends Abigail away peaceably. What qualities does she show? (*a*) *Self-devotion.* Without palliating her husband's fault, desires the punishment to fall on herself. Just as Moses at Mount Sinai prayed God to spare Israelites, but punish him (Ex. xxxii. 32). Just as Jesus bore the sins of others (Is. liii. 5). She was also a (*b*) *Peace-maker.* Her soft answer turned away David's anger. What an example to children! Such are blessed (Matt. v. 9). (*c*) *Liberality.* She gave, hoping for nothing again (Luke vi. 35). This the true spirit of giving which is most blessed.

III. Nabal. (Read 36—42.) Now Abigail returns to her house. What is Nabal doing? Can feast his friends, though cannot help David. But this not a right feast, but a drunken bout. What does his wife tell him? how does he take it? Has had narrow escape of losing life and property. To whom did David leave vengeance? Now God sends an illness—probably increased by his drunken habits—and he dies. David clearly sees God's doing in this, and praises Him for not allowing him to injure

Nabal. What became of Abigail? So was rewarded for her kindness.

PRACTICAL LESSONS. Let children see in Abigail an example of a God-fearing woman, ruling her house well; showing kindness to strangers; shielding her husband as far as possible; rewarded by prosperity, and a good conscience. Point out Nabal as a warning. A selfish, churlish man, keeping his riches for himself alone, refusing aid to those in need, unloved by those around him, and dying miserably. Which is better? Must beware of covetousness (Luke xii. 15). Our money given to benefit others as well as ourselves. Remind of warning in Matt. xxv. 45, of those who did not help those in distress.

Questions to be answered.

1. Give a brief summary of Samuel's life.
2. What was Nabal's character?
3. What was Abigail's character?
4. How was Abigail like Moses?
5. How was she rewarded?
6. What is the great lesson we may learn?

OTHER'S BURDENS.

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG. IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

JUST at this moment a knock was heard at the street-door.

Mrs. Cook went to answer it, and, as it opened into the room without any intermediate passage, Ellen heard every word that passed.

"Oh, Mrs. Cook, I just stepped round to ask if you couldn't settle up. No, I can't come in, thank you," said a voice which Ellen recognised as belonging to the proprietress of a shop at which her mother was in the habit of dealing.

"I thought you said you could wait till next week," replied Mrs. Cook.

"Well, so I did, I know; but, you see, my Harry's just heard of a job, and he's been out of work these six weeks come Saturday, and he was obliged to get rid of his tools, and I thought if I could scrape enough together to get them again for him without troubling you I would, but I'm afraid I can't."

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Bidgood, I'm sure, but all I've got till to-day week is half-a-crown, for my lodgers is behind with their money, but they promised it to me by then, when I can let you have the rest; but I can't give you more than I've got—can I? You should have it with pleasure, you know. I generally pay every week," replied Mrs. Cook.

"Yes, I know that; but, would you believe it? there's Smiths owes me nigh upon a pound, and I can't get a halfpenny of it. I'm sorry to take away your last half-crown; but if I can only get a little more, from two or three others as owes me more than you do, and longer too, I'll be able to manage, I dare say; but I'm very much afraid, times is so bad, and everybody's behindhand."

"I hope you'll get it, I'm sure. When's Harry to go to his work?"

"The day after to-morrow. I haven't got much time, you see, so good day to you."

Mrs. Cook closed the door, and returned to the fireside with an anxious face.

"I say, mother, have you given her the last money you've got?" asked Ellen, gravely.

"Of course I have. I couldn't do any other, seeing I owed it to her, and she wanted it. Besides, we've got food that'll very well last us till the end of the week; but I'm afraid I shall have to get you to lend me a shilling or so, for I want soap, and starch, and coals."

"Oh, mother! I've only got my fare back."

"Well, you don't go back for ten days yet, do you? and I shall get the money for my washin' by then; but you know I can't do people's washin' without fire, and soap and soda."

Ellen was silent; like a great many other very young people, she had often felt very dissatisfied in her place, thinking that her work was very hard, and wishing she could stay at home, and amuse herself like "the young ladies," quite forgetting the hardships and privations of that home, and of her hard-working mother, when she ought to have felt thankful for the health and strength that enabled her to work, and so relieve her of the burden of her maintenance. But we none of us feel as we ought, at all times, and Ellen was very young, being only fifteen years old.

"If it wasn't to-morrow when uncle and Martha's comin', I should feel almost inclined to go and stay at the lady's house and get the five shillings," she said, "but it's been all work and no play this ever so long, and I can't let this chance of a little fun go by, for I see it's the only one I shall get."

Mrs. Cook took no notice of the grumbling tone in which this was said, except by an anxious sigh, and a hope that Ellen would change her mind, for she hardly saw how she was to provide the extra food her presence would make necessary, when what she had brought was used.

For some minutes the silence of the little room was unbroken, except by the thump, thump, of the iron, as the good woman put it out of her tired hand for a minute while she turned the shirt she was using it upon, or took a fresh iron from the fire, and began

again with renewed vigour in order to make the most of the time while the heat lasted.

Presently Ellen said, "Don't you think I 'd better run into Mrs. Green's now, and tell her I can't come, mother?"

"If you 've made up your mind, I s'pose you had," replied her mother with a wistful look and sigh.

Ellen would not notice either, but got up with great alacrity, and, putting a shawl over her head, opened the door and ran out.

When she returned she found her seat by the fire occupied. Mrs. Bidgood was sitting there talking, with her apron to her eyes.

"It really does seem," she was saying, "as if those as worked hardest and tried to be honest gets the most kicks. I 'm sure I 'm toilin' and slavin' from mornin' till night, and the moment a stroke of luck seems likely to drop in my way I 'm obliged to slam the door on it."

"Perhaps you 'll get some more to-morrow," said Mrs. Cook, soothingly. "Look here, I 'll tell you what: take off your bonnet, and stay an' have a cup of tea with us; you 'll look at things more cheerful after it. Come, Nell," she continued, "stir about, that 's a good girl, and get the kettle on while I finish the fine things; I shan't be a minute scarcely."

"Thank you, I think I will," replied the poor woman, looking pleased; while Ellen, feeling some very sharp pricks of conscience, was thankful to have something active to do, in order to prevent her thinking about them. For she was naturally kind-hearted, and she knew what Book it is that says, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." She gathered from their guest's conversation that she wanted a pound, and had only managed to get seven-and-sixpence altogether, and did not know where to get any more.

"The five shillings wouldn't be any use, even if I got it for her," said Ellen to herself. "Some one might add the rest," whispered Conscience. "But suppose they didn't, and Mrs. Bidgood doesn't seem to think there's much chance of it," argued Selfishness. "At any rate you would be doing your duty, and the rest is not your affair; besides, Mrs. Bidgood is down-hearted and tired now, and may be mistaken," persisted the faithful monitor.

After a struggle or two, and some very keen regrets at the pleasure she was losing, Ellen felt she could bear it no longer, and directly after tea she said, putting on a very determined face, as if afraid of her own weakness, "Mother, I 'm just going to run into Mrs. Green's for a minute," and was gone before her mother could say a word.

A proud, happy smile lighted up the good woman's worn, homely face, making it more pleasant to behold than many a one which bears on it the signs of wealth, youth, and conscious beauty.

All she said, however, to Mrs. Bidgood was, "Don't you fret, now; try again to-morrow, maybe you 'll find some one as 'll lend it you; and perhaps (mind I don't promise) perhaps I may be able to get you a little more by then."

"Well, you 're a kind-hearted soul, I must say; and I 'll take your advice," returned Mrs. Bidgood, more cheerfully, as she parted from her neighbour.

(To be concluded.)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

207. What district of Syria was known as "the land of giants"?

208. Who were the Zamzummims?

209. What prayer of Moses is recorded, in which he prays God to let him go over into the land of Canaan?

210. What woman is recorded as having spoken in parables?

211. Quote a passage which shows that the expression "a land flowing with milk and honey" was justly applicable to the land of Canaan.

212. What test does our Lord give whereby we may know who are His disciples?

213. What proof have we that the early Gentile converts had the power of speaking with divers tongues?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 557.

196. "Ought not this woman, being a daughter of Abraham, whom Satan hath bound, lo, these eighteen years, be loosed from this bond on the sabbath day?" (Luke xiii. 16).

197. "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord; for as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts" (Is. lv. 8, 9).

198. "Let us do evil that good may come," by which was meant that the Apostles affirmed persons might do evil so long as the end was good which they desired to attain (Rom. iii. 8).

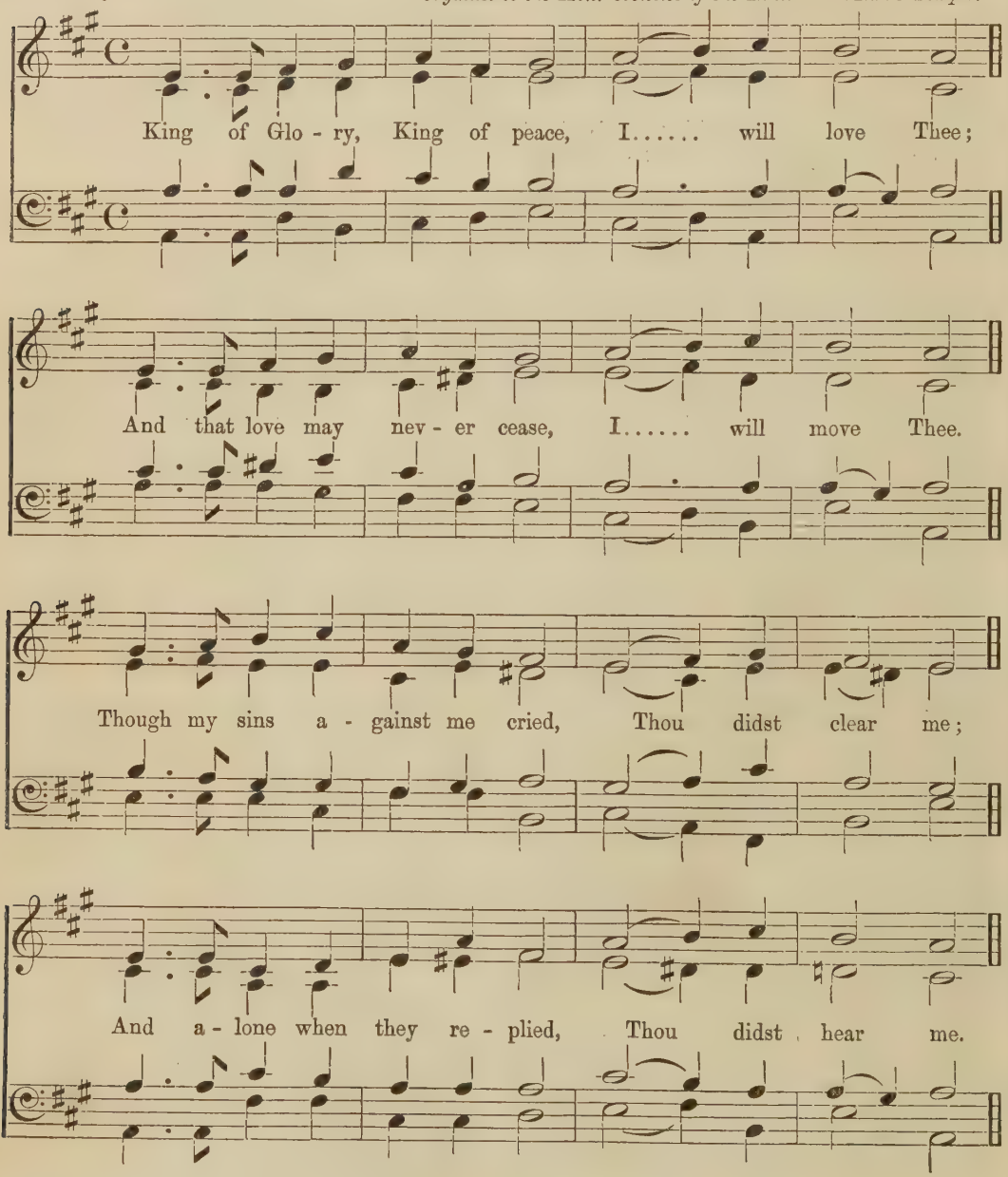
199. The wisdom and cunning of the unjust steward in providing for his future maintenance (Luke xvi. 8).

200. By the prophet Hosea, who says of Israel, "They have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind" (Hos. viii. 7).

The King of Glory.

Words by GEORGE HERBERT.

Music by E. J. HOPKINS,
Organist to the Hon. Societies of the Inner and Middle Temple.


King of Glo - ry, King of peace, I..... will love Thee;
And that love may nev - er cease, I..... will move Thee.
Though my sins a - gainst me cried, Thou didst clear me;
And a - lone when they re - plied, Thou didst hear me.

Seven whole days, not one in seven,
I will praise Thee;
In my heart, though not in heaven,
I will raise Thee.

Small it is in this poor sort
To enrol Thee;
Ev'n eternity's too short
To extol Thee.

"'Leave up one, father,' said Chrystal, significantly."—*p.* 595.

A RICH WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CRUST AND THE CAKE," "LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

"Others shall right the wrong,
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of, win."—WHITTIER.

CHRYSTAL was duly roused while yet the morning was only foretold by a faint flush on the paling grey of the sky behind the pine wood. Her toilet was soon made, and then, with a draught of rich cream, set in readiness on the night before, the two started on their journey.

The poor girl who walked by Chrystal's side had of late lived over much in the night season.

She felt as uncomforted as ever this morning. Chrystal's words had not yet got below the surface, but at least they were lying there, like the first light fall of snow round the bare stems of autumn, which shall be presently re-vitalised into spring buds. And yet even she felt how fresh, and pure, and solemn the morning was; she even felt a little pang of remorse for ingratitude that it could not make her happy. It was strange, too, to think that even her wretched life could not go on without new things coming into it. She had thought that nothing could ever happen to her any more. But how could she be interested in affairs or people that had nothing to do with her lost Charlie? Chrystal seemed very nice; if Charlie had only known her, she thought she could have loved her.

Just as she thought this, Chrystal, who had been walking a little ahead, paused, and looked over her shoulder; and this was what she said:

"I fancy most of us don't let ourselves think of our dead in half as natural a way as we should. We don't let the Master's own words shed half the light which they might on that matter. We know nothing about the next life, do we? But it is life, and so I think we might learn more about it from the life which now is than from anything else. It 's hard to get rid of that awful deception of death. It would take a deal of faith to believe the winter bushes would blossom again, if we had not seen them do so ever so often, before we had sense to think about it. I believe a great deal too much death has got into most people's pictures of heaven itself. St. John used imagery of white robes and palm branches in his eastern country where such were homely festive signs, like our Christmas holly. But now-a-days, in the countries which Christianity has got hold of, they 've come to stand for something uncommonly like shrouds and asphodels. Angels are not corpses; they must certainly be beyond mortals in health and activity. I 've often wondered whether grief, instead of turning our thoughts more than ever to the past, should not spur us on for the future; for it is there that we have to keep in pace with our dead; and it seems to me that God may know there 's something in sorrow itself which can keep us from falling behind even those whom He has lifted on to the higher and smoother path. We don't know whether those who have gone before may not see all our new friends, and understand all our new ways; but we can fully feel that they must have found new friends, and have entered on new works, and our love can follow further than our knowledge. They may see us, and they must have the lesser pain. But we know who told us, 'Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed,' and 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.'"

"How did she guess what I was thinking about?" mused her companion. But there was no mystery in it. The man who has fainted from thirst himself, knows what is the matter when another wayfarer drops in the desert. Chrystal had fought her own fight, and she knew the weapons with which she had conquered.

And then she gave a little cunning human touch to the girl's sore heart. "It 's odd," she said, "that while I know your brother's name, and keep thinking of you already in your grief for 'Charles,' I don't know your own name. You are only 'Charlie's sister' to me yet."

"That was what I liked to be," replied the other, "that was what I was often called, 'only Charlie's sister.' But my own name is Margery Hollis."

"There is the cottage where we are going," said Chrystal, pointing to two heavy-eaved low houses standing back from a bend in the road behind a long garden. Nature had done her best for the spot, but the human interference had been of the very humblest sort. The cottages were the merest peasants' dwellings, with clumsy wooden doors opening direct into roughly-tiled kitchens. In the one the white curtains were still drawn, and there old Harry Snelling, his wife, and their idiot daughter slept on, quite unconscious that the "ghost" of the Gipsy's Pool was stealing up the narrow garden path. In the other house the door was ajar, and the casement of the upper room was open, and the voice of somebody reading, in a stumbling, hesitating fashion, reached Chrystal's ears as she made a gentle entrance. Motioning her companion to wait below, she stole up the twisted stair.

The upper chamber was as bare and poverty-stricken as a clean little room could be. The invalid lay stretched out, breathing in a strenuous fashion, which Chrystal well understood.

"Is he sleeping?" she whispered to the old dame, who sat by his side, spectacles on nose, and Bible on knee.

"I don't rightly know," she said. "He wandered in his mind, and talked wild-like, and as he 'd asked me to read the Bible before, I thought I 'd try it then."

"Did he tell you where to read?" Chrystal asked, happening to notice that the volume was open at the Book of the Prophet Ezekiel, in the midst of the mysteries of the allegorical wheels and living creatures.

"Na, not this time," said the old woman, "but they're all good words, so I knew I couldn't be wrong, but I think I hit on summat a tough bit, for I had to spell a many words."

The sick man turned his head on the pillow, so that the fresh dawnlight fell on his poor thin face. With the flush on the cheek, and the wild light in the eyes, he probably looked less ghastly than he had looked in weeks gone by; but both his watchers were too experienced to be deceived. At the same instant he caught sight of Chrystal, and such a joy spread over his countenance that it was hard to tell where its light ended, and that of the dawn began. Chrystal's heart smote her for the tidings she had to tell.

"Sister," he cried, and stretched out his transparent hands. "I knew you would come, if you could once understand. Oh, were we not happy together once, and we 'll be happier than ever yet, dear—happier than ever ! "

And then Chrystal knew that her tidings would probably never be told, and that the lonely heart was to rest and rejoice in its dream till the end came, unless indeed the reality should come, and might set aside the dream, and blow the mists once more from the poor brain, before they settled over it for ever.

Chrystal sent the old dame below to seek a little rest after her prolonged vigil, and summoned Margery Hollis to watch with herself.

There was nothing to be done. They both sat there in stillness and silence. The dying youth would smile on Chrystal sometimes, and she would respond with another smile. He murmured a sentence or two now and then. And Chrystal tried to treasure them up, in case they might be a consolation to somebody's sorrow, or a hint for somebody's action.

"Somebody, stronger and braver than I, will do what I have left undone," he whispered. "I thought it would seem so cruel to you, sister, if I did it. I know better now, and now is too late for me. But I have tried my best to show what I meant."

"What is it makes the room so bright ? " he would ask presently.

And Chrystal answered with a solemn awe, "It is the dawn."

He shook his head.

"Not your dawn," he said. "What I can see is a brightness that does not shine on things, but out of them. There is most of it in your face."

"It is not kind to let people go on being wicked," he murmured to himself, the poor, breaking brain following out some familiar track of meditation. "The world is very hard and puzzling while one's in it. It shows plainer when you stand a little higher up."

His voice grew lower and fainter, and Chrystal had to bow her head to catch his words. The lonely present had utterly vanished now. The names he was uttering now were those of "father" and "mother," the thoughts were of the restfulness and security of a cradled babe. He was "going to sleep," or he "had been half-asleep, and had had such a beautiful dream ; it was so strange." And then suddenly another change passed over his face, something like the light of old consciousness flashed once up ; yet, at that moment, he again stretched out his hand to Chrystal.

"Sister ! " he cried, in a clear, ringing, glad voice. And in that cry his spirit slipped off the worn garment of mortality. He was dead, as it seemed to Chrystal and Margery, while the air was still vibrating with his last word.

There was no more to be done. Only Chrystal bent down and kissed the white forehead before she left the room to the old dame's last ministrations.

The two women returned up the Ockholm road, clinging to each other. They might have known each other for years. The great realities of life pierce through externals and let souls touch. Margery was crying bitterly, and Chrystal made no effort to check her tears. Probably she had not wept as much for "Charlie." The griefs which enter into our hearts often seal the fountain of tears, which some light touch from the outside may unloose.

Winds' Haven life was astir by the time they got back. Reuben Joyce was taking out the shutters.

"Leave up one, father," said Chrystal, significantly.

"Ay—then he 's gone ? " said the quiet old man. There was no melancholy, real or assumed, in his tone. Reuben had lived so much with Nature that he had caught the strange composure with which Nature accepts the fact of death. "Dead leaves often hang the longest, and the old see the young go off. The Lord knows who He wants, and why He wants them. There ain't any rule that we can go by, for Death. There may be, but we haven't found it out yet. And it 's all pretty equal, after all. Those who live long see most of God's justice, and those who die young find most of His tender mercy. But they 're only either sides of His love. And blessed be His holy name, He has made this world so marvellous, that the oldest needn't be afraid of outliving work and wonder. I knew of a bed-rid man, who kept ants, and watched their ways, and wrote of 'em; and another did the same with rooks. If all would do what they can of that sort, we 'd know a deal more than we do. Some people don't value that sort of knowledge ; they think it grovelling. I reckon this earth belongs to God as much as any other place in the universe ; and not to learn all we can about it is like a foolish child who won't learn letter A because it 's the first in the alphabet. How is he to get on to the others ? and even if he did, where would his reading be without letter A ? But ah," said the old man, checking himself in his homely philosophy, "young Carewe was among us yesterday, and where is he now, and what mayn't he know ? Won't you come and take a look at my chrysalises, miss ?" he added, addressing Margery. "They 're the best sermon on the soul that I know of, because they ain't tied up with words, but just make a picture of it. I 've often thought they seem as if some angel had planned 'em, to give us a hint, like."

Margery followed the old man to his queer little den, and afterwards she wandered behind him as he trotted through his little domain, doing his daily tasks, preparatory to a long woodland ramble. She felt like one in a dream. Her shattered past seemed no longer lying in ruins about her. Rather it was as if some angel had gathered it into a beautiful picture, hung high above her, to which she might raise her eyes for help and comfort. Yet she did not know that the work of healing had begun. It would

have hurt her had she thought so. There are few souls healthy enough to rejoice in the first smile after a great sorrow. We ridicule the valetudinarians who hug their bodily diseases, but most of us are valetudinarians in our heart histories. We plant the dark seed sorrow, and are ready to pull up its shoots when they suddenly put forth sweet, white blossoms. We take our griefs like the man with one talent, and fold them jealously in our hearts. It is hard for us to realise that all pain is an imperfect thing which must, sooner or later, develop into joy, and that to help such development is our duty, while to hinder it is to waste the most precious things of God. But His ways are pitiful to our human weakness, and He heals our wounds unawares.

Chrystal went forward with her accustomed tasks; but not even the repulse she had received the night before checked her sympathy and sense of duty towards Mrs. Esslemont. She turned over in her mind what she ought to do, and resolved that when it was time for the London trains to have come in she must send down to the Ockholm cottage to see if anybody had arrived, and, if not, she must send on to Ockholm station, and telegraph the end to the Corner House. But she was just about to despatch Michael on this errand, when the shop-door opened with an energetic jerk, which set the guard bell ringing lustily. Bertram Esslemont walked in.

"Well," he said, in his queer, dry manner. "My uncle and aunt did not think there was any necessity for their coming to-day. And I've looked in at the cottage as I came up from the station, and I find they were right. Did he miss Mrs. Esslemont very much at the last, Miss Joyce?"

"His mind was wandering when first I saw him this morning," said Chrystal, "and he seemed to mistake me for his sister."

"I always do say there's a lot of sound sense in delirium," said this very incomprehensible lad. "Who was the neighbour of him who fell among thieves? I wonder if the wounded man himself had the wit to know it was the good Samaritan? I have taken possession of poor Carewe's desk, Miss Joyce, and here it is. I'd rather look through it here than down at the cottage. And, please, I'd rather stay here, too, myself. Directly I heard all was over, I telegraphed to my aunt, and waited at the station for an answer. It came from my uncle, of course, and says my aunt is in such a state of agitation that I must keep out of her sight till I can tell her everything is managed. I shan't go back to London till after the funeral. What a lovely place this is! Heigho! poor Carewe found an easy way out of his difficulty. But there'll be no such luck for Bertram Esslemont," he added, as Chrystal hastened to repeat the disjointed sentences of the dead man's last hour.

(*To be continued.*)

SERMONS PREACHED BEFORE THE QUEEN.

BY THE REV. FRANCIS PIGOU, D.D., VICAR OF HALIFAX, CHAPLAIN IN ORDINARY TO HER MAJESTY.

THE POWER OF UNOSTENTATIOUS PIETY.

"He entered into an house, and would have no man know it: but He could not be hid."—ST. MARK vii. 24.

ONE feature in connection with the life of our blessed Lord on earth gives that life an individuality, a distinctness of its own. It has left an enduring, indelible impression on the world for good. Who can fail to be struck with the unaffected, unostentatious simplicity which in so marked a degree characterised Christ? There was nothing obtrusive in His personal holiness. It was a great power, a mighty influence for good in this world; doing its work like Nature's forces, silently and unseen: and felt in effects which have survived the changes of eighteen centuries—effects in no way weakened or diminished by the trial changes bring. We attach great importance to the miracles Christ performed, and rightly so. But what was the effect of His miracles? Was it not that of amazement, astonishment, awe? These emotions, readily excited, as quickly passed away, like the breath on the surface of a polished mirror. These would never of themselves have secured the perpetuation of Christianity. It was not His power, in this its more striking and rare manifestation, that most impressed men for good. So far from this, we all know that some attributed these very miracles to the co-operation and agency of Beelzebub; others were unconvinced, even wholly unaffected, unmoved by them.

That which won such silent triumphs, which drew the erring, the most sinful, the very outcast into His presence as by some irresistible charm, which attracted the crowds who everywhere hovered on His footsteps, and hung on His words, eliciting out of men in a moment all that was good in them, more than once extorting an unwilling admiration—what power, what charm, was this? It was the felt influence, unconsciously exercised, of His most holy life. It was the spell of irrepressible goodness.

It was in His power as God, to still the raging tempest, and bid the sea be calm. It was in His power to raise again to life him who had been three days dead. It was in His power to baffle the malice of His enemies by summoning, at the last moment, to His rescue more than twelve

legions of angels. He might have established a visible kingdom on earth, with every accompaniment of imposing and celestial grandeur, and thus have more than fulfilled the longing expectations of Israel. The impression Christ has left on the mind of the world is not such, merely, as the display and exercise of Omnipotence would leave. The kingdom He would establish "cometh not with observation." It makes conquests, but they are silent conquests, its progress is in keeping with Him of whom Isaiah predicted, "He shall not strive, nor cry, neither shall any man hear His voice in the streets." All mankind are agreed to see in Christ the perfection of humanity, in Him the "noble unrest" of a life spent in doing good, together with that deep personal piety, that meekness, modesty, self-restraint, shrinking from ostentation, flattery, popular applause, or display which so commends that active aspect of the Christian life which necessarily comes under notice, while it at the same time diverts the attention from the man himself to that manifestation of the graces of the Spirit which are evidently his, and causes man to glorify God in Him.

There are names justly great in history, names of men renowned for some one gift or quality which gave them prominence. They stand forth as types of eminence attained, enviable or otherwise. They are examples of some one gift, talent, or aptitude which raised them in their generation above their fellows. But whatever else they may have been, they are not types of humanity. Their character was wanting in harmony. They are celebrated chiefly for some one specific excellence, which the artist has found little or no difficulty in sufficiently transferring to canvas, and representing so as to be recognised readily in the portrait. They made a noise in the world while they lived in it, but the effects of their life have been comparatively unenduring and evanescent. The life of Christ was a harmonious life. Hence the difficulty Christian art has experienced to represent it. In vain it has sought to satisfy the natural craving to possess some authentic portrait of the Founder of Christianity, not only for wise purposes has the instinct of earthly affection been overruled, but we are left to imagine the expression most befitting the mind and character of one in whose serene countenance the union of God and man was mirrored. All so-called portraits are legendary, without historical foundation. St. Jerome argues that there must have been something divine in our Lord's face and eyes, else the Apostles would never have so readily followed Him. It was not power, grandeur, dignity, majesty that most struck beholders. These were illustrated in the gods of heathen mythology. There was a harmonious blending of power, sweetness, grace—a beauty and a charm which was the effect of the whole. It was like some fair landscape in nature, on which the eye delights to rest; as you gaze upon it you cannot exactly say wherein the loveliness resides. It is not in mountain or in vale, in woodland or silvery stream, in light or shade, not here nor there, it is the harmonious whole which combines to give the pleasing effect. And so the life of Christ was to be the only authentic portraiture on which mankind was to look and learn; that life as exhibited in its twofold aspect of the devotional and practical; in its lonely hours of communing amidst the solitudes of the hills of Galilee, in hours spent in the stir of Jerusalem and the busy haunts of men; in seasons of retirement from the world and of activity in the midst of it; in self-sought moments for bracing the soul for the duties of life; He seeking in prayer that which, when He emerged from His solitude gave His actions and words amongst men the influence they possessed, and which so balanced and regulated His mind that all about Him was natural and true, there was nothing forced or constrained; nothing artificial or assumed. The words of St. Mark succinctly express this influence, this character, so powerful for good, and at the same time so unostentatious in its quiet exercise. "He entered into an house and would have no man know it, but He could not be hid."

Christ, as the perfection of humanity, is given to us for our imitation. In what respect may we dare to hope we may imitate Christ? This surely is one feature more strictly within the power and limitations of our fallen human nature. In many other respects He is infinitely beyond the reach or possibility of imitation. We are not empowered to work miracles. We could not if we would. The occasion for them has passed, together with the special endowments requisite for their performance. Christianity is to grow great, and to increase by the less striking, but not less effective means of personal influence; of individual holiness; of Christ's life reproduced in individual men and women. How is it in nature? The lightning flashing out of the lurid thunder-cloud reveals the existence and presence of a force mighty to rend the globe asunder. Is that force less real or potent because its ordinary operations are less marked or visible? Some mighty throe of nature which causes the very earth "to reel to and fro and stagger like a drunken man" is only a more vivid exhibition of that which is always at work, though unseen. Phenomena such as these are the exception; they are not the rule. Nature's forces are noiseless. They lie out of sight. Who has ever looked upon that force which binds together every atom in the universe, in obedience to which the apple falls to the ground? The silent, gradual, imperceptible growth of the plant is the result of the most tremendous powers in the physical world. The drop of dew which sparkles on the grass is formed by the action of

the same agent which rives the knotty oak. It is not otherwise in the realm of spiritual things. Few have the power, or the opportunity, if they have the power, to signalise themselves by some splendid act of self-denial, of munificence, of zeal in the cause of Christ. To few, comparatively, is it given to enjoy that position, or command that wider sphere of usefulness which attracts the admiration of their cotemporaries, or claims the gratitude of posterity. Happiest, most enviable, most full of blessing, the life and the position which enables any one in this world to be largely instrumental in their brief day in doing good, and in the furtherance of the Redeemer's kingdom! It carries with it its own reward. Great opportunities; position with its weight and authority; commanding influence, these stand almost now-a-days in the stead of miracles, as they attract the world's attention, as they affect a wider circle, as they recommend Christianity in whose cause they are used, in the eyes of those who, to whatever else they may be indifferent, are not insensible to the force of example where example is confessedly great either for good or ill. Such larger opportunities, with their sphere of action and results, bear some analogy to the phenomena in the natural world which are beneficial to a wider extent.

The majority of men, however, must be content with a more limited, though not less real sphere in which to exercise an influence for good; in which to let their light shine; within which to make their Christian example felt. To none has God denied a measure and degree of influence. Simply to be, simply to exist, to be one of the many, is to exercise influence. Consciously, and unconsciously, we are always receiving, ever putting it forth. We do so when we least suspect that we are doing it, and then it is more real. We influence others in ways unknown and unguessed, without any deliberate intention or premeditation. A silent power, inherent in every moral being, part of, inseparable from himself, because he is a moral being, is in constant operation. It flows out unbidden from ourselves. We cannot restrain nor prevent it.

What, as a rule, do biographies record? They lay much stress on what men have said and done with a purpose. Doubtless the voluntary influence is great. Who can measure the effect of a word spoken in due season? Who can tell how our humble efforts may excite others to rivalry in the same good cause? Who can tell how generations yet unborn may be affected for good or for ill by the contribution of our own separate, individual example? As not a pebble falls to the ground without agitating the whole solid mass of the globe; as the vessel, ploughing her way through the pathless deep, sensibly affects the whole ocean; as the bird, winging its rapid flight through the yielding atmosphere, causes pulsations of air felt throughout remotest space; such is our individual influence in the great world of men. But over and above this voluntary, there is an involuntary, indirect influence, which is more truly our own selves, difficult to trace in its effects, difficult to define, yet a most real influential power. It is individual character, developed in unconscious and unguarded moments. It is that which betrays as it makes itself felt, not so much in any one particular action or in any one particular form, as in the general impression we give and leave. It is revealed in the manner, look, bearing, countenance, expression—a nameless something, which instinctively attracts or repels; which exercises an influence irresistible; which some of us may know and understand from having had the happiness to have been brought into contact with it; or which we remember, and lovingly recall, in those that are no more! Where this voluntary influence is for good, it operates as a charm, it has a fascination of its own, it lays a spell on evil, it restrains the vicious with an invisible bridle, it rebukes the profane with unspoken words, it shames the impure into purity, it reproves with voiceless remonstrance, it so sheds its fragrance that the house is filled with the odour of the ointment, it infects others with its contagious spirit. Without ostentation, parade, or obtrusiveness, it is a felt, confessed power for good, the reflection as in shining mirror or glassy lake of Him who entered into a house and would have no man know it, but He could not be hid. This—by God's grace as given and used, the same Spirit which dwelt in Christ—this is more or less within the power of all. It is consistent with every variety of character variously exhibited, as the colours of the refracting prisms are all of one and the same ray; as the light which falls on the stained window is itself white and colourless. It is not mere weak sentiment, powerless in the presence of temptation, good for nothing in the hour of trial, unequal to any great emergency or crisis, thriving in and suited only to sunnier, and not to darker days. It is great inward strength, nerving the heart to the Gethsemane and Calvary of our life, fitting us to endure, as the leaf gently stirred by the summer air resists the winter storm, or equal to overcome temptation and trial, as the same breeze which gently stirs the whispering leaves is strengthened into the tempest that hurls to the ground the rooted oak of a century's growth.

We may envy the apparently larger opportunities of the more gifted and favoured of our race, but as to the eye of the botanist the perfection of nature reveals itself in the homely root as eloquently as in the gayest blossoms of the garden, so in His sight, Who is no respecter of persons, the humblest has his sphere of influence, the lesser world of his own home. To all there is opportunity, and daily, for that quiet unobtrusive piety which attracts and wins, for that practical

Christianity, free from controversy, party spirit, and the strife of tongues; for that which makes human existence sunnier and brighter, which smooths down asperities, bears with the infirmities of others, makes allowance for their failings, has its ready word of sympathy or graceful act of kindness, breathes a divine spirit of charity into our judgments and opinions, covers transgressions, and does not magnify faults, forgets as well as forgives injuries, puts the best and not the worst construction on action or motive, is compassionate towards those who have fallen into sin, tender in their dealing with them, not denying the possibility of retreat by cutting down the bridge behind them, content to tread the more shaded paths of the Christian life, doing good by stealth and blushing to find it fame.

Who of us that seeks thus to live, as he treads in the footprints Christ has left, can say that he lives in vain? Our life may appear purposeless, soon ended, unmarked by success, quickly effaced from record, written in sand, which the next wave washes out, or, as a German writer has said, "like a well of water disappearing on the sandy desert, with no flower to mark its banks." But is it really so? No. Not one loving Christian act, even though unseen, not one word spoken for Christ, even though unheard by many, is ever lost. The cup of cold water given in Christ's name shall not lose its reward. The broken casket of precious ointment, is it not a memorial of love ever to be spoken of? Has the spikenard lost its fragrance? "Not a true thought, not a pure resolve is lost, no more than a sound has ever ceased to vibrate through space, or a ripple been lost upon the ocean."

"No life is lost, no hope is vain,
No prayer without a sequent deed,
He turns all seeming loss to gain,
And finds a soil for every seed.
Some fleeting glance He doth endow,
He sanctifies some casual word,
Unconscious gifts His children show,
For all is potent with the Lord.

"The links of time are counted up,
And all are naught if one were broken,
He knows the drop in every cup,
No word remains as if unspoken.
We do not guess what we achieve;
Dim is the ending of our course;
Our faintest impulse may receive
The aid of supernatural force."

What we do for Christ endures when much else after which we feverishly strive perishes with our mouldering frame in the grave. The good we humbly and quietly seek to do long outlives the wealth which passes into other hands, the fame or reputation which, meteor-like, flitting across the firmament quickly vanishes out of sight, or as the bubble in which the child delights, bursting and lost in the thin air. The influence for good survives even when the place shall know us no more.

"Can that man be dead
Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind?
He lives in glory; and such speaking dust
Has more of life than half its breathing moulds."

Such a life may have nothing showy about it. But are not the sweetest flowers the humblest? What droops its head like the modest lily? what so loves to nestle in the shade as the violet, rich in perfume? What so charming as unconscious goodness, the life hid with Christ in God, His image reflected so that others see in His saints what they themselves see not, as Moses' face shone, and he wist not that the skin of his face shone. Is our life a failure, without result, because we do not always see that which it has silently been helping forward. Is not God more often in the "still small voice" than in the strong wind which rends the mountain, in the heaving earthquake, in the raging fire? Has mercy or goodness no test save such as catches the eye and wins applause? Such a life is blessed of God. The blessing of God, who delights in it, falls upon it silently as drops the dew from heaven, invigorating where it falls. It is a well-spring in itself of conscious happiness, full of happier reflection when it comes to a close. The memory of those who have sought to do, and have done good in their generation, is like clouds of glory, painted on the evening sky, lingering long after the sun has set.

Is such our life? Is such our influence? Is our belief in Christ, our faith, our profession producing in each one, or in any one of us, this distinct result? In the world of men, in the circle of our acquaintance and friendship, in our own home, is our influence for good? "Is such a one a Christian?" was asked of Whitefield. "I cannot say," he replied, "for I never lived with him." Are we spreading Christianity, recommending it, preaching it, diffusing it by the silent power of personal holiness?

In vain to ask such searching personal questions as these, unless we have an unction from above, unless our daily prayer be for the Holy Ghost who dwelt in Christ, in whose strength alone we can thus walk and live. In vain to hope to win souls to Christ, unless we ourselves be grafted in Him, as branches in the vine, if we do not thoroughly believe His saying, "Without Me ye can do nothing;" unless by faith in Him we become partakers of His holiness. In this is the secret of personal holiness, the source, ever fresh and pure as some unfailing spring of real, enduring Christian usefulness. Blessed in your own soul you will be then, in ways known and unknown a blessing to others, even as was He "who entered into an house and would have no man know it, but He could not be hid."

SWEET SUMMER.

DOWN golden stairs,
By purple winding ways
Fair-footed Summer strays,
And brightness with her bears.
The primrose rears
Its head as she draws nigh;
The violets kneel hard by,
Like worshippers.

And, as she goes,
Beneath her feet spring up
Daisy and buttercup,
And at her side the rose.
The river flows
With fuller psalm of praise;
And all the sunny days
The south wind blows.

On every tree
The birds with one consent
Break into merriment,
And sing mad songs of glee.

And often she
Pauses to hear them sing,
Or goes on journeying
As slow 's may be.

Her charmèd hand
Makes the green grasses grow,
Where "but a week ago"
Was only desert sand.
At her command,
Healed are the drooping sick,
Raised are the fallen, quick
The dead i' the land.

O Summer fair,
Blessing the whole wide earth,
Raise us to higher worth
With bloom of blessèd prayer.
With wisdom rare
Lead us to fix our eyes
Where Summer never dies,
To blossom there.

J. T. BURTON WOLLASTON.

HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST IN THE WINNING," "FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE."

CHAPTER XXIX.

OLD WAYS AND PLACES.

AWAY strode Percy Gray, but light feet were pursuing him, and Winnie—rosy and panting, and amused at her own courage in threading such a throng of people as were just alighting from a Portsmouth train—came quickly to his side.

"Why did you leave us in such a hurry?" she demanded. "You need not have been afraid that we should tease you with thanks. I, at all events, know how much you dislike them; but Aunt Janet wished to say a few words to you, and I have something to tell you that I ought to have remembered sooner. Poor old Johns is very ill."

Percy heard this with regret. He retained a warm liking for the steady, methodical foreman, who, while rating him sharply for his blunders, would not let any one else be hard on "the boy;" and not only shielded him from rough usage, but helped him in many other ways.

"Did you know," asked Winnie, "that Johns expresses a great desire to see you? I was to have procured your address from papa, and carried it to him to-morrow; but now I shall be able to tell him that I have seen you. Shall I also say that you will pay him a visit, and when?"

"I do not know what he can want with me; but if he is seriously ill——"

"Papa thinks he is. I hope you will endeavour to go and see him. Could you not contrive to get away by the mid-day train on Saturday, and stay till Monday morning? A Sunday spent in the old way, and amongst the familiar scenes, might help you to keep the good resolutions I fancy you were making a little while ago."

Percy shook his head slightly. She was giving him, as well as her cousin, more credit than they deserved; but while hesitating how to answer, she was recalled by an impatient signal from Duke.

"Was it kind?" he asked, when he had listened in sulky silence to Aunt Janet's report of her interview with the oculist, and seen her compose herself for a nap in a corner of the carriage. "Was it kind of you, Winnie, to overpower young Gray with your condescension?"

Winnie's eyes dilated at the charge, but she merrily pleaded not guilty of ever condescending to any one.

"And yet I saw you hold out your hand to him as to an equal. Well might he look confused. Is he a great favourite of yours? Though it may sound ungracious to say so, I am surprised that it should be so, for he has never won my liking. But never mind that. What I want to know is, whether it is customary for young ladies to shake hands with their father's *employés?*"

"The river flows
With fuller psalm of praise."—*p.* 600.

"I don't know," was the troubled response, "but in this case I hope it was neither wrong nor unladylike. I knew of no other way in which I could acknowledge his great kindness to Aunt Janet and myself. He was very kind, Duke, and, besides, he is not my father's *employé* now."

"I haven't understood," remarked Duke Averne, "that he did aught but what any man who saw two ladies awkwardly placed would have done; but you are so extremely enthusiastic, Winnie, that you often exaggerate the value of the little civilities you receive."

"I 'll remember that the next time you pay me any," she said, smiling, although hurt at his captiousness. "But it was to tell him of Johns' illness that I went."

"You could have sent me."

"I did not think of it. I have always felt too much confidence in Percy Gray's good sense to have any fear of his misunderstanding me, or presuming upon my goodwill."

"Of course not," said Duke, haughtily. "He would not *dare* to do that. It was what other people must think, who saw you running after a common carpenter, and shaking hands with him, that was troubling me."

"What has Winnie been lecturing you about?" suddenly interposed Aunt Janet, waking up from her nap. "I think it is you and I, Duke, who ought to find fault with her, for writing her notes so carelessly. There 's no knowing what might have befallen us if it had not been for that good old man we were so fortunate as to meet with—wasn't he elderly? I thought he must be, his voice was so deep and strong."

Aunt Janet's mistake raised a smile, Duke recovered his good temper, and Winnie, imputing his irritability to every cause but the right, forgave it; nor did a thought of Percy Gray recur to her memory till she glanced up at the singers' gallery on the Sunday morning, and her own words flashed across her. She had bidden him come, and he was there; very few of those who made way as he moved to his old seat appearing to recognise in the well-dressed stranger, the boy who not so many years since had been one of themselves.

Percy had wavered a great deal before he started on his journey. He had almost decided to go to Vienna, for the wages offered were good, and he was not indifferent to that consideration. Day by day, week by week, he saved where others spent. To carry out his purpose he must have money as well as education, and somehow, when he came in contact with Winnie Graddon, or even let his thoughts dwell upon her too much, his ambition lost its zest, and he could not dream and plan as energetically and hopefully as before. Yet if he left England it might be prudent to visit his little property before he went, and satisfy himself that his houses were well let, and fences in good repair. With the sum he hoped to amass abroad, he would be in a position to add to the number of his villas, for the investment had proved as good as he anticipated.

Neither could he disguise from himself that it would be pleasant to see Winnie once more, and carry away with him a vivid picture of her as she was, not as he must expect to find her—Duke Averne's wife—when he returned.

Influenced by this idea far more than he was aware of, he took the train for Erndell on the following Saturday. 'Lisbeth Parnell, after coquetting with Jim Robins till, in despair, he determined to go to Australia, had suddenly discovered that his faithful affection was too precious to be relinquished, and consented to become his wife, and sail with him. A little feminine spite induced her to let Percy's first notification of the wedding consist of a huge slice of cake, and a photograph of herself and bridegroom. As this had occurred some weeks since, Percy had no hesitation in making his first call on Mrs. Parnell, and asking her to give him a bed at her cottage for a couple of nights.

How pleasantly familiar everything appeared at this end of Enford Green! At the other, his new, trim villas, with the shrubs and fruit-trees growing up around them, had altered the aspect of the once solitary spot; but here all was as he had left it. The widow's tumble-down cottage, that looked as if only the ivy held its walls together; the old-fashioned garden, its length bordered with thrift (or, as it is called here, lady's cushion), the beehives in the southern corner under the shed his own hands had raised; and just emerging from the porch over which he had so often helped 'Lisbeth train the honeysuckle, he encountered the widow herself, bonneted and shawled, her round rosy visage as smiling as ever, as she slung her basket on her arm and smoothed out the folds of the wide print apron, without which she would not consider herself dressed to do her marketing down town.

"He was as welcome as flower o' May," she told him, a tear starting into her eye, as she added, "that she had been quite alone ever since 'Lisbeth's departure, for our Ann had gone across the sea too, with her mistress, as far as Scotland."

"It 's old times come again to have you here," she cried, walking round him with her head thrown back, the better to gaze up into his bearded face. "Dear heart, lad, I 'd as soon have thought of going to court in a glass slipper, as seeing you a standing at my gate."

She insisted on taking him in-doors, and making him some tea, bringing out the little canister of "best black," Miss Graddon's present at Christmas, in honour of her guest, and setting before him her only luxury—slices of comb filled with amber honey by her own bees. When he had done justice to the meal, Percy walked beside her into the town, listening patiently, if somewhat abstractedly, to her harmless flow of talk. But at the market place he left her to do her shopping, supplementing with a half sovereign the two or three shillings tied in the corner of her handkerchief, and

walked to the house in the upper part of which Johns resided.

CHAPTER XXX.

MR. GRADDON'S FOREMAN.

PERCY smiled, though he sighed, too, as he climbed the narrow stair of the dull tenement whose windows merely looked into those of another similar row on the other side of the close or yard, as it was called. Johns had lived here ever since he came to Mr. Graddon's, partly because it was handy to the work, and partly because the tenant of the lower floor was an old crony. He would grow wrathful when he found a group of the children with whom the yard swarmed taking advantage of his doorstep, the only decent one, be it said, in the row, to keep shop here with bits of crockery, or squat their babies upon it while they played at hop-scotch, and in his ire he would resolve to seek other lodgings, but the resolve was never carried out. Johns had lived there long enough to feel rooted to the spot. His only child had died here, and, though the reserved, obtuse Cornishman rarely spoke of him, no hands but his own were allowed to touch the little ship his boy's hands had rigged, or the books on the shelf above the crib in which he had slept.

Percy found no changes in this quiet dwelling. The case of foreign birds, and the Japanese curiosities brought home by Johns' sailor brother, still hung over the mantelpiece. The same decrepit canary piped feebly in the window, and the husky voice of Mrs. Johns, whose obesity and indolence made her contrast rather comically with her small, slight, plodding spouse, answered his tap at the half-open door just as in old times, with a request that he would wipe his shoes and come in. It might have been but yesterday that he was wont to flush and tremble when Johns spoke sharply ; or that he had felt it a greater punishment than treat to be taken home with him on wintry evenings and regaled on Cornish cake, before starting on his long dreary walk to Enford Green.

Poor Johns himself, however, was altered, and for the worse. He was half sitting, half lying, in an easy-chair beside the fire, his always thin features sallow and haggard with confinement to the dull, airless room, and though he pronounced himself on the mend, his wife shook her head dolefully.

"He never will get well, Master Gray—if Gray it is, for my eyes isn't what they used to be—never so long as he will be so okkard. Doctor, he says, Johns you musn't werrit your head with the work, but he ool do it ; look at that table, all of a caddle (litter) with his bits o' drawings, and figurings, and papers, and such-like ; and he a poring and a sighing over them for 'ours-an-'ours when he ought to be resting."

"Molly, fetch me some snuff!" commanded her spouse. "Put on your bonnet, woman, and go at once!"

She lifted hands and eyes in astonishment.

"My, Johns ! a cleanly man like you would never take to such a habit as snuffing!"

"Fetch it!" was his imperious command; "and I won't have it from any shop but Crane's, at the top of the town."

Mrs. Johns sighed, muttered expostulations under her breath, but obeyed ; and when she had departed a look of relief came over her husband's sharp features.

"She 's a good woman," he said ; "never a better ; but she won't let me bide. What with teasing me to eat this and drink that, and moaning over me when I 'm bad, and worriting me to let my papers alone when I 'm better, she do torment me past bearing ! But, thank goodness, it 'll take her a good hour to go as far as Crane's and back, and the best part of another to tell everybody she meets of my new whim ; and when she does come in, I 'll have changed my mind about taking the snuff, and send her to make a present of it to one of the old chaps in the alms-houses. Sit closer, lad, and let 's talk while we can."

Poor Johns was so pleased to get hold of some one to whom he could freely rehearse his grievances, that he plunged into them at once. His illness was the result of a fall in the slippery weather of the previous winter ; he had severely strained his leg, but had taken little notice of the injury ; and declaring that he had no time to nurse himself, he had persisted in tramping to and from the workshops till unable to do it any longer.

"Yes, I suffer a good deal of pain sometimes," he said, in answer to Percy's inquiries ; "but 'tisn't that troubles me ; it 's the work, lad, the work. I don't believe any one knows the ins and outs of it, or Mr. Graddon's ways, as well as old Johns does ; and I feel as if I were neglecting his interests while I 'm sitting here, with my leg stuck straight out before me, doing nothing but stare at it."

"Have patience, Johns, and your good wife's nursing will, I hope, soon cure you."

"May be," the old man answered, curtly, "but that thought don't comfort me when the master comes to see how I am, and he looking as worried as he does, and saying, with such a dreary tone, 'What, *no* better yet, Johns ! I shall be so glad to get you back at work again."

"Who is filling your place?"

"Who 's pretending to, you mean. That 's my worst grievance, lad, that 's my worst grievance. The master has got hold of a fellow that don't know his business, and won't be taught. It 's far more trying to have to deal with such as he, than with those that know they 're ignorant, and aren't above owning it. You remember Peter Morris? a perky little chap, who crowed over the whole shop on the strength of his having served his time in London, and fretted us all till we found out that the only work he 'd ever been set to do was making sash-frames, and that he was as ignorant as a child at anything

else. Well, it 's his elder brother, and if both were tossed up in a blanket to see which was the most conceited, they 'd come down together."

"But if Mr. Graddon is satisfied——"

"But Mr. Graddon isn't satisfied," retorted Johns, testily, "although he doesn't know half that goes on. He just puts up with it to keep the place open for me ; bless his good heart for it ! One and another of the men drop in to see me, and I hear things from them that make me most beside myself—good stuff (wood) spoiled because the foreman hasn't set it out (planned it) properly ; work scamped when the master isn't likely to detect it, and a jeer made of his orders as soon as his back 's turned. I 've served him too many years to hear of his being treated in this way with patience. It was desperate unfortunate or stupid of me to go tumbling about and hurting myself just now ; any other time 'twouldn't have mattered half so much."

"Why do you say this, Johns ? Are there any very large jobs on hand at Mr. Graddon's ? "

"Ay, there are two or three ; he 's just taken the contract for building a new church on Wimley Hill—church and schools ; a mint of money they 're to cost, for Lord Wimley is setting them up in memory of his only sister. And Mr. Graddon isn't the man he was ; 'taint that his heart isn't in his work as it used to be, but that he gets worried over little things, and then one of his bad headaches come on, and he can't do anything."

"You have Mr. Averne," said Percy slowly. "He can act for his uncle."

Johns nodded, but with a doubtful air.

"Yes, there 's Mr. Averne ; and a very well-looking, civil-spoken young gentleman he is, but when you 've said that, you 've said all. Some 's born with a head for business and some isn't, and while he sits in the office with his newspaper, Morris is doing more harm than good in the work-shops, and the men are taking advantage of it."

"You had a tolerably steady set of fellows under you when I left," Percy observed.

"Yes, but we haven't now. Three or four of the best were bitten with the Australian mania when Jim Robins made up his mind to go, and Morris fills their places by taking anybody that offers—good, bad, or indifferent. That wasn't my way, as you know well enough, Gray. Then, since I 've been sitting here nursing this leg of mine, some of the others have taken the huff and left. They could not stand Mr. Morris's hectoring, they said, and off they went. They're nearly all strangers, young or untried men, that he 's got at work, and, Gray, he 'll not get on any the better for treating them at the 'Dragon,' night after night, and drinking with them himself ; that wasn't old Johns' way, neither."

Johns was getting so excited that Percy thought it prudent to hint that so much talking might retard his recovery.

"Do you think it does me more good to sit and think ? Mr. Graddon's under a heavy fine to get that church completed by a given time, and they say Lord Wimley's architect is the sort of man to exact it to the uttermost farthing. The job 'll never be done at the rate the work's being got ready. I know it won't, and all because of this leg of mine. How can I make myself easy and know these things ? Could you ? "

His distress was so genuine that Percy sympathised with him sincerely, and Johns brightened up a little.

"Ah, lad, it was a lucky moment when I thought of you. I was sitting here, grizzling to myself, when it came into my mind that you was just the chap I wanted."

"What for ? I don't understand you."

"To come back to us, of course, and try to keep things straight till I get about again. I 'll take care that you shan't be the loser by it."

"My dear Johns, what are you dreaming about ? Do you want me to go to Mr. Graddon, and say to him, turn off this new foreman of yours, and put me in his place ? I have no more experience than he has, and am just as unfit for the post. Why, he would ask me if I was mad ; and I should have to answer 'yes.' "

Johns fidgeted on his chair.

"I didn't mean that exactly, for though Morris is a conceited idiot, it 's the master that must find it out, and discharge him ; I can't play the informer. But, Gray, this is what I do mean. You 're to be depended on, and you 're clever, and industrious ; and the men would think a deal of you as having come from a large London firm. There 's more in example, lad, than all the talking in the world. If you were in the shop doing your duty by the master, as I know you would, there 's a many of your mates would be shamed into doing theirs too ; and I should have the comfort of knowing it."

"Why should I sacrifice a good chance to serve Mr. Graddon ? " demanded Percy bitterly. "Let Mr. Averne look after his uncle's interests ; they are his too. It 's for him I should be working ; and I 'm not inclined to put myself out of the way that his prospects may not be endangered."

Johns looked astonished at this outbreak, but he made no reply to it, and Percy walked to the window, and stared at the opposite walls, frowning heavily.

He had never purposed coming back in this manner—a mere workman, to be ordered hither and thither or dismissed by Duke Averne at his pleasure ; and Johns' ideas were so far-fetched as to be absurd. What influence was it at all likely that he would have with men of longer standing than his own ?

"I have had an offer to go to Vienna," he said, abruptly ; "it would pay me well."

"Ay, I suppose it would," Johns made answer ; and then there was another interval of silence. This lasted till Mrs. Johns came back with her purchase, and was dispatched to the almshouses to get rid of it ; and Percy remembered that Widow Parnell

had arranged to meet him at the market house, and might want help in carrying home her heavy basket.

"I can't decide it now, Johns," he said, as he bade the old man good-bye, "but I'll think it over, and let you know."

And with this promise he went away.

(*To be continued.*)

NEW LIGHT FROM AN OLD LAMP;

OR, MODERN READINGS OF ANCIENT FABLES.

THE MILLER AND HIS ASS; OR, MANY ADVISERS, MORE DESPISERS.

A MILLER and his son were driving an ass to a neighbouring fair to sell him. They had not gone far when they met with a troop of girls returning from the town, talking and laughing. "Look there!" cried one of them, "did you ever see such fools, to be trudging on the road on foot when they might be riding!" The old man, hearing this, quietly bade his son to mount the ass, and then walked merrily on beside him. Presently they came up to a group of old men, in earnest debate. "There!" said one, "that proves what I was saying. What respect is shown to old age in these days? Do you see that idle young rogue, riding while his old father has to walk? Get down, you scapegrace, and let the old man rest his weary limbs." Upon this the miller made his son dismount, and got up himself. In this manner they had not proceeded far, when they met a company of women and children. "Why, you lazy old fellow!" cried several tongues at once, "how can you ride while that poor lad there can hardly keep up with you?" The good-natured miller stood corrected, and immediately took up his son behind him. They had now almost reached the town. "Pray, honest friend," said a townsman, "is that ass your own?" "Yes," said the old man. "Oh, one would not have thought so, by the way you load him. Why, you two fellows are better able to carry the poor beast than he you!" "Anything to please you," said the miller; "we can but try." So, alighting with his son, they tied the ass's legs together, and, by the help of a pole, endeavoured to carry him on their shoulders over a bridge that led to the town. The people ran in crowds to see, and the ass, not liking either the crowd or the situation, kicked asunder the cords that bound him, and fell into the river. Upon this the miller, vexed and ashamed, made the best of his way home again, convinced that by endeavouring to please everybody he had pleased nobody, and had lost his ass into the bargain.

The miller's mistake lay, not in listening to what other people said, but in readily accepting each latest hint without passing it through the sieve of his own common sense. He that listens to what others say of him, with a view to meet their wishes, makes a radical mistake, and will come as poorly off in the end as the tailor did who sewed for nothing and found his own thread. It is told of a certain ancient artist, that having painted a picture he left it in a public place with a brush laid beside it, and a written request that all who saw a fault in the drawing would denote it by marking the spot. Within a week the picture was as full of spots as a leopard, and its drift could not be discerned. "Too many cooks spoil the broth," and too many counsellors will spoil both that and the pan it's boiled in. "He that sets his timepiece by everybody's watch will never know what o'clock it is," and

> "He that would please all, and himself too,
> Undertakes what none could ever do,"

for opinions vary almost as much as faces, and in both cases the aspect changes according to circumstances. If the steersman guides the ship as the passengers direct him, he would probably keep a straight course—to the bottom. His business, like ours, is to watch the compass and point his counsellors to the printed notice, "Don't speak to the man at the wheel." The numerous class who are always showing their opinion and criticising their neighbours' doings, have seldom much to say in the way of praise. The whole breed of them are very much like blow-flies, which prefer to settle on the raw, and buzz in busy expectation around a tainted spot.

> "When I did well I heard it never;
> When I did ill I heard it ever."

And the worst of it is that you hear plenty of ill when you never did it at all. As a rule, your general advisers have unbounded ideas of their own ability in the line of "general repairs;" but they forget that—

> "He is by far the wisest wight
> Who seeks to set his own self right,"

and also that no fee is required to make them life-members of the Mind-your-own-Business Society.

On the other hand, let us remember that "What will people say?" may be one of the most cowardly of questions, and oft reveals the meanest kind of slavery. The true questions to ask are, Is it right? Is it wise? What will God say? He who so inquires and so acts can afford to be independent of human praise and blame. "A man in the right has God on his side," and thus he is in the majority though all the world may vote the other way. "It's easy to shout when everybody shouts, but who will shout by himself?" Let us seek to keep a good conscience, and so live that we may hear a glad "Well done" at the Great Assize. There, we may depend upon it, the verdict will be unanimous, and

can never afterwards be "set aside." When Parmecides was addressing an Athenian assembly, all his hearers left him in disapproval except Plato. "Plato's praise," said he, "is quite enough for me." We may win the approval of a greater than Plato, and if we have the "praise of Christ," we need not sigh for the applause of man.

THE FROG AND THE RAT; OR, DO EVIL AND LOOK FOR THE LIKE.

"A crooked stick will make a crooked shadow." In that way the old proverb intimates the sure relationship of cause and effect, and that "what is ill begun shall be ill when it 's done."

Such is the important lesson and the solemn warning taught by the comparatively unknown fable of The Frog and the Rat. A frog invited a rat to come and visit her. In order to enable her intended guest to cross a pond on the way home, the frog tied the foot of the rat to hers to assist and pilot him, as she said, safe across the water. But as soon as they were fairly out into the middle of the pond, the treacherous frog tried to drag the rat to the bottom in order to make a meal of him. Of course the rat resisted; and in the ensuing struggle a hawk, which was flying overhead, pounced upon the rat, and bore him off; and the frog having tied herself to her intended victim, was constrained to bear the rat company, and to be devoured in the same manner. This capital fable has a very forcible moral for all ill-doers whatsoever, and teaches that, however sweet "stolen waters" may be in the drinking, they are sufficiently bitter in the long run; and that, however pleasant "bread eaten in secret" may taste, there is an after taste which occasions dire discomfort and distress. "Give a thief rope enough, and he will hang himself," says the old adage, and intimates, of course, that he has taken the beginning of the "hempen doom" in his own hands. "The fox finds himself at last at the furrier's," and his fate is all the more certain because of the foxy conduct in which he has been engaged. They say "A bad deed never dies;" and they might further say that its life is quickened, and its sting intensified, by the cumulative influence of time. "He can't reap wheat that sows hemlock," the harvest must be to the full as poisonous as the seed. Had the frog foreborne to tie the knot of treachery, the hawk might have gone supperless to roost. It was its own misdeed that made it bleed; and instead of securing a meal herself, she became a meal for another. As we brew, we must drink; so we cannot be too prudent as to the purity of the materials, or too careful of the mixing. "Do well, and have well; do ill, and look for the like." "Whoso breaketh a hedge," says Solomon, the wise, "a serpent shall bite him." Then follow pain, and tears, and sorrow. The one golden and only plan to avoid all three is, don't break the hedge! "Remember the reckoning" is a pregnant old saw, that might well be suspended in home and office, hearthstone and wayside; it would often save men a tremendous balance on the contra side of the ledgers both of money and morals. "Better keep the devil out than turn him out;" not only because of the mischief done before expulsion, but because the expulsion is a far more difficult thing to do. Sin and punishment are like the body and the shadow, never very far apart. Who sin for their profit will not profit by their sin; you may see nothing but well in its commission, you will see nothing but woe in its conclusion. We may depend upon it that all that comes to us by the waves of pelf, or pride, or passion, will leave us at the "slack," for "the ebb will fetch off what the tide brings in."

The law of retribution is as fixed as the law of gravitation. There is a connecting string between ourselves and our misdeeds. We tie ourselves by an invisible and enduring thread to every evil deed we do. Swimming smoothly on the tide of life, we may feel that the past is past; but at some time or other the law of retribution tightens the bond, and we are brought face to face with the faults of yesterday and the "sins of our youth." Jacob, who cheated his own father by a selfish lie, and half broke old Isaac's heart, is, in his turn, long years after, cut to the soul by the lie of his own sons, which almost brought his grey hair in sorrow to the grave. Others besides the cautious thief have crept away from the scene of their misdoings, carrying with them booty in the shape of the pleasure or profit of the hour; but, like him, they have left the damning imprint of their foot behind them, and are tied to justice by a retributive thread. There is an Australian missile called the boomerang, which is thrown so as to describe singular curves, and falls again at the feet of the thrower. Sin is that boomerang, which goes off into space, but turns again upon his author, and, with tenfold force, strikes him who launched it. The German proverb contains a great truth—"God comes with leaden feet, but He strikes with iron hands;" as also in that other, versified by Longfellow—

> "Though the mills of God grind slowly,
> Yet they grind exceeding small;
> Though with patience He stands waiting,
> With exactness grinds He all."

Let us tie our souls to no sin! Let us eagerly seek to retain clean hands, an honest conscience, and a pure heart! Then shall the present be without guilt and the future shall be bright, and clear of all foreboding. Right-doing is the truest freedom for to-day and the brightest prophet for to-morrow.

> "Do right, and thou hast nought to fear;
> Right hath a power that makes thee strong;
> The night is dark, the light is near;
> The grief is short, the joy is long!"

As to the bonds which bind us to the iniquities of the past, the thousand unseen lines which link you to each distant sin; drag them to the throne of grace, and in answer to your sigh of penitence, and plea of faith, every cord that coils around the conscience shall be snapped asunder, when He who sits thereon cries, "Loose him, and let him go!"

OTHERS' BURDENS.

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG. IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

"CRUISH, cruish, cruisher, cruish!"

"Good gracious! what 's that?" asked Ellen, sitting bolt upright in her chair, and opening her eyes with a shiver, for she had fallen asleep, and the fire had gone almost out.

She was sitting in the kitchen of Mrs. Gresham's house, and had been dreaming that she was back again at service, and that cook was scolding her for trying to sharpen a knife on the stone edge of the sink. But when she awoke, and the noise continued, and Ellen remembered that she was alone in that great house, containing a great deal of silver, a shiver of something more than cold passed over her, and her first impulse was flight. But it was too late, the grating noise had ceased, and was followed, after a moment's pause, by the sound of a stealthy footstep in the stone kitchen behind.

The frightened girl turned the light out, slipped off her shoes, and noiselessly crept out of the opposite door, which was open, into the dark lower hall, passed silently upstairs, gained the hall door, opened it, and—ran out of the house, I suppose you will think? Well, no, she did not; for a plan had entered her head—a brave one, too—by which she hoped to prevent the burglars escaping with the property she was there on purpose to guard.

So she went softly into the dining-room, where cook had taken the precaution to leave the plate-basket, saying to Ellen at the time, "If any one breaks in, you know, you 'll have time to run out at the back door while they 're pocketing the spoons." Instead of running away, however, the brave child (for she was scarcely more) caught up the plate-basket in one hand; then, first placing on it a silver tea-pot, coffee-pot, cream jug, and butter cooler, a silver waiter in the other, crept cautiously and rapidly up the thickly-carpeted staircase without having made a sound.

Going into one of the bed-rooms, she emptied the contents of the plate-basket into the bed, having first made a hollow in the soft plump mass of down, then turning the clothes up again, replaced the thick eider-down quilt, so that no one could have told it had ever been disturbed. The other things, and what valuables she could catch up in her hurry, she disposed of in a similar fashion in the other bed-rooms. Then she flew up to the top of the house, and lighting a jet of gas in one of the servants' bed-rooms, she left it burning, and locked the door, taking the key; for she thought, when they did not find their booty down-stairs, the burglars would certainly come up, and, finding no one in the bed-rooms, would wonder to see the house empty, and would come up higher in search of their object. Seeing the door locked, and a light in the room, they would naturally conclude that everything had been taken up there for safety, and that the sole occupant of the house had locked him or her self in for the same reason.

The brave girl then went down again as far as the first landing, slipped into the bath-room, which she rightly conjectured they would not honour with a visit, and waited—actually waited—to hear them come up. She scarcely dares to breathe, for now they are on the stairs, and Ellen clutches her side with the vain idea of stilling the loud throbbing of her heart, lest it should betray her presence.

But they have passed, and she is comparatively safe!

One moment's breathless waiting, a hurried prayer for protection, and she is gliding down-stairs again.

Her knees knocking together with fear and excitement, Ellen softly unlatches the door. As she does so she hears the clock in the dining-room chime three, and thinks, indignantly, that if the servants had returned, as they had promised her they would, at one o'clock, all would have been well. But there was one fortunate circumstance arising from this unfulfilled promise; she had purposely omitted drawing the bolts, and had they been drawn it would have been almost impossible to slip them back again without making a good deal of noise.

Ellen, however, did not remember this while she stood trembling on the mat, only thinking how she could get away, and bring back help.

Scarcely two seconds had elapsed before she felt the welcome breath of the icy winter morning, and was speeding through the darkness, as if the burglars were at her heels. Across the green, slipping and stumbling as she ran, Ellen fled, then through a street of smaller houses, and out again into the high road leading to the town. In less than five minutes she was hammering with all her might and main at the door of the police-station.

The door was unlocked, and a sleepy official appeared, rubbing his eyes, and inquired, "What's the matter, my girl?"

"Burglars!" gasped Ellen.

"Where?" asked the man, wide-awake in a moment.

"Mr. Gresham's, across the green," replied Ellen faintly, for now the need for courage was over, she felt strangely sick and ill.

"Oxford House. I know," returned the man, putting her into a chair.

She thought his voice sounded very weak and strangely far away, and then she thought no more about it, for Ellen had fainted.

When she opened her eyes again, a kind, motherly face was bending over her, and the rough but gentle hands that had ministered to her baby needs were smoothing her pillow.

"Mother!"

"She 's comin' to beautiful, ma'am," said a man with a bandaged head, who was standing by, and whom she now noticed for the first time.

"Where am I?—Oh, I know!" with a little laugh that ended in a burst of tears.

"Give her a drop o' this, ma'am," said the bandaged man, producing a bottled labelled "elder wine." "I was a-goin' to take it home to the children for a treat for Twelfth Night, but they 'll be none the less pleased that she 's had the first sup." He was uncorking it all the time he spoke. "Stop a bit," he continued, as Ellen's mother put out her hand, "I 'll warm a drop, for my mate says she was a'most froze when she come in."

And presently Ellen was leaning back, pale and weak indeed, but feeling very grand, sipping her warm dose, among the cushions.

"Are they caught?" said Ellen, presently.

"That they are, my dear," replied the man, ruefully, feeling his bandaged head, "as I know to my cost, having had a hand in the ketchin' of 'em."

"But how did you know, mother?" asked Ellen.

"Why, Mr. Barnes is my lodger, and he heard me say that you had gone to Oxford House, to mind it while the servants was out; so the moment you come here, and said something about a burglary at Oxford House, he knew who you was, and was so kind as to come and fetch me as soon as the others had caught the burglars all safe."

"Yes, although there was only two of 'em they fought like savages," broke in Barnes; "but when they was handcuffed, knowing they wouldn't be able to give much more trouble, I came away to mend my cracked crown, and bring your mother back to you. You 're lookin' white again, my lass; have a drop more wine."

"No, thank you," said Ellen's mother; "enough 's as good as a feast. You 'd best go to sleep now," she said to Ellen,

"Oh, I 'm so comfortable, mother; and I couldn't sleep if I tried—at least, not in bed," said Ellen, with a shudder.

"Very well, my dear; suppose you tell us all about it," said wise Mrs. Cook, thinking that when her daughter had disburdened her mind by talking over the occurrences of the night, she would, perhaps, get rid of her excitement, and sleep better than if she tried to do so at once.

Ellen, you may be sure, was very ready to relate her adventure, and managed to get through the story very respectably, with the help of a choke now and then, and a few gasps, which made it terribly impressive to her hearers."

"Well, you *are* a plucky one!" said Barnes, admiringly, and so said every one else; and, what was more, Mr. Gresham sent for her the next day and handsomely rewarded her. The five shillings had been given her by cook before the latter had left the house, so Harry Bidgood was able to get his tools and go to his work; her mother's debt was paid, and Ellen herself was covered with glory.

Her reward did not stop there either. Mr. Gresham, forming a high opinion of the honesty and reliability of the family, took Ellen's brother Tom into his employment in a position of trust. Ellen was able to have her treat too, and on a grander scale, for her uncle came and took her to the Crystal Palace, and, when a few months later she had occasion to leave her place, Mrs. Gresham sent for her, and hearing her greatest ambition was to be a lady's maid, took her into her own house, and had her trained by a thoroughly competent woman who occupied that position in it.

When I last heard of Ellen Cook, she was about to step into her predecessor's place, the latter being about to leave in order to go abroad.

So all these pleasant results grew out of a few hours' self-denial, and an act of honesty and kindness.

And what was better than all, our little heroine gained the approval of her own conscience, as well as the respect and confidence of her employers, and, in fact, of all who knew her. RUTH MITCHELL.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

214. In what way did Jesus signify to St. Peter that he should die by crucifixion?

215. What trait in a woman's character does St. Peter say is "an ornament of great price"?

216. On what occasion during His ministry was our blessed Lord spoken to from heaven?

217. What insect is set forth in the Proverbs as a pattern of wisdom?

218. What does the Preacher say concerning the novelty of inventions?

219. Quote a passage which shows that the ancients understood the method of plating with gold and silver.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 576.

201. Thirty-eight years—"And the space in which we came from Kadesh Barnea until we were come over the brook Zered was thirty and eight years" (Deut. ii. 14).

202. "Who led thee through that great and terrible wilderness, wherein were fiery serpents and scorpions and drought, where there was no water" (Deut. viii. 15).

203. He had threescore fortified cities, each surrounded by a high wall, for the protection of his territory (Deut. iii. 4, 5).

204. They would not go even into each others' houses, or hold any communication, for St. Peter says, "Ye know how that it is an unlawful thing for a man that is a Jew to keep company or come unto one of another nation" (Acts x. 28).

205. "Be ye holy, for I am holy" (1 Pet. i. 16).

206. "Even unto this present hour we both hunger, and thirst, and are naked, and are buffeted, and have no certain dwelling-place" (1 Cor. iv. 11).

"HAVE MERCY ON ME."

"LORD, Thou Son of David, pity me!"
So, from life's wreck against the blinding spray,
Despair's last cry might shrill across the sea,
When hope of mortal aid had fled away.

"O Lord, Thou Son of David, pity me!"
While frantic fear gnawed her sin-burdened breast,
If for some buried guilt, done secretly,
God's curse had fallen on all she loved the best.

Think we He hears not, when, for many a day,
Our hearts are bowed in penitential prayer?
Think'st thou He turns thy trembling love away,
Because no angel treads the golden stair?

Mercy on me, my Saviour, even me!
I will kneel on, and wait Thy word of power.
O! Guiding Light across life's stormiest sea,
Thou wilt not leave me in grief's midnight hour.

ALAN BRODRICK, M.A.

HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST IN THE WINNING," "FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE."

CHAPTER XXXI.

HIS DECISION.

So Percy Gray, for the next twenty-four hours, acted on Winnie Graddon's suggestion, and lived over the old times once again, sleeping in the little chamber under the thatched roof of the widow's cottage, listening at dawn to the twitter of the birds in the ivy, and, in the Sabbath stillness of the day of rest, walking leisurely by the most secluded lanes and field-paths to the fine old Norman church that stood on a mound above the town.

As the bells had only just begun ringing for morning service, he walked round the churchyard, stopping awhile at the plain square stone that marked the last resting-place of his uncle, as well as at the grave of Mrs. Graddon. Her memory was still green in the hearts of her children, for fresh flowers lay on the carefully-kept turf—not garish, flaunting ones, but pale, delicate blossoms, intermingled with the fragrant mignonette she had loved in her life.

Scarcely had Percy moved from the secluded corner in which she lay, when he saw Mr. Graddon and his family coming up the avenue of lime-trees that shadowed the well-worn path leading from the lych-gate to the porch; and he stood aside, as he had often done before, to gaze at them.

Only one of Mr. Graddon's boys was there, clinging to his father's right hand; for the others were at school, where Johnnie was soon to join them. On his left arm leaned Miss Symes, and close behind them came Winnie and Hattie Collis, over whose pleasant but not very intelligent features scarcely any change had passed. She had been short and stout and sallow as a child; she was just the same at nineteen; and was so utterly unlike the mental picture one would form of an heiress, that very few out of Mr. Graddon's own family were aware that on coming of age she would inherit several thousands.

Hattie was still the devoted admirer and adherent of her friend Winnie. Left to herself, she would have been a very undecided character, with no other tastes than a penchant for good living, through which she might have injured her health and drifted into many follies; but having made Winnie her model, she exerted herself to imitate her in everything. She read the books Winnie preferred, though not often able to grasp their meaning; she practised diligently the same songs and pieces, although she had no voice, and her want of ear rendered her playing unpleasantly mechanical; and she bought the same materials, and adopted the same fashions for her dresses, satisfied that they must become her, if Winnie looked nice in them. Duke might tease her—as he often did till she was on the verge of tears—and profess to believe that all her efforts were made in rivalry, and to outshine his pretty cousin; but he never succeeded in shaking the cordial affection with which the two girls, so utterly unlike in all points, continued to regard each other.

On this Sunday morning Duke was not with them. He had pleaded a headache—he often did—as an excuse for his absence, but Nina was there, walking with the rest, and yet holding herself a little aloof. It was significant of her general proceedings, for at all times, and in all things, though it might be unconsciously, she was not one with the rest of the family. She had returned from school outwardly improved; her manner was more subdued, she no longer gave saucy answers, or indulged in violent fits of passion; yet she had been nearer to their hearts in the old days than now, and Winnie would wonder sorrowfully, if it could be her own fault that there was no longer any confidence between her young sister and herself.

And yet no positive fault could be found with Nina Graddon. She spoke dutifully, and even affectionately to her father; indeed, she was more demonstrative than Winnie, yet she had always some engagement or some occupation that hindered her from reading to him, or playing chess with him when he came in tired and harassed with the business of the day. She was proud and fond of the tall handsome lads, her brothers, but it was always too hot or too cold to walk with them, and she was too busy in her own room to assist in finding them amusement on the rainy days that confined them in-doors. It is true that she frequently expressed a desire to help Winnie, who, between Miss Symes' dependence on her, the frequent indisposition of her father, and the unavoidable cares and duties of supervising a large household, was often overburdened; but Nina never found time to give her any real assistance. She had a large correspondence to keep up with the friends

she had made at school; she considered it her duty, she said, to devote a certain time daily to keeping up her studies ; she often had some hat or dress to remodel, for Nina was such an expert and tasteful needlewoman that her sister and father would watch her admiringly ; or else there was some call to make, or some visit to return, and so on, till Winnie ceased to look for the aid so readily promised, but never given.

Still no one ever thought of accusing Nina of positive selfishness. If it was her besetting sin it never obtruded itself roughly, but was veiled behind such a caressing demeanour, such sweet looks and playful speeches, that the sting was scarcely felt. Or if Aunt Janet, the only person in the house who did not come under the spell of Nina's witchery, made an acrimonious remark, the object of it would promptly acknowledge her deficiencies, and apologise for them in such a manner that it would have seemed churlish to doubt her sincerity.

Moreover, Nina Graddon was endowed with the dangerous but powerful charm of great beauty. Beside her face, with its brilliant colouring, perfectly chiselled features, and bewitching smiles, Hattie's was absolutely plain, and Winnie's more delicate prettiness looked faded. The Graddons were a handsome family, but Nina eclipsed them all. Strangers meeting her in the street would turn to gaze after her as she went by ; she had been pronounced the belle of the school, where she learned to set an undue value on her appearance, and now the townspeople talked of her as the beautiful Miss Graddon ; while even her father, though she had done so little to endear herself to him, petted and grew proud of his lovely daughter.

Winnie was too simple-minded to feel any jealousy of her fairer sister. If her father's eyes would often rest fondly on Nina, it was to her he turned when anything vexed him, for he had implicit confidence in her good sense and ready sympathy. Although Winnie was so young, she was beginning to enter into her father's business transactions, and comprehend them more quickly than ever Duke would do. Mr. Graddon often received a shrewd suggestion from his daughter, when his nephew had not been able to advise him at all.

Still Winnie was human, and could not help feeling disappointed when she found herself completely shelved by Nina, who by degrees contrived to appropriate all the invitations that came for "Miss Graddon." "Hattie must go," the younger sister would decide, "because she is our guest; and I know *I* am expected ; but it will never do for three of us to present ourselves. It would be too great a tax on our entertainers. But, of course, I shall stay at home, if you very much wish it, Winnie dear."

To all such speeches the more self-sacrificing sister had but one response, and tried to feel that she was repaid for giving up her own pleasure when kissed and assured that she was a good-natured darling ; but she could not always restrain a few tears, though they were shed in secret, for there were delightful réunions sometimes in that quiet country town, and people came to them whom she would have liked to know ; and as Winnie was only nineteen, and of a cheerful, sociable disposition, she failed to find consolation on such occasions in the thought that Nina, with her greater self-possession and ready flow of graceful small talk, was more fitted to shine in society than herself.

It was Hattie Collis who, as they walked home from church, remarked on the presence of a stranger in the gallery. "It was only that young Gray ! " said Duke who, his headache forgotten, had come to enjoy with them a quiet stroll along the bank of the river that ran through the meadows behind the town, a circuitous and secluded route to his own house Mr. Graddon preferred, perhaps because his wife had done so too. "I knew Gray was here," Duke added. "One of the labourers, while waiting last evening to be paid, was saying that he had met him in the town."

"He has come to see poor Johns ; I am very glad," murmured Winnie, who felt a little flattered on learning that her entreaties had prevailed with the young man ; but her cousin scouted the idea.

"It 's far more probable that he is out of work, and is here to beg for a job."

"Which papa will give him, I am sure," said Winnie, confidently.

"Are you ? I am not," retorted Duke. "We want men that can earn their money; and, judging by Gray's appearance at Waterloo, he 's too much of the fine gentleman to be worth such wages as my uncle pays."

"Oh, Duke, that was rather an unkind speech," remonstrated Winnie, in lower tones. "Must a man be dirty and untidy to satisfy your notions of an industrious mechanic ? "

He smiled, and bade her admire a clump of fine trees on the other side of the river, adding that he did not think it good taste to discuss "the shop" with one of the gentle sex.

"That 's how Duke always slips out of the necessity of owning himself in the wrong ! " complained Hattie, who was walking on the other side of the friend in whose defence she never hesitated to take up the cudgels. "All kindly-disposed people ought to be pleased to see other people look as if they were well fed and well clothed."

"How logical you girls are ! " cried Duke, ironically. "I don't suppose either of you can explain in what way the general appearance of the British workman, or Hattie's laudable and grammatically-worded desire to provide all the paupers in England with pea-soup and flannel, bears upon what I said about Percy Gray. I may not think him the sort of fellow I should care to take on if I wanted a hand, and yet have no fancy for hunger, nor like to see rags and dirt."

Mr. Graddon, who had looked up sharply when Percy's name was mentioned, now interfered to put an end to the discussion.

"This is not very profitable talk," he observed. "Where is Nina?'

She had slipped away to go home through the streets with the daughters of a neighbour. Somehow, Nina always did give the preference to the town, and could never be persuaded to join her sister and Hattie in the less-frequented path by the river on Sunday, or their long country strolls in the week.

Her father looked rather dissatisfied, and determined to remonstrate with Nina when he reached home, but she met his just words of rebuke with such a look of grieved surprise in her large blue orbs, that Mr. Graddon's annoyance melted away before it, and he dismissed her with a kiss.

Percy, evading those who would have claimed acquaintance with him, followed Mr. Graddon's party at a distance till he reached the river, and there sat down on a fallen tree to meditate.

He was shrewd and far-seeing, and Johns' proposition had opened up a path intricate enough, but which, if he chose to tread it, might lead him towards the height at which he grasped. Once taken into Mr. Graddon's shops on Johns' recommendation, once trusted and set above his fellows, he had no doubt of being able to hold his own, and even climb higher. He was no ordinary workman now, and he was conscious of it. Those who employed him in town were beginning to discern his capabilities; but amongst their hundred or two of well-picked hands, he was but one of many, equally shrewd, equally intelligent. Here he could work his way more easily as well as more rapidly. A few years, and he would be in a position to make terms with those who were now his masters.

And how was this to be done? By treating his mates with plenty of liquor and establishing the character of being a jolly good fellow, by currying favour with the new foreman, against whose conceit and ignorance Johns inveighed so bitterly, and presently contriving to work him out, and by always behaving deferentially to Duke Averne?

"Do these things," whispered the mocking spirit in his ear, "and you shall advance your purpose bravely. Hitherto you have been too straight-laced, too proud that, while men may call you miserly, they can cast no blot on your integrity. But those who would push their way to the van must not be content with plodding on—they must elbow their fellows out of their path, and, if needs be, trample over them, heeding nothing, but pressing onwards."

"If I went to Mr. Graddon's," muttered Percy, "it should be to advance my own interests, and for no other reason." And then he mused again, dreaming dreams, in which his better self had no part, till the bells began to chime for afternoon service, and he remembered how widow Parnell must be waiting dinner and marvelling at the delay.

As he went back through the churchyard he paused, as before, at Mrs. Graddon's grave. How like her Winnie was growing! the same pure delicately-tinted face, the same gentle movements and sweet expressive smile. Then came the question, and would not be evaded—was it to form such crafty plans as these Winnie had urged him to re-visit the home of his boyhood? Could he, dare he take service with her father, knowing that in his heart of hearts he cherished—scarcely acknowledged to himself, yet always there—an intense and bitter longing for the downfall of the handsome, thoughtless young fellow whose wife she had promised to be?

Then conscience awoke, and refused to be silenced.

"I suppose I had better go away," said Percy, at the end of the struggle, stooping as he spoke for one of the sprigs of mignonette, and transferring it to his pocket-book. "If I am resolved to make worldly wealth and worldly success my idols, it must not be here, where *her* faith in me is a constant sting, and the sight of Duke Averne a continual irritation. I will close with the offer I have had, and go to Vienna. If I never return, who will care?"

CHAPTER XXXII.

HOW SHALL IT BE?

BEFORE quitting town, Percy had obtained leave of absence for two or three days. He knew that Mrs. Parnell would consider herself unkindly treated if she did not have time for pouring into his ears the long story of 'Lisbeth's courtship and marriage, and so he devoted Monday to putting her garden in order, and playing the patient listener the while.

And the poor mother was comforted when she had rehearsed the tale to some one who could understand how—in spite of her frequent disputes with her wayward, flighty 'Lisbeth, by whom her patience had been daily, hourly tried—her heart yearned towards the child whom she might never hope to see again.

"I have told myself scores of times as I wouldn't put up with her no longer," sighed the widow, "and it comes home to me now, Percy, now that she has gone where she can never come back to me if she is in trouble, nor me go to her!"

"But if she is happy?" queried Percy.

"Eh, well, she may be, and she mayn't, I can't go to see, that's the mischief of it; and she's too much of a spirit to complain; but you'll come in doors by-and-by and read me her first letter again, won't ye? I'd like to have the best bits by heart before ye go away, and I'm no scholard myself."

Percy cheerfully waded through the lengthy epistle three times during his sojourn at the cottage; no light task, by the way, for the bride of Jim Robins had not profited by her schooling as much as she ought to have done. Then his clerkly hand was called into requisition to write a reply, as well as a letter to "our Ann," lest she, having gone over the sea as well as her sister, should feel herself neglected.

Then there was a new tenant to interview for Daniel Gray's cottage, as Smith having died lately, his widow proposed returning to her own relations in another county; and, besides seeing Johns again, Percy had arrangements to make with the agent who

would collect his rents during his absence from England.

But as he drew near this person's house, he saw Mr. Graddon coming down the street, and signalling to him to stop. The prosperous builder looked harassed, and plunged at once into his business worries.

"Were you coming to the shops, Gray? I wanted to see you. What do you think of Johns? I can't tell you how his long illness has inconvenienced me. New men may be as good as the old ones, but they don't fit into my grooves somehow."

He began to inquire what Percy was doing in London, but broke off to ask him to walk with him to his own place. His mind was evidently full of some one idea, and as soon as they reached the yard he led the way into the office, where Duke looked up from his writing, considerably surprised to see him thus accompanied.

"Where are those drawings?" asked his uncle, dislodging in his search the sporting paper and novel hurriedly thrust out of sight when he appeared. "Oh, I have them. Look here, Gray. We are going to restore Layverne church, and there is to be an oak screen carried across the entrance to those chapels on either side the chancel. A very elaborate one, copied from some foreign cathedral. Here 's the sketch; have you ever seen anything of the kind?"

"Yes," said Percy, as he inspected it. "Our people made a similar one some months since for a new church at the West End."

"I thought so. I felt certain I had seen it mentioned in the paper, though I could not find the paragraph. Had you anything to do with it?"

"Very little. It was not my job, but I was interested in it, and when one of the men employed upon it was away ill, I offered to take his place, and was allowed to do so for a day or two. But that one varied from your drawing, Mr. Graddon, in some respects. For instance, the uprights were framed differently."

"Can you show me what you mean?" the builder inquired; and Percy, who had learned to use his pencil skilfully, took the sheet of paper handed to him, and began sketching and explaining in a manner that proved how thoroughly he understood what he was about.

While thus engaged, Morris, the man who was so inadequately filling the place of Johns, came into the office for this identical roll of plans, and, hearing his name mentioned, Percy looked up.

Johns had not exaggerated when he declared that Morris was one of those self-confident men who would not admit the possibility of their ever falling into a mistake. Before Mr. Graddon had half finished the directions he wanted to give, he was interrupted with a sharp, "I see, I see. I quite understand you, sir; all right, all right."

"But it wouldn't have been all right, Morris—with this screen, at all events—if I had let you go on setting the work out as you had begun. These sketches of Gray's will show you that both of us were in error."

Morris eyed the intruder, as he already chose to consider him, and smiled superciliously.

"Different people, sir, have different ways of doing the same thing, and some folk, especially if they come from London, think their way must be best. I hope I know how my work ought to be done without anybody's interfering with it."

Mr. Graddon knit his brow, and began to speak of something else, annoyed as before by the hasty, conceited, "I see, yes, sir, I see."

"But you don't see, Morris," his master cried testily; "you said the same thing last week about that staircase, and it isn't done as I intended."

At first Morris was positive that it was, and when compelled to acknowledge to the contrary, he was equally certain that the fault lay with the men, who must have misunderstood him, for Mr. Averne knew he was always most careful to follow out the directions he received.

"Haven't you often said so yourself, Mr. Averne?"

Percy did not like this appeal to Duke, who really had nothing to do with the affair, nor the half-cringing, half-bullying tone in which it was made. But Mr. Graddon, with the worried look coming into his face again, hastily dismissed his too clever foreman, telling him that for the future, he supposed he should have to give all his most trivial instructions in writing; and then turned to Percy.

"I saw Johns this morning. He tells me you have some idea of leaving London. Is it the case? Then will you come here, and make this screen your first job? I will take care that you are not interfered with; it shall be left to you entirely."

Percy's face flushed a dull red, and there was a pause. It was difficult to say to Mr. Graddon, "I cannot accept your offer because my conscience forbids me," and while he hesitated how to word his refusal, Duke raised his eyebrows and whistled softly under his breath.

It was an aggravating whistle, for it was, so its auditor fancied, expressive of astonishment at his uncle's proceedings, and it was followed by a remark that was equally annoying.

"Morris will consider himself unfairly used if that job is taken out of his hands."

"I cannot help it," retorted Mr. Graddon sharply. "I have my interests to study as well as Morris's feelings. If he cannot do my work, I must have some one who can. What do you say about it, Gray? Will you undertake it?"

Was it a modest doubt of his own abilities that made the young man consider so long before replying? Mr. Graddon thought so, and liked him for it. Or was he recalling the determination made on the previous night?

Alas, no; that resolve had been made in his own strength, and was already broken.

The next moment he had agreed to Mr. Graddon's

proposal, and was discussing the question of wages, &c. When he left the office, promising to commence with the following week, he did not take his way to Johns' house to pay him a farewell visit as he had previously intended. The poor old man, fretting over his own inability to attend to his master's business, would be sure to rejoice openly that the idlers in the shop would have some one to set them a better example, and Percy was not hypocrite enough to care to hear himself commended for better motives than those which had really influenced him.

(*To be continued.*)

WINNOWED AND SIFTED.

BY THE REV. T. M. MORRIS, IPSWICH.

"Whose fan is in His hand, and He will throughly purge His floor."—MATT. iii. 12.
"Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat."—LUKE xxii. 31.

IN these two passages we have allusion to two familiar and necessary processes in husbandry, *winnowing* and *sifting;* the result contemplated, or at all events the result secured, in each case being substantially the same—the freeing of the wheat, the true grain, from whatever lessens its purity and worth. This final result, the purification of the grain, is secured by a twofold process: the breeze caused by the winnowing-fan driving away the lighter substances—the chaff; the rough shaking of the sieve freeing the wheat from the dust and dirt which had got intermingled with it while lying exposed on the threshing-floor, or elsewhere.

Now these familiar and necessary processes in the treatment of wheat and other valuable grain, are here, and often elsewhere in Scripture, employed for the purpose of spiritual instruction and illustration. We learn that in the spiritual world there are processes going on, which in their character, or at least in their consequences and effects, may be likened to those processes in husbandry which are known as winnowing and sifting; and the final issue of which will be seen in the gathering of the purified wheat into the garner, and the burning up the chaff with unquenchable fire.

If we look at these two passages of Scripture we must see, not only that these two processes are being carried forward, securing the final result to which we have referred, viz., the freeing of the wheat—the true grain—from all impurity, and making it meet for safe storage in God's garner. But we must also see that while these processes are under the direction and control of the great Husbandman, the whole work is not done by Him directly and personally, there is a great deal of subordinate agency employed, and a great deal of adverse agency permitted, all of which, however, is so over-ruled as to contribute in various ways and degrees, to the securing of that one result contemplated by the Divine Husbandman—the purification of the true grain.

The rough cold wind rushing through the barn, or over the exposed threshing floor in the open field, in a rader way, does the same work, and secures the same result, as the breeze generated by the carefully regulated movements of the winnower's fan. And so the rough jolting of the sieve, in the hands of the great adversary of souls, whose malignant desire is to eject and destroy the wheat, is allowed to issue only in the ultimate good of those who in the meantime find the sifting process to be a very trying and painful one.

In the first of these passages quoted we have the testimony of John the Baptist to the purpose contemplated in the ministry of the Lord Jesus, then so soon to be manifested unto Israel. "I indeed," he says, "baptise you with water unto repentance; but He that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear; He shall baptise you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire: whose fan is in His hand, and He will throughly purge His floor, and gather His wheat into the garner; but He will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire." Now in these latter words we have one great purpose contemplated by Christ set forth—we find that His influence is to be heart-searching and discriminating—that He is to come as a husbandman, with the winnowing-fan in His hand, that He may throughly purge His floor, separate the chaff from the wheat, and this work, commenced at His first appearing, is to go on, until at last, at His second appearing, the work of cleansing and separation shall be completed, when all the wheat shall be safely garnered, while all that is impure, and corrupt, and worthless, is devoted to destruction.

In the second passage we have allusion to an adverse and malignant agency, the operation of which the Divine Husbandman permits. Addressing himself especially to Simon Peter, who was exposed to the greatest danger, but through him also to all his brethren, our Saviour indicates a time of coming trial, and by premonishing them of their danger, He would arm them against it. "Satan," He says, "desires to have you, all of you, that he may sift you as wheat." The aim of Satan in the sifting process to which he was about to subject these disciples, was their injury, and if possible, their destruction; but we learn here that even his rough handling of them is to

be over-ruled for good; and we know how he who suffered most, was not only preserved from destruction, but after his temporary lapse, was restored, and re-anointed, so that he who showed for a while such lamentable weakness, became the means of strengthening his brethren.

We take these two passages together because they impress upon us the fact, that all those processes which we may speak of as winnowing and sifting, are under the direction and control of Christ the Divine Husbandman, and are to issue in the accomplishment of His purpose, the purification of the wheat—the true grain—and the making it meet for the garner of God. In other words, that we see all the agencies employed or permitted—which contribute to this final result—doing the work of Christ, who is here represented as coming with the winnowing-fan in His hand, and who will throughly purge His floor.

In looking at this part of Christ's work, *the work of winnowing and sifting, let us look first at what Christ did—the way in which Christ acted during His visible ministry on earth.* John the Baptist correctly describes the character and effect of our Saviour's ministry as heart-searching, discriminating, separating, when, as here, he represents Him as coming forth with a winnowing-fan in His hand that He may throughly purge His floor. Nothing can be more remarkable than the way in which, throughout the whole of His residence on earth, He acted as a test of character, how He really divided men into two great classes, repelling some, attracting others. Nothing strikes us more in reading the Gospel history than the way in which those who stood only in slight and temporary relation to Christ, were so affected by Him that their true character was revealed. Some were drawn to Him in love and faith, while others fell away from Him in impenitence and unbelief.

We see this even in the period of the infancy of our Saviour. How differently were men affected by the tidings of His birth! Some were filled with fear, and dark forebodings, while others were filled with joy. Some came from far-off lands inquiring for the New-born King, that they might present to Him their lowly worship and their costly gifts; while others sought the young child not less diligently that they might slay Him. It was so during His ministry; some Christ attracted, others He repelled; some followed and served, others misrepresented and persecuted; some thought Him to be a good man, others only a deceiver of the people; some who heard Him speak, charged Him with madness, while others said, "Never man spake as this man." It was so even on the Cross—two men suffering under the same condemnation, died in closest proximity to the Saviour, the one was drawn towards Him in penitence and faith, while the other obstinately and impiously rejected Him.

But we not only see Christ thus exerting a personal influence which was followed by these results, we also see Him on many occasions deliberately applying the test, using the winnowing-fan, separating true followers from merely professed and formal adherents. While the Saviour came to attach men to Himself, and was ever ready to welcome all who came unto Him under the influence of true feeling; while He was so tender and gentle in dealing with men, that publicans and sinners, the very outcasts of society, were encouraged to approach; while He would not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, He would not allow men to attach themselves to His service having a wrong idea of it, or entertaining erroneous conceptions as to the advantages which might accrue from it. Christ will not have followers who are influenced merely by feelings of ungrounded enthusiasm, or who are yielding to the impulse of insufficient motives; and so we ever see that while He is ready to welcome and encourage some, He seems to discourage and repel others. Take the case of the rich young man who would follow Jesus—a most eligible disciple, we should say at first—but the winnowing-fan is applied, and we see him go sorrowfully away. Take the case of those intending disciples who would follow Jesus, but who would do something else first, or something else besides; but no, He lays down the rule, Christ first, or not at all. He lets them know that those who are not prepared to give up everything for Christ, and take up the Cross for Christ, cannot be His disciples.

And as we see the Lord apply the test to individuals, so do we see Him apply it to large numbers of professed followers. After the miracle of the loaves we are told that large numbers were moved to follow Jesus; influenced by insufficient, if not positively unworthy motives, they would, we read, have forthwith proclaimed Him as King; but Jesus, though He came to be a King, would not be made King upon such terms, nor would He acknowledge such subjects; and so He conveyed Himself away. The people followed Him to the other side of the lake, but they were met with a rebuke, and Christ preached in their hearing that sermon about the Bread of Life, which seems at once to have acted as a winnowing-fan, for we are told that from that time many of His disciples went back, and walked no more with Him.

Throughout the whole of His ministry the poverty and obscurity of Jesus, the lowly condition of His followers, the suffering and contempt and persecution they had to endure, the purity of His doctrine, and the spirituality and unworldliness of His aims, acted as a sort of winnowing-fan separating the true from the false. Again and again do we read of those who were offended at something which Jesus did or said, and of

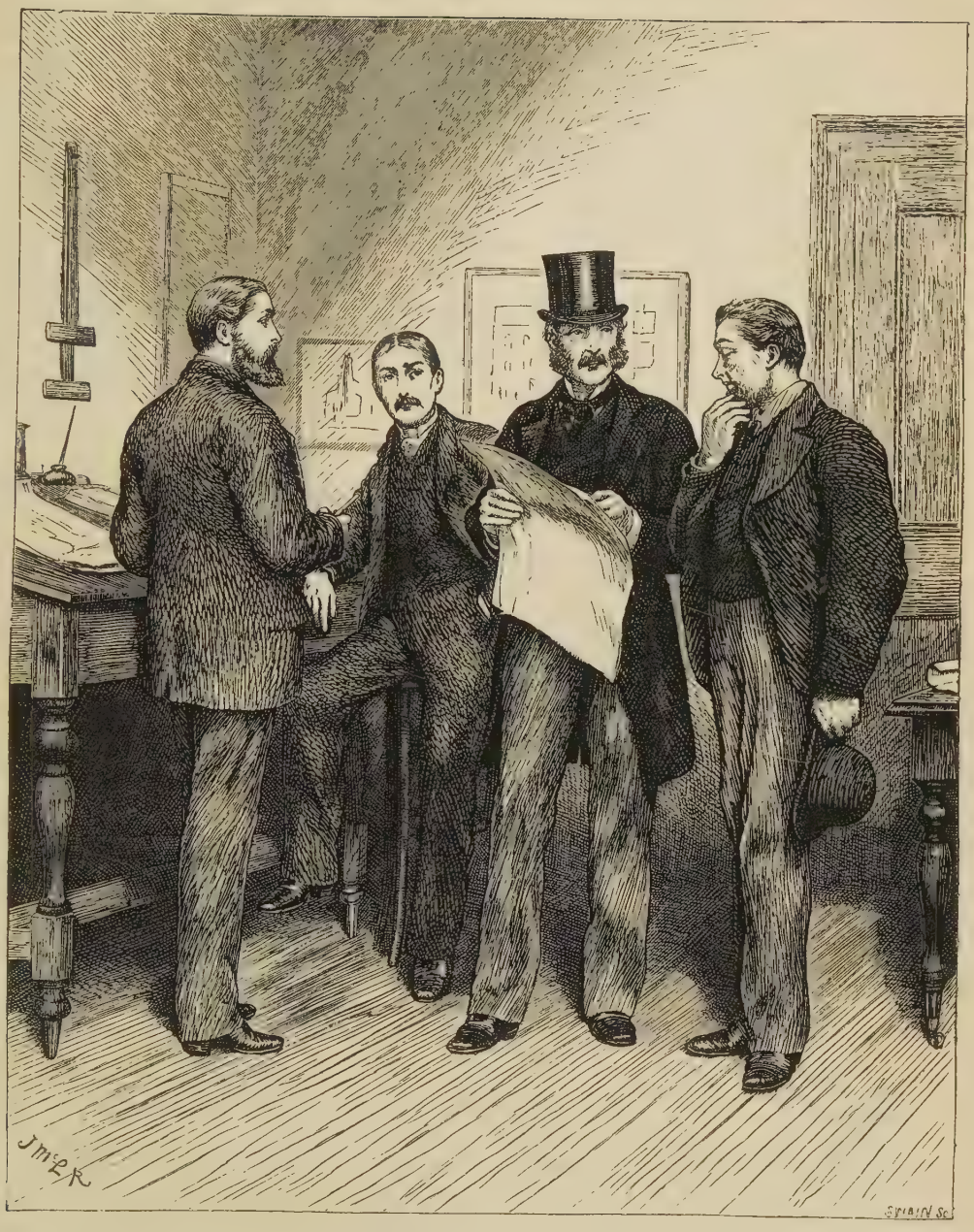
those who shrank from consequences which they saw would flow from any declaration of attachment to Him.

The sharpest test was applied at the close of our Saviour's ministry, at that time when the Shepherd was smitten and the sheep were scattered. The effect of the tests previously applied was probably the driving away of nearly all but those who were true disciples, and in the second passage quoted, our Saviour alludes to a sifting time for them. Satan having witnessed the defection of so many, and having no faith in their sincerity and integrity, means to make a desperate assault upon them, and he does this with the desire for their destruction, and with the hope that though they have continued steadfast in their attachment to Christ thus far, they will break away from Him in miserable apostacy at last. Trying was the process to which they were to be subjected, roughly was the sieve to be shaken by the great adversary of souls; they were indeed sifted as wheat, but notwithstanding the partial failure of all, and the very sad failure of one, Satan was not suffered to have them—to claim them as his own—Satan's work was even over-ruled for their good. They were sifted as wheat, and they learned then, and Peter perhaps beyond and above all the rest, lessons that stood them in good stead the whole remainder of their lives. There was one (the adversary) desiring to have them, but then—and this accounts for their continued safety—there was another (the Advocate) who was pleading not for Peter only, but for all of them, that their faith and strength fail not.

But we have to remember *that what Christ did during His earthly ministry, He is still doing and will ever do, so long as the present order of things continues.* By agencies permitted or employed, the Divine Husbandman is still carrying forward these great processes of winnowing and sifting. Christ, it is true, no longer moves visibly about among men; we have no longer opportunity of witnessing His works or listening to His words; of showing our affection by following Him from place to place; or our enmity by misrepresenting and persecuting Him. Yet still, wherever Christ and His Gospel are preached, men are divided into two classes by the Saviour, according to the relations which they sustain to Him, and still in various ways does He elicit proofs of their affection or enmity. Still the testing question is, What think ye of Christ, whose Son is He? We have to ascertain in what way we are personally related to Him. We have been brought into contact with Christ in the preaching of His word, and we shall be judged as those who have had the opportunity of forming an opinion concerning Him. He has presented us with His credentials, He has urged upon us His claims, many things have been written concerning Him that we may know and believe that He is the Son of God and the Saviour of men, and thus He Himself is acting as a test, by the operation of which it is determined to which class we belong, whether to that of believers or of unbelievers, of those who in faith and love receive Him, or of those who in indifference or contempt reject Him.

And still are all those other agencies operating, and to the same effect, which were at work during our Saviour's residence on earth. Still are men stumbling at the doctrine of Christ, sometimes at its mysteriousness, at other times at its spirituality and unworldliness. Still are men offended at the claims and pretensions of Christ, they would accept Him as a Teacher, but they are not prepared to welcome Him as a Divine Saviour. Still are there many, like the young Jewish ruler, who are offended at the practical, and what they are inclined to regard as the hard requirements of Christ, they are called on to do what they are unwilling to do, or to give up what they are unwilling to relinquish. And there are many who are offended at the obscure and poor condition of those who profess to be the followers of Christ, and who to so large an extent compose His Church. Still in various ways is Satan using all His influence, persuading some to keep aloof from Christ, and seeking in the case of others to make them relinquish the profession which they have made. We shall make a great mistake if we suppose that those winnowing and sifting processes to which we have referred as in operation during the ministry of Christ, are not being still carried forward; and there are always some of whom it may be said, from that time they went back, and walked no more with Him. And we cannot be unmindful of the fact that in the history of the Church there have been special seasons of sifting and winnowing; times of persecution and trial, when large multitudes of the merely professed adherents of Christ have been driven away as chaff.

And now let us notice *how the aggregated results of these long-continued and sometimes obscure processes of winnowing and sifting will at last be made publicly to appear.* As the result of agencies which are here and now in operation, the professing Church, the visible Church, is being ever sifted and winnowed, but the process will not be completed till the Divine Husbandman shall finally appear, with His winnowing-fan in His hand, when He will throughly purge His floor. Till that final time of manifestation, discrimination, and separation shall arrive, the visible Church will never be a perfectly pure Church. All our Saviour's utterances which relate to the constitution of His Church in this world, plainly indicate its mixed character. As long as the wheat lies outside the garner, some chaff will cling to it, some dust and dirt will intermingle with it. So long as the present order of things continues, the sheep and goats will be seen feeding on the same pasture,



"Morris eyed the intruder, and smiled superciliously."—*p.* 613.

the wheat and tares growing in the same field, the good fish and the bad enclosed in the same net, the wise virgins and the foolish will be professedly watching for the same advent, and sometimes, alas! will be overtaken by the same spirit of untimely slumber. But this mixed condition of things is not to last for ever. He who has come once, will come again, and He will come with His winnowing-fan in His hand, that He may throughly purge His floor. That which is done partially and approximately in the meantime, is to be done perfectly and absolutely at last. After that time there will be no admixture; the wheat will be gathered into the garner, the chaff—what is worthless and impure will be burned—destroyed.

What, then, is our position? what are our prospects? We may not conclude anything, certainly, from the relations we sustain to the visible Church. Notwithstanding all the winnowing and sifting to which the professed followers of Christ are subjected here, there will be, we are told, at the very last, some belonging to the visible Church, who are not included within the limits of the true, the invisible Church. Everything depends upon our personal relationship to the Lord Jesus. Are we looking to Him in faith and love? Can we say, Lord, we believe, help Thou our unbelief? Can we look up to Him and say, Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that we love Thee? Then is it well with us. We may have the rough, biting, winnowing wind blowing over us, we may be rudely shaken in the sieve by the adversary of souls, but still it will be well with us, for we have One praying for us, that our faith and strength fail not, and we shall find that all the rough discipline of earth, all the winnowing and sifting to which we are subjected, is but fitting us for the safe enclosure of the garner of God, in which all the wheat, all the true grain, shall be gathered at last—*winnowed and sifted.*

SILENT PREACHERS:

NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS USED IN THE TEACHINGS OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

FOUNDATION. 1. In St. Luke vi. 47—49, our Lord shows that obedience to His commands is the very essence of true Christianity. The words of the passage are very striking. "Whosoever cometh to me, and heareth my sayings, and doeth them, I will show you to whom he is like, he is like a man which built an house, and digged deep, and laid the foundation on a rock: and when the flood arose, the stream beat vehemently upon that house, and could not shake it: for it was founded upon a rock. But he that heareth, and doeth not, is like a man that without a foundation built an house upon the earth; against which the stream did beat vehemently, and immediately it fell; and the ruin of that house was great." The reference to a "foundation" in these words is not perhaps quite what we should have anticipated. We are more in the habit of regarding belief as the foundation upon which is to be built the practice of a Christian life, and we are perhaps too much in the habit of thinking that if our faith is right, the practice of our lives will as a matter of course be right also. And there is a sense in which this is quite true. But the truth which our Lord is impressing on us is not opposed to this, it is rather an addition to it; and it is, moreover, an additional truth, which many of us are too much in danger of forgetting, namely, that the practice of our lives has an important influence upon our faith; and that the steadfastness of our belief depends upon our actions more than we should at first sight suppose. It is quite certain that there is no more fruitful source of scepticism and unbelief than a sinful life; however sound a man's system of belief may be, it will not long be proof against a life of wickedness. Thus, while on the one hand faith is the foundation of a godly life, on the other hand the practice of Christianity strengthens and establishes faith, so that each necessarily depends upon the other. If our faith is weak, it is not likely to bear much fruit; and if our practice is inconsistent, our faith will be only a theory which we shall be easily persuaded to give up. The words of our Lord should, therefore, remind us to pray—firstly that we may rightly believe the truths revealed to us by Him, and secondly that we may watch ourselves and take care that the truths which we profess to hold shall have their due effect upon our lives, that the reading of the Bible, the hearing of sermons, or any other means through which God speaks to our souls, shall not merely give pleasure for the moment, but also be used as suggestions for forming rules of action. To make such rules, and, by God's help, to keep them, will be not only to hear but to act on the teaching of the Saviour.

2. In another remarkable passage (St. Luke xiv. 28, &c.) our Lord makes another reference to the foundation of a building. He is warning men that they must expect difficulties in the Christian life, and so preparing them to meet the difficulties when they come, otherwise they might be discouraged, and give up in despair. And in illustration of His teaching He speaks the following parable—"Which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to

finish it? lest, haply, after he hath laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that behold it begin to mock him." How many a mistake, how many a failure, might have been avoided, if the teaching of this parable had been always in the minds of those who undertook the service of Christ! When the first moment of enthusiasm has passed, and the commonplace battle with commonplace temptations begins in earnest, the man who has previously "counted the cost," and thought soberly over the demands which Christianity makes on its professors, will be prepared, and will not be driven back disheartened; but the man who begins a Christian life expecting to find it nothing but joy and happiness and peace, will be (for the most part) so bitterly disappointed that he will be in great danger of giving up the struggle in despair.

It will be well for us, therefore, to remember that for most men (if not for all) the Christian life is a long struggle, beset with difficulties and temptations; there may come a time, even in this world, when the Christian shall seem to have won the victory and to have attained to an undisturbed happiness in his religion, but that state of peace is not for all here (it is indeed for all the faithful hereafter), and, therefore, all must not expect it, nor be disheartened if it does not come. Our strength is to know that God is present with us in every moment of perplexity to lead us out of temptation, to help us to endure in trouble, and to look forward to the end of all—an end worth waiting for, worth *suffering* for—the eternal rest of Heaven.

Fowls. The parable of the sower (St. Matt. xiii.) gives us some very remarkable instances of our Lord's use of silent preachers, and shows how the most commonplace events of life are full of spiritual teaching. The sower, the seed, the different soils on which the seed fell, and the different results which followed, are all made in this parable to suggest lessons for the Christian. "The seed is the word of God," as we are told by Christ Himself (St. Luke viii. 11); the different soils on which the seed fell, with the different results which followed, represent respectively the different classes of men who listen to the preaching of the Gospel, and the different effects produced upon their lives.

The first kind of soil is mentioned in St. Matthew xiii. 4—"Some seeds fell by the wayside." It is probable that when speaking these words the idea present to the mind of our Lord was that of a beaten path through the field where the seed was being sown, on which some seed would fall by chance, and lie exposed, by reason of the hardness of the ground. The natural result in such a case would be that the fowls of the air would quickly descend, and eat up the seeds thus lying on the surface.

We have not to speculate as to the meaning of the "hardened soil," or the fowls of the air in this verse. The explanation is given in v. 19, "When any one heareth the word of the kingdom [*i.e.*, the preaching of the Gospel] and understandeth it not, then cometh the wicked one [Satan cometh immediately, St. Mark iv. 15] and catcheth away that which was sown in his heart." We have often watched the birds in a field gathering up the seeds which had not been covered by the earth, but perhaps we have not often remembered that their action was really a sermon to us, telling of the watchful anxiety with which the great enemy of souls is waiting to prevent the word of God from taking root in our hearts. The intention of our Lord is evidently to warn us that we are in danger not only from our own weakness and imperfections, but also because we have a real personal enemy outside ourselves, plotting for our destruction. The remembrance of this would give more reality to our fight with our temptations, and help us to be more watchful and prayerful, that we may be able to defeat our unseen enemy, powerful and cunning though he be. But we must notice our Lord's description of the person who is likely to suffer from the steady watchfulness of the devil. The seed falling on the beaten path represents the word preached to the hardened heart. How forcible is this comparison. The message (whatever it may be) which comes from God, lies, as it were, on the surface of the heart, it never gets inside, the man has no hold of it. There is nothing to prevent the devil from taking it away when he will. And it is the heart of him that "heareth and understandeth not," which is thus proof against the word of God. We are not to understand here an intellectual defect, but a moral one. That is to say, it is not want of learning but want of earnestness which prevents a man from understanding the message which God sends him. Many men who understand perfectly the meaning of what they read or hear, do not yet receive the word so as to make it fruitful in their lives, because they have not recognised its *application to themselves*. We see this often—men listen to sermons or read books on the subject of sins to which they are constantly tempted, and yet not only do they not correct their faults, but they do not even seem to have supposed that what they have heard or read has any special reference to their own lives. It is therefore knowledge of ourselves and an honest application to ourselves of the truths which are brought under our notice, which we need in order that our lives may bear fruit to God. Let us try to see ourselves and to judge ourselves in the same way as we see and judge others, and we shall be in a position to understand the word of God, to receive it *into* our hearts, to retain a firm hold of it, so that the devil will not be able to take it from us.

Foxes. In St. Matt. viii. 20, we have the record of the well-known words of our Lord, "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head." It was His answer to a Scribe who had offered to follow Him whithersoever He went, and our first feeling as we read the words is one of surprise that He should have seemed to discourage one who had offered himself

so unreservedly. But perhaps our Lord saw that in making such an offer, the Scribe had some hope of gaining worldly advantage for himself, and therefore He reminded him that he was casting in his lot with a homeless wanderer whose hardships he must be prepared to share. We are not told what was the result of our Lord's warning; we may hope that the man was not deterred, but that he was earnest enough and brave enough to remain faithful to his purpose.

But the special interest for us in these words must ever be that they are an expression of the great love of the Saviour for those whom He came to save. It was consistent with the humility of His whole life, that He should have compared Himself not with other *men* in the world who had the comforts which He refused, but that He should have compared Himself with animals of a lower order—the foxes and the birds of the air; and this comparison brings out more strongly the greatness of His love, as though He would remind us, "I have taken by my own choice a position not merely 'lower than the angels,' not only equal to man, but one in some respects even more comfortless than that of the animals who provide themselves with homes by the instinct of their nature." And when we think that this condition was patiently endured by Christ for us, that He could have altered it at any moment, but willingly submitted in the greatness of His love; when we remember the real suffering which it must have been for Him whose habitation from eternity had been in the holiness of God, to live in constant contact with the sin of the world; and when we reflect that, being what He was, and man being what he is, His position in the world must have been more desolate, and, indeed, more painful than that of any man can ever be again; then we are taught to be humble and submissive, not desiring for ourselves in this world a higher position, greater happiness, or, indeed, more comfort than God, in the wisdom of His love, may see fit to appoint for each of us. If the Son of Man had not where to lay His head, because for us He had left the glory which He had before the world was, it is not much that we should bear, during our earthly life, our share of suffering or sorrow, sustained by the hope that we shall be hereafter partakers of His glory.

GARMENT. In the parable of the marriage of the king's son contained in St. Matt. xxii. 1—14, we are told of a man who accepted the invitation of the king to come to the marriage, but presented himself at the feast without having on a wedding garment. When the king came in he at once observed the man, and finding that he could offer no excuse for his neglect ("he was speechless," v. 12), ordered his servants to remove him, and "cast him into outer darkness, where shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

This parable is meant to teach us several lessons, but it is only with the latter part of it that we have to deal at present. There we are warned that at the last great day a close examination will be made of those who claim admission to the "marriage supper of the Lamb;" there was only one out of all the guests who had not on a wedding garment; he might have hoped to escape among so many, but the king detected him at once, and he was punished. It is also important to notice that he had no excuse to make for himself, no reason to give for not having a wedding garment; he was "speechless" when accused, he had nothing to say, he knew that it was his own fault that he had come without the proper dress. This suggests a solemn reflection to those who are ready to make excuses now for the carelessness and unfruitfulness of their Christian life. Those who are condemned at last by God, will be self-condemned as well; their own consciences will tell them that the sentence of God is just; they will be "speechless" when examined before the judgment throne. If then this garment is so necessary as the parable teaches that it is, if its absence will be instantly noticed, and if those who are without it will have no excuse to offer, it becomes necessary to inquire what this garment is.

For practical purposes it will not be necessary to notice the controversies to which this question has given rise. There was, as we have seen, no excuse made for the absence of the garment. Evidently none could be made. Therefore, in a spiritual sense, the garment must be something which it is the plain duty of every Christian to have, and which it is possible for every sincere Christian to obtain. If, then, a man were to accept part of the teaching of the Gospel, and neglect the rest; if a man were to make his choice between the commandments of God, and determine to obey some and disobey others; if a man were, on the one hand, to say that to him that has faith the outward ordinances of Christianity were unnecessary, or, on the other, that these outward ordinances were in themselves sufficient, independently altogether of the condition of the heart of him who comes to them;—then such a man would seem to be in the condition of a man wearing not the dress which God requires, but instead of it a dress of his own choosing, which may indeed be part of what is necessary, but is not complete without the rest. One lesson, then, to be learned from what is said about the wedding garment is, that the Gospel system is a *whole*, and that if we wish for the blessings of the Gospel we must take it simply as Christ appointed it, not presuming to say that one doctrine or one commandment is more important than the others.

But further, in the appearance of this man without the wedding garment there is an evidence that he took a wrong view of the invitation of the king. In his judgment the important thing was the admission to the pleasures of the feast; if only that could be secured, he was careless of his condition or appearance. Now it may be that some Christians fall into a similar mistake. If men put before themselves the escape from hell and the admission into heaven as the

one object of the Christian life, they will perhaps begin to persuade themselves that there is no great need for strictness in their lives. They will say that little sins are not of much importance; that God could not be so hard as to exclude them from heaven for small offences against His law. The common use of the word "salvation," with an almost exclusive reference to escape from the punishment of sin, helps to encourage this mistake. The true view of the Christian's life is brought before us in the statement that Jesus came to "save His people from their *sins*;" that is, not only from the punishment of sin, but from sin itself. This is a salvation to be accomplished in the life that we are living now, and the object of the earnest Christian must be to be saved *now* from his sins, and then it will follow, as a matter of course, that he will be saved from their punishment at last. Now all sin, great or little, is displeasing to God, and to become what He would have us to be, is the object of every earnest Christian, and therefore the question to be asked is not, "Is this a sin which I may commit without fear of punishment?" but rather, "Will this action interfere with my growth in holiness—will it be displeasing in the sight of God?"

On the whole, then, we may take the teaching of the incident with which this parable is closed to be this:—If we are to have a well-grounded hope of an eternity of happiness in the presence of God, we must be very earnest in making preparation now. "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord," and we must not therefore be content with anything less than holiness. There need be no difficulty in answering this question, "Am I really prepared for the end?" Men are deceived about their condition in God's sight only when they are not honest in dealing with themselves and with their sins. If we study the teaching of our Lord and His Apostles, we shall be able to see what a Christian ought to be, and then if we look honestly at our own lives, we shall be able to see whether we are really making any effort to become such as they describe, and we shall be able to know whether we are really preparing for heaven or not. Whatever else the garment of the parable may mean, it must at least include sincerity. If a Christian is sincere, there is no danger of his making any serious mistake about himself. God will not let him go wrong in such a case. It is because so many are not sincere that they fall into such great mistakes, and deceive themselves into believing that they are living for God, while they are really living for themselves.

GOOD DEEDS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE OLD *DREADNOUGHT*.

WE are sorry to record that the Annual Report of this national institution, read at a meeting presided over by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, not long ago, showed a decrease in subscriptions as compared with former years, and an increased expenditure consequent on the demand for the boon to the invalid sailor which this noble hospital supplies. It is gratifying to find that no less than £1,245, or nearly a sixth of the whole amount of voluntary contributions, have been received from sailors. The possibility of training seamen to habits of thrift is seen in the fact that the Sailors' Home in Well Street, conducted in connection with the hospital organisation, is thoroughly self-supporting, and is in many ways of great benefit to the generally careless and spendthrift class of men who "go down to the sea in ships." The *Dreadnought* is the only special hospital for seamen, and among such a maritime people as the English, that ought to be a strong argument for its liberal support; moreover, it is free to all maritime nations in the world, and that ought to be a powerful plea with all those who desire to foster "the universal brotherhood of man." In his well-worded speech, as chairman at the annual meeting, His Royal Highness mentioned, incidentally, that at the dinner given to the patients on Christmas Day, no less than thirty-four nations were represented at the tables; in one case eighteen men sat at one table, and sixteen different countries were represented there. This grand charity, now fifty-eight years old, has given the most precious and kindly aid to 200,000 sick or injured sailors, and to-day all the strength of its resources is taxed to the utmost by the necessities of the class for whose benefit it was established. An earnest appeal is being made for funds, that its operations may be carried on in undiminished activity; and many a grateful sailor will pray that Heaven's blessing may rest on the generous patrons who open such a welcome refuge for him in the hour of his direst need.

THE EVANGELISATION MOVEMENT IN LIVERPOOL.

In the crowded populations of Liverpool and Birkenhead, as in all large towns, there are large numbers of people who are non-attendants at religious worship, and who, so far as any Gospel influences are concerned, are very little in advance of the heathen in far-off lands. This Society, in which many of the Churches are represented, was established with a view to bring about a better state of things, and its agents have been toiling to some purpose, as the latest report of its proceedings sufficiently shows. From a communication published by Mr. Matheson, the zealous chairman of the Association, we find that the Royal Amphitheatre in Liverpool, and the Theatre Royal in Birkenhead, are continuously retained for Gospel services. In each of these commodious centres congregations of from 800 to 1,000 people have

assembled from time to time. Certain mission halls, too, have been crowded by those who otherwise would scarcely "darken the doors" of a place of worship, and in these cases the work has been attended with encouraging success. Two things in connection with this movement present themselves to us as being specially worthy of approval and note. The Young Men's Christian Associations have taken a very active part in these good deeds, and are evidently making their influence felt for good. As a mere instrumentality for providing young men with moral defences and means of religious improvement, these valuable institutions have done good work, though in many cases their fortunes have not been very prosperous, and their very existence has been maintained with difficulty. The active and zealous efforts now made to make them powerful centres of evangelic invasion of the "dark," will give them not only a new lease of life, but infuse new vigour therein for the general weal. The second noteworthy feature in this movement is that those who are led to religious decision—and they may be counted by the score—are, as a rule, drafted into connection with the various religious bodies, and thus the "lost sheep" are not only reclaimed but folded for their future safeguard and continuance in well-doing.

A MISSION TO THE DRUSES.

In order that the Gospel may be carried to the thousands of Druses located in the villages of Lebanon, a Christian mission has been planted at Aitat, a town twelve miles from Beyrout. It is most interesting to note that the new missionary appointed, W. G. Laytoon by name, is himself a Druse. He was educated by his parents to fill the office of a sheikh in the native priesthood, was led to renounce his superstitions, visited Switzerland, and subsequently came to London. He is sent out, after due test and trial, by Mr. Grattan Guinness and the authorities of Harley House. The first meeting held at the Mission premises was attended by several Druse sheikhs and others, as well as by Christian natives. Some sixty scholars have been gathered into school, and a night school for adults is much appreciated. The surrounding villages have made application for the establishment of similar advantages, and a widely-open door invites evangelic entrance, an invitation which will be instantly responded to as soon as ways and means can be secured.

THE SOLDIERS AT SANDGATE.

Every attempt to improve the morals and serve the highest interests of the British soldiers deserves the sympathy and approval of the entire nation. For a long time these defenders of our country, and of the widespread colonies which delight to owe and own their allegiance to the British crown, were almost entirely neglected, as far as their social comfort, moral condition, and spiritual welfare, were concerned. Our defenders were left with but little defence against the peculiar temptations of their lot. They fought our battles, but little was done to help them to fight the battle of life, or to equip them with the weapons for the purpose. Latterly, however, Christian philanthropy has made vigorous efforts to do away with this reproach, and is rapidly overtaking the necessities of the army in this direction. Foremost among the excellent and salutary agencies thus at work, the Soldiers' Institutes, established near the various garrisons and military depôts of the empire, deserve honourable mention. We have just received a copy of the last report of the Sandgate Soldiers' Institute and Home, and are led to note with high satisfaction the good work which is being accomplished among the soldiers stationed in that district. There is a spacious and convenient reading-room, and a library of nearly a thousand volumes, both of which are highly appreciated, and diligently used by hundreds of red-jackets, who find here a refuge from the too numerous temptations of a questionable character, and a happy place of resort in those hours of leisure which would either hang heavily on their hands or be spent in harmful pursuits. In addition to an adequate supply of literature there is an harmonium, and other material for innocent recreation; facilities are afforded for letter writing; and a coffee-room, whose innocuous viands are in great request, is a successful antagonist to the almost ubiquitous public-house. In the Mission Hall connected with the establishment, numerous religious services are held, and evangelical work of various kinds is vigorously carried on. It is very pleasant to read the extracts from letters written by grateful soldiers scattered all round the world, acknowledging the great good the writers have there received. One writes, "Pray remember me to all at the Home (I must still call it my home). I shall never forget the teaching there, and I should like to be there again." Another says, "It is sweet indeed to remember days gone by, when, after being without hope and without God in the world, I was 'brought nigh' by the blood of Christ. When I see the word 'Sandgate' before I open a letter, it fills my heart with joy. I shall never forget Sandgate as long as I live." Testimony of this class from hundreds of witnesses in camp and barracks in far-off lands tells its own story, and demands approval and help on behalf of the valuable institutions which are so good a friend to the British soldier.

COFFEE PALACES.

According to our judgment the temperance movement, with the aims of which everybody sympathises, and of the methods of which many people approve, has scored no such striking success, nor any that has so high a promise for the future, as the establishment of coffee taverns, cocoa houses, people's cafés, and coffee palaces. This good work has often been mentioned with warm approval in THE QUIVER, and our sole purpose now is to chronicle progress and venture a suggestion. We believe that it is not more than twelve years since the first venture was made in this direction, or, at any rate, since the first British

workman's public-house was opened in England. Certainly not half that time has elapsed since the movement assumed a permanent shape. Within the last two years eight companies have been formed in order to establish on a large scale these antagonists—in the interests of sobriety—to the gin-shop and the public-house. There are now no fewer than 3,000 of these establishments in operation. The receipts taken in the houses, cafés, and palaces already open, amount to £75,000 per week, or nearly £4,000,000 a year, and there is abundant opportunity as there is unquestionable need for a still grander development of this good work. There can be no question that this enormous sale of innocuous and refreshing beverages has prevented to a vast extent the consumption of deleterious liquors, in the shape of impure spirits and adulterated beer; and, so far, there is an undoubted gain to the country, alike in economy, sobriety, and health. We earnestly desire to see this movement spreading rapidly, both in town and country. A contemporary urges with great force that every effort should be made in the direction of brightness, healthiness, and comfort; that cheap *substantial* food—not the confectionery mockeries too prevalent in cafés and on refreshment stalls—should be provided, as it is at the "Rose and Crown Coffee Palace," Knightsbridge; that sleeping accommodation should, as far as possible, be furnished; and that in all respects these establishments should be made a counter-attraction and a successful rival to the shamefully numerous places which are licensed for the sale of alcoholic drinks.

MR. BOOTH'S "MISSION BAND."

In a recent communication, the Rev. W. Booth gives some particulars of the peculiar work of his singular mission band in the North of England. At Bishop Auckland, where operations were commenced a little over a year ago, the "band" is now 111 strong. Nearly the whole of these have been brought to religious decision during that term. Thirty of them are now in turn evangelists themselves, who maintain nine open-air and seven in-door services every week. No more convincing token of the value of this work could be given than the fact that the theatre, the property of a publican, has been suddenly closed against them, for reasons easily understood. Twenty-two persons notorious for drunkenness and other undesirable peculiarities, have been reclaimed, in many instances much to the astonishment of those who knew them. At Gateshead three large buildings are crowded by men of the poorest and lowest stamp. This is a wonderful movement, and appears to be so evidently of God that its enemies cannot overthrow it.

MISSIONS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

For some time past the attention of the religious world has been largely concentrated on Central Africa, as an unusually promising field for mission labour. The brave exploits and wonderful endurance of Dr. Livingstone and his comrades and successors in African exploration, have resulted in opening wide many and inviting doors. It is evident that no time is going to be lost in entering in. We note with high satisfaction that Mr. Arthington, of Leeds, a liberal subscriber to many missionary societies, has again come forward with a munificent gift for this purpose. It was at his suggestion, we believe, that the Central African Mission was commenced. He has now undertaken to provide, at a cost of £2,000, a steamer, for extending the navigation of the Congo River, and by this means to establish a new mission for the evangelisation of the heathen tribes in that region. The offer has been accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society, and a new expedition for this specific purpose will be sent out as soon as due preparations are completed. It may well be hoped that the Dark Continent will soon be opened up for wide-spread Gospel agencies, and for the trade and commerce and other advantages of civilisation which always follow in their train.

SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE CHURCH MISSIONS.

We have much pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to the valuable operations of this Society. In the year 1867 the Rev. L. S. Tugwell, who is now the director of the missions, was employed as chaplain to the British residents in Seville. The revolution of 1868 made it possible to conduct mission work in Spain. Mr. Tugwell immediately rented a large house for church and schools, and engaged Spanish missionaries and teachers. The work thus commenced took root; and in spite of much subsequent opposition, consequent on political changes, has continued steadily to grow. At Seville, that old and attractive city, once the capital of Spain, and in its suburban villages, there are some five or six different establishments, with over a score of agents, missionaries, schoolmasters, and Bible-women. The church in San Basillio is usually filled with worshippers, has a hundred communicants, and more than three hundred children attend its schools. The latest report ascribes similar successful activities to the suburban churches. At Puerto, Santa Maria, a town of twenty thousand inhabitants, in the South of Spain, Señor Mayorca, the missionary, and his helpers are able to do much more than hold their own. This is saying much, for this town is a chief stronghold of the Jesuits, and the women openly boast that they are followers of Mary, and not of Christ. Several hundreds of children and young people are receiving religious instruction under Protestant auspices; and a Young Men's Christian Association, lately formed, bids fair to become a prosperous and useful institution. At Algeçiras, at Malaga, and elsewhere, this mission is pursuing its work. Three or four stations in Portugal, too, are being bravely held in the interests of the Gospel of Christ; and when it is remembered that in these countries—probably more than any other under heaven—the Papal despotism is at its strongest, it is impossible not to

sympathise very deeply with those who are thus engaged.

THE NAVVY MISSION SOCIETY.

The nature of navvies' employment causes them to be almost as nomadic as gipsies. While some railway is being constructed, or some other important public works are being carried out, quite a navvy village springs up like a mushroom; men, women, and children live in wooden or brick houses, rudely and slimly erected, and when work in that location ceases, the whole colony moves away, and the temporary tents are pitched near the borders of some new field of toil. As a rule, the navvy has come to be regarded as a sort of Ishmael, not a desirable lodger in a quiet family, a man of much muscle, muscle which, in his cups, is not always kept within due restraint. And yet there is every reason to believe that, under favourable circumstances, and by a little kindly management, he is quite as amenable to the proprieties, and quite as impressible by religious teaching, as any of the sons of the soil. It was a good idea on the part of somebody to institute a Navvy Mission Society, and we are happy to have the opportunity of giving those who are engaged in it a warm word of encouragement; and of asking from our readers their interest and help. When the idea was first mooted, inquiries were instituted as to the number and size of these navvy settlements. Replies were received from thirty-four places, including a total number of nearly fourteen thousand men. From quite an equal number of places where navvies are employed no replies were received; but a sufficient basis for calculation is afforded, and there can be no exaggeration in estimating navvydom, including women and children, at from fifty to sixty thousand souls. By these men, embankments, cuttings, viaducts, tunnels, docks, piers, breakwaters, &c., are being constantly constructed, and the navvy has a right to the thoughtful interest, the kindly care, and the evangelical provision which are given to other classes of the poor. By this society it is designed to provide, on all public works, a missionary or scripture-reader to work entirely among the navvies and their families; to provide mission-rooms, schools, libraries, penny banks, and similar machinery for their moral and social well-being. Again we affirm our conviction that this is a good deed, and by corresponding with the Rev. James Cornford, St. Agnesgate, Ripon, our readers may give practical expression to the same opinion.

THE MISSING LINK.

Though the exigencies of publication may make our remarks appear somewhat tardy, we feel bound to place on record our high sense of the beautiful personal character, the admirable devotion, and the imperishable good deeds of the late Mrs. Ranyard. Painfully anxious to discover some method by which poor, perishing, unreclaimed womanhood might be morally, socially, and religiously elevated, she came to the conclusion that the missing link in the chain which alone could raise them was woman; woman fulfilling her mission to her sisters yet unredeemed. With untiring energy and convincing force she wrote of the Missing Link, conducted the *Missing Link Magazine*, and so prepared the way for the wonderful work which she eventually accomplished. She trained Bible-women, gave and gathered the means for their support, obtained the co-operation of ladies to superintend them, and has left behind her, spread over London and in distant countries, a vast and potent Gospel agency. Besides her Bible-women and her mission rooms, nearly a hundred nurses, with thirty-eight ladies to encourage, counsel, and co-operate with them, were employed by sick beds. At the time of her death one hundred and seventy Bible-women, under the thoughtful charge of more than a hundred and thirty lady-superintendents, were actively employed among the ignorant and the poor. This excellent and tireless toiler among the suffering and the needy rests from her labours, but her works do follow her. This excellent work is now in the charge of others, and no more fitting memorial in honour of a grandly useful woman could possibly be devised than the continuance and expansion of the work she so well begun.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

220. Whose life was spared at the intercession of Moses?

221. With whom did the blessed Virgin Mary reside after the death of our blessed Lord?

222. What rule does St. Paul lay down as a guide to servants in the performance of their duties?

223. In what way did the prophet Nehemiah show his liberality towards those Jews who returned with him from the captivity?

224. On what occasion were the words "God save the King!" first used?

225. In what words does Moses declare the sufficiency of God's revelation to man, to guide him through time to eternity?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 591.

207. The region of Argob, with all Bashan (Deut. iii. 13).

208. A race of giants who formerly inhabited the coast of Moab, but were destroyed by the Anakims, who afterwards occupied their territory (Deut. ii. 20, 21).

209. Deut. iii. 24, 25.

210. The wise woman of Tekoah (2 Sam. xiv. 2—8).

211. 1 Sam. xiv. 25, 26.

212. The love which we have for one another (John xiii. 35).

213. In the account given of St. Peter's visit to Cornelius, it says, "And they of the circumcision which believed were astonished, because that on the Gentiles also was poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost; for they heard them speak with tongues and magnify God" (Acts x. 45, 46).

"How fragrant and fresh is the air,
How limpid and pure is the stream."

"'You need not be very rich to live here,' said Bertram."—*p.* 627.

A RICH WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CRUST AND THE CAKE," "LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

"Ah! human kindness, human love—
To few who seek denied."—WHITTIER.

CHRYSTAL never let Bertram Esslemont guess that his coming put her to the slightest inconvenience. The lad was not selfish in his thoughtlessness. He was accustomed to town life and wealth, and the rambling old house behind the shop at Winds' Haven seemed to him roomy and hospitable enough to entertain a score of guests. He did not suspect the

presence of summer lodgers, and he did not intend the Joyces to lose by his visit. He inconvenienced nobody but Chrystal, and she took it as a matter of course to give up to him the little white bed-room, and betake herself to a couch in the kitchen, which transformed itself into an innocent-looking press when not in active service.

Chrystal's lodgers had engaged her best parlour, and all the other bed-rooms; and there was nothing for it but to invite the youth to share the family meals in the common sitting-room, with the long buttery window, which gave Chrystal command of the shop. Young Esslemont had expected nothing else, and enjoyed the arrangement. The little best parlour, with its prim chintz chairs, its smart books, and its sober prints, might have provoked odious comparisons with better things. But the keeping-room was unique. The lad never forgot its red-tiled floor blushing beneath the single strip of coarse, green drugget; its Windsor chairs, polished by use and rubbing; its wide, old chimney, with the flitches of bacon hanging in it; its cuckoo clock; and its corner cupboard.

He did not profess any grief for Edmund Carewe. The dead man had been almost a stranger to him. But death often solemnises where it does not pain. Between meals he busied himself with the papers in young Carewe's desk, and at each of his re-appearances at table, Chrystal noticed that he grew more silent and serious, and less erratic in manner. And, despite his queer abruptness and quaint styles of speech, he seemed helpful and reliable. He took counsel with the sexton, and wrote a long letter of report to the Corner House.

Like Margery Hollis, he readily made friends with Reuben Joyce, and delighted the old man by his keen interest in the works and ways of country life, and beguiled him into telling long stories of his old days in the saw-mill among the pines. But he showed a strange keenness for small, practical details —costs, wages, necessaries. Chrystal wondered; but she was always ready with her information where her father's failed, which was generally at the precise point where money matters began.

Busy as she was in those days, with unexpected duty thus thrown into the midst of the busiest season of her industrious year, Chrystal did not for one moment forget Margery Hollis; and she gave her what she felt was the best comfort in the world—work. Margery might be her superior in all conventional senses, but just now Margery had not a place in the world at all; and when we stand alone we are glad of a friendly hand to draw us to the homeliest corner. She wooed the girl into the keeping-room, among the pea-shelling and currant-picking of the day; and when Margery volunteered help, in a timid, lukewarm manner, Chrystal did not bid her rest herself, and assure her that she could get through her work quite well by herself, but accepted her offer with frank delight, produced a clean apron to wrap her in, and set her down to pick through a great tub of raspberries.

Of course, Margery continued to live in the sexton's house, but most of her waking hours were spent in the room behind the Joyces' shop. And when Reuben came in at sunset from his long explorations, Chrystal would summon him to mount guard over the counter, and would wander out with Margery. They never went far, but kept within the circle enlivened by the Winds' Haven cottages. Chrystal would call in on blind Mrs. Ward, who was always so cheerful, and so glad to "see" a visitor; or on bedridden Harry Blake, who had not moved from his couch for forty years, and who, between his tame mice, his mosses, his Æolian harp, and his folk-lore, was the most interesting character after Reuben himself; or she would take Margery to see young Matthew White, who, having lost his right hand in the saw-mill, was learning to write with his left, that he might be qualified to take some humble situation in Deerham; or she would lead her to Dorothy Lorne's, whose sweetheart had been drowned at sea four years before, and who was now dying in the slow tortures of cancer, smiling always, and saying, "It is a rough road to my Willie, but it will be a short one." Does anyone think that such sights were too sad for the girl's saddened heart? Was ever a mourner cheered by the sight of festivity, and the sound of merriment? Nay; the wound must first be healed, and then these may soften its scar. What Margery wanted now was the assurance that in life's darkest places there is sunshine enough for souls to thrive on.

She did not see much of Bertram for a day or two, though they met at Chrystal's tea-table. But on the third evening of his stay—the night before the funeral —he met them just as they started for their evening ramble, and turned back the way they were going. Each talked to Chrystal, rather than with each other, and Margery said but little to anybody. When they returned home they found the sitting-room in darkness, and Reuben busy in the shop, painfully transacting some elaborate sales to an old game-keeper, as puzzle-headed as himself in matters of £ s. d., and avoirdupois. Chrystal hurried to the rescue, and her two young companions sat down on the bench outside, and watched the stars come out one by one in the sky, and the cottage windows light up among the trees.

There was no natural youthful coquetry left in poor Margery just now, and her wan face with its great searching eyes, coupled with what he knew of her story, made her seem scarcely an earthly being to her companion. He was accustomed to the gay assured girls of wealthy circles, and the quiet sadness of this girl touched and awed him. How lonely life had left her! and Bertram Esslemont had his own reasons for considering much about loneliness at this period, and by his own shrinking from it learned reverence for those who had fathomed it.

"I wish I could stay here always," said Margery, quite simply, as she might have spoken to Chrystal.

"And can't you—if you wish?" answered Bertram Esslemont.

She shook her head, and then went on, "If I was rich, I would live in such a place as this, and make friends with all the people, and see Miss Joyce every day."

"You need not be very rich to live here," said Bertram. "Poverty seems the qualification in this neighbourhood, from what I gather of the good folks' incomes and earnings."

"Ah," sighed Margery, "yes, that may be; but when you are poor, you can't be poor where or in the way you would like."

"Not exactly, perhaps," said Chrystal, coming out at that moment, and taking a seat beside them. "But we have a great deal more of choice than some of us fancy. We cannot have everything exactly as we like; but if we make up our minds as to what we really want, I think we can generally get it, if we are prepared to give up something else which we may like well enough, but which we don't care for so much."

"But it 's very hard if one only wants to be simply honest, and yet has to give up everything for what seems the sheer right of every human being," said Bertram Esslemont, rather fiercely.

Chrystal pondered a moment. She felt that those words revealed some point in the youth's life round which he was about to turn in one way or the other. It was hard to speak in the dark. She wisely avoided all details of duty, and struck the key of a high motive and its sacred consolations.

"But nothing in life is given us to keep," she said. "We hold it all to use. And how can we use temporal things better than by giving them up to secure the eternal things. If we don't invest in goodness and truth, what possessions can we take into the other life? And the only way to be good and true is to do the right thing, cost what it may."

"Ah," said Margery, with a sigh, "I should feel quite rich if I had anything more to give up."

"We never can have nothing to give up," answered Chrystal, gently, "for we have always our own wills to surrender to God's."

"That means that I am to submit to being a teacher, and to try and like it," said Margery, ruefully.

"It means nothing of the kind," returned Chrystal. "It means only that we have to try to find out God's will, and then conform ours to it. I scarcely think it is God's will that you should teach. If you dislike doing it so much, it will be quite impossible for you to do justice to the children. The more you try the less they will love you and your lessons. There are plenty of folks in the world who like teaching, so let us leave it to them. There are some things we should not try to do against our grain. What makes you think you must be a teacher, Miss Hollis?"

"I have to earn my living, and everybody always said that was the only way a lady could do so—at least everybody except Charlie!" she sighed.

"Plenty of people earn bread in other ways," said Chrystal, "and there can't be anything more unladylike than making believe to do what we can't do well. It is a deception. You would not tell your pupils' parents that you hated teaching, or certainly they would not hire you."

"I can't be a servant," sighed Margery.

"Better be a servant if you like household work, than a teacher if you don't like teaching," answered Chrystal, promptly.

A little mute rebellion went on in Margery Hollis' breast. She said within herself that she, the daughter of a ruined professional man, must have feelings which could not possibly be shared by Chrystal Joyce, the village shopkeeper, good and clever as she was. And yet—and yet—these were the sort of speeches that her dear Charlie used to make. In those days she had endorsed them, proud of their spirit and piquancy. But who is there so sound at core as to feel no pain when truth probes his own life to the quick? And Margery recognised the rebellion in her heart for what it was, and silently stifled it. And so she learned one of those lessons of self-knowledge whose repetition it is which makes age so gentle and so tolerant compared with youth. He who is putting on his armour is more inclined to boast than he who is taking it off. The latter knows how sorely the blows fell, and what wounds they left behind them.

Margery spoke at last.

"But how can I begin to do anything?" she said. "People will not hire anybody to do anything else with so little proof of ability as they will hire one to teach."

"Stay with me awhile," said Chrystal; "stay with me, and try doing anything which comes to your hand, until you find what you like to do. Everybody can do something best, and it 's their duty to God and man to find it out and do it."

"But, after all, isn't it pleasing ourselves to think what we like?" asked Margery, whose wrung heart, like the wrung hearts of all ages, was seeking the opiate of strenuous effort and struggle.

"I am sure God does not want us to be miserable," said Chrystal. "I believe He dislikes that as much as He disliked the mere formal burnt offerings and sacrifices He used to reject. He wants us to do right, and to be happy in doing right. And there is no work which costs us so much as the work we love. When we are doing what we don't care for, we do it in the spirit of 'Won't that do well enough?' but when we do what we do care for, the feeling is, 'This will never do; I must try again.'"

"Suppose I developed a genius for scrubbing or cooking," laughed Margery, with a dash of bitterness.

"And suppose you did?" said Chrystal, frankly. "Both things are necessary for health, and I never can understand why it is not as honourable to do what easily preserves health, as what painfully regains it when it is lost. We don't know how many

short-lived geniuses might have lived longer to benefit humanity if they could have had pleasant digestible food to eat. And we don't know how many murders might have been prevented if every room had been bright and clean and sweet. It 's one sign of the general topsy-turveydom of things that at present the more useless occupations are generally considered the more 'genteel.'"

"There 's a method in that madness, too," observed Bertram Esslemont, "because then the fools who want to be genteel rush to the useless occupations and leave the better work for the better people. But I 'm sure, Miss Hollis, if you are always to get your wishes as you have got them to-night, you will be lucky!"

"What does that mean?" asked Chrystal.

"The moment before you came out, she had been saying that if she could do as she liked she would stay here," said Bertram.

Margery's face flushed in the twilight. "Yes, certainly I did," she answered, "but I added then, as I say now, that it cannot be. Living here may be cheap enough, but I have nothing."

"And one cannot live on nothing, even with the utmost economy," said Bertram, in an under-tone.

"Stay with me," said Chrystal. "My servant Milly leaves me next month to go to service in Deerham. Instead of getting another girl, I will hire Mrs. Snelling to come in for the hard work, and the rest we will do between us. That will give you time to settle your life into some chosen course, and will keep you quite independent; and you will be such a blessing to me in the long, dull winter months."

Margery threw her arms around Chrystal's neck. The wounded pride had quite vanished. Chrystal seemed no longer the homely village shopkeeper, but an angel of light, beneath whose touch there re-bloomed the dreams and romances which had fallen crushed beneath the blow of her brother's death; for it was much such a life as this which "Charlie" and she had liked to fashion for themselves in that earthly future which they were not to share. He, the bright eager boy, with the mysterious hopefulness and gaiety of the consumptive's temperament, had always built castles concerning life in some sunny land, where the burdens of existence should be at their lightest, where fashion and luxury should not intrude, where the gentle wild creatures should fearlessly gather round him while he painted his pictures, and where Nature, guided only by Margery's industry and skill, should suffice to adorn their home, and furnish forth their table. The girl had caught the infection of the charming vision, and since it had seemed to vanish utterly from the realm of Hope, it had often returned in despair, mocking the new future which had risen before her—the vista of a hireling's life in alien homes, fettered by imposed conventionalities, and sickened by joyless comforts and lonely festivals. But now across her darkened heart shot a ray of the old sunlight, and a breath of the old breeze. Charlie would not seem so far away when she had a life which she would like him to know about; for half her pain had been to feel how all his hopes and plans concerning "his little sister" were utterly swept away! She wished she could only "tell Charlie!" And, somehow, in the very wish seemed the assurance that he knew.

"I must go now," she said, catching back the sobs which were breaking forth, and with one hasty kiss on Chrystal's forehead, and without a word for Bertram, she sped down the hill and along the road to the sexton's cottage.

"I 've known of folks who took in stray cats and dogs," said Bertram, presently, "but never before did I know anybody who took in stray people. Now what would you do, Miss Joyce, if she turned out idle, and settled down and lived upon you?"

"I should tell her to go," said Chrystal. "But never fear. I think I know what I am doing, and if I don't, then I shall be all the better for a lesson."

"I only asked the question," observed Bertram, apologetically. "I like Margery Hollis. I won't call her 'Miss.' I wish I 'd had a sister! I say, Miss Joyce, have you any boots you wish blackened, or any knives cleaned? Couldn't you employ me?"

"I expect you have better work of your own, sir," laughed Chrystal.

"Ah, expectations are generally deceitful," he said, "and yours are no exception. But, Miss Joyce, you seem to take things very easily," he went on.

"Well," she replied, "if something ought to be done, I think God will take care of the paying for it."

"You have actually enough faith to advance money on that security?" said Bertram.

"I don't expect the money again," answered Chrystal. "God does not keep money Himself, and those who have it are not always His paymasters; but I want something which only He can give."

"And what is that?" asked Bertram.

"Peace and joy," replied Chrystal.

"And I must say God has not failed you there," said the youth, looking into her calm face. "But suppose—just suppose—you should want the actual money!"

"Then I could want it," answered Chrystal. "As I say, if a thing is right, it has got to be done; and I must either do it, or leave it for somebody else who——"

"Might be able to afford it better," put in Bertram.

"Yes, it might be so; but also who might not notice it, or who might have other things to do. When anything is right, it has got to be done; and the sooner the better. It gets costlier every day. A stitch in time saves nine in other things beside old clothes."

"Has there ever been anything you wanted to do, and could not afford to do?" asked Bertram.

"Ah, yes," sighed Chrystal, with a rush of pathos into her gentle voice.

"Could anybody have afforded to do it?" he inquired again.

"A princess might have tried," said Chrystal meekly; "but she might have failed."

"And you won't tell me about it?"

"There is nothing to tell," said Chrystal. "Only somebody was lost sight of years ago in a foreign country. And it would take hundreds of pounds and the help of determined, clever people, even to make any inquiry."

"And yet I've heard the world is a little place, Miss Joyce," observed Bertram, starting up. "And to-morrow at noon we shall carry Edmund Carewe up the sunny road, and put him down among the yews. And still his life, even in this world, is not over yet. His will is on mine to-day, so that it has a double strength! And now, having formed a certain resolution, I am going to write a letter, and if you hear me fumbling about in the shop in the middle of the night, you may understand that I am posting it in your post-box, that it may be legally irretrievable! When one has made up one's mind, there is nothing like putting it out of one's own power to change it."

(*To be continued.*)

THE LORD OF THE HILLS.

BY MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

FROM the topmost peaks of the hills,
Where the eagles sit all alone,
And infinitesimal rills
Are straying and kissing unknown,
The young burn comes wimpling along
From under the heather and firs,
And delicate musical song
The heart of the solitude stirs.

How tempered the fierce solar beam,
How fragrant and fresh is the air,
How limpid and pure is the stream,
Let shepherd and angler declare;
The stream that *now* Lord of the Hills,
So voluble, rolling and deep,
He scorns to remember the rills
That died for him, half up the steep.

How calm and majestic he flows,
Till flinging himself o'er the rocks,
He mantles his agonised throes
In mist like a fleece from the flocks;
And, chafed but a moment, in might,
As passion resistless and strong,
His waters sweep on down the height,
And grinding the rock, roll along.

And is he not Lord of the Hills,
This torrent that rules like a king,
Taking tribute from runnel and rills,
From streamlet and underground spring;
With forests for fringe to his robe,
For minstrels the echoes and birds,
While tempests that ravage the globe
Salute him, with thunder for words?

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. New Series. No. 14. Witch at Endor.

Chapter to be read—1 *Sam. xxviii.* (*part of*).

INTRODUCTION. Obliged to pass over some scenes in David's and Saul's lives. In last lesson saw David marrying Abigail. Whose wife had she been before? After that David had again spared Saul's life when might have killed him, but thinking himself still in danger from Saul, took refuge with the Philistines. Whose enemies were they? therefore befriended David as Saul's enemy, but subsequently expected him to join them in war upon Israelites, his own countrymen! Not told how David managed to get out of this, but certainly he did not join in the battle.

I. Saul in Trouble. (Read 1—7). Now again Philistines cover the land. What place did they pitch their camp in? Show Shunem on the map in tribe of Issachar. Not far from Sea of Galilee. Shows how far they had spread. What does Saul do? Once more summons to war. Israelites quickly assembled, pitch on hill of Gilboa, look down on enemy in plain below. How many do they seem? What an immense force. How did Saul feel? Remind how had conquered these same enemies before, during Samuel's life-time. Is Samuel with him now? But Samuel's death of little consequence if God be with him. What, then, does he do? How does he consult God? Asks for a dream to teach him. Does he receive one? Does God ever teach by dreams? Remind of Solomon at Gibeon consulting God by sacrifices answered by dreams (1 Kings iii. 5); of wise men warned in a dream (Matt. ii. 12); and many other instances. What did Saul do then? The Urim and Thummim being some mysterious means by which high priest was taught God's will (see Num. xxvii. 21). Can picture Saul calling for the high priest, telling him to inquire of God, waiting impatiently to receive the answer, his bitter disappointment at receiving none. What can he do more? one way left, must send for a prophet, not told his name, perhaps a young man from one of the

colleges founded by Samuel; he inquires of the Lord, with what result? no answer again! Saul has forsaken God, now God forsakes him. He has not sought God in prosperity, God leaves him alone in his trouble (Read Prov. i. 24—29). What a sad warning as to the danger of neglecting God, leaving off saying prayers or thinking of Him, or trying to do right; then, when we want Him, perhaps He will forsake us!

II. Saul and the Witch. (Read 7—19). What had Saul done to the wizards and such-like persons? (ver. 3). This in accordance with the law (Ex. xxii. 18); but now what does he himself ask his servants? What do they tell him? Now picture the king in disguise, that no one shall know him, stealing out in the darkness of night with two men; have to go seven miles to Endor; at last reach the woman, enter her house, tell their errand. What does Saul ask her to do? Was she willing at first? but what promise does Saul make? Whom was she to bring up? Did Samuel appear? Where do the souls of men go at death? The witch professed to be able to bring souls from paradise, but evidently she was much surprised herself at Samuel's appearance. Of course, children will easily understand that it was God (and not the witch) who allowed Samuel to appear, that he might rebuke Saul. What did the woman profess to see? gods, meaning a supernatural appearance as this was. How did she describe Samuel? Saul had always felt that Samuel was his true friend, now turns to him in his trouble, bows to him in respect, and consults him. What does Saul say? God has departed from him—will Samuel advise him what to do? What does Samuel tell him? If God departed from him, no use to inquire of man; this only what he had warned Saul of before. His kingdom taken from him, given to David, because he obeyed not God's voice. Now Samuel adds something more; what is it? he will lose this battle, and both Saul and his sons will die. How did Saul take the message? Seems to have fainted away on the ground. Now the woman acts kindly, presses him to eat, gets food ready, then sends them away.

III. Practical Lessons. (1). *The misery of being without God.* Saul felt this when in trouble, without friends, enemies all around. So too with all. May seem to get on well in ordinary times, but when danger comes, trial, sickness, death, will realise there is no peace to the wicked (Is. lvii. 21). Now, therefore, is time to seek God. (2). *Sin brings its own punishment.* Saul disobeyed, was punished. Saul consulted witch, learned his own fate. This God's eternal law. Sin begets more sin, ends in death. What a warning to repent, seek God's mercy, have sins blotted out in atoning blood (Is. i. 18), to seek God while He may be found (Is. lv. 6). (3). *The certainty of life after death.* Samuel was alive in paradise. The soul, therefore, lives after death, then comes the judgment (Heb. ix. 27). Supposing we knew that to-morrow we should die, how should we feel? Saul was wretched because unprepared to meet God. Had not sought Him in life, not prepared to meet Him after death. Are we ready? Death and life after as certain to us as to him.

Questions to be answered.

1. What fresh trouble was Saul in now.
2. What counsel did he seek, and how?
3. What was her answer?
4. What did he do next, and with what result?
5. What message did Samuel give him?
6. What three lessons may we learn?

HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST IN THE WINNING," "FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

UNWELCOME.

THE widow Parnell was overjoyed when she learned that Percy Gray was coming to take up his abode under her roof once more. Johns had offered him the use of a room and the maternal cares of his spouse, but the widow had a prior claim, and her cottage possessed the charm of comparative seclusion, as well as the fresh breezes that blew across the green. Very few of the tenants of the villas, paying their rent to the spruce agent in the town, would ever suspect that the young man in workman's garb, whom they sometimes encountered on his way to and from the town, was the veritable owner of that eligible and improving property.

The parting with his shopmates and the Burwins cost Percy more regret than he had anticipated. The foreman roughly told him he was a fool for throwing up good work to go and bury himself in the country; but he was touched as well as surprised to find a knot of his fellow-workmen lingering at the gate on Saturday night—his last Saturday—to shake hands with him, and wish him well. They had jeered at his temperance, and called him a prig for so often declining to make one at a supper or harmonic meeting; but when he was about to leave them they could not withhold their respect from the man whose steady consistency was his only offence.

It was a pleasant surprise, too, when, in the course of the evening, a couple of the members of the Mechanics' Institute to which he had attached

himself as soon as he came to Chelsea, called upon him, deputed by the rest, to present him with a handsome, well-made desk, in token of their esteem.

Poor Mrs. Burwin had learned to look upon him as a son, and shed many tears as she bade him adieu, while Tom wrung his hand again and again.

"I don't mean to let you forget me," he said. "As soon as ever I 've earned enough to buy me a respectable suit of clothes, I 'll ask for a holiday, and have a day in the country with you. It won't be for some time to come, I dare say, for mother will want a good many little things we can't let her take from any one but the girls or myself; but some fine morning they 'll tell you there 's a dashing young gentleman inquiring for Mr. Gray, and perhaps it 'll be me ! "

Mrs. Burwin insisted on presenting him with a hideous cameo ring her late spouse had been in the habit of wearing, and assuring every one that nothing would induce him to part with it, as it was a heirloom in his family.

"I am afraid it 's not as valuable as Mr. Burwin considered it," his widow observed—Percy could have told her that he had seen it contemptuously rejected by two or three persons, to whom its owner would have sold it if he could—" but I have nothing else to give you ; and it will do to remind you of a family to whom you were always kind, always considerate."

And so the last good-byes were said, and Percy, not quite satisfied with himself, left London, and, at the commencement of the ensuing week, presented himself at the old familiar workshops.

Morris eyed him askance. Their acquaintance had begun in a manner that wounded the foreman's *amour propre ;* he could not feel prepossessed in favour of the stranger taken on to accomplish a job which he had declared himself fully competent to undertake. Always fussy and dictatorial, he became more so than usual, and, instead of letting Percy quietly settle down to his task, he fidgeted about him continually, making the young man and every one else see that he thought it his duty to look after him sharply. At one minute he was interfering to give the most contrary orders and useless advice ; at the next he was expressing the most galling doubts of Mr. Graddon's wisdom in giving a job of so much importance to an outsider, then predicting, in loud asides, that all that oak must be spoiled outright, and, in a word, doing his utmost to make the worker nervous and uncomfortable.

In this, however, he was but partially successful. Percy had the great advantage of thoroughly understanding what he was about, and therefore he was not daunted by Morris's forebodings of a failure. To the suggestions which he knew he could not act upon he listened without comment ; they did but betray the conceit and incompetence of him who uttered them ; and to have argued or remonstrated would have been folly, for it could only have had the effect of involving Percy in disputes he wished to avoid, and increased the ill-feeling with which he saw that he was regarded. Very steadily and quietly he went to work his own way, striving to turn a deaf ear to the sneering speeches of the foreman, and fully resolved not to be driven to make an appeal to Mr. Graddon unless it became absolutely indispensable.

But Morris's unspoken yet none the less palpable determination to "keep him down," and at the first opportunity to get rid of him altogether, was not half so bad to contend with as the attitude of the other workmen.

Johns had prepared him to find very few at Mr. Graddon's of those who had known him before he went to London, but it was not the fact of their being strangers that made them side with Morris against him. The acting foreman, conscious of his own deficiencies, which not all his conceit and assurance would always enable him to conceal, had thought it prudent to conciliate his subordinates by "standing treat" on sundry occasions. Some, who saw through his motives, laughed at him in their sleeves, but all were quite willing to be "treated." When Morris, standing at the bar of the public-house he frequented, expatiated on the injustice done to him by Mr. Graddon in setting up this London chap, as he always called Percy, they swallowed the liquor he paid for, and agreed that he was not well used. More than that, they proved their championship by so many overt acts of hostility that Percy was made very uncomfortable.

How much annoyance was inflicted on him, partly in mischief, partly in malice, it would be difficult to describe ; and not the least exasperating part of the matter was his conviction that Duke Averne was aware of what was going on, yet made no effort to put a stop to it.

Conscious that he had no friends amongst his shopmates, Percy guarded himself as much as lay in his power against the petty tricks played him ; but tools would disappear none knew how ; his framing would get knocked over and delicate joints broken, by nobody ; and the drawings from which he worked be missing unaccountably ; till, as one and another, instead of rendering any assistance, would snigger and jest at the London man's disasters, he felt tempted to walk out of the shop and return to it no more ; and when Mr. Graddon coming to look at the screen, observed that he was not getting on with it as rapidly as he had expected, Percy ground his teeth with rage. His enemies were getting the better of him, and his forbearance was nearly at an end.

That evening, in spite of no little muttering from Morris, who objected to his making overtime, he stayed and worked for some hours after the other men had left. On the following one, returning unexpectedly to the shop after he was supposed to have gone home, he caught the most active of his tormentors undoing what it had cost him considerable trouble to accomplish, incited to the mischief by the uproarious mirth of two or three more evil spirits like himself.

Silence fell on the group when Percy came forward,

and, without speaking, examined the extent of the damage done. The actual doer of the deed had the grace to feel ashamed, and mutter something like an apology; but he was thrust aside unanswered, and before the rest had picked up their baskets and coats, Percy had quitted the shop, and they heard him vault down the steps leading from it to the yard.

Had he gone to fetch Mr. Graddon? If so, what were they to say? Caught in the fact, would the boldest denial avail them?

But no; he had not done this. When—not at all sorry to make their escape—they reached a field they must cross to their own dwellings, they found him awaiting them there, white and resolute. He knew that the silly youth who had damaged his work was only the tool of a great hulking fellow, whose kinship to Morris and boasts of his prowess as a boxer, had often enabled him to elude well-merited punishment.

He did not elude it now. He was not seen at the shop for some days after this, and Morris blustered and fumed, loudly declaring that he would not put up with such disgraceful goings on, and that he should tell Mr. Graddon he must suit himself with another foreman if he persisted in keeping on such a quarrelsome chap as the Londoner.

He did not, however, think proper to fulfil his threat, and as no one meddled with Percy again, the latter was more surprised than annoyed when, some weeks after, the subject cropped up at the pay-table the first time Duke Averne—owing to his uncle's absence from some cause or other—presided at it.

He spoke reluctantly, and as if it had been forced upon him by a whisper from the foreman, who stood at his elbow.

"Morris tells me you don't get on with the other men. I did not know you were disposed to be quarrelsome."

Percy, who had stopped when thus addressed, looked from one to the other, but did not speak.

"If you don't like your berth, Gray, you should find yourself another."

"I have not been complaining, Mr. Averne."

"No, but it 's very unpleasant for the rest if you take airs upon yourself on the strength of having spent a year or two in town. You musn't forget that some of us remember you a country yokel, in smock-frock and hob-nails."

"I never do forget it, Mr. Averne; but I don't understand what that has to do with my work," retorted Percy, outwardly calm, in spite of the fury raging within.

Again Morris whispered in Duke Averne's ear before he replied.

"Oh, nothing, of course, nothing; only here 's complaints brought to us that you bully and fight with the men if they affront you by any silly prank; and, as I said before, this sort of thing won't suit us, and if you can't be peaceable you had better go."

"Is it you who give me the advice, or has Mr. Graddon requested you to say this to me?"

Duke made an effort to appear dignified and quite at his ease as he answered that, of course, he was speaking for his uncle as well as himself. He expressed the wishes of all who took part in the affairs of the firm when he said that they could not retain in their employ any person who disturbed the peace of the rest.

This magniloquent speech made Percy smile, in spite of his efforts to behave with the grave respect demanded of him. Duke saw the smile, and reddened angrily, while Morris looked disconcerted.

"I could not think of acting so unhandsomely by Mr. Graddon as to leave him while I have work in hand which he trusts to me to complete by a given time; and if I am to be accused, I have surely a right to be heard in my defence. In that case we will, if you please, refer it to Mr. Graddon himself."

Nothing could be further from the wishes of Morris than this, for he knew on how insecure a footing he held his situation, and also that a straightforward man like Mr. Graddon would never tolerate such a system of persecution as Percy could reveal if he chose.

"I should not advise you to annoy the master with such rubbish," he said sharply. "It was for your own good Mr. Averne spoke; if you haven't sense enough to see that, you must go your own way."

With no other answer than a civil good evening, Percy quitted the office, but as he closed the door, he heard Duke cry angrily, "Why did you induce me to meddle with your foolish disputes? For the future you may settle them yourself."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN PLEASANTER QUARTERS.

In musing over this interview, independently of his amusement at Morris's defeat, Percy often found himself trying to account for the influence this man appeared to have obtained over Duke Averne. There must have been some unusual degree of intimacy existing between persons set so far apart, both by position and education, for Duke not only to have listened to a garbled account of what had occurred, but to be induced to interfere.

Had he taken an active part in the business of the firm it would have been excusable, but this was not so; he was still neither more nor less than the builder's clerk, though with a much higher salary, certainly, than young men in that position usually enjoy.

No blame could be attached to Mr. Graddon for this. He still clung to the scheme he had once mooted to his wife, of letting Duke marry Winnie and admitting him to a partnership. The attachment of the young people for each other had favoured it, and as his eldest boy evinced a great desire to go to sea, there were no reasons why Duke should not be taken into the firm except—and these were grave ones—his indolence and instability.

He expressed a passionate affection for Winnie; he

St. Paul before Agrippa.—*p.* 636.

evinced a grateful sense of his uncle's kindness ; but he made no effort to master the details of the business. For all practical purposes he was of no use in it beyond keeping accounts and copying estimates. When Mr. Graddon was ill, it irritated him exceedingly to know that Duke made no attempt to step into his place, but let things take their chance till his uncle was able to gather up the reins again.

Fancying that a distaste for the occupation was at the root of his carelessness, Mr. Graddon offered to assist him in entering upon a more congenial one. Years since he had invested for Duke's benefit the few hundreds he had contrived to save from the wreck of his father's property, and to this he would add—as a loan—a sufficient sum to purchase him an interest in whatever he preferred to embark in.

But Duke would not hear of it. Once married to Winnie he should be the happiest fellow on earth; and as for the building trade, if a fellow *must* work for his living, why should not that do as well as any other ?

To a pushing, persevering man, who owed his position to a life of unflagging industry, such a mode of talking was highly exasperating, and though Mr. Graddon made every allowance for the manner in which Duke had been trained, he was very much displeased. But whenever he recurred to the subject he received a similar answer, and after halting for some time between his affection for the lad he had so long regarded as a son and his anxiety for his daughter's prospects, Mr. Graddon resolved that nothing should be decided upon till Duke reached his twenty-fifth year. Then if he still wished to wed Winnie and accept the share in the business her father offered him, Mr. Graddon would no longer withhold his consent.

To this arrangement Winnie herself dutifully assented. She was very happy at home, for she was useful, and the calm, equable tone of her affection for her betrothed made her content while she saw him constantly, so that if they had a tiff to-day they could easily make it up to-morrow. But Duke was less placable, and protested angrily against any more delays.

"Am I a child, that my uncle uses me thus ?" he demanded. "Let us go to him together, Winnie, and compel him to hear us, till he agrees to fix a day for our marriage."

"But, Duke, if papa has good reasons——"

"He has not, Winnie. If I am, as he hints, too indifferent about money-making, and so on, the fault is his for withholding the incentive I need. If I had my wife to work for, I should be as careful and persevering as he is. Upon my word I'm sick of this kind of life : it takes all the steel out of a fellow. I should have been a better, happier man if your father had given you to me two years ago."

"Duke," faltered poor Winnie, "you frighten me when you talk as if your doing ill or well depended entirely on me."

"And doesn't it ? Aren't you my guiding star ? If I'm ever really good and religious will it not be because my dear little girl tries to make me so ?"

Winnie gave him the smile he expected, but she withdrew herself from the hand held caressingly towards her. It was very flattering to be told that she was so necessary to the happiness of her cousin, but there was something wanting too. She had an innate consciousness that this was not precisely the light in which she wished to be regarded by her future husband. She was not one of those strong-minded women who wish to usurp the headship of the household.

For some time Duke continued to regard himself as ill-used, and would declare that he was very much inclined to enlist in a regiment under orders for India, or to emigrate, or go the diamond fields of South Africa ; and Winnie grew so pale with anxiety that Hattie was troubled too ; and Nina rather unexpectedly evinced an interest in her sister's love affairs, to the extent of advising her to break off the engagement.

"You need not look so shocked, Winnie. It 's what I would do were I in your place, especially if I were made as unhappy as you are !"

"Behave badly to Duke ! how could I ?" cried Winnie, astonished and even incensed at the advice.

"He is not behaving well to you," retorted Nina. "If he will not exert himself to satisfy papa, why should you be made the sufferer ?"

"He loves me, and I have promised to be his wife," was the reply, softly spoken. "Such promises cannot be given and broken with every little cloud that rises. Duke will yet be all we wish to see him."

And Winnie, to end a conversation that pained her more than she chose to acknowledge, went away.

Hattie rose, then sat down, for she had seen tears in her eyes, and did not know whether to follow her, or leave her to herself ; but Nina smiled compassionately, and shrugged her shoulders.

"Winnie had better have taken my advice. She and Duke will never be a happy couple. Winnie's tastes are very different from his ; he loves society and gaiety ; he would live in London if he could, and frequent theatres, concerts, and balls, while our good little sister finds her amusement in visiting the poor, reading to papa, and our simple home pleasures. Am I not right ?"

"Ah !" said Hattie, after long consideration, "you are thinking of the text, 'How can two walk except they be agreed.'"

"Exactly so, dear, only I didn't word what I said as sensibly as you do."

But when Hattie began again, she was checked.

"No, dear, don't let 's discuss them in their absence. I don't think Winnie would like it."

This hint sufficed to seal Hattie's lips, but when an idea once took root in her rather obtuse mind, it clung there firmly, and in after days Nina's remarks did much to influence a decision she was called upon to make.

Duke Averne's fits of wrath, like his resolves to be more energetic, were never lasting, and he soon became reconciled to Mr. Graddon's decision—too much so, that gentleman was inclined to think. He would have been more hopeful for the young man's future had he persisted in carrying out one or other of his threats, than when he saw him sink back into the dawdling habits from which it was so difficult to rouse him. Yet, while Duke was always good-humoured, always ready with an excuse or an apology for his shortcomings, and only passively supine, what could he say or do? It was a constant irritation to the more active man—but how was it to be overcome? Like Nina, there was something in Duke's composition that eluded the grasp, and foiled every one who sought to come in closer contact with their inner selves.

Thus Duke took no part, no actual interest, in Mr. Graddon's business, yet he was the confidant of the foreman, Morris, in his hostility towards Percy, who pondered over the fact and sought a clue to it in vain.

Not that this antagonism affected his comfort half so much as it used to do, now he had contrived to make his fellow-workers comprehend that it was dangerous to meddle with him; but he felt that it behoved him to be wary, for he knew that the smallest error he might fall into would be dragged to light, and magnified, and proclaimed to his employer.

Meanwhile, Mr. Graddon, all unconscious of the annoyances to which Percy had been subjected, congratulated himself on having acted on Johns' hint, and secured a person who suited him so well. The screen finished, he found other work for him of equal importance, and had more than once stepped into the shop to inspect its progress, and express his satisfaction.

So far all had gone smoothly with him, and as Johns was beginning to limp about on crutches, there were hopes that he would soon be able to resume his duties.

Yet Percy could feel his colour rise and his pulses quicken when Mr. Graddon beckoned him into the office one morning. Had the ill-nature of Morris triumphed at last?

(*To be continued.*)

ST. PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA.

BY THE REV. C. J. ELLIOTT, M.A., VICAR OF WINKFIELD, WINDSOR, HON. CANON OF CHRISTCHURCH, OXFORD.

THERE are few passages in the life of the great Apostle of the Gentiles which are invested by his biographer with deeper interest than the account of the defence which he made of himself and of his cause before king Agrippa. Familiar as all Bible students are with the great outlines of the early history of St. Paul, as it may be gathered from incidental notices in the Acts of the Apostles, and in his own Epistles, it will be well to pass some of them briefly in review before we direct our attention to the memorable scene at Cæsarea, which is so graphically described in the twenty-fifth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and to the noble defence made by the prisoner, as recorded in the chapter which follows.

Born in Tarsus of Cilicia, and, therefore—as the records of antiquity abundantly confirm the statement of the greatest of her sons—"a citizen of no mean city," St. Paul was removed, at an early period of his life, to Jerusalem, and there instructed by Gamaliel, one of the most illustrious of Jewish teachers, in all the traditional tenets of the Pharisees, the strictest of Jewish sects. Sprung from the tribe of Benjamin, like the first king of Israel, who bore the same name, and well-skilled, as his Epistles show, in the language and literature of Greece, he was invested from his birth with that much-coveted and highly-valued badge of distinction, the freedom of the city of Rome. It was thus that at the time of his conversion he presented in his own person a typical centre of the three great civilisations of the world—the Jewish, the Grecian, and the Roman; and hence it is that he may be regarded as a representative of those three great types of national existence upon whose confluence, when the fulness of the time had come, the city of God was built, and *through*, as much as *in spite of*, whose combined influence, the light of Christ's Gospel was diffused thoughout the earth, and they who had been "strangers and foreigners" became "fellow-citizens with the saints," and were admitted into the "household of God."

As far as direct history is concerned, the name of Saul of Tarsus is first found in connection with the martyrdom of St. Stephen. It is reasonably inferred from the Apostle's own allusions to the vote which he used to give against the Christians when brought before the Jewish Sanhedrin, and also to his consent to the death of Stephen, that he was a member of that council before which the first martyr was arraigned, and before which, at a later period of his history, St. Paul was himself brought. Be this as it may, St. Luke represents Saul of Tarsus as occupying a prominent place in the scene which he so graphically describes of the stoning of the first martyr; and whilst we learn from the Apostle's own words the remorse which filled his soul in the recollection of the part which he then acted, there are not wanting in St. Luke's narrative indications that, after his own conversion,

the whole energies of St. Paul's mind and body were directed to the carrying on of the work which the martyrdom of Stephen had arrested.

It is true, indeed, that the direct allusions to this eventful epoch in the Apostle's history are few and scanty. They suffice, however, to attest the indelible impression which was at this time produced upon his mind; whilst the increased fury with which he continued to make havoc of the Church, and the time and the circumstances of his conversion, are in entire accord with the supposition that an inward struggle began to be waged from the day of St. Stephen's martyrdom, within the breast of the persecutor, which continued with unabated strength until, on his journey to Damascus, he was arrested by a light from heaven, and the earnest inquiry was extorted from his lips, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" (Acts ix. 6).

From that moment a change, which can be described in no language more striking than his own—"a new creation"—was wrought within the heart, and upon the life of Saul of Tarsus. The outward light which shone around him, as he journeyed towards Damascus, was the fitting emblem of the clearer light from heaven which was about to shine within his soul, when after being, as it were, for three days buried with his Lord in His death, he arose, with his Head, to newness and holiness of life.

From the day in which the scales fell from his eyes, and "he arose and was baptised," the whole life of St. Paul can be described in no fitter terms than those which he himself employed in his defence before King Agrippa: "Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision, but showed first unto them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judæa, and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance" (Acts xxvi. 19, 20). And if further inquiry be made into the character of the Apostle's preaching and the marvellous results by which it was attended, we shall find the answer returned to that inquiry in the terms in which, as he himself declared to King Agrippa, his original commission was framed, as it proceeded from the lips of Him who appeared to him on the way to Damascus, "To open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me" (Acts xxvi. 18).

And as, on the one hand, a nobler mission than this was never confided to the sons of men, so, on the other hand, there never was a mission more faithfully, or more successfully discharged. Upwards of twenty years had elapsed since the memorable journey to Damascus, when the bold and undaunted preacher of the Cross was called to stand before Agrippa, and to plead in the presence of the august assembly which was then convoked, the claims of that Gospel which he had so long proved to be the power of God unto salvation, both to his own soul, and to the souls of his converts.

Not, indeed, that the results of the Apostle's preaching were invariably the same. From the first—as it will be to the last—the preaching of Christ's Gospel was a witness both *for* and *against* those who heard it—a savour of life to some, but a savour of death to others. But whatever the treatment experienced by the preacher, and whatever the reception given to his message, there was no tampering on the part of St. Paul with the treasure committed to his stewardship—no keeping back from his hearers of that by which they might have been profited—no shunning to declare unto them the whole counsel of God.

For many years the life of St. Paul had been ceaselessly devoted to the great work with which, at the time of his conversion, he had been especially entrusted. It was after the completion of one of his great missionary journeys, and when he had brought with him the contributions which the churches of Macedonia had sent by his hands to the poor saints in Jerusalem, that a great commotion was raised by the Jews on the supposition that St. Paul had profaned the Temple by bringing a Gentile convert within its courts. The Apostle himself was with difficulty rescued, first from the violence of the tumult, and then from a conspiracy of the Jews, by the intervention of the captain of the Roman garrison which commonly occupied the Fort Antonia; and he was soon afterwards sent, under a Roman escort, to Cæsarea, which was at that time the residence of the Roman governor of Judæa.

For upwards of two years the active career of the greatest of human missionaries was arrested, whilst he was yet in the full vigour of his unrivalled zeal and energy. Already he had stood before Felix, and when that corrupt governor had been removed for his crimes, again before Festus. About this time Herod Agrippa, the great-grandson of Herod the Great, came to Cæsarea to salute Festus, the recently appointed Roman governor. Festus gladly availed himself of the opportunity thus afforded him of doing honour to his royal guest, and, at the same time, of consulting one better versed than himself in questions pertaining to Jewish laws, respecting the form in which he should relegate the case of St. Paul for the hearing of the Roman Emperor.

We trace, in the defence which St. Paul made before Agrippa, the same boldness of speech and the same unshaken confidence in the cause which he had espoused, which characterise his previous defence, when arraigned before the bar of Felix. We observe further the same desire to make his

own trials and persecutions subservient to the furtherance of the great cause which he had at heart; and in his direct appeal to the heart and conscience of Agrippa, as one who ought to have recognised in Jesus of Nazareth the Messiah foretold by Moses and the prophets, we see how much more intent the Apostle was on the conversion of his hearers than on his own acquittal from the charges which had been unjustly preferred against him, or on his "deliverance out of the mouth of the lion."

It is hard to understand how any could have heard unmoved the powerful and persuasive appeal of the preacher of righteousness. And yet we find, as the final result, that the Roman governor ascribed to madness the obedience which St. Paul rendered to the heavenly vision, whilst his more fully instructed guest—unable altogether to stifle his inward convictions, or to withhold some response to the preacher's appeal—was content to dismiss the Apostle with words expressive either of cold and supercilious contempt, or of an equally fatal decision, neither to accept nor to reject his message, but, with Israel in the days of Joshua and Elijah, to halt between two opinions, not choosing whom he should serve. "Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian" (Acts xxvi. 28).*

We rightly marvel at the blindness of Festus, and at the cold indifference, or the half-hearted acquiescence of Agrippa. We are too apt to overlook the fact that we ourselves may be sinning against clearer light, and may be resisting stronger evidence.

We have not been nurtured amidst the debasing forms of idolatry which surrounded Felix and Festus, neither have we been exposed to those contagious influences which wrought the apostasy of Agrippa from the professed faith of his fathers. Those Scriptures, both of the Old and of the New Testament, which are able to make us wise unto salvation, have been familiar to us from our infancy. And yet, in the case of too many who profess the Christian faith, those writings are practically set aside as idle tales, and if the words of the preacher are not openly rejected as the ravings of madness, and if he himself be not treated with cold contempt, his words fall upon the ear like some familiar strain which awakens no surprise, and when his most urgent appeals are addressed to the conscience, they awaken within it no response.

The great lesson, then, of submission to the inward voice of conscience, and to the written warnings of God's word, is enforced upon those to whom the words of eternal life are now addressed, alike by the ready obedience of St. Paul, and by the wilful disobedience of Agrippa. It is true, indeed, that in regard to its outward attendant circumstances the conversion of St. Paul is distinguished from any other conversion which is recorded either in Scripture or in the annals of history. But when regarded in its own nature, and apart from the outward manifestations of a Divine interposition, the call of each true Christian to a life of faith and of holiness is equally miraculous with that of St. Paul. There is the same carnal heart of unbelief to be subdued; there is the same need of converting, restraining, and transforming grace. And though it may not be given to us outwardly to behold the same heavenly vision which appeared to St. Paul, or to see with the eyes of sense that Saviour who then appeared to him, and by that appearance qualified him, equally with the other Apostles, to bear witness to the truth of the resurrection (1 Cor. xv. 8), nevertheless, as the same Apostle has taught us, unless that Gospel which he preached has been "hid" to us, and the god of this world has blinded our eyes, the same "God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ" (2 Cor. iv. 6). Before our eyes, as St. Paul assured the Galatian Christians who had never gazed with the eyes of sense upon the incarnate Saviour, Jesus Christ has been "evidently set forth crucified amongst us." And if, like that great Apostle who is presented to our view by his own pen "as less than the least of all saints," and at the same time as "not a whit behind the very chiefest Apostles," we are willing to tread in his steps, and like him to yield obedience to the heavenly vision, the same peace which he experienced, and concerning which he has testified that it "passeth all understanding," shall "keep our hearts and minds through Christ Jesus;" and it will be given to us, as it was to him, to "know in whom we have believed," and to rest assured that He is "able to keep that which we have committed to His trust."

* It seems most probable that the words of Agrippa were spoken in irony, and that they mean, "You think, in a little time, or with a few reasons, to make me a Christian."

PEGGY'S DEBT.

A STORY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY morning in London. Cold, miserable winter weather, not a good invigorating frost, not the mild cold that is more frequent in England than anything else, but a nasty raw atmosphere with a nipping wind that chills one to the bone, but has not the kindliness to clear the roads and pathways of their thick slush.

There is a pinched, wan look on many of the faces you meet in the poorer streets, and everywhere you hear the same cry, "Hard times these, shocking hard times."

Turning out of Great Bell Street, which every one who lives in London knows quite well, you come to Malt Lane, probably so called because of the quantity of that grain, brewed into beer, which finds its way to this dingy street, where public-houses abound. Not every one, however, notices the narrow turning round by one of these, known as Bell Passage, which leads you into Golden Place.

The houses here are quaint, old-fashioned ones, and have evidently seen much better days. In the parlours are to be seen many a curious piece of carved oak, black with age and smoke. These rare old mantels and panels are not unfrequently prized by the occupants of the rooms, who have taste and refinement enough to jealously guard them from ill-usage. But this dismal winter has brought bad times to Golden Place, in spite of its name, as well as to every other street where trade workers hang together.

In one such room, on a first floor, a young girl is standing before a meagre fire on this cold morning. The room is large and scantily furnished, the floor covered here and there with patches of threadbare carpet.

There is the sound of noisy clattering feet behind her, and a boy of about fourteen enters the cold cheerless room.

"Why, Peg," cries out the boy, churlishly, "why on earth don't you get the room a bit warm for us? A nice thing indeed to sit here shivering and then start off to walk through such a morning as this."

"There's no more coal, Tom," Peg answers, quietly.

"No more coal, Peg!" cries the boy, angrily, "you talk as if we were paupers; why don't you get some?"

"The last three lots are not paid for, and the man won't send us any more," says Peg.

Tom mutters angrily. "Here, give me some breakfast," he cries, rubbing his blue fingers for warmth, "I can't wait for father."

Peg says nothing, but takes a little metal tea-pot off the hob, and begins pouring out some very pale tea.

"What rubbish is that?" cries Tom, protestingly, "water bewitched?"

"I can't help it, Tom," Peg says, apologetically, "it's the last of the tea, and it's been so bad lately."

"Anything owing?" queries Tom.

"Yes, a lot," Peg replies.

At this moment the door opens, and a man and little child join the two. The child, a little fair boy, is clinging to his father's hand and chattering away gaily. His father, a tall thin man with bent figure and fair faded hair, that at a first glance you might imagine to be grey, is smiling abstractedly at the child. His light blue eyes glance about restlessly, and give a look of uneasiness to his careworn, anxious face—a kind, gentle face it is too, but one in which even a child can read weakness and want of determination, or, as people would call it, a good-natured, easy-going sort of face. He sits down at the table, and takes his cup of weak tea and slice of bread-and-butter without a remark, though the bread is stale and the butter far too tasty. His face is puckered-up all the time in anxious thought, and Tom, from the other side of the table, looks at him with a glance half pitying, half contemptuous.

Presently Tom gets up to go; then Peg turns to her father and says timidly, "There are no coals, father, and no tea, and scarcely any butter."

Her father glances at her abstractedly, shifts uneasily on his chair, and says sorrowfully, "I can't give you anything this morning, Peg, I haven't a farthing! Can't you persuade them to let you have a little till Saturday?"

Peg shakes her head. "We've said that so often, they don't believe us now."

"Then I can't help it. You must *wait* till to-night; I'll see what I can do then."

Peg sighs, but says no more, and presently her father kisses her and her little brother and goes out.

It is a dreary day for Peg. The fire soon burns out, and the large bare room is cheerless and very cold. Little Teddy is discontented and tearful, but Peg runs about with him and tries to interest him by letting him help her in her work. There is some cold suet-pudding left from yesterday, and when this has been eaten, Peg wraps him up as warmly as she can, and takes him out for a run. But it is very cold and miserable, and the great bare room seems doubly cheerless to come home to. Peg gives Teddy some milk and water, and bread-and-butter for his tea, and puts him to bed, the best place for warmth, and then waits impatiently in the cold for her father's return.

Tom is first. He comes in grumbling and angry. It is a trick of his father's to make him give up his few hard-earned shillings, he declares, and he will go

without, rather than be so imposed upon. "He 'll let his father know what he thinks," he says, with a great many other hard things. But the evening wears on and his father does not come, so Tom, who hates discomfort, unwillingly draws out a shilling and bids Peggy get something with that. It is only a handful of coal that Peg brings in, but it makes a fire, and the two sit and talk together till it is time to get their scanty supper. Then, as they are both famished, Peg makes some tea, for she has contrived to get that and some butter out of the shilling. When ten o'clock strikes and their father has not arrived, Tom declares his intention of going to bed, and advises Peggy to do the same. But Peggy sits before the scrap of fire on a low stool, her elbows on her knees, her face in her hands, and waits. Her father's slippers are in the fender, a cup of tea keeping warm for him, but he comes not.

At last Peggy rises slowly, rakes the embers together and gingerly places three small scraps of coal on the top of them, draws the tin tea-pot as close as she can to the warmth, and goes slowly and hesitatingly to bed.

She is fast asleep when a light careful footstep mounts the stairs, and her father turns the handle of the parlour door. He goes totteringly across the room and kneels down by the dying fire. He notes at a glance the slippers in the fender, the little tea-pot on the hob, and as he puts up his thin hands to his white haggard face, there are actually tears trickling down his cheeks, but he brushes them hastily away, and lighting a scrap of candle peeps into the cupboard. Then he takes out of his pocket a small shabby purse, from which he draws two coins, a two-shilling piece and a shilling, balancing them carefully in his hand and looking hesitatingly from one to the other. He seems to come to no decision about them, for, holding them both in his hand, he rises and goes very quietly into the tiny room where Peg and Teddy are sleeping. He kisses each of them fondly several times, and finally places the two-shilling piece on the mantel-piece, and creeps down-stairs.

Very softly and quietly he unfastens the latch, and shivering with cold, steps out into the biting night air. Then with a glance up at the house, and a sigh that sounds almost like a groan, his unsteady shaking limbs carry him away into the darkness.

It was quite dark the next morning when Peggy jumped out of bed and began hastily dressing herself, for she was always up early to get breakfast for her father and Tom.

Lighting the small piece of candle that her father had left on the mantel-shelf, her eye fell first on the little tea-pot and pair of slippers standing just where she had placed them the night before, and she wondered why he had gone to bed without touching them. Perhaps he had been so late that they were cold when he came in, she thought, as she bustled about cleaning up the room and preparing the homely meal.

"Where's father?" Tom asked, gruffly, when he came in.

"What 's the good of asking me?" Peggy asked in surprise; "you know best." Tom slept in the same room as his father.

"No, I don't," cried Tom; "he isn't in the bedroom."

Peggy looked at her brother in mute astonishment. "He hasn't gone out since I 've been up," she said presently. "Where can he be, Tom?"

"Hasn't been home all night," answered Tom, whistling softly to himself and gazing unconcernedly at a great damp patch of wall, near the ceiling.

"Tom!" cried Peggy, "you 're joking; you don't mean it."

"Don't I?" queried Tom. "Look at his bed, then. This is his last new trick, I suppose."

Peg made no reply, for she was hurt at the way Tom spoke of their father. She knew that Tom secretly despised him for his many misfortunes, and it grieved Peg, who loved him for his kind and gentle manner towards his children.

When her brother had gone, Peg went to dress little Teddy, who was rather fond of staying in bed these very cold mornings. Presently her eye fell on the two-shilling piece lying on the mantel-shelf, and she was considerably puzzled to know what it could mean; but she concluded that her father had come home late, and, unwilling to disturb her, had left it there. But why had he gone off again at that strange time without saying anything about it? She wished that he had not been quite so considerate about disturbing her, and so spared her the anxiety she must feel now until his return.

So Peggy thought as she bustled about her various matters of housekeeping. She was soon very busy making a beefsteak pudding, to which purpose she had applied a portion of the two-shilling piece, and was thinking, with a smile on her bright, childish face, of how pleased her father and Tom would be with the portion she was going to save and warm up for their supper.

This clever little cook of twelve years had exerted her utmost skill to make her pudding nicely, and was knowingly tying it up, when suddenly there came a sharp rap at the door, and without further ado a large, burly policeman walked into the room.

Peg dropped her pudding flat on the floor in her fright and surprise. The man walked up to her, and laying a heavy hand on her shoulder, said roughly, "Now, young woman, where 's your father?"

"I don't know," gasped Peg, almost too terrified to speak.

"Then just take time to think," cried the man sternly. "The other two rooms on this floor belong to you, don't they? I 'll just take a look round."

Peg followed the man mechanically as he walked into their bedrooms and carefully searched them, startling Teddy in his occupation of pinning pictures on the walls; then, without a word, he led the way back to the parlour.

"Now, young 'un, just tell me when your father went out, what he said to you, and when you expect him home; and mind you tell me no stories," he said, fixing his eyes on Peggy's scared face with a steady gaze which was meant to awe her into telling the truth.

But Peggy had no thought of telling lies, though she vaguely suspected that something was wrong, and would have shielded her father from harm at all hazards, if she had known how.

"I have not seen father since yesterday morning," she faltered, trembling beneath the man's stern eyes. "He was away all night, and hasn't come home yet."

An angry frown gathered on the man's face. "Where did he tell you to come to him for some money?" he asked, knowingly.

"He never told me to come anywhere," Peggy answered. "He never said anything about staying away when he went out yesterday morning."

"Escaped!" cried the man, furiously, "but not for long, my friend," he added, mutteringly, then without more ado, he turned round and went away.

Mechanically Peggy picked up her pudding from the floor. "It will be heavy," she thought, with the housewifely instinct that came naturally to her, but beyond this she had lost all interest in her piece of cookery.

Peggy was accustomed to being alone, except for the company of her little brother, but her patience was sorely tried in waiting for Tom to-day. She knew very well that something was wrong, and it did not altogether surprise her that the usual hour passed by without her father coming home, but she had been hoping all day that when night closed in, she would hear his welcome footstep, and be relieved from the dreadful fear that was upon her. She had everything ready for him by half-past five, though she knew that he never came till six. How slowly the bent hand of the old Dutch clock moved from space to space. Peggy listened eagerly to every footstep in the street below. Some one was stopping at the gate. No, they had gone on. Surely some one was stopping now. Yes. They were coming up-stairs. Peggy's heart beat wildly. She could not run and open the door, in case——yes, it was as she feared, only Dan, the up-stairs lodger, going up to his room. Quarter past six—half past. Ah, there is a step Peggy knows. It is some sort of relief to have Tom home.

"Father not home yet?" Tom asked, taking his seat at the table, and looking curiously at two hot plates, one turned over the other, on the hob. Peg was a wise little creature. She placed a piping hot pudding under Tom's nose before she ventured a remark. Then she told him the history of her adventure. Tom was very angry. "This is an uncommon bad look-out; it strikes me that father's been and got himself into some bad scrape," he exclaimed, tapping his foot impatiently on the floor.

"Tom, what do you think can be the matter? Why doesn't father come home?" Peggy asked, nervously.

"It's my belief," Tom answered, shortly, "that he's done something wrong and run away."

"Tom!" cried Peggy, reproachfully, but Tom's countenance was unmoved, as he sat idly playing with his knife and fork.

"And a fine thing it is," cried Tom, suddenly, "if he's gone off nobody knows where, and left me to support you and Teddy on my six shillings a week. How are we to live, I should like to know?"

(To be continued.)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

226. What does St. James say in his epistle concerning God's law?

227. What attribute is necessary to the perfection of man?

228. What words used by Moses to express the ingratitude of Israel towards God have passed into a proverb amongst us?

229. From what passage should we infer that king Solomon had a body-guard of sixty men always attending on him?

230. Of which Apostle have we any record that he was married?

231. What king caused priests and Levites to be sent round through all the cities of Judah to teach the people concerning the law?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 608.

214. Jesus said unto him, "When thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldst; but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not" (John xxi. 18).

215. A meek and quiet spirit (1 Pet. iii. 4).

216. Just before His crucifixion, when the voice was so loud that the people said, "It thundered" (John xii. 28, 29).

217. The ant, of which it says, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise" (Prov. vi. 6).

218. "There is no new thing under the sun, for what is, hath been already of old time, which was before us" (Eccles. i. 9, 10).

219. "The graven images of their gods shall ye burn with fire: thou shalt not desire the silver or gold that is on them, nor take it unto thee, lest thou be snared therein" (Deut. vii. 25).

"His mother took him up, and petted him, and played with him."—*p.* 642.

WHAT A LITTLE MONEY DID.

A SHORT STORY.

ROSE got up from the rush-bottomed chair, and going to the bare uncurtained window, stood, leaning in an attitude of sadness and dejection against its frame.

Only eighteen short months ago, and what a happy girl she had been! She sighed as she remembered the time. The beloved only child of a widowed mother, not a care had she known from morning till

night; and, as the pretty promised wife of handsome young Gerald Western, she had looked at the future through a rose-coloured medium.

But ah, how many changes she had seen since then! She had married, and soon after, Gerald's father—hitherto reputed a rich man—had died insolvent. Then her own dear mother, after a short illness, had gone to her last rest; upon which the young husband and wife, in grief and loneliness—for they had scarce a friend remaining—had left the pleasant homes of their childhood far behind them, and had come to live in a southern village near a large and busy town. And here Gerald had struggled and tried his utmost to obtain a living, and he was struggling and trying still. Every day, and almost all day he wandered about hour after hour, seeking to find some suitable situation. And very disheartening and difficult he found the search to be, for he had been brought up to no profession, and neither he nor any one else knew what he could do.

Bitter tears were beginning to roll down her cheeks, when a small cry caused her to start, and to move away from the window. Her little one was waking, her precious baby-boy, her little treasure whose possession whiled away many a weary desolate hour of waiting.

It was a cold dull winter afternoon; the rain-clouds had been gathering for hours; at length, patter, patter came the first few drops against the window.

Rose looked up. Rain, rain, rain; faster and faster it fell, and blankly she watched it; for Gerald would be out in it all; and he had neither umbrella, nor over-coat; nor did he possess a penny, that she knew of, to pay for any conveyance; and weeks and months of poor living, and continual harassing care and suspense had ill-fitted him to bear exposure.

And as she thought and thought, Rose's pale patient face grew sadder and sadder. But presently she wiped her tears away, and falling on her knees by her baby's cradle, she murmured softly, "But nothing that concerns His children is too trifling for God our Father to notice. He can take care of my Gerald. And He will. Is my strength so small? Can I not hear His voice saying as He said to Peter of old, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt? . . . All our troubles He knows, for He allowed them to come, with (as we shall doubtless see hereafter) a blessing wrapped up in each. . . . Is it for us to say with the Israelites, '*Can* God furnish a table in the wilderness?'. If we dare to say it, the Lord will hear and be wroth, as He was with His own people, '*because they believed not in God, and trusted not in His salvation.*'"

And then Rose prayed, as she had often done lately, oftener than ever in her life before. And O how earnestly she prayed!

Rose's voice became weary, and at length ceased, though she remained kneeling as before, with her head bowed in her hands. And who shall say how many further petitions her heart now sent up to God.

By-and-by, feeling strengthened and refreshed in spirit, if not in body, she rose, and going to the fire, began to make it up a little.

"Dear Gerald will surely be in soon," she said to herself. "I must at least have the kettle boiling."

Then the baby roused in earnest, and the landlady's daughter coming in, his mother took him up, and fed him, and petted him, and played with him a little while.

And when they grew tired of play, she wrapped him in his cradle blanket, and stood with him by the window; and with wondering baby eyes he watched the village lamps gleaming through the rain, while his mother's heart sank and grew sad again, as she wondered why Gerald did not come.

Drearily the time dragged away; she had no clock to mark it. At last she undressed her baby, and rocking him to sleep in her arms, laid him there in his warm cradle once more, and returned to her post by the window.

Where could Gerald be? What if from sheer exhaustion he had fallen in the street! What if he had met with some accident! He might not be able to get back to her! Even now, while she stood there, he might be lying in some hospital—unconscious—or calling for her! dying even!"

She started—she wept—she prayed again. What could she do? Hour after hour passed. The household had retired to rest. All was still. It must be getting towards midnight. She kept up a small fire—though where fuel for to-morrow was to come from she did not know. Each passing footstep—and occasionally one might be heard, late though it was—caused her heart to beat wildly. Surely Gerald had come at last? No. Disappointment after disappointment made her sick with suspense and fear. At length she could stand there no longer, and faint and weary she crossed the room, and lay down on the outside of the bed.

And then words of soothing and comfort, and reproach, and encouragement, all in one, came to her again:—

"Why are ye so fearful? How is it that ye have no faith? Have faith, and doubt not."

Weariness overcame her, and for a little while she slept. But soon the baby cried, and she awoke, cold and shivering. Still no Gerald! Ah, would she never see him again? This was a new fear, that she had not dared to harbour for a moment before. But now it would come, and it terrified her. All the trouble she had gone through would be as nothing, compared with that of losing her Gerald, her darling husband. To every depth there is a deeper. She had not so much as glanced into this deep before, and now that she did so she moaned and shuddered.

How the remainder of the night passed she never knew. Morning broke at last, grey and dull. The little village was astir with life once more. Rose watched it from the window. Presently, quite mechanically, she began to occupy herself with

little things about the room. She swept and dusted; refilled the kettle, and brushed up the hearth, her face all the while white and expressionless, and her thin hands trembling as if with ague.

Next she knelt by her bedside in silent agonised prayer. It was her only relief, her sole strength and comfort. And this was not the first time she had prayed that morning.

Rising from her knees she took her Bible, and, opening it, her eye lighted on the text :—

"He hath delivered my soul in peace from the battle that was against me."

"O that He would!" she uttered, in a voice that sounded like a low sharp cry. And then she hid her face in her hands, and wept.

When she looked up again, a gleam of pale winter sunshine was streaming into the room. It seemed but to mock her, and she turned her head away.

And now the sound of voices and laughing came up the narrow stairway, and she could distinguish the words, "My valentine! Postman, have you got a valentine for me?"

It was St. Valentine's Day, then. She had forgotten. Once it had been a happy day with her; but now it seemed as if no day would ever be happy again, and she was ready to say with Job, "Mine eye shall no more see good."

Well, she must be patient with the joys of others: all could not be sad because she was so. And the feeling of impatience at the merriment below was passing away, when she heard her landlady's step on the stair.

"Mrs. Western, a letter for you. A valentine, I suppose; and twopence to pay." And a hard, business-like face appeared in the now open doorway —a face that could and did soften a little, nevertheless, at sight of that mournful young creature sitting there all alone.

Rose roused herself, and with an effort replied steadily, "I have not twopence in the wide world, Mrs. Atkins, nor the means of getting it."

Mrs. Atkins hesitated: her young lodgers owed her a little as it was. Then good feeling conquered, and she said, also with an effort, "Ah well, I can lend it ye; 'twon't break me, I reckon. Here's the letter, and good luck with it, I hope. Mr. Western hasn't been home all night, has he? However," seeing Rose's quivering lips, "never mind; I daresay he waited up somewhere for the rain."

"Mother!" called a rough boy's voice from below. "Mother, I say! look sharp, because I am in a hurry!"

"Well?" rejoined Mrs. Atkins, turning to descend the stairs. "I ain't far off. You needn't make all that noise. What is it?—Here's your twopence, postman."

The postman departed, and a boy in a blue frock, apparently a butcher's boy, appeared inclined to follow him. But first he gave his message.

"You are to tell Mrs. Western that her husband will be here as soon as he can get here, mother. I see him in the town just now, when I went about the meat. I was o' horseback, but he's got to walk."

Rose heard the words, and her heart gave a great bound of thankfulness and relief. He was safe, then—her Gerald. Never mind whether he had found anything to do or not; all troubles would be light after this. And he would soon be home! O that she could give him a better welcome, wet and tired and hungry as he would doubtless be! Yet she must not begin to murmur again. And falling on her knees, she poured out her very soul in praise and gratitude; and then began to reckon how long it would be before her husband arrived.

She had a little more coal, and she hurriedly made up the fire; and then suddenly remembered her letter, which had fallen unheeded to the floor. She opened it. Who it might be from she had not the slightest idea.

"Louie Charlesworth, perhaps?" she said aloud. She was so much alone that she had got into the habit of talking to herself. "But no," she continued; "it is not her handwriting, and besides, she has quite given up writing to me, old friends though we were."

She sighed, and took her letter from the envelope. Letter! No; it was not a letter! Rose's hand suddenly shook, and she let it fall to the floor. Light and crisp, it fluttered away; and she quickly caught it, as it would have gone into the fire. In great agitation she unfolded it. It was a Bank of England note for twenty pounds.

"Oh!" gasped Rose, almost hysterically. "What can it mean? There must be some mistake."

Then she examined the envelope again. It contained a small slip of paper, on which was written—

"*A Thank-offering.*"

Nothing more.

"Twenty pounds!" she murmured. "What shall I do with it?" And she put her hand to her head, as if to collect her shaken faculties. And then she uttered softly, "And dear Gerald is safe."

Five minutes, perhaps, she sat there; and all the while, silent though she was, her heart was pouring out its fervent thanksgiving.

Then she rose, pushed up the window-sash, and gazed out upon the morning. The clouds were fast fleeing away, leaving blue sky and cheering sunshine, winter though it was. And Rose put on her bonnet and shawl, and went quickly out, having begged her landlady to run up to the baby if he should happen to wake before she returned.

And whatever Rose did in her absence she must have been very brisk and business-like about it, for in less than half an hour she stood within her own little room again, before a fire of crackling wood, busily engaged in frying mutton chops. She had already paid her landlady all she owed, including the twopence for the letter, and she had added a small present, and very earnest thanks besides. And now she was preparing a good breakfast for Gerald; and very quietly, for fear of waking the baby.

Soon everything was ready; and she went for perhaps the twentieth time to the window to look down the road. Ah, yes! there he was; and she threw down a fork she had in her hand, and catching up her bonnet and shawl, rushed down-stairs.

Once out of doors, and she was more mindful of appearances. Yet even now she scarcely knew how to contain her joy and satisfaction.

Very slowly poor Gerald was walking. He looked haggard and worn-out, and she saw at once that he had no good news to tell her. She hurried up to him, but he put out his hand as if to keep her off.

"Don't look so glad, Rose darling. It was nothing, after all—always nothing!"

"No, not always," she returned, taking his arm. "But come along, dear. You are tired now. Have some breakfast, and then we can talk about it, and you can tell me where you have been all night."

But Gerald seemed scarcely to notice what she had said, and he went on in a weary, half-dreamy tone—"I was told when I got into the town yesterday that a gentleman who had two or three farms on his hands was in want of a steward. I walked some five or six miles to see him, and found him on the point of engaging another man. He was kind enough to offer me some refreshment—I scarcely know what; however, I accepted it, and I then set out for home. I had not walked far before it came on to rain, and I took shelter in a barn, and did not start again till this morning, as soon as the weather cleared a little; and after creeping like a tortoise all this while, here I am. I am afraid I made you anxious, dear, but I couldn't help it. I sent you word by Joe Atkins that I was on my way."

"Yes, yes," answered Rose, softly and caressingly. "And now, as you say, here you are. And I thank God. Oh, I do thank Him, Gerald."

He made no reply. They had reached the door of their room now, and as Rose opened it, he in a moment caught sight of the cheerful fire and the steaming kettle, and was greeted by the appetising smell of coffee and mutton chops.

"Why, Rose!" he exclaimed in astonishment.

"Well?" she answered tenderly, and yet merrily, even while the tears stood in her eyes.

"What does all this mean?" and he pointed to the table and the fire.

"Means that you are going to have a comfortable breakfast, Gerald darling;" and she gently pushed him into a chair, and bidding him take off his wet boots, handed him some old slippers which had been set to warm by the fender. "Ask no questions, dear, until you have had a cup of coffee, and at least tasted your mutton chop."

Gerald obeyed, indeed, he was almost too tired and hungry to do otherwise.

But Rose was too full of her pleasant secret to keep it long; and before the meal was half over she had told all there was to tell. And poor Gerald gave a great sigh of relief, for in a moment all his anxieties, like a big heavy burden, had fallen from his mind, leaving it light and free as it had not been for many and many a long month, young man though he was. And he could scarcely understand the sweet feeling of unwonted peace and rest that came over him.

Yet he said nothing for many minutes, and then only, "Oh, Rose, dear Rose, how thankful we ought to be!"

But all he had borne had been too much for him, and for a week he lay on his bed weary and ill. And tenderly and constantly Rose nursed him. And hour after hour her fervent thanks went up that she had wherewith to buy him all that was needed.

And very soon he improved. Rest, and peace of mind, and good nourishing food built him up hourly, and in less than a fortnight he was on his way to the adjoining town, once more to seek employment. And this time he succeeded. Curiously enough he met with the very gentleman whom he had before seen concerning the stewardship. The person he had been on the point of engaging had disappointed him, and he, liking Gerald's appearance, did not make much difficulty about taking him for a few months on trial.

Thankful and exultant, the young man returned to his home, which still consisted of but one small room. Yet, small though it was, it had a cheerful well-to-do look to-day, he thought, as he walked into it. The fire burned brightly, the hearth was clean swept, dinner was ready on the table, and there sat Rose with her baby in her arms, and she was singing a happy, merry lullaby.

"I have got something at last, dear little wife. Congratulate me. And let us thank God together."

Rose was eager to hear, and then proud and delighted at her husband's success.

"You will make a good steward, Gerald. I know the gentleman, whoever he is, will be pleased with you. He will be sure to keep you!"

Some months later, Rose accidentally discovered the sender of the twenty-pound note to be no other than the husband of her old friend and schoolfellow, "Louie," now Mrs. Charlesworth. Mr. Charlesworth, in his joy at the birth of a little son, had wished to make some thank-offering, and his wife had said, "Send a twenty-pound note to Rose, dear. I am afraid I have neglected her. She and her husband are poor; they will be sure to find a use for the money."

And when the Charlesworths found out how seasonable their help had been, they were the more drawn towards Rose and her husband, for we almost always love those to whom we have been kind; and soon the two young wives renewed their friendship. And before very long Gerald was able to return the money that had been so generously sent. But neither Mr. nor Mrs. Charlesworth would accept it; and then Rose and Gerald together planned to use it in assisting a few of the many others who were in as sore need as they themselves had been.

THREE RARE QUALITIES.

BY THE REV. T. M. MORRIS, IPSWICH.

"Wherefore, my beloved brethren, let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath."—JAMES i. 19.

NO one will question that we have here reference to three very rare qualities—*rare* in the two-fold sense of the word; rare in the sense of being very valuable and precious; rare, also, in that they are uncommon qualities, that are but unfrequently possessed and displayed. A quick and attentive ear, a slow and cautious tongue, a quiet and patient temper, are qualities of great price, wherever they are met with; and separately, and especially in harmonious and proportionate combination, they are met with much less frequently than we could wish. Ours would be a much happier world than it is if these qualities, still remaining, as they ever must remain, rare in the sense of being costly, precious, indeed beyond all price, ceased from being rare, in the sense of being scarce and uncommon. Many of the most serious causes of difference and disagreement which ruffle the surface and disturb even the depths of social life, would be at once or speedily removed if men were but generally to act upon the apostolic injunction, and show themselves swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath.

This passage, indeed this entire epistle, reminds us in a very forcible manner of that which we have much need to remember—that our religion, the religion we profess, if it be anything at all worth having, worth talking about, is a very practical thing, and is designed to exert a practical and perceptible influence over every department of life. The grace of God which appears in bringing salvation to us, teaches us after what fashion we are to frame and order our lives, teaches us, as here, how we are to regulate our speech and temper, and that we should seek by a faithful and consistent exhibition of the principles and spirit of Christianity, to adorn the doctrine of our God and Saviour in all things.

In the previous verse the Apostle has been reminding those to whom this epistle is addressed that they were partakers of a new life, that they had been regenerated by the Word of truth, begotten again, so as to become a kind of first-fruits of God's creatures. It is on this assumption that he grounds his appeal. He here reminds them that with this inestimable privilege of a new and better life there is associated a very important and grave responsibility. Wherefore, he says, since you have been begotten again, since you have become partakers of this divine life, let the reality and power of this life be declared in an altered and improved deportment, in a wise self-control, which shall affect all the relations you sustain to your fellow-men—let every one be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath. We hear Christian people, sometimes, expressing their regret that they do not know what they can do for Christ, to advance the interests of His kingdom, the honour of His name; they regret that their talents are but few, their position obscure, their strength small, their sphere of influence narrow and contracted. Well, here is something which we can all do, which can be done at home and abroad; whatever else we are doing, we may do this at the same time; we can commend the religion of Christ to others, in a most simple and effective manner, by merely carrying out the apostolic injunction, by showing ourselves in all the manifold and sometimes difficult and delicate relationships of life, swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath.

These injunctions are much more important, and cover a much more extensive range of life, than may at first appear. A very little consideration, however, must lead us all to the conclusion that the general character and conduct of life depend very largely upon what and how we hear, on the one hand, and the way in which we regulate speech and temper on the other. We shall perhaps most easily attain to a sense of what we are here required to do and to be, by considering these apostolic injunctions separately.

I. And, first, the Apostle enjoins us to be *swift to hear, ready to hear.* If we maintain the spirit and attitude which as Christians we should, we shall have, and show that we have, an open and attentive ear. As the healthy condition of physical life will ever very largely depend upon the free inspiration of pure and wholesome air, so our moral and spiritual condition will be found very much to depend on what we receive by the ear. Let every man, says the Apostle, be swift, be ready to hear. As we listen to this injunction, the question naturally occurs—Whom are we to be ready to hear? what are we to be ready to hear? And a true instinct, as well as God's Word, teaches us that we are not to be ready to hear every one or everything. There are those who are as much too ready to hear some things as they are too slow to hear others. There is much spoken in this world that we should not hear, at least, willingly hear. There are times when, and companies in which things are said, so offensive both to God and man, that those who are compelled to listen, might almost wish themselves deaf. We should not willingly listen to anything that is spoken to the injury or disadvantage of another. Were there manifested a more general disinclination to listen to such things, there would be fewer of them said. If in society there were no demand for

scandal, there would be, if not a cessation, at least a very noticeable and most desirable diminution of it. We should as far as possible turn a deaf ear to whatever is injurious to man and dishonouring to God. And we should not be too ready to hear what is said to ourselves, or about ourselves, which is calculated, and perhaps intended, to irritate and annoy, to excite angry and resentful feelings. Saul on one occasion furnishes us with an example of this wise unreadiness to listen. After his election as king—and we must remember that it was the sudden elevation of an obscure peasant to the throne of Israel—many unkind and ungenerous things were said about him, and no doubt repeated to him, for there are always some people who seem to make it their occupation to repeat unkind things. Well, on this occasion Saul behaved himself very wisely—we are told that he was as though he had been deaf.

We should not be like the ancient Athenians, always craving for novelty, ever eager to hear some new thing, or like those who were reproved by the Apostle Paul, as having itching ears. All this kind of readiness to hear is to be condemned rather than commended.

But while we may thus very wisely be deaf—or as though we were deaf—to much that is said around us, and even said to us, we may regard this exhortation of the Apostle as urging us always and everywhere to display a readiness to hear whatever has any tendency to promote our true and spiritual well-being. We should be always ready to hear God and His Word of truth, that engrafted Word which is able to save our souls, which in a later verse we are taught we are to receive with meekness, and of which we are to be doers and not hearers only. Our attitude and our utterance should be ever that of Samuel, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." And while we admit this general principle, and recognise without question our obligation to listen to whatever God says, we must bear in mind that God speaks to us in many different ways, and with many different voices. God speaks to us in and through His written Word, by the mediation and ministry of our fellow-men, in the events of Providence and the most ordinary occurrences of life; and in each case we should show ourselves ready to hear, and not only to hear but to lay to heart those lessons of practical wisdom, which, with the greatest variety of method, and with the most unwearied patience, God is ever teaching us.

It is in the Scriptures of truth that we chiefly hear the voice of God, and our readiness to receive God's messages, which may reach us through other means of communication, may ever very fairly be estimated by our treatment of God's Word, and all professedly scriptural teaching. We are to receive this Word with meekness; as new-born babes we are to desire the sincere milk of the Word that we may grow thereby. There can be no doubt that when the Apostle here urges us to be swift—ready to hear—he is thinking especially of the Word to which we have so many allusions in this chapter, and which is designed to furnish us with all the information we need as to life and godliness. We should receive this as God's Word; in reading it, in studying it, we should expect to catch the accents of that Voice which we can distinguish from every strange voice; and we should look for the promised enlightenment and teaching of God's Spirit, whose office it is to unstop deaf ears, and open our hearts to the believing and joyful reception of the truth.

And while we should be thus ready to hear the voice of God, as we can distinguish it in the sacred oracles, we should be also ready to hear every true and wholesome word which reaches us through the mediation and ministry of our fellow-men. We should not be above receiving instruction from any; and we may, not infrequently, learn a valuable lesson from some who seem at first very incompetent to teach. One of the most important lessons which our Saviour impressed upon the minds of His disciples, He taught them by setting a little child in their midst, and bidding them learn from him. Especially should we be ready to hear the words of those who, in the order of divine providence, sustain to us the relations of teachers and instructors. We should be ready to hear any one who has a good and true word to speak to us. And we have always within reach the test which was applied by the Bereans of old, even to the teaching of an inspired Apostle—we can search the Scriptures to see if these things be so or not.

We should be ready to hear what God is saying to us in the providential arrangements of life. All that is happening around us is significant to those who are wise to consider such things. Every day, in its silent coming and its certain flight, speaks to us; the goodness of God which is ever passing before us; the mercies of God, all the various bounties and blessings of His providence speak to us, calling us to repentance, thanksgiving, consecration; all the various forms of evil even which exist around us, and all the miserable trailing consequences of sin, which cling to it as its dark shadow here, and are a prophecy of its certain doom hereafter—all these things are speaking to us, appealing to us in the way of warning and remonstrance. The afflictions and trials and disappointments of life all come to us fraught with many valuable lessons, which we have need to learn, and which can be as effectively taught in no other way; and happy are they who show themselves under all these circumstances ready to hear. It is a great thing to be thus ready to hear, to have an appetite for the truth, and an open heart to receive it, even when it comes

to reveal a deficiency or correct a fault. It is a great thing to know whom to hear and what to hear, to have a love for the truth, and especially for the truth of God—the truth as it is in Jesus; and our increasing readiness to hear and receive it will be associated with a growing disinclination to hear what is harmful and injurious, or even what is trivial and useless.

II. The next injunction is—*Let every man be slow to speak.* We have here the order of nature—that is, of sinful nature—inverted. As a rule men are very much too slow to hear, especially what they have the greatest concern in hearing, and they are, not infrequently, as much too swift, too ready to speak. There is great need that we should be all cautioned against yielding to the tendency which exists in most of us, or all of us, to indulge in hasty, ill-considered speech. The sins of the tongue are, perhaps, of all sins the most numerous and the most mischievous; and there is scarcely any duty more frequently and more strongly urged upon us in sacred Scripture, than the duty of keeping diligent and constant guard at the gates of our lips; and yet, however watchful we may be, we must all feel that, in this respect, we every day sin oft. The Apostle James in this epistle dwells very largely on this subject, and it is worthy of notice how he makes this a test of the value, reality, and sincerity of Christian life. Nothing is so difficult to control as the tongue. "Every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind: but the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison." Nothing but the grace of God will avail here; nothing but the power of true religion will suffice, and hence the Apostle would have those who profess to have been begotten again by the Word of truth, to give evidence of the power and reality of their religion by being slow to speak; and he adds further—"If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain."

Do we not all feel that we have need to listen to this word of exhortation? It is in this respect so easy to sin, and so difficult to keep from sinning; our sins of speech are so ready to cloak their enormity with all manner of specious disguises; it is so hard for us to have free intercourse with our fellow-men without being betrayed into some insincerity or impropriety of speech, that there is scarcely any prayer that we have more need to offer than that God would graciously enable us to keep ward and watch at the doors of our lips, and save us from the sin of speaking unadvisedly.

There is a prudent silence which Scripture and reason alike teach us to cultivate. The art of silence is a greater and more difficult art than that of speech. He has learned much who has learned to hold his tongue, and who knows when, and where, and how long to keep silent. And it will be ordinarily found to be a much wiser and a much safer thing to keep silent too long, than to speak too soon. Speech is silvern, says the proverb, but silence is golden, and for once that we sin through keeping silence, we many times sin through unwise and immoderate speech. Some people have much more need to cultivate the habit of keeping silence than others. The besetting sin of some—of many—is to speak too often, too much, and, therefore, these things nearly always go together—unwisely. With such there is a determination of words to the mouth which needs to be resolutely checked. But there are few who will not do well to be on their guard against this danger, and remember the words of the Apostle, "Let every man be slow to speak." And while we make this the rule of our life, it is for us to bear in mind that there are times when and places in which it behoves us especially to manifest this slowness of speech.

And as we are to be slow to hear the unkind, ungenerous, censorious remarks of others, we should be slow in giving utterance to such remarks ourselves. How sadly does the world abound in harsh, uncharitable, censorious speech. Not a little of the misery of the world, and the ill-feeling which separates class from class, and individual from individual, may be traced to the whispering, backbiting, gossiping, in which so many are ever ready to indulge.

We should also be slow, very slow, to speak, when we feel prompted or provoked to utter angry words. Passion is, with us all, easily kindled, and when we feel its fierce glow within, we may be sure that it is ready to flame forth in hot and hasty speech, intemperate, ill-considered words, which in calmer moments we would give much to recall. It is at that time, when we feel most provoked to wrath, that we have need to put the most powerful restraint upon speech. The opening of the lips at such a time is very much like the opening of the door of a room in which a fire is smouldering, the fire which might have been choked with its own smoke, or kept within narrow limits, bursts forth at once into uncontrollable and destructive flames.

Remembering, then, how much pain may be inflicted, how much mischief and injury occasioned by hasty and ill-considered speech, let every one be slow to speak. Let us, before we open our lips, remember that the words we suffer to escape cannot be recalled, however swift a messenger we may send after them.

We should, of course, be ready to speak for the Master whom we serve and love, and in the interests of the religion that we profess; yet even here caution and wise self-restraint are called for—we should be slow to speak if the heart go not with the words we utter; it is an ill and dangerous

habit for any of us to get into, the habit of saying more than we feel, and of talking beyond and above our experience. And in speaking to others, caution and prudence are required, for while one word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver, the wisest and best of words spoken out of season may be but as the casting of pearls before swine.

III. The last injunction we have to consider is, *Let every man be slow to wrath.* We are to be *slow* to wrath; all wrath is not forbidden, any more than all speech is forbidden. A man destitute of all capacity of anger would be in as unnatural a condition as one destitute of all faculty of speech. This last injunction is directed against premature, immoderate, unreasonable anger, just as the previous one is directed against unwise and inconsiderate speech. As we are to be slow in speaking, so are we to be slow to wrath, and these two things will be usually found going together, "The quick speaker is the quick kindler." Many stories are told illustrating the close connection which exists between speech and temper. One person who became remarkable for the control he had over his temper, explained it in this way, that having naturally a strong and ungovernable temper, he resolved, when provoked to wrath, not to speak till he had silently counted a certain number, and he found that after such enforced pause, he was able to express himself with a moderation which would have been impossible had he made an instant rejoinder. We read of another who adopted a different expedient, but still one suggested by this assumed connection between speech and temper: he observed that nearly all persons who were angry spoke in a loud, boisterous, excited way, and, by cultivating a quiet and self-contained habit of speech, he was able to exercise a restraint upon his temper; when most tempted to wrath, he made a special effort to speak in a quiet and gentle tone of voice. There can be no doubt that speech and temper are very closely related, and it was not without reason, it was probably with allusion to such relationship, that the Apostle said, "Let every man be slow to speak, slow to wrath."

As we have already remarked, all anger is not forbidden. Holy Scripture distinctly recognises the existence and expression of a just and reasonable anger. We are to be angry and sin not. But when we think how much easier it is to be angry and sin, than it is to be angry and sin not, we shall be ready to admit the need there is for the apostolic injunction, "Let every man be slow to wrath."

Enough has been said to show that we may speak of the qualities here referred to as rare qualities, they are rare—too rare—in the sense of being infrequently met with; every one is not distinguished by the possession of a quick and attentive ear, a slow and cautious tongue, a quiet and patient temper—would that we all were so distinguished! For we must all admit that these are very rare qualities in the sense of being precious—in the sight of God they are of great price—let us, then, seek to adorn the religion we profess by being swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath, and as we make this attempt, let us do so remembering that we can only attain to this most desirable result, as we "receive with meekness the engrafted Word which is able to save our souls."

HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST IN THE WINNING," "FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE."

CHAPTER XXXV.

MR. SMITH.

AFTER all, it was for no less pleasant a purpose Mr. Graddon wanted Percy than to offer him the supervision of the repairs at the church for which he had been employed in making the oak screen.

"There's a great deal to be done there, Gray, for it is a fine old building; and the parishioners have wisely determined to waste no more money in patching and whitewashing, but to have the edifice thoroughly and carefully restored. From two or three things you said when you were at work at the screen, I fancy you would go into a job of the kind with your whole heart, so I 'll give you the management of it, and drive you over to Layverne to-morrow myself, to give you an insight into my own plans and ideas. I can then introduce you to the architect and clerk of the works."

Morris was not at all pleased when he heard what Mr. Graddon intended doing. If there was a prospect of Johns returning, the berth bestowed on young Gray ought to have been reserved for him; and he considered himself unfairly treated. But as some of the men with whom he discussed it showed signs of veering round, and one of their number remarked that, say what he would, it was plainly to be seen that the London chap's head was screwed on the right way, he was forced to put up with his grievances.

There was so much to discuss when Percy and Mr. Graddon arrived at Layverne, that it was not till the latter had stepped into his chaise and driven away homewards that Percy recollected he had not

"She listened with interest to Percy's explanations."—*p.* 652.

eaten anything since the morning, and as Layverne was upwards of ten miles from Enford Green, he must find himself a lodging, as well as the needful food.

The architect had expressed himself much pleased with him; there had been some alterations suggested in the original plans which necessitated a new drawing or two, and some careful measurements, and Percy's pencil and calculating powers proved so useful that they were continually in requisition all that afternoon.

Mr. Smith, the clerk of the works, was absent on business, so Percy had not seen him, when, with the keys of the half dismantled church in his hand, he strolled down to the only inn the village contained, to beg for some tea, and inquire where he could get a bed.

A gentlemanly man, who was standing in the porch reading the day's paper by the fading light, looked after Percy as he passed into the house, and presently followed him to the parlour, where a cloth was being laid for the meal the hostess came to set before him.

She shook her head when Percy asked if he could be accommodated there for the night.

"We're right full, sir, with the masons that's come to work at the church; but they always take lodgers in the summer at Wesson's farm, so maybe you'd get a room there."

"Is it far away?" inquired Percy, who was beginning to feel stiff and tired with climbing ladders, ascending the high tower of the church twice, and going hither and thither at the requisition of the architect.

"Nay, it's not much more than a mile from the village, and you'll find it handier to your job than we are, though it's the other side of the church. Old Mrs. Wesson's a clean, decent body, who'll use you well if so be she can 'commodate you. But lor', here's Mr. Smith—and good evening to you, sir—he lodges at the farm, and I dessay he can tell you more about it than I can."

The young man, who had entered the parlour, lifted his hat to Percy, and accosted him with a careless grace of manner which, although it was tinged with condescension, as if he felt himself the superior of the person he was addressing, was also very winning.

"I was just going to introduce myself," he said. "I am the clerk of the works at the church, and I suppose I'm not wrong in supposing you to be Mr. Graddon's foreman. I congratulate myself on his having sent some one here from whom I may hope for a little society. It is not lively to be shut up in such a place as this, with people whose conversation is limited to the growth of their pigs, and the state of the crops."

"But you may soon be just as much bored with chestnut beams and oak-panelling, ties and struts, joists and bearers," smiled Percy.

"I'm ready to accept anything that promises a change," was the laughing reply. "I never did like the country, except just round Brighton or Hastings, where you can follow up a spell of green lanes and rurality with the pier and the sands. Here, it's a struggle to get a newspaper, and the people begin to talk about going to bed at nine o'clock. It's positive stagnation."

"Have you no books with you?"

"There's none to be had here; but it doesn't signify, for I don't read much at any time," answered Mr. Smith, carelessly. "If you've no objection, I'll have a cup of tea with you, and then we'll stroll down to the farm together. I'll see that the old lady finds room for you."

He drew his chair to the table, and by the light of the solitary candle placed upon it, Percy obtained a fuller view of his new acquaintance. How was it that he found himself continually endeavouring to remember where he had seen that face before? During his sojourn in the metropolis he had known several persons who bore the same name, but not one who resembled the well-dressed, gentlemanly person chatting to him so fluently and pleasantly. Yet still he was haunted with the impression that they had met ere this, though he could not recall any time or place in which he had seen the strongly-marked but handsome features and dark, deeply-set eyes of Mr. Smith.

At last Percy pronounced himself ready to start for Wesson's farm, and as he rose he touched the bell to summon the landlady.

"I can't let you pay for my tea," said Mr. Smith, "unless you are willing to toss up, and let the loser pay for all."

Percy raised his eyebrows a little at the proposition. There was too much of this sort of thing in Mr. Graddon's workshop, especially under the rule of Morris; but he had not been prepared for such a suggestion from the gentlemanly Mr. Smith.

"I shouldn't have a good conscience," he said, laughingly, "if I were to let you pay for such a meal as I have just devoured."

"But I should take my chance of that," Mr. Smith retorted, "and anyhow there would be the excitement."

However, as Percy still declined to entertain the proposal, the bill was paid without resorting to it, and they walked together to the farm, where Mrs. Wesson, after a sharp scrutiny of her would-be lodger, consented to accommodate him.

Percy saw very little of Mr. Smith during the course of the following day; his own work kept him fully employed, but when it brought him in contact with the clerk of the works, he generally found him so absorbed in some calculations he was making in a little book he carried in the breast pocket of his coat, that he could not immediately understand the question that was put to him, and had to recall his thoughts before he could answer it.

Nor did Percy see anything of him when work was at an end, for he had gone with Mrs. Wesson's son to witness some shooting match held at a village

a few miles away, and every one in the house was a-bed before the sound of wheels proclaimed their return.

But on the following evening, at the little shop which was a stationer's as well as a grocer's, they encountered each other, and Percy, who had gone thither to purchase some pencils, waited while Mr. Smith obtained the letters, which, as this was also the village post-office, lay here awaiting him.

They were hastily examined as the young men walked together towards the farm; Mr. Smith seemed to have an extensive correspondence, but did not derive much pleasure from it. Two or three of his epistles appeared to contain bills, which were thrust into his pocket with a growl; one bearing the post-mark "Manchester," was read with frowning brows, and muttered exclamations, and then passionately rent in fragments and scattered to the winds, while the rest were put aside apparently for a second perusal.

Scarcely a word had been interchanged till they they reached the gate of Mrs. Wesson's garden, when Mr. Smith, starting from a moody reverie, exclaimed, "Don't let 's go in yet. We 'll stroll up the hill. If you care for scenery, you 'll find yourself repaid for your trouble. There 's a splendid view from the summit."

It was a glorious sunset, and while Percy, with folded arms, leaned against a stile, watching the sky take its varying tints of orange and crimson, his companion sat on the top rail and meditated.

"Your home lies over yonder," he observed, pointing towards the north-west. "What sort of people are the Graddons?"

"He is an excellent master, and highly respected."

"Ah, yes! I know that. But is he substantial? Is he well to do?"

"He has a very good business, and employs a great many men," answered Percy, secretly thinking that if Mr. Smith had any idea of trying to obtain a berth under Mr. Graddon, he must be less fastidious about soiling his hands.

"I could have told you as much as you are telling me," was the rather irritable reply. "What I wanted to know is this, is he a monied man?"

"I suppose he is. So steady, persevering, and regular in his habits as Mr. Graddon has been, it 's only reasonable to conclude that he has laid by something for his children."

"Ah! he has a large family, hasn't he? What sort of girls are his daughters?"

But Percy was not inclined to discuss Winnie Graddon's looks or qualities with a stranger, and, instead of replying to the question, he asked if his companion was ready to return to the farm; commencing the descent of the hill himself without waiting for a reply.

When he was about half-way down, Mr. Smith joined him, saying, "How long the evenings are here! I wonder whether we could get a pack of cards at the shop: Mrs. Wesson stared at me open-mouthed when I asked if she possessed one, but she could not hinder us from playing. We must have amusement of some kind in this benighted hole."

"Then we 'll try to find some in chess or draughts," Percy told him.

"Deny ourselves just to humour a stupid old woman's scruples! Nonsense!"

"But I should not be denying myself, for I am very fond of chess," answered Percy. "As for cards, I cannot play them, and I do not feel any desire to learn."

Mr. Smith surveyed him doubtfully.

"It sounds queer to hear a sensible fellow like you make such a confession. Perhaps you 're country-bred, like these good people, and——"

"I 've never considered the subject at all," Percy replied, indifferently. "Hitherto I 've always had something else to think about."

"But a man can't live without amusement or excitement—call it what you like—of some kind or other. What has yours been?"

Percy smiled, then compressed his lips, and looked thoughtfully away from the querist.

"I don't know how to answer you, except by saying as I did before—I haven't considered the subject. There goes the sun; we have caught our last glimpse of him. We shall be benighted if we don't walk a little faster."

"There 's no hurry. What can we do when we get in-doors but yawn at each other till we 're ready for bed?"

"We might be in worse quarters," Percy told him, cheerfully. "Mrs. Wesson is obliging, and the scenery about Layverne is very pretty. Mr. Graddon tells me two or three of the Royal Academicians have taken up their abode in the neighbourhood."

"Ah, possibly! I think I did see a queer-looking old fellow sitting under an umbrella sketching one day, but as he did not speak, and only looked as if he was wishing me out of his way, I didn't try to cultivate his acquaintance."

"Have you lived in London?" asked Percy, suddenly. "I cannot help thinking we have met before."

Mr. Smith raised his eyebrows.

"Of course it 's possible," he said, "that is, if you have spent much of your life at the West End or in Manchester, the city I hail from, for one never knows who one jostles against in the crowd; but I shouldn't think you and I have been in the habit of keeping the same society. Frankly, man, I 'm a little out at elbows just now with my friends, or I shouldn't have consented to bury myself alive here."

They had walked on a few paces when it must have struck him that what he had just said was not very complimentary to Percy, for he turned towards him with the courtesy of a well-bred man, and said, "No, I am not on the best of terms with my relations just now, and have had to consent to a kind of banishment, but I must congratulate myself on having met with so pleasant a fellow to share it as yourself. You see I am able to appreciate a

sociable companion when I get one. I shouldn't have chattered about my own affairs so freely if I hadn't seen at a glance that you 're to be trusted."

Percy made the civil reply expected of him, and then they walked the rest of the way in silence, for the one was still brooding over his letters, and the other taxing his memory to discover where and when he had first made the acquaintance of Mr. Smith.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE CHURCH-TOWER.

Two or three weeks elapsed, during which the young men drifted apart. They were excellent friends in work hours but their leisure ones were not spent in the same pursuits. Percy could find no amusement in the columns of the sporting papers over which his companion pored for hours, and Mr. Smith openly wondered what Percy could find to interest him in the Encyclopædia lent him by the curate, an enthusiastic archæologist, with whom he often had some pleasant discussions.

Mr. Smith lightened the monotony of his life by borrowing a horse occasionally and riding to the market town, where he said he had made a few acquaintances, but as he often came home with his purse empty, Percy was led to think that he found these visits expensive ones.

The alterations were progressing briskly when Mr. Graddon drove to Layverne again. This time he was accompanied by both his daughters and Duke Averne, for his descriptions of the scenery had made both Winnie and Nina eager to behold so charming a spot.

Mr. Graddon plunged into business directly, leaving Duke to take care of his cousins whilst they, bent on making the most of this summer holiday, inspected the interior of the church as well as the presence of the workmen and their scaffolding would permit, and then selected a good point of view from whence to sketch the exterior.

Although engaged with Mr. Graddon, Percy's eyes often wandered towards those graceful girlish figures in their light summer costumes. He had no part in their enjoyment, for Nina had scarcely acknowledged his bow, and Winnie had only time to give him a smile and ask how he liked Layverne before Duke drew her away. But he would have been content if he had not seen that Mr. Smith contrived on one excuse or another to hover near the sisters. It was he who sent for chairs from a cottage close by, who sharpened Nina's pencils, corrected her perspective, and contrived to tie together some boughs of the tree beneath which she sat, when an obtrusive sunbeam persisted in flickering on her paper.

Percy told himself with a frown that had he been in Duke Averne's place, he should have considered Mr. Smith's assiduities impertinent, and instead of strolling away with him, as if they were *bons camarades*, treated him with scant courtesy.

But Percy recovered his good humour when Mr. Graddon, who had been resting awhile beside his daughters, beckoned to him.

"Gray, these girls of mine are seized with a strong desire to climb the church-tower. Is it safe for them to attempt it?"

"I think so," was the reply. "The steps as far as the belfry are very much worn with the feet of the ringers, but a party of ladies from the rectory ascended a few days since, and with ordinary care no accident can happen."

"There, papa!" cried Nina, triumphantly. "Now you have heard what your foreman says, you cannot make any more objections."

"Well, well, puss! if nothing less will content you, I suppose you must have your way," he answered, indulgently. "But wait till Duke comes; you cannot go on such an expedition alone."

"Duke is lazy," Nina told her father, "and declares that it is not worth the trouble, but Mr.—a—Smith said he would escort us, and he has gone to fetch a telescope to enable us to see Windsor Castle."

"He is very obliging," said Mr. Graddon, rather drily, as he took out his watch, "but if you mean to climb the tower at all, it must be done without delay, as our time is short. Here is Gray; he shall go with you. I 'd rather trust you to his guardianship than to a stranger's. You have the keys, haven't you, Gray?"

Nina put up her lip and did not stir, but when Winnie prepared to accompany Percy, she slowly followed. Had she been in earnest when she expressed this wish? If so, the desire must have been strangely fleeting, for she was ready to descend again as soon as the belfry was reached; saying, with a mirthless laugh, that her curiosity was sufficiently gratified.

But Winnie, who really had not cared to ascend the tower, only yielding to the urgency of her sister, was now bent on climbing to the summit, and enjoying the prospect it commanded. She listened with interest to Percy's explanations; learned to discriminate the Saxon from the Norman architecture, and had many questions to ask about the fine peal of eight bells when she reached the chamber where they hung, each swung in its strong oaken frame, and with quaint inscriptions recording the date of its casting and by whom presented.

Percy had been up here two or three times with his antiquarian friend, the curate, from whom he learned every legend and incident connected with the church. He had much, therefore, to impart which was well worth hearing, and he told it so well that even Nina forgot to be pettish, and listened as well as her sister.

It was not till they caught sight of Mr. Graddon signalling them to hasten, that they quitted the leaded roof from which they could gaze on such a fair sight; wood and field and farm and village, winding river and clear still lake, all lying beneath them. Duke, returning towards the church with Mr. Smith, waved his handkerchief gaily, and quickened

his steps as if he proposed to join them. They would have waited for him willingly enough, but the sun was getting low, and they knew they must not linger any longer.

Percy preceded the sisters down the narrow winding stair, in order to caution and assist them wherever the steps were broken away. Nina came next, followed by Winnie, and thus they had descended nearly half way, when they reached the place where a loophole or narrow casement had once been inserted to throw a little light on the entrance to the bell chamber.

But this side of the tower was exposed to the keenest winds, and the weather had acted on the masonry to so great a degree that long since, the wooden frame of the casement had fallen out, carrying with it several of the stones, and leaving a long gaping aperture, overlooking and just above the sloping roof of a small chapel or chantry attached to the principal building.

Some wild impulse led Nina to spring lightly into this aperture, in defiance of the warning cry uttered by Percy and echoed by her sister.

"I must have a breath of fresh air," she cried, gaily; "the dust of your musty old tower has almost choked me. Be quiet, Winnie; it is safe enough here."

But even as she spoke, the block of stone on which she stood tottered beneath her feet. Terrified at her danger she turned and tried to spring back, but the stone carried her with it. Down the sloping roof it went, falling over the gutter with a thud on to the turf of the graveyard below, striking and splitting a tombstone; and after it the hapless Nina was sliding, with outstretched and upraised arms that sought in vain for something to grasp to stop her downward progress towards the edge of that narrow ridge of roof.

Percy, breathless with horror, leaped up the intervening steps, but Winnie was even more prompt than he. Throwing herself on her knees and then flinging herself forward, she was just in time to grasp one of her sister's wrists. There was considerable danger of her overbalancing herself and being carried down too, but fortunately for both girls, Percy was near enough to prevent that. Thus far Winnie had succeeded in averting the threatened catastrophe, but she had not strength enough to do more than she was now doing —clinging desperately to the slender wrist she had contrived to clutch, and gazing into the white wild upturned face of Nina with eyes as full of terror as hers.

The unconscious Mr. Graddon stood watching a labourer harness his horses, humming one of Winnie's favourite ballads the while, and Mr. Smith and Duke Averne made laughing remarks to each other as they entered the tower, and commenced the ascent, little dreaming that a young life was in such peril just above them.

Winnie heard all these sounds distinctly, and across her mind there rushed a vivid picture of her father's anguish if his child perished. Yet scarcely a minute had elapsed when she found Percy at her side, gasping a prayer to her to hold on. His own arm was already round her, and slowly, cautiously, he drew her back, till he could reach Nina, and draw her through the aperture.

But even then, Winnie could scarcely realise that her sister was safe, till she found herself kneeling on the floor of the bell chamber, whither Percy had carried the now fainting Nina, and sustaining her sister's drooping head on her own shoulder.

(To be continued.)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

QUESTIONS.

232. What king caused his successor to be crowned during his own life-time?

233. By what other name was king Solomon called, according to the instruction of Nathan the prophet?

234. Who was it prepared the crown of thorns which was put upon the head of Jesus?

235. What was the law of the Jews concerning the bodies of those who were hanged?

236. What historical incident is mentioned in the book of Ecclesiastes which illustrates the nature of wisdom?

237. Quote some words of our blessed Lord which show the necessity of caution in our speech.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 624.

220. The life of Aaron his brother (Deut. ix. 20).

221. With the disciple St. John, to whose care Jesus committed her when He hung upon the cross (John xix. 27).

222. Whatsoever they have to do, they are to do it with "a good will" (Eph. vi. 7).

223. He fed more than one hundred and fifty of them daily at his own cost (Neh. v. 17, 18).

224. When Samuel told the Israelites of the choice of Saul as their future king (1 Sam. x. 24).

225. "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God: but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children for ever, that we may do all the words of this Law" (Deut. xxix. 29).

PEGGY'S DEBT.

A STORY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

CHAPTER II.

PEGGY waited eagerly all the evening, hoping against hope, but her father never came. Far into the night she sat, crouching down by the dull embers, waiting and watching, but he came not.

There was no cooking for Peg to do next morning. The coals were all gone, and Tom would have no money till Saturday. Peg sat in the cold bare room, mending the week's wash, and revolving all sorts of thoughts in her busy mind. If Tom's words were true!—she would not believe that they could be—but the thought of it had set Peg thinking how she could earn money.

She was very deeply engrossed, when two people stopped on the landing outside and knocked at the door. It was the policeman of yesterday accompanied by a gentleman.

The stranger glanced round the cold bare room, noted its cleanliness, noted the great damp patch on the wall, and his eyes had a look of sorrowful pity in them as they fell on the childish figure of Peggy, industriously darning away, and the baby face of little Teddy seated on a stool at her feet.

He asked Peggy a great many questions of which she could not see the drift. At last he told her gently, as if he were sorry for her, that her father had stolen a great deal of money from him, and from what she said it was evident that he had run away.

"I'm sure father wouldn't take anyone's money!" Peggy cried, earnestly. "Poor father, where can he be?"

"Was he good to you?" the gentleman asked.

"Always," Peggy replied. "He was never cross to me or little Teddy, and since the times have been so bad, and he hadn't hardly any money, he'd never eat a bit of anything till he'd seen whether we'd all got enough. I know he often went out hungry, and didn't have a bit of dinner with him at all, if we were short; I know father wouldn't do anything bad," she added, confidently.

The gentleman smiled sadly. "I am pleased to hear you say so," he said, approvingly.

"I shall not go further," he said to the policeman when they were outside. "It's a first offence, you see, and the times are bad. I daresay he had great temptation." But he did not say what was in his mind, that Peggy's innocent young face, and her touching defence of her father, had turned him from his purpose, making him believe that that father could not be altogether bad.

Saturday came without him. There was the rent to be paid and no money to pay it. The landlady had got wind of something wrong, and she was loud in her demands for the back weeks that she said were owing. Tom talked to her so cleverly that he not only appeased her wrath, but obtained a promise from her to wait until next week.

"Now," said Tom knowingly to Peggy, "I don't intend to pay that back rent. It's father's debt, not mine, but it won't do to tell the old woman that. She'd cut up so rough; but I shall manage like this, I shall pay next week I hope, and then I shall try to pay every week, always putting her off about the back money. If she smells a rat and tries to do the nasty, why let her. I'm only a boy and she can't make me pay it;" and Tom chuckled with delight at his own cleverness.

Tom's words had stung Peg's tender heart to the quick. She could not bear to hear her father's name mentioned in connection with dishonour and disgrace, and it should not be, if she could do anything to prevent it. In that moment she took a mighty resolve. She would pay the debt herself. As Peggy was going out the next morning to do her small marketing, Mrs. Black, red and flustered, pounced upon her.

"I've heard strange tales about your father," she said sharply. "It won't do to tell me he's gone into the country after a job; I know better than that, and I tell you I can't afford to let you children live in my rooms without any pay."

"We are going to pay you," Peggy said gently. "And if you would let us give up one room it would be easier."

Mrs. Black declared that it was the best thing they could do, and if they liked to keep the two little rooms they need only pay four shillings a week. Peggy thanked her, and agreed to this plan.

"But where am I to look for all the money that's owing?" Mrs. Black asked, waxing wrathful again. "If I let you off, I don't suppose I shall ever get it, and it's hard lines that a poor creature like me should slave from morning till night, while the scamps of the earth go free; but it's a wicked world, and there's no justice in it."

"Yes, there is," Peggy replied proudly; "if you'll only wait a bit, I'll pay you all we owe."

"You, child!" cried Mrs. Black, contemptuously, "that's a poor look-out. But at any rate, I'll wait a bit and see, for I wouldn't turn you out if you could anyhow pay me."

Tom came home elated and triumphant. He had represented his hard case to his master and begged to be taken on as a regular hand, instead of continuing an apprentice. As Mr. Turner was just about discharging one of the men for laziness and drunken habits, he had agreed to let Tom take his place, and pay him fourteen shillings for one week, at least. "And I mean to let him see that he'll be the gainer by the bargain!" cried Tom, excitedly. "He'll keep me on, never fear."

So the forsaken family lived on in their two rooms, and kept themselves to themselves, as they had always done, none knowing of their hardships and brave struggles.

Peggy knew very well that the ten shillings a week that were left after the rent was paid would not keep them in anything like comfort and allow her to put something by for the old debt, so she was determined to earn money—but how was she to do it? She would try her hand at plain needlework, but after several days passed in fruitless attempts to get some to do, she gave that up too. At last she succeeded in getting taken on as a crochet hand, at a house where a number of young girls were employed in making fancy woollen articles for the warehouses. Peggy could crochet very well, and as the woman did not ask for any reference, and wanted her only from nine in the morning till five at night, she thought she was the luckiest girl in the world to find something which so exactly suited her.

Mrs. Black agreed to take charge of little Teddy and give him a bit of dinner for sixpence a day. "I shall soon earn that," thought Peggy, joyfully; "and all the rest can go towards the debt."

But Peggy's joy was soon dispelled. She was put on to making ladies' "clouds," and told that she would be paid sixpence each for as many as she could do. She gazed in stupefied amazement at the great hanks of wool that were given her, and the long, capacious wool wrap that was to be her pattern. "One of the young ladies 'll hold your wool," the woman said; but the "young ladies" were not disposed to give up their precious moments to the stranger. Peggy was in despair, when one of the girls offered to hold it for a penny. She agreed, and thought her troubles were at an end; but alas! they had only just begun. Her unaccustomed fingers continually dropped the ball, and the impatient remarks of her assistant made her so nervous that she got the skein into a muddle, which took a fearful time to unravel, and caused the girl who was holding it to bargain for another penny. She was altogether dismayed at the sight of the lightning speed at which the girls worked, but she was determined to persevere and see if she could not attain to something like it. Most of the hands finished one cloud and got on to another by the end of the day, receiving ninepence; for Peggy did not know that new hands were always paid less than the regulation sum, as it was taken for granted that they would clamour for more. But at the end of her first day Peggy found herself twopence out of pocket, for she had not more than half completed her task. By degrees, however, matters improved, the woman consenting to let her take her work home, on paying a deposit as security; and at the end of the week Peggy had gained a little sum which made her hope to do something worth mentioning in the future.

The following Saturday she found herself the proud possessor of four shillings, which, after paying Mrs. Black three for Teddy, would leave one towards the debt. It was a beginning, Peggy felt, as she ran quickly home, hardly conscious of the fact that she had had nothing but a piece of dry bread since her breakfast.

Tom was at home, for he came in early on Saturdays. He had been trying to light a fire, but it had refused to burn, and he was very cross and cold and hungry. Peggy flew round to get tea.

"How much money have you got?" asked Tom.

Peg hesitated. "I owe it all, Tom," she replied, evasively.

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried Tom. "I 'm responsible for all our debts. Just hand it over, Peg; I want every farthing I can get."

"It 's for Mrs. Black," said Peg, in dismay; "and it 's only a shilling or two. I can't give it you, indeed, Tom."

"Just give it to me, Peg!" cried Tom, in a voice of authority. "I 'll keep the money and pay the debts; that 's fair enough."

"I can't, Tom," Peggy replied, firmly. She had a shrewd suspicion that if she once let Tom take her earnings, that back debt would never be paid; so she was determined to stand out.

"Well," cried Tom, angry at such rank insubordination in the little household of which he considered himself the head. "Keep your money if you like, Peg, but if you do, you 'll get nothing from me. I hate girls to be so independent."

Peg kept a still tongue in her wise little head, but as soon as tea was over, she went to Mrs. Black and paid her the whole four shillings. "It 's only a trifle towards the debt," she said, apologetically; "but next week I shall get more, and if I keep it perhaps I shall be tempted to spend it."

"Well, you are an honest child!" said Mrs. Black, graciously, and Peggy's eyes brightened with pleasure. Her light was not very great, poor child, but her mother had implanted in her heart a keen love of honesty, and she did long that she and all belonging to her might be, and be thought, upright in all their dealings.

"I am not going to pay the rent to-night," said Tom, carelessly, as he handed Peggy some money, with sundry specific injunctions as to how she should lay it out.

"Tom!" cried Peggy, reproachfully; "why not?"

"You can pay it yourself, since you won't join your earnings with mine."

"But I had only one shilling, really, Tom," Peggy cried, in dismay.

"Never mind," replied Tom, unconcernedly. "I'm not to know what you earn, so as you 're so mighty independent you can be responsible for the rent, and I will for the food. That 's fair enough, and so it 's settled," and Tom waved his hand imperiously.

Here was a blow for Peggy. In vain she represented to him that it was not honest to hold back the money when he had it in his hand, and that she had promised Mrs. Black to pay her regularly, upon which terms she had agreed to let her have the two rooms for four shillings only. Tom was either

stoically indifferent, or angry at being called dishonest, telling Peggy that she was a fine one to preach about honesty, after having pitied a rogue, who, though he was her own father, deserved to be despised and shunned by his own children.

So the day ended with high words between these two, and Peggy went to bed heavy-hearted and almost inclined to despair. The next day was Sunday, and Peggy, with no very good will, set about preparing the dinner Tom had provided. It was a more extensive one than usual, for Tom had declared that now she paid the rent he could spend more. Each mouthful seemed to choke poor Peggy as she thought of the unpaid rent and her promise so soon broken through.

In the evening Tom went out with some companions, and Peggy dressed little Teddy for a walk. As she came back the bells of the neighbouring churches were ringing for service. There at the gate was Dan, who lived up-stairs, with Bible and hymn-book in his hand.

"You 're a bit lonely, I reckon," he said, kindly. "Won't you come along with me?"

"Well, I don't mind," said Peggy.

It was nearly dark now, as Dan and Peggy hurried along. As they turned out of Bell Passage into Malt Lane, a man started out of a door and followed them with tottering steps. He watched them disappear within the door of a large well-lighted building, then, with a half groan, he turned back and retraced his steps, taking a direction, after a little while, that led towards one of the lowest and most densely populated parts of the great city.

"There is some one following us!" cried Peggy.

"There is some one following us!" cried Peggy as they neared the church.

"Nonsense, dearie, don't be frightened," said Dan soothingly.

Peggy paused at the steps of the church, and peered into the darkness. She could dimly discern the figure of the person who had been walking behind them some way.

"Look!" cried Peggy plucking Dan's sleeve, "who is it, Dan?"

"Don't be fanciful, dearie," said Dan, reassuringly, "*he's* far enough away."

"If I could only know where he is," Peggy thought with a sigh, as she followed Dan.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LAKE OF DREAMS.

BY THE REV. M. G. WATKINS, M.A.

SCOOPED from a bed of living stone
By glaciers' might when Time was young,
Ere man's intrusive step was known,
A mystic beauty o'er thee hung,
Sweet lake! still sleep'st thou lucid, grand,
While those old mountains watchful stand.

Thy mimic waves I loved to cleave
With eager arm, and lured thy trout;
Or doth bewildering fancy weave
Her spells my longing eyes to flout?
How oft, too, 'mid thy sunset glow,
Idly my shallop's sail would blow!

Not seldom fanned by slumber's breath,
In fairy lands, as morning sighed,
Entranced I saw the rose-hued heath
Bend down to kiss thy playful tide;
And heard, across thy lonely moor
The dog bark by the shepherd's door.

Sleep, tranquil lake! earth's troublous showers
Disturb not thee; thy far-spread gleam
Irradiates our working hours,
And cheers us with a kindred dream,
Too happy if thy type we find
In sunny recollections shrined.

A RICH WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CRUST AND THE CAKE," "LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

"No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be."

AND so next day Edmund Carewe's mortal remains were laid to their long rest among the yews in Winds' Haven churchyard. There could not have been a simpler burial; but many a ceremonious funeral, with troops of friends and bands of hirelings, wins less genuine emotion than was felt among the homely group which gathered about the grave. Rough peasants, who had known the young man in the bright summer days which were gone, were the reverent coffin-bearers; and for mourners there were Chrystal, and Margery, and Bertram. It might well be that Margery's tears by the grave-side were rather for her own Charlie than for the lad she had never seen until his eyes had met hers amid the mists of death. Yet now a wider sympathy and a tender touch of impersonal pathos mingled with, and sweetened and softened her pain. As for Chrystal, though there was dew in her gentle eyes, the sting of death was for her almost abolished; and she might have wept more over a child who had cried itself to sleep in a lonely place than she did beside the coffin. Bertram Esslemont's face was pale and set; and when the service was over, and they had all turned away, he went back once more, and took another look into the black chasm, which the sexton was fast filling up. Said that worthy next day, "It 's always so; there 's always one that does that. I 've heard it 's the same when folks is parting, and some is going away in ships. I reckon it 's the one who 's got a charge left him, and he kind o' guesses that the other will begin to misdoubt whether he 'll remember it."

Bertram Esslemont left Winds' Haven that very afternoon. Chrystal walked with him to Ockholm Station. Her heart was drawn to the lad. His curious independence, and the apparent isolation of his life, touched her as they always touch middle-aged people, who know so much more of the pain and peril of youth than do those who are still among them.

"I suppose somebody may want to know something about that grave some day," said Bertram, rather vaguely, as they sauntered up and down the tiny platform, waiting for the train, "and I suppose a letter directed here would be likely to find you for years to come, and wouldn't astonish you too much, Miss Joyce," he added.

"Certainly not. I shall be glad to hear from you, and to tell you anything or do anything for you which you may wish," answered Chrystal promptly.

"There is a great deal in Solomon's saying that it is better to go to the house of mourning than the house of feasting," Bertram observed presently. "I used to think it sounded cruel, and was a text which seemed to favour those horrible human ghouls who require others' suffering for their own amusement. But I see Solomon's meaning now. I see that Death brings out Life—is the shadow which its picture requires—the lowering of the lights to show its drama." He spoke gravely and soberly. A new purpose seemed to have steadied his errant fancies, and banished that wandering humour which often plays above a mind unsettled and at variance with itself, like a will-o'-the-wisp over a malarious marsh. The London train was already in sight. He held out his hand to Chrystal.

"I may never see you again," he said, "but nothing in my life can be as if we had never met. I have come and gone, and my coming and going make no difference to you; no more difference than Jacob on his stone pillar made to the angels whom he saw ascending and descending; but his dream made all the difference to him. Good-bye, Chrystal Joyce, and take care of Margery Hollis; I consider her an introduction of mine to you. And now for the battle of life!"

To Chrystal's astonishment, the youth sprang into a third-class carriage. He laughed and nodded to her from within, and put his head out as the train moved off, and smiled and nodded again; and, could Chrystal have known it, long after she was out of his sight, he still stretched over the window, looking and longing towards the sweet sunny hills, and the innocent home which he had found among them. He knew now what hitherto he had only blindly missed from his own life. It seemed hard to find it only to leave it. But so God shows us all things in

this transitory world, before He gives them to us to keep for ever.

Chrystal was left standing on the platform among familiar faces, most of whom had a smile and a greeting for her. She had a little business to discuss with the station-master, who, in his turn had a few inquiries to make concerning the end of young Mr. Carewe, whose kind face and genial manner had made him a favourite with all his rustic acquaintances.

"Poor young fellow," said the man, with the rash, easy-going judgment of the common herd, "I'll never believe there was anything very bad about him, though there must have been something to divide him so from his own people—such people as they are, too, to whom a trifle of debt, or such-like, and nothing more, wouldn't signify much. Old Esslemont is as rich as a Jew, and as sound as the Bank."

"He lives in a beautiful house," Chrystal admitted.

"Don't you know who he is?" asked the station-master, in surprise. "He is Esslemont, of Esslemont's Bank in the city. There are two or three other directors maybe, for it ain't exactly a private affair now in these days o' companies. But he 's the life and soul of it. He 's often been through here with Squire Willoughby, who 's got a lot of money in it, and from what I gathered from two gentlemen who were talking in the waiting-room, Mrs. Torrance, old General Torrance's widow, is going to unlock her money out of land, and invest it in the bank, as is a deal better and pleasanter for a lady. Oh, there isn't a better thought-of man in all England than Esslemont, and it 's marvellous to think on the insanity of that poor young fellow in quarrelling with such a man, when he might have made his marriage with his sister as good as a fortune to himself."

Chrystal had nothing to say, and so said nothing. She had seen old Mr. Esslemont, and her impressions concerning him were not such as a charitable and humble-minded woman was likely to blazon abroad; nor was she one inclined to think that loss and loneliness, the repudiation of the prosperous, and a nameless grave, must necessarily involve wrong-doing, or even folly. At the same time, she was too just to forget that disagreeable and even wicked people are sometimes in the right, and the lovable and well-meaning occasionally in the wrong. So, without another word on the subject, she bade good evening to the station-master, and trudged home through the dewy glades of Ockholm Wood.

Margery Hollis stayed at the sexton's house for such time as she had hired her rooms, and then her little belongings were carried across to the shop. She had announced her change of plans to the two or three distant relations towards whom she had any duties of civility, and they had answered coolly, as people do, who wish to reserve to themselves the right of censure if any scheme fails. These letters only braced Margery to her new purpose, by showing her the hollowness and chill of what she left behind.

And so the autumn faded into winter, and the swallows vanished, and the last visitor departed from Winds' Haven. Everybody in the village except Margery Hollis herself, knew that the Joyces had often dispensed with a resident servant for those dull months, and it never occurred to any one that such a matter could be made part of the present arrangement by which the young lady remained in that family. While she had lived in the sexton's house she had always readily paid all that was asked of her, and her pretty dresses, and little artistic pursuits had shut all thought of possible poverty from minds destitute of imagination to conceive any kind of pecuniary problem, except how to bring up ten children on eighteen shillings a week.

The village mothers shook their heads over "Miss Joyce's sharpness in getting a profitable boarder," and the more bitterly resented any effort on Chrystal's part to save them from lapsing into debt, their improvident idea being that good luck at one end of one's affairs should be regarded as license for laxity and loss at the other. But though Chrystal's exchequer was certainly no richer for Margery's presence, Chrystal considered the matter in the light of a very good investment, saying to herself, "for the trifle which she costs, I could not have got so much pleasure in any other way."

Perhaps there is no medicine so healing to a sorrowing heart as the daily round of simple household duty. Of all work it is most like that of Nature herself; it is so silent, so seemingly trivial, and yet it asserts itself with such forcible firmness. Of itself, it does not rack the strained mind to uncongenial effort, yet it leaves no opportunity for brooding. As soon as it is done, it needs doing again, and so the days float by, and the soul's winter night is over, and the time for the singing of birds is come, and new blossoms shoot out from the heart, enriched and strengthened by ancient pain. Is such consolation forgetfulness? Nay; at first our sorrows stand outside us, they do not become part of our very being till the day when we smile again, with them behind the smile.

And so Margery struggled through the strange pangs of grief. She felt the stab of her first hearty laugh. She felt the mystery of a marvellous new meaning in the Christmas season, which lifted it for ever alike beyond the mere pettinesses of social custom and the clash of varying creeds, and every day she drew nearer to that heart of joyful love which beats secretly everywhere, and vitalises all creation, and whose external pulse men call sacrifice.

They had long happy evenings, when the snow lay thick on the ground, and no more customers could be expected, so that they might lock the door and settle down to book or work. Margery's deft fingers aided Reuben in his herbarium, and she brought down her Wordsworth, and sent the old man into dumb transports at finding the lifelong music of his own soul thus wedded to noble words. On the other hand, she herself acquired all sorts of household arts and

household wisdom, stocking-knitting, book-keeping, poultice making, and invalid cookery.

Christmas had not passed when Margery began to feel the impulse for an active career. She was not slow to impart this to Chrystal. She would like to be a nurse. And Chrystal was delighted to assure her that she had already thought she saw her fitness for that occupation, warning her, however, that she might be none the worse for a few more experiments among trying sights before she finally adopted her profession. Chrystal, of course, was a great crony of the Ockholm doctor's—medical men generally being able to recognise a sensible woman when they see one. To him she confided Margery's ambition. Could he, she asked, give the girl opportunities for testing herself? Could he introduce Margery's help into quarters where otherwise no help would go, and where her zeal and devotion, even including her inexperience, might be real blessings? Yes, he could and he would, and he added, that if Margery could face the misery, the helplessness, the obstinacy, and the want of ventilation to which he could introduce her among his rural circle, she must have a real aptitude for her calling, and would probably rise high in it.

Margery did not flinch; perhaps she got through the hard tasks easier than she might through lighter ones, because she saw at once how much courage and determination they needed, and summoned them to her aid. And so, in the early spring, almost before a snowdrop had peeped through the damp, black earth, she and Chrystal were busily at work, preparing her outfit for training in a London hospital, to which the Ockholm doctor had introduced her.

"There 's bad news o' some sort going about," said Reuben, as he came upon the two, seated at their sewing, and drew up his cushioned chair under the wide chimney. "I came through the station on my road home from Ockholm, and there I saw Squire Willoughby fuming about, waiting for the London train, and never heeding his cough or the cold weather. And there were one or two people in the telegraph office, and the machine was going like mad."

"Did you see the station-master?" asked Chrystal.

"Yes, all in a fuss—keeping in secrets that were biling over, and shaking his head, and saying that nothing in this world is made to last, and that those who lived longest see most."

Chrystal laughed, and Margery suggested that the newspaper which Reuben had just brought in might explain part of the mystery.

Reuben unfolded it leisurely, for he had no hopes in that quarter. "There's few troubles get into print," said he, "an', for my part, I don't think much of those that do. They are often like the cur's yelping which raises the town when he 's getting the licking he deserves." For Reuben was a cynic in the abstract, though the village boys were always able to cheat him.

But as he turned the crackling pages, a familiar name caught his eye, and made him stop. Chrystal and Margery both noticed the sudden pause, and looked up, expectant.

"Stoppage of Esslemont's Bank," read Reuben. "Why, that will be our Mr. Bertram's uncle!"

"It is an unlimited liability affair," said Margery. "It was made so some years ago, though it has always kept the old family name. I have heard my uncles speak about it."

"This will be a bad look-out for Squire Willoughby, then," observed Reuben. "I 've heard tell that he was greatly mixed up with some bank, though, having such a poor head for business, I don't know the ins and outs of it."

"I fancy I heard Mrs. General Torrance was going to put her property into the same affair," said Chrystal, pondering. "What a bad thing it will be for her, with those six fatherless boys to start in life!" She said nothing more—only wondering within herself whether Mr. Bertram had known of this impending ruin during his visit to Winds' Haven, and whether the fact might not shed some light on the lad's eccentricities, and even on the mystery of the estrangement of Edmund Carewe. Also, being a simple soul, and quite unable to realise that folks can be at once ruined and rich, she sorrowfully reflected that perhaps she had judged uncharitably of old Mr. Esslemont's miserliness on the night of her visit to the Corner House.

Considering that the bank failure proved a nine-days' wonder for all England, it is not surprising that it was an absorbing subject for the sluggish wits and slow tongues of Winds' Haven for a much longer time. People went so far as to speculate concerning the sales which would be sure to come off at Willoughby Park and at The Holm, where Mrs. Torrance lived; and if picture-dealers and china-hunters in the metropolis cast watching eyes on the Willoughby gallery and the old Indian general's bric-à-brac, village mothers also appraised the feather beds and blankets which might go "for a song."

But in the course of a very few days things took a widely different turn. Esslemont's Bank had indeed stopped. Its legitimate assets were below its debts, but they were scarcely below. Only two or three years before, it had been really as flourishing as people had readily believed it up to the date of its failure. Its losses had been made since that time, and might have been either retrieved or increased had the bank's business been carried on. There were commercial men who blamed its collapse as rash and Quixotic. It was discovered, too, that Mrs. Torrance had never been accepted as a shareholder, though her money had been at the disposal of the bank for two or three months. It was intact, waiting to be returned to her, leaving her loser of nothing but interest for that short period. The loss on Squire Willoughby's shares, too, would be covered by a light mortgage on his estate. What Mr. Esslemont himself would lose, people were not very sure. The whole affair seemed so honourable and straightforward that the bank's creditors themselves proposed that all matters of detail

should be amicably adjusted without any unnecessary publicity. It was not expected that Mr. Esslemont would suffer more severely than the other shareholders, and in banking circles it was rumoured that the bank would be resuscitated, still under his guidance. But on that point Mr. Esslemont was decided. He should be glad if the bank went on again; he might feel a pride in its keeping the old name; but he would have nothing more to do with it. He had never been a popular man, but he won public sympathy at that time. He was old, he said, and growing feeble, and unfit to serve the interests of others. There was nobody to come after him. Those to whom a childless man might have turned had failed him utterly. And then people remembered the vanishing of his wife's brother, and the disappearance of his own nephew just before the failure. Gossip began to hint that there had been some fraud perpetrated by these two, which the old man had sacrificed himself and the ancient commercial honour of his house to conceal.

From the general voice of commiseration and approval there was but one dissentient. He was a poor man who had been accepted as a small shareholder but a very few days before Mrs. Torrance had been so carefully set aside. Small as was his loss, it was great to him. All his savings had been invested in those few shares; and the call upon each, limited as it was, made him bankrupt. He wanted to know how it was that the balance-sheets of the last two or three unfortunate years had been accepted as satisfactory by the shareholders. Also he wished to learn what Mr. Esslemont had settled on his wife, and the date of the deed of settlement. Public opinion judged him a violent and prejudiced man, rendered unjust by his losses. And nobody took any notice of his remarks, except, perhaps, that obscure and unfortunate section of the community who had had occasion in their own day to ask similar questions, and who, like him, had been unable to elicit any reply satisfactory to themselves.

The universal opinion was that Mr. Esslemont's conduct was so rarely honourable, that no inquisitive impertinence towards him must be permitted, lest it should deter even the few who were ever likely to follow in his steps.

All those days Chrystal looked through the letter-bag with the vague hope that there would be a letter for her from Bertram Esslemont. He must know that she had heard the news; he must surely believe in her interest therein. Where was he? And what was he doing? It was clear that he was not at his uncle's side, nor in his accustomed place, but the public papers dropped no hint that he was "missing," in the ordinary acceptation of that word.

It was the last Sunday of Margery Hollis' stay in Winds' Haven. Next day she would start off to begin her work in the London hospital. She and Chrystal were both a little sad and silent as they crossed the grave-yard to the church porch. It was still early, and, without a word, they turned aside from the path, and went towards young Carewe's grave. It was now fresh and green with tender young grass. And on the top of it—where they both knew nothing had been the evening before—lay a wreath of beautiful white flowers. It was no formal florist's cross, bound with splints and packthread. Kind fingers had tenderly arranged the blossoms where they lay; and the two women stood and looked down on them in silence for a while. Then Margery Hollis said, in a whisper—

"Bertram Esslemont has been here."

And Chrystal felt that this was his farewell, and that the episode of her London adventure was over, only leaving the ghost of the Gipsy's Pool standing at her side, a helpful, loving woman, with heart and hands for all God's service.

"So I suppose everything is ended," she said; "at least, if anything can ever end."

(To be continued.)

SILENT PREACHERS;

NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS USED IN THE TEACHING OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

GATE. The beginning of an earnest Christian life is compared to a gate in the Sermon on the Mount (St. Matt. vii. 13)—"Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." The teaching of these words seems to be that if men leave things to take their course they will almost surely go wrong; but if they wish to go the right way, they must take trouble about it.

The same warning is expressed in St. Luke xiii. 24, in words slightly different—"Strive to enter in at the strait gate, for many will seek to enter in, and shall not be able." In this latter passage there seems to be a contrast between the words "strive" and "seek," as if our Lord has said, "Be earnest and determined in your efforts; for many will have a vague desire to do right, but will fail because they would not make a real effort." This is what is often seen in the world. Men oftentimes "*mean* well," as the saying is, but they do not "*act* well." They see that it would be better to serve God than the world, and, to a certain extent, they wish to serve Him; but they are not prepared for a complete devotion to Him, or for a real giving up of their own wills to

Him. They "*seek*," but they do not "*strive*," to enter in, and so they fail. The same contrast is evident in our Lord's words as recorded by St. Matthew. Speaking of the way that leads to destruction, His words are, "Many there be which *go in* thereat;" and of the way of life, "Few there be that *find* it." Finding is the result of searching, of anxious looking, of taking trouble—in a word, of earnestness. This is the character of those who enter the way to life; but those who enter the other way are said to "go in," as if the gate was before them, and there was no difficulty about it. We learn, then, from these two sayings of our Lord that carelessness is fatal in the Christian life. It is not, therefore, enough for us to be as good as those around us, or, to put the warning in another way, it will not do for us to be as bad as the majority. If "many" go on the way to destruction, it becomes a question of the last importance to each of us, "Am I different from the many? Do I take the tone of my life from the majority of those among whom I live? Do I form the character of my life upon the model of popular Christianity, or after the pattern of the Christian of the New Testament?"

But it should be remembered for our encouragement that when our Lord says that many go on the way to destruction, and that few find the way to life, He is not making a decree that it shall be so; but simply stating the fact that it is so. That it need not be so is made sufficiently plain by the exhortation, "Enter ye in at the strait gate," and again, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate." If such an entrance were not possible for all, the exhortation would not have been given to all. Those who fail in the spiritual combat, fail not because of the decree of God, but because of their own cowardice, and their failure to use the grace which God has given to them freely.

GRASS, LILIES. In St. Matt. vi. 30 the care which God takes of the "grass of the field" is noticed by our Lord as teaching Christians a lesson of faith and trust: "If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Our Lord says, "If God *so* clothe the grass," making a reference to what He had said in the previous verses, "Why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these;" and then in the 30th verse He goes on to make a practical application of this illustration, "If God so clothe the grass, will He not much more clothe you?" It is as if He said, God, who takes care of the flowers of the field, will not neglect His own children; and therefore the beauty and richness of what we see around us in the world of nature is a pledge that God will take care of us. It is much the same lesson which He had, in the immediately preceding words, taught by a reference to the fowls of the air (see what has been said under BARN); while that was to teach us to trust God for necessary food, this is to assure us that He will give us also other things which we need for our life in this world. It must, however, be noticed that the promise is given here only to those who seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, who give Him the first place in their hearts, and make everything else give place to Him. How few there are among us who even profess to be doing this! and, therefore, how few there are who have a right to claim the fulfilment of this promise! Men live *first* for pleasure or business, or to gratify their appetites, or to make a show in the world, and put the "kingdom of God and His righteousness" much lower in their thoughts, and aims; and such men cannot complain if God seems to fail them.

And it must further be noticed that while we hold fast to these blessed words of comfort, we must by no means regard them as an encouragement to idleness and sloth. God works for man through means, and it is the teaching of Scripture that if any man will not work neither shall he eat (see 2 Thess. iii. 10). Therefore, it would of course be quite wrong to give up work, and trust God to give us food and clothing; it is part of the duty of a Christian to learn and labour to get his own living in the position of life in which God has placed him.

LAMB. 1. Before considering our Lord's own reference to this "silent preacher," we must not pass by without notice St. John the Baptist's description of Him as the "Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." It reminds us of the great sacrifice of Himself which our great High Priest came to offer; to which all the sacrifices of the Old Testament pointed, and in which they were all fulfilled and done away. It reminds us, too, of the meekness with which the Saviour allowed Himself to be sacrificed for the world's salvation, and so is a call for our love and for our willing service of Him who submitted to a cruel death for our sakes. And in thinking of this description of the Saviour, we must remember, too, that similar description of Him in the vision which St. John saw as recorded in Rev. v. 6, "I beheld . . . a lamb as it had been slain;" for these words tell us of the work which He is now carrying on for those whom He died to save. He is pleading in heaven His sacrifice on the cross, interceding for the pardon of our many sins. Let us think of that intercession as often as we fall into sin, not to encourage us to continue in sin, but that we may upon our true repentance have a good hope, nay, an assurance of forgiveness, for, "if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous," and with Him as our Advocate, we need not doubt that we shall be pardoned.

2. After our Lord's resurrection, and before His ascension into heaven, He is recorded (St. John xxi. 15—17) to have questioned St. Peter as to the reality of his great love for Him. Three times was the

question asked, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?" and when to each question St. Peter answered, "Thou knowest that I love Thee," our Lord's reply was, "Feed my lambs," "Feed my sheep." It is possible that in the earlier exhortation, "Feed my lambs," our Lord may have had in mind the younger members of His flock, of whom He would have St. Peter and His ministers in every age take special care, bearing in mind the words which He had spoken on a former occasion, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God" (St. Mark x. 14). And there can be no doubt that children are the objects of God's special loving care. This is plainly taught us by the solemn warning contained in St. Matt. xviii. 10—"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you that their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven." The teaching of these words ought to be remembered, firstly by those who are entrusted with the care or education of children. If the little ones of His flock are specially guarded by the love of God, He will surely require a strict account of the way in which they have been dealt with, and of the example which has been set by those who have opportunities of influencing them for good. And, secondly, these words should be remembered by the little ones themselves. They might not unnaturally think that the great God would not consider them of much importance; and therefore our Lord has given them this special message of His love: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," "Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

LAMPS, OIL. In the parable of the Ten Virgins (St. Matt. xxv.), to which reference has been already made (see above, under DOOR) we are told that five of the virgins took their lamps and took no oil with them; but the other five took also oil in their vessels, with their lamps, when they went to meet the bridegroom. But the bridegroom did not come immediately, and while the ten virgins were waiting for him, the oil in the lamps of the five foolish virgins was consumed, and they had none wherewith to replenish them, so that when the bridegroom came they were not ready to join in the procession, and they were therefore excluded from the marriage feast.

As our Lord introduced this parable by the words, "Then" (*i.e.*, at the end of the world) "shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps and went forth to meet the bridegroom," we can have no doubt that by the two classes of virgins He meant to represent the two different classes of Christians who, at His second coming, shall be found *professing* to serve Him. There is nothing in this parable about those who are deliberately living a life of sin. All the virgins, wise and foolish alike, went to meet the bridegroom, and therefore the ten include all those who profess to be preparing for the second coming of the Lord. On other occasions also our Lord spoke of the possibility of self-deception in the Christian life; for example, "Many shall say unto Me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name? and in Thy name cast out devils? And in Thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from Me, ye that work iniquity." Such words suggest to us all a very earnest searching of our hearts, and examination of our lives, lest we should be found at last in the number of the self-deceived. But the parable we are now considering suggests not only this general questioning of ourselves, but, by entering into details, it helps us to see in what respect we are likely to find ourselves deceived. All the virgins had lamps, and at the beginning all had oil; but five of them took an additional supply of oil, which the other five neglected to do. The delay in the bridegroom's coming did not make any serious difference to the former; to the latter (as we have seen) it was fatal. The teaching of the parable, then, and its application to ourselves, turns upon the meaning of the lamps and the oil. For evidently the lamps signify what all those possess who suppose themselves to be preparing for the end, and the additional oil is that which will be found to distinguish those who are *really* ready, from those whose preparation is not real.

Now when we remember that the oil is that which feeds the flame of the lamp, and that the lamps would be useless unless the flame was burning brightly, we shall be led to conclude that the five foolish virgins represent those Christians who are not careful to secure (as they can secure) a constant supply of the grace of God to enable them to glorify Him in their lives; and who are therefore, although made for His service, and to confess Him before men, as useless, in a spiritual sense, as lamps are without oil to keep the flame alive. From this point of view the five foolish virgins seem to represent the same class of Christians as those who, in the explanation of the parable of the Sower, are said to receive the word with joy, but have no root in themselves. Therefore the questions for each of us to ask are these, "Am I living a life of earnest prayer?" "Are the actions of my life regulated by a real desire to please God, or is it rather my intention to get a good reputation in the world?" "Do I live with God in *private* when no one else can see me?" If in answer to such questions we can give a truthful "yes," we may well hope that we are constantly supplied with grace from God to keep us steadfast in His service; but if we have to answer "no," then surely there is cause to fear that if the Bridegroom were to call us to meet Him now, we should, like the foolish virgins, be found unprepared, and should therefore be excluded from His presence.

HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST IN THE WINNING," "FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

AN UNDER CURRENT.

THE horrified exclamations of Duke and Mr. Smith, and their loud inquiries, aroused Nina Graddon from her stupor, but as soon as she attempted to sit up and answer them herself, she became hysterical. With much difficulty they contrived to half-carry half-lead her down the rest of the worn steps, leaving Winnie to follow.

But she was in almost as prostrate a condition as Nina. No one, save Percy, appeared to see that in spite of her efforts to retain her self-possession, she was ghastly pale, and quivering in every limb. Although she had been brave and prompt enough in that terrible emergency, as soon as it was over, the recollection of Nina's danger overwhelmed her. But presently she slid down on her knees again; Percy saw the tears begin to roll down her blanched cheeks, and wisely left her to herself for a few minutes.

Mr. Graddon, his agitation unnerving him, walked to and fro at a distance, sometimes pausing to glance at the tower, or put a question to Duke, till cold water and Winnie's tender caresses had calmed the sobbing Nina. Then he was anxious to hurry his daughters home; the horses were getting impatient, and he did not wish to have either of the delicate girls exposed too long to the night air.

But Nina declared herself unequal to the journey. Her wrist, which was very much swollen, pained her dreadfully, she said; and she cried again, and clung to her sister, while poor Mr. Graddon looked perplexedly from one to the other.

"What are we to do?" he asked of Winnie; "I must go home, or your aunt and every one else there will be alarmed; besides, I have an appointment for the morning that must be kept; but I could not leave you at such a place as that inn."

Percy suggested the vicarage. Could not the hospitality of the vicar be entreated for one night?

But while Mr. Graddon hesitated, the clerk of the works suavely interposed.

He did not think the vicar's lady was at home, and why should not Miss Graddon and her sister go to the farm? Mrs. Wesson was highly respectable, and would be pleased to have them placed under her charge.

"A good thought—I know the Wessons; they are a decent couple; yes, you shall go there," Mr. Graddon decided.

"You can send for a doctor, Winnie, if you think it necessary; it will only be for one night," he added, as he saw in her face some repugnance to the arrangement; "only for one night, under any circumstances; I will contrive to come over again to-morrow and fetch you. By that time Nina will surely feel herself again."

Mr. Graddon drove his daughters to the farm, where they were kindly received by Mrs. Wesson, who was proud of her skill as a healer of sprains, and promised to relieve, with a fomentation of herbs, the pain Nina was suffering. Comforted with his daughter's assurance that he would find her quite herself on the morrow, Mr. Graddon then returned to the building to take up Duke. But he also alighted for a minute to silently wring the hands of Percy Gray, his features working convulsively the while.

Both Mrs. Wesson's fair charges had retired to the room prepared for them, when Mr. Smith and Percy reached the farm that evening, and both were still invisible when the latter left it again in the morning; but when he ran back, during the half hour allowed for breakfast, to inquire of Mrs. Wesson how they had passed the night, he found Winnie standing in the porch, her hands full of the flowers the children of her hostess had been plucking. She was still pale and heavy-eyed, but greeted him with a smile.

"Nina had slept well, and recovered her spirits," she said. The wrist was rather painful still, but the swelling had ceased to trouble her; indeed, she had been the first to leave her room for a ramble in the sweet air of the early morning. "It is very lovely here!" Winnie added, as she gazed admiringly around her. "We have no such roses as these in our garden. Then you did not meet my sister, Mr. Gray? I hope she has not walked too far."

"Is she alone?"

"Yes; and Mrs. Wesson has twice been out to tell me the breakfast is waiting."

Winnie's attention was diverted just then by one of the children, who had so speedily made friends with her, and she did not see the troubled look that came into Percy's eyes, nor divine how startling a suspicion he was striving to combat. Mr. Smith had not put in an appearance at the works that morning. There was nothing very unusual in this circumstance, for he made no secret of his abhorrence of early rising, and would always depute his duties before nine o'clock to any one who would undertake them; but neither was he in his room, for one of Mrs. Wesson's rosy handmaids had just thrown open the window; where, then, was he loitering?

He had been abstracted and restless all the preceding evening; writing notes, that were torn up half finished, till he succeeded in satisfying himself with one which he was carefully directing, when Percy looked up from his book to warn him that he would be too late for the post. His curt reply and conscious

"Chrystal looked through the post-bag."—*p.* 661.

air had made no impression at the time, but it was recalled now, and though Percy assured himself that it was absurd to couple his proceedings with Nina Graddon's early ramble, the suspicion would not be chased away.

Yet he felt thoroughly ashamed of it when, as he hurried back to the church, he met Nina sauntering along the lane, her beautiful features smiling and serene. It seemed so absurd to suspect this dignified young creature of stooping to any act that a proper-minded girl would shrink from, that, bowing low as he passed her, he continued to reproach himself till, at a sudden turn of the road, he overtook Mr. Smith, dressed with unusual care, and his suspicions were again aroused.

Mr. Smith was not in his usual good humour when they walked back to the farm in the evening.

However, he was cheerful and pleasant on the morrow, and Percy had nearly learned to look upon his suspicions as baseless when he discovered that they were but too well founded.

He had been detained at the church later than usual over the fixing of some framing, and a question arose respecting the removal of some old work, which proved on examination to be less sound than the architect believed it. He thought it only right to refer this question to his employers, and for fear of losing a post, pencilled a note on a leaf of his pocket-book, and started off in great haste to the village, intending to get an envelope there.

He had not gone far, when he saw Johnny Wesson trudging, or rather limping, along the road before him, and, *en passant*, inquired what made the generally merry urchin pull so long a phiz.

The boy, whimpering, replied that he had run a thorn in his foot on the previous day, and that it hurt him so he could hardly walk.

"I 'd go home again, Muster Gray," he added, "if you 'd carry these to post for me," and he held up a couple of letters. "Muster Smith he give me a penny to take them for him, and I promised I 'oodn't be too late."

"I 'll take them," said Percy, dropping the epistles into his pocket, "and you 'd better hop home to your mother; or, if I catch you up, I 'll give you a lift on my back."

Johnny grinned his delight, and decided to wait where he was, till the return of his friend, who strode on again, and reached the village post-office just as the stamping of the letters commenced.

Previous to directing his own, he threw Mr. Smith's on the counter. Down came the stamp upon them—tap, tap—and they were swept into the bag, but, in the moment they lay before him, Percy had seen that one was addressed to Miss Nina Graddon.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

PERPLEXED.

"It 's no business of mine; what excuse can I have for meddling," soliloquised Percy as he went back to the farm, giving Johnny Wesson the promised lift, but scarcely seeming to hear the boy's chatter. "If I remonstrate with Smith, he will turn upon me and ask what have I to do with his proceedings? or if I were to warn Mr. Graddon that this young fellow has had the impertinence to write to his daughter, he might either refuse to believe me, or resent my interference. Still, I cannot be satisfied to stand by and say nought. Smith at all events shall know that I am cognisant of his underhand dealings."

He did not find an opportunity of doing this till the following day, and then Mr. Smith gave him one by saying, suddenly,—

"How much did you tell me those Miss Graddons will have at the death of their old aunt?"

"I could not tell you what I don't know myself," retorted Percy coldly; "and the only time you broached such a subject to me, I think I gave you to understand that I did not choose to be questioned on the private affairs of my employer."

"Did you give me to understand all this?" demanded Smith, mockingly. "I 'm afraid I was too obtuse to take in your meaning. You are either very unworldly, Gray, or else you ——"

"Never mind what I am," answered the other abruptly; "but tell me this. Is Mr. Graddon aware that you are corresponding with one of his daughters?"

"Who says I am? How did you learn this?" And Mr. Smith started up in a passion.

"I carried your letters to the post-office for Johnny Wesson, and saw the address."

"That means you bribed the boy to deliver them to you that you might examine and perhaps read them!"

Percy clenched his hands, and furiously made a step towards the speaker, but restrained himself.

"You can ask Johnny to give you his version of the affair, and you can do as you please about answering my question. But I warn you that I shall consider it my duty to make Mr. Graddon acquainted with what you have done."

"And be called an officious fool for your pains," sneered his hearer. "I don't know why I should trouble myself to give you any explanation at all, but as I believe your motives are good, I 'll tell you that a cousin of mine, who went to school with Nina Graddon, but had forgotten her address, on learning that I was in this neighbourhood, asked me to find out where she resided, and forward to her the note she enclosed. You look as if you could not make up your mind to believe me, yet on my honour it is true. The envelope you saw contained my cousin's note. Now I hope you are satisfied."

No, Percy was not, though he refrained from saying so. Mr. Smith appeared to be speaking frankly, but there was something false in his tone; and much though Percy disliked Duke Averne, he resolved to draw him aside the first time he came over to Layverne, and acquaint him with all that had occurred.

But a more welcome visitor than Duke could ever

be, tapped Percy on the shoulder one Saturday, as he was paying the last of the men at work under him—a slim, merry-faced lad, who answered his astonished "Tom Burwin!" with a burst of laughter.

"Yes, it's that particular individual his very self," cried Tom, working his hand up and down, and squeezing it most energetically. "Didn't I tell you I should make a rush into the country some day on purpose to see you? This is my first holiday that I could spare from mother. Oh, she's all right; begins to look quite young again; and talks! My! you should hear her talk! it's quite a treat. She sent no end of messages to you, and her love, and when are you coming to see her?"

As this was all Percy heard of Mrs. Burwin's many messages, it was difficult to believe that she could have grown as conversable as her son described her, but it was gratifying to know that she was well and happy with the relative who had afforded her a temporary refuge.

The Sunday was more soberly spent in walking to and from the church in the next village, or sitting on the daisy-sprinkled turf on the hillside, talking of old times and Tom's present prospects. He had never liked his trade, though he had worked at it manfully rather than burden his mother, and now his patience and affection were to reap their reward. A relative of his master, a civil engineer, had often taken notice of the bright lad and inquired his history. He was well acquainted with Mrs. Burwin's family, and at some time or other had lain under an obligation to her father, Colonel Eselby, which he now proposed to requite by charging himself with the future of that gentleman's grandson.

"Mother's so pleased about it," Tom said in conclusion, "that I wouldn't have said nay to Mr. Tiler's offer if I disliked it; but I don't. I'm beginning to think that what I used to dream may yet come to pass, and sometimes I shut my eyes and see myself standing in my own parlour, with my feet on my own rug—Axminster, Percy—with my back to my own fire—such a jolly big one—and mother sitting by the side of it in the easiest chair in all London, and a black satin gown, and those poor hands that have worked so hard folded on her lap. It's almost too good, isn't it?"

Mr. Smith had ridden over to the town on the Saturday afternoon, not returning till midnight; and in consequence, the greater part of the following day was spent in bed with a racking headache. When he did rise, he kept out of the way of Percy and his guest, who did not therefore see him until Monday morning, when he was bidding the Wessons good-bye, and waiting for Percy, who had arranged to show him a short cut across the fields to the nearest railway-station.

Mr. Smith spoke a few courteous words to the lad as he passed him in the porch; but Tom, though he prided himself on his politeness, vouchsafed no reply. He only stood glowering after the speaker till Percy came up, and seeing his grave face, asked if the children's regret at parting had infected him.

"Oh, no; they've been very kind, and I should like to come and see them all another time, for I've enjoyed myself first-rate; but I wasn't thinking of them. What's that fellow doing here?"

"Whom do you mean? Mr. Smith? He is our clerk of the works."

"Smith, does he call himself? Then he's in hiding under a false name. Smith indeed!"

"Why, Tom, what do you know concerning him?" demanded his startled companion.

"Nothing good. His father is a large manufacturer at Manchester, and all his family respectable, but this chap gambles away every farthing he can get hold of."

"How do you know this?" queried Percy.

"How? Wasn't he one of the *gentlemen*, as they call themselves, poor father used to be acquainted with? Why, you must have seen this chap before he came here; how was it you didn't remember him? It was he who had won that money away from my father the night you brought him home ill, and made those who cheated him return the purse. A man that used to be waiter at that house is now working for us, and he told me the tale, little thinking that I had such an interest in it."

Percy put his hand to his forehead.

"I felt confident that I had seen him somewhere! But his name ——"

"Is Ordley. Didn't you hear it mentioned that night?"

And then an angry exclamation burst from Percy's lips. Why, Duke had met his old acquaintance as though they were absolute strangers, and yet—and yet—must it not have been from some admission of his Mr. Ordley had learned that Nina would probably inherit a part of Miss Symes' income?

He questioned Tom Burwin more closely, but the lad had very little more to tell. Mr. Ordley, *alias* Smith, had been well known at the West End—his highly respectable connections in the north giving him a passport to good society—but, alas! the terrible vice by which he was infatuated soon closed the doors of his father's friends against him.

Weary of paying his debts and listening to promises of amendment that were never fulfilled, his father had refused him any further assistance, and it was to the good nature of a relative that he owed the berth he now held.

Percy went back to his duties after he had parted with Tom Burwin, and tried to banish all other thoughts till evening came and set him at liberty. When he started for the farm, he was not sorry to find that the so-called Mr. Smith had preceded him, for he wanted to be alone, and ask himself what use he ought to make of the information he possessed.

If this foolish, misguided young man had come to Layverne honestly purposing to retrieve the past, it would be cruel to do or say anything that might drive him back into his old courses; but false in one thing, false in all, is the opinion we generally arrive

at on finding ourselves deceived ; and Percy was filled with distrust.

Unheeding Mrs. Wesson, who called to him that his tea was ready, he went straight up-stairs, thinking that after he had cooled his head with a few plunges into cold water, he might be able to come to some decision how to act. Mr. Smith, who was writing in his room, called to him when he heard his step, to ask him some trivial question ; and Percy opened the door to reply. As he did so, a sheet of paper—thrown aside because it was blotted—fluttered off the table, and was wafted to his feet. He stooped for it, pointing, as he laid it before its owner, to the words that headed the page—words on which his eyes had rested with an indignation he could scarcely control :

"My dearest Nina—"

Alas ! was a sorrow more bitter than bereavement about to descend on Mr. Graddon's prematurely grey head ? Would he have to learn that the child he loved so tenderly, and of whose beauty he was so proud, had been wilfully and deliberately deceiving him ?

(*To be continued.*)

CHRIST'S WORDS OF GOOD CHEER.

BY THE REV. GEO. A. CHADWICK, D.D., PREBENDARY OF ARMAGH CATHEDRAL, AND RECTOR OF ARMAGH.

"All hail !"—MATT. xxviii. 9.

THOSE good people who cannot rest without making one narrative out of the four Gospels, and proving that theirs, and no other, is the true order, find themselves much perplexed by the accounts of our Lord's appearances after His resurrection. In every-day life it is often impossible to fit together various accounts which are quite trustworthy. The Duke of Wellington repeatedly declared that an accurate and complete narrative of Waterloo could not be written. The facts are all correct, and each part has its proper place, but they are fragments of a dissected map, and without the lost pieces which should dovetail, or a chart of the country which is not to be had, you will never say exactly where all should lie. They are threads of one piece of linen ; but, being separated, you cannot weave them again into a connected and coherent tissue. We are told enough to instruct our souls, but not enough to appease our curiosity.

We may safely assume, however, that this is the second appearance of our risen Redeemer ; He comes upon the women agitated, stunned, not knowing what to think or hope, or perhaps even to fear, and salutes them with one quick earnest happy word. "Rejoice!" is the literal rendering, but you might as well turn "All Hail" into the phrase "Be very healthy," as that Greek word into the English "Be glad!" No, it is a sharp bright call, a salutation, almost a cheer. In this sense it is found three times in the New Testament ; once when hateful treachery said, "Hail, Master!" again when hateful mockery said, "Hail, King of the Jews!" and finally, now, it falls from the lips of Christ. This time it is spoken in earnest, and it is that formerly betrayed and tortured One who speaks. Gone from His lips for ever is the defilement of the Judas-kiss, from His ears the hiss of the Judas-greeting. Gone from His hand is the reed, and from His brow the thorns. Mortal weariness and pain are calmed and stilled, as His slumber in the tomb last night. In His frame, lately tortured, is the fresh and tranquil strength of an immortal life. The eyes which perhaps those very women closed shall never close again ; they are about to see the land that is very far off, and to kindle as a coal of fire, when Jesus, our Elder Brother, in the flesh, sees God.

Think whether any salutation since the world began was spoken so gladly, or conveyed so much gladness to the ears which heard.

For let us always fix this in our minds first of all, that *we are thinking of a man*, with a genuine heart, intensely sensitive and human, as upon the cross so upon the resurrection morning, the first of what are well called "the Lord's days." Everything grows dreamy and vague if we forget that when our Lord spoke thus He was glad, as truly as one of us might be, and far more profoundly than our small souls ever shall rejoice at anything.

You remember, after some illness, perilous and keen, when you first left your chamber, and your friends welcomed you with tears, that you were not yourself unmoved. You have seen lately how hard it was for wives and mothers to give up their brave ones for this African struggle ; and by-and-by when some hero returns, and his dear ones weep for joy, and laugh with the tears on their faces, do you think the strong man will be quite without emotion then ? And when Jesus, dead and alive again, found first the gentle women who had loved and lamented Him, and cried to them, "All hail!" ah, let us not think only of their emotion, but consider that Christ was glad, that first He hailed them ; that He, the Conqueror for whom the throne and the anthems of angels were prepared, welcomed the approach of those most humble friends, and stayed to greet them, and to send a reassuring message—to whom ? To His

brethren, to the remembered and acknowledged brethren of the Lord both of the dead and of the living. I have heard good and thoughtful women confess that they found it harder to love God incarnate in Jesus than God the Creator. Surely that was because we forget in our theologies and controversies, the beautiful Gospel story so touching in its simplicity. And it is from scenes like this, their condescension, their reality of heart, joined with the remembrance that this same tender Friend and Brother watches over us also, that we may draw strength and refreshment for our love of Christ. Let us with our mind's eye see vividly one such exquisite condescending interview, and we shall love better both the Son and the Father also; for he who loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how shall he love God whom he hath not seen?

And the more intense our feeling of the humanity of Jesus, the more clearly shall we see the Godhead gleaming through it. We have seen that this interview was the second after He had risen. The first was with Mary Magdalene alone; and He did not begin by announcing His own victory, but by asking of her grief, "Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?"

The greatest of all victories having just been won, the most overwhelming revolution of circumstances having taken place, Jesus meets His friend as at another time. He names her name before His own. He thinks of the disciples "and Peter." And in all the resurrection interviews the same spirit is breathed. It is "Why are ye troubled, and why do thoughts arise in your hearts?" "Children, have ye any meat?" "Come and dine." In Jesus the unruffled calm of deity, and the simple straightforwardness of a man, blend with a perfect harmony.

We learn His continued interest in man. For, the redeeming work being accomplished, the human nature is not laid aside, nor are the ways of earth deserted. Jesus did not give His life as rich men bestow a boon, carelessly, and forget the recipient when the claim is met. He returned to cheer His people, to open their understanding, to convince them that He is with us always, and to show us that it is He himself, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones.

We learn the success of all who have the life of Christ within them. Consider that if Christ were *only* an example He would be no example. To say that we can conquer because He has done so would be as absurd as to argue that a child can keep step with a giant. He is the example of our life, because He is our Life, because He gives Himself to be formed in us. Therefore, sorrow, worldliness, pain, anxiety, and the shadow of death, can be met without terror, because they have been already overcome by the very life which renews itself in the soul of all believers. I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me. Then what Christ has done and suffered once, Christ is able again to do and suffer in the Church which is His Body.

In thinking upon this great salutation we may remember that it was spoken and heard across the gulf of death. It is an encouraging thought for all who really trust in Jesus. None knows what trials, what shocks lie before him yet; but ask any man what hour he expects to be the sternest and most trying of his career, and he will answer, "Unless my consciousness be dulled and weakened by disease, it must be the hour of death." When the pulse flutters, and the breath fails, when a chill closes about the heart, and you say, though your lips move not, "I have seen my last of green fields and sunshine and sweet faces, I have heard the last of singing birds, and laughing children, and of my wife's familiar voice—I am alone, in the dark—oh God, is this for ever? oh, what next? what NOW?" That will try our fortitude. That, unless good help were given from heaven, would shake perhaps any faith.

Well, our Lord has borne the solitude, has plunged into the darkness of the sepulchre, and listen to His word of cheer from the place of light beyond the tomb—"All Hail!" He who made common cause with us for life or death, announces that it is life and not death for Him, for His followers, for all that shall believe in His name.

We have read of an emigrant vessel driven upon a rocky shore; jammed in among the cruel reefs, beaten and buffeted by monstrous billows, quivering all over at every blow, sure to go to pieces with its crowd of trembling creatures within an hour. Only a few yards intervene between that wailing multitude and life, deliverance, dry land—but that interval is a gulf of boiling foam, seen fitfully when the moonlight gleams out of the rushing clouds, and deep, passionate, remorseless. When a sailor with a cord about him, plunges headlong into that shrieking abyss, disappears, and the moments pass like days. Upon the cord which clings to him, and hampers him, are suspended all those human lives. But at last, from the summit of the cliff, and so near that he seems to overhang them, his glad voice rings out above the tempest, and one wild cry of joy and gratitude rises from the men and women whom he has saved, beyond all hope.

So plunged our Lord into the very gulf of death, and after all its billows had gone over Him arose again, bearing with Him our deliverance. And so from the land of everlasting life, all temptation being vanquished, all grief surmounted, all anguish passed, and eternal redemption being obtained for us, He cries aloud to the world He has redeemed, "All hail!"

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. New Series. No. 15. David at Ziklag.

Chapter to be read—1 *Sam. xxx.*

INTRODUCTION.—In last lesson saw Saul consulting witch—we hear no more of him till his death. Turn now to David. Still living in the country of the Philistines; their king, Achish, friendly to him, but nobles unfriendly, so David leaves Achish; had had good influence with him, been, as it were, an angel of God to him (ch. xxix. 9); now part with friendly feelings. Children may learn importance of good conduct when away from home or with strangers; may influence for good, as Naaman's little maid did (2 Kings v. 2, 3); thus lead others to fear God.

I. David's Fight. (Read xxx. 1—19.) David and his 600 men having left Philistines, return to Ziklag, which Achish had given him (ch. xxvii. 6), hoping to find wives and families safe and well. But what had happened? Who had come against it? What had Amalekites done? Picture feelings of the party as drew near the city: walls fallen down, houses all in ruin, traces of fire everywhere! But the women and children, where are they? What did David and his men do? Takes a good deal to make a man cry; now these too all weeping, till can weep no more. What a sad sight! But, more than that, what do David's men talk of doing? Sorrow gives way to anger; must vent it on some one. "David is responsible," they say; "all his doing, leaving the women and children unprotected; he shall die." Is David afraid? Is very near death; angry men all around; angry words fall on his ear; what does he do? (*a*) *Trusts.* Has been in worse dangers than this; God has helped him before; he will trust Him again; His rod and staff shall comfort him (Ps. xxiii. 4, 5). But does not fold his hands and do nothing, so he (*b*) *Prays.* When Saul was in trouble what did he do? So David also sends for the priest. Who was he? What does Abiathar bring? What question did David ask? What was the answer? given at once to him; not sent away without an answer, as Saul was, for God hears His people's prayers and answers them. So David (*c*) *Fights.* How far do all 600 go with him? Why were 200 left behind at brook Besor? Must have been in very distressed condition. Now whom do they find? What state was he in? Who was he? Why had he been left behind? (ver. 13). So his master's cruel desertion of him when sick caused him to fall into David's hands. What good was he to them? What promise did they make him? Can now picture the guide leading them on stealthily, then eagerly looking out for traces of the enemy, at last come in sight! What are the enemy doing? Why thus feasting and dancing? thought themselves quite safe; despised their enemies. Now hasty alarm, David and his men rush on, take them unawares, rout and pursue them. How many alone escape? What did David recover? Picture the joy of his family at their rescue; the happy meeting once more. What else was recovered? So God's promise by the priest and ephod literally fulfilled. What songs of thankfulness would now ascend!

II. Dividing the Spoil. (Read 20—26.) Now the party start back for home. What do they drive before them? What place do they make for? Who were left at Besor? David been very anxious about them; now they come and meet him; salute one another; mutual inquiries after health, and how have fared. Next comes division of the spoil. What proposal do some of David's party make? Why are the rest to have none of the spoil? true, had not shared in the battle; but was it their fault? equally had not shared in the glory of victory. What did David say? Was it their might had gained the victory? Who had given it them? So what decision was made, and not for that time always; should be a law of the land, all to share alike, whether actually fighting or staying by the baggage. Did David keep all the spoil for himself? To whom else did he send some? All these had been kind to him; he remembers them now in his prosperity.

III. Practical Lessons. May learn many lessons from David's conduct in this matter; example to all of us. He was in a difficulty; prayed—consulted the Lord—did what was bidden, and was successful. But, besides this, in the matter of the spoil he was (1) *Unselfish;* his followers might so easily have kept all to themselves, because *they* won it; would not let his men act so; thought of others. This true Christian spirit, to look also on things of others (Phil. ii. 4), help them, feel for them, love them. (2) *Just.* He felt it would be right to share equally, and therefore did it. (3) *Generous.* Might at any rate have kept all his own share, but did not, sent presents instead; recognises God's hand in the victory, and therefore gave part away as thank-offering. In all these respects an example to children, especially in regard to money and presents. Must consider all we have as from God, not given absolutely for own use; are stewards of it, and must give account. Ask for David's spirit.

Questions to be answered.

1. Why did David leave the Philistines?
2. What three things did he do when in danger?
3. How did God answer him?
4. What success had he?
5. On what plan was the spoil divided?
6. What points in his conduct may we copy?

PEGGY'S DEBT.

A STORY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

CHAPTER III.

ON their way home they were passing one of those glaring public-houses with which Malt Lane abounded, and Peg's attention was caught by the sound of voices raised in noisy song, for one among them she seemed to know. "Oh, Dan," she cried, in a voice full of shame and sorrow, "it's Tom!"

Dan stood still to listen. "It sounds like him," he said, sadly.

"What shall I do?" cried poor Peg, pitifully. "Tom never did such a thing before; what can have made him? I must go and fetch him, Dan. Will you wait a minute for me?"

"Let me go," cried Dan.

"Oh no, he'd be angry," cried Peggy, darting away. She swung back the door, and went in boldly among the men who were standing about. Tom was there, flushed and excited. She laid her hand gently on his arm. He turned round angrily, and evidently much discomposed. "I want you, Tom," she cried, with pardonable deceit. "Come home with me, I've got something very important to tell you."

The others laughed at her earnestness, and chaffed Tom unmercifully. He shook her off angrily, and bade her go home and stay there.

She went with a troubled heart. Dan was waiting for her, and they walked home in silence. "Won't you come up and eat a bit of supper along with me?" he said, as they mounted the stairs.

Peggy accepted the kind invitation, for she had often felt curious to see the inside of Dan's home. She soon put little Teddy into bed, and ran up-stairs. Dan had already spread his little table with bread and cheese, and was stooping over the fire boiling an egg. All was scrupulously neat.

"Now, if I'd thought of it last night, I'd have had something nice for you, but you must make shift and eat this egg."

"Oh no," cried Peggy, with housewifely instinct. "You must have that, Dan. Cheese'll be a treat for me."

After a little amiable squabbling, they settled down to their meals. "Who does for you?" asked Peggy, presently, noting the cleanliness and order which prevailed.

"Myself," answered Dan, tersely.

"What, scrub and clean?" asked Peggy, with an amused smile.

"Yes; got no one else to do it," answered Dan.

"Why, I could help you nicely," cried Peggy, heartily. "You must be so tired when you come home so late sometimes."

"I am," Dan replied, "and if I could only find some one I could trust to come in and out, and do up for me, for about two shillings a week, I'd be thankful."

"I'd do it for you, if you think you could trust me," said Peggy; "but not for money, Dan."

"Oh then, you shan't do it at all," said Dan, decisively.

So it came about that, before they said good night, it was agreed that Peg should "tidy up" for Dan every day, for the sum of two shillings per week.

Peggy waited up late for Tom that night. Dan would have borne her company in her weary vigil, had she not refused to let him, shrewdly guessing that it would do more harm than good for Tom to think that others knew of the temptation to which he had given way.

The next morning, before doing anything else, she went in to dress little Teddy, who slept with Tom since the change in their circumstances, Peggy accommodating herself with a chair bedstead, which was converted into a chair before any one appeared in the sitting-room. Tom was turning restlessly from side to side, scolding wide-awake Teddy, and groaning dismally every now and then, about his head, and a dozen ailments which seemed to have seized him.

"I'll bring you some tea presently, before you get up," said Peggy, sympathetically, noticing his wan looks, and forbearing to reproach him.

"Don't come near me, I can't touch it. Ugh, I do feel bad," cried Tom, dismally.

He got up by-and-by, and went slowly off to his work, looking so wretched that Peg's heart softened towards him. He came home early, and Peggy waited upon him as kindly as if his illness were not his own fault, making him a comfortable corner by the fire, with pillows placed in the large chair which served her as a bed at night.

He watched her curiously as she moved softly about the room. Several times he tried to say something, but failed. At last he said, with his head turned away to hide the tell-tale colour that flushed into his pale face, "It was not my fault, Peg; the fellows about our place are rather a lively lot, but they're a good-natured set, and were sorry enough to see me so seedy this morning. I shall know better next time, Peg."

"Tom, I've given up going to work," said Peggy, thinking it wise to change the conversation. "I didn't earn enough to make it worth while, so now will you give me the rent money?"

Tom fumbled in his pocket. "I've only got six shillings left," he said, don't-careishly. "There it is," and he flung the coins across the table. "Do what you like with it, and leave me in peace."

After paying Mrs. Black, Peggy started off to execute a plan she had in her head. This was to get her

employer to allow her to bring the wool away and do her work at home. By this means she could use every minute, save the payment for Teddy, and attend to Dan's room as well.

At the end of a few weeks, Peg's nimble fingers had attained a truly lightning-like speed, and she was now paying Mrs. Black four shillings a week regularly off the old debt, and adding a trifle as well towards the scanty housekeeping. How she worked away, and grudged even the time spent in fetching the wool!

She was flying along one dark foggy night on this necessary errand. As she hastily crossed Great Bell Street, without waiting to see that it was clear, a cab came along at an unusually fast rate. Peggy was knocked down and stunned. An anxious crowd collected round her, and she was carried to a hospital, where her injuries proved to be a broken leg and a general shaking. When she first recovered consciousness, she kept on moaning out, "What will become of Tom and Teddy? Let me go. I must, I must. My work too. Oh, what shall I do?"

Of course Peggy could not be moved for many a day, and very sorely she grieved about Tom and Teddy. "How could God let it happen to me?" she said, covering her poor weary face with her hands to hide the tears that would keep flowing. "He doesn't care for me after all; I thought He did, when I began to get the money to pay the debt. Now when 'll it be paid?"

At the end of a week, Peggy was delighted to see the welcome face of Mrs. Black, who had at last found out what had become of her.

Sunday, the only day on which Tom could come to see her, however, passed away without him, and Peggy was woefully disappointed. Alas! he had been enticed away by the lawless friends who were working him so much harm.

When at last he came, his manner was so unsatisfactory, and he so resented poor Peg's earnest inquiries about himself, that she feared the worst, and after he had gone, made herself so unhappy that her nurse declared she must have no more visitors.

At last a time came when she was allowed to sit up, and after a while, get about the ward with a crutch. One day, when she was doing some work, one of the nurses said to her, "You say your name is Peggy. There 's a man was brought in last night in a fever; he keeps on chattering to himself, and every now and then, we can catch the word Peggy. Do you think he might be a relation of yours?"

Peggy's heart stood still with fear and wild hope. "Let me go and see," she said, stretching out her hands imploringly.

The nurse hesitated. "You're weak, you know. Do you think you can bear to see him? He 's delirious. Won't you be frightened?"

"Oh no, take me," Peggy entreated, and the nurse, very much against her better judgment, consented.

"Oh yes, it's poor father," cried Peggy, before even she had reached the bed. "It 's your own Peggy, dear father," she said, bending down over the sick man—such a grim, awful shadow of his former self. "Don't you see me—your own Peggy?"

He fixed his bright, hollow eyes for a moment on her eager face, which he seemed to scan curiously, then turned away, and began muttering to himself something, in which, every now and then, could be distinguished the word "Peggy."

She laid her hand gently on his burning forehead, and it seemed to soothe and please him. She called him again and again her dearest father, but though he gazed at her with troubled eyes, there was no recognition in them, and at length, seeing that it was doing no good to either patient, the nurse carried her away.

Anxious days followed, in which Peggy learnt from the friendly nurse that her father was suffering from brain fever, caused, no doubt, by great trouble, exposure, and want. Oh, how Peggy's heart ached for him. Then it was reported that he was taking a turn for the better, and before she was obliged to leave the hospital, he had even recognised her, and looked into her face with a troubled, shame-stricken gaze. And how lovingly she had put her arms round his neck and whispered that he would soon be well now, and she would come and see him very often, until he was well enough to return home again.

(To be concluded.)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

238. What persons are mentioned as being the brethren or relatives of our blessed Lord?

239. Why was it not wrong for the disciples of Jesus to pluck the ears of standing corn and to eat them?

240. Who is especially called the Apostle of the Gentiles?

241. Why is the Epistle of St. James called a general Epistle?

242. In what words does the prophet Isaiah speak of the meekness and gentleness of Christ?

243. Quote a passage from one of the prophets in which mention is made of the Christian's armour.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 640.

226. He calls it "The perfect law of liberty."

227. Patience (James i. 4).

228. "But Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked" (Deut. xxxii. 15).

229. Canticles iii. 7.

230. Of St. Peter; for we read of his wife's mother being sick of a fever (Matt. viii. 14).

231. King Jehoshaphat, who made then the first recorded attempt to educate the masses (2 Chron. xvii. 9).

"And so that Sunday passed pleasantly enough."—*p.* 675.

OUT-OF-THE-WAY PAPERS.

ACCUSTOMED TO DO WELL.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BROWN, RECTOR OF CATFIELD, NORWICH.

"'TRAIN up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' There is my sheet-anchor in bringing up my family."

"But how often it seems to fail."

"What fails?"

"Why, how often we see the child that has been brought up with the greatest care turn out badly—

worse even than the one that has had no pains bestowed upon him."

"Then, depend on it, it is the training that has failed. The assurance, you see, is not unconditional. We must first fulfil the condition—'in the way he should go'—before we can expect the promised result that 'when he is old he will not depart from it.' For my part, I firmly believe that we may take God at His word in this as in everything else, and that the two things will invariably follow each other as cause and effect."

"Yes, I have no doubt of the faithfulness of God. The failure can never by any possibility arise from any fault of His, or from the slightest departure on His part from His word. And yet the fact that failure can only arise from faults in training on our part, coupled with the undeniable fact that such failures do frequently occur, is more than enough to make the assurance much less comfortable to my mind than it seems to be to you. How many Christian parents there must be that *do* fail in the training of their children."

"Well, we must leave that. I do my best to train mine, and thank God that I never know what it is to entertain a doubt but that He will mercifully do His part according to His word."

"And I have such misgivings that I should in some way fail in doing *my* part, that I thank God on that account I have no children of my own for whose training I am thus responsible."

"The back is fitted for the burden, and then the burden is light."

"Perhaps so; but to me it seems a very heavy one."

Thus two old friends were talking together, one mistrustful of himself as to a responsibility that had *not* been laid on him—which we never need be; the other, confident in God as to that same responsibility that *had* been laid on him—which we always may be. What each said was the proper complement of truth to what the other said; each therefore might have learnt something from the other. We are concerned only with what the confident might have learnt from the mistrustful one.

Mr. Lilley had more reason than most parents to say that he was doing his best to train up his children in the way they should go. That way, he taught them, was not only the way of purity, honour, integrity, and thoughtfulness for others, such as many a worldly parent so far rightly represents it to be; but further, and as the only sure foundation for the other, that it was the way of true religion—that way which begins with peace with God through faith in Christ, and goes on in willing life-long service of Him in every work and duty that comes to hand. And not only did he teach this as the way in which they should go, but he trained them up in it, setting it before them, not perfectly, of course, but with less of inconsistency and more attractiveness than is often the case, in his own example; and by strictness, though not severity of discipline, insisting on outward conformity with it in the habits and conduct of his household. His children, moreover, were like people travelling on a stormy night in a roomy, comfortable, well-lighted carriage, who can hardly imagine how rough the elements are outside. They were like plants reared in a hot-house, apparently healthy and vigorous, that owe all their promise to the atmosphere of the place; and yet great care must be taken lest too sudden a transition to the outer air should spoil that promise. They were accustomed to do good.

And here is the thing Mr. Lilley might have learnt from his mistrustful friend. While right, perfectly right, in his confidence in God, had he not rather too much confidence in himself? Not in his religious principles, that they were sound; not in "the way," that it was the way in which his children *should* go; not in his intentions to train them up in it, or in his method of doing it, at least in the main; but in his judgment generally. Would it not have been well if he had had more of the spirit of that wise man of old who said, in the face of grave responsibility, "I am but a little child: I know not how to go out or come in," and in that spirit had asked for a right judgment in all things? Then, perhaps, it might have been given him to see that there is a danger to young people even in being accustomed to do right, and that that danger can only be guarded against, so far as training can do it, by preparing their minds for the world's contradiction of what they are accustomed to, so that it may not seem strange to them—that they must expect this contradiction, and that it must rest with themselves, God helping them, to meet it, not by assumption of personal superiority, but by a manly and intelligent *defence* of what they are accustomed to.

The plunge into the world must come sooner or later; but it is not necessarily a plunge into worldliness. In his dread of the latter, Mr. Lilley had educated all his children at home, and thus they knew nothing of school-life, that first rude break into the trials and temptations of the world. So that when his eldest son Albert, a frank, good-natured, but susceptible youth of eighteen, found himself in a lawyer's office in town, it was really the first time in his life that he had come in contact, not with worldliness, but with the world. His fellow-clerks were, on the whole, a pleasant set of men, and there was nothing at first to startle a young fellow, however religiously brought up. They took to him, and he got on well with them. So that it was not till a certain amount of intimacy between him and some of them had been established, that contact with the world began to tell.

"What do you do with yourself on Sundays?" asked another articled clerk, named Frost, as they walked together one day from office.

"Oh, I go to church twice, of course," replied Albert Lilley, with unhesitating frankness; "and I teach in a Sunday-school. I always did so at home, and my father thought it would be a good thing for me to keep it up now."

"What a bore that must be," said Frost.

It was a new idea to Albert. True, he had sometimes *felt* it a bore, especially when out of humour, but as a distinctly expressed idea it was new to him. He had been so accustomed to teach in a Sunday-school, that if he had any distinct idea in the matter it was that everybody, as a thing of course, ought to teach in a Sunday-school.

"Oh no, it isn't," he mildly answered; but the new idea had taken root downward in his mind.

Not long afterwards he was persuaded by his friend Frost to spend a Sunday with him at his father's house, who lived a little way out of town. "You shall go to church, old fellow," said his friend, "for my father is very particular about that, and he never lets any of us miss it; and then we'll have a pleasant day. You'll like my father; he always is so pleased to see us enjoy ourselves; and as to my sisters, no one can help liking them, they are the kindest-hearted girls that ever were." Albert thought it sounded just like a description of his own home, and it attracted him accordingly.

So he went, and found it all true that his friend had said. They went to church in the morning, and as it happened, heard a sermon about using the world without abusing it, the pith and marrow of which was that the world would never do us any harm, but on the contrary, a great deal of good, if only we are amiable, and moral, and attentive to religious duties. It was another new idea to Albert, and disposed him to enjoy, with less misgiving, the agreeable but decidedly worldly intercourse in which the rest of the day was spent. Had he been brought up with the firm masculine persuasion that the world we are to beware of is not certain persons or things, but *whatever* tends to make us think less of God or lose our relish for His service, he would have detected both the unsoundness of the preacher and the true character of the danger to himself in the enjoyment of such intercourse. The atmosphere of the family was not such as would in any way help to keep a person awake as to the real business of life, but it was just the reverse; they lived for pleasure, and the very agreeableness of temper with which they gave themselves to the pursuit, made the air the more intoxicating.

And so that Sunday and many more passed pleasantly enough, for it was a nice house with a pretty garden.

But in course of time it fell to the lot of Albert Lilley to undergo a still more serious sifting. There was an elderly clerk in the office, of the name of Mountain, a very clever man, and the right hand of his employer, by whom he was implicitly trusted. Everybody liked him, and those who had sufficient discernment found in him a companion of more than common intelligence, with whom they could converse with pleasure. His superiority of mind attracted Albert to him, and the attraction was mutual, so that Albert frequently went home with him of winter evenings to have a chat, or play at chess, till they became so intimate that there was little or no reserve between them.

One evening Albert made the remark about something, that there could be no doubt about it because it was what they were told in the Bible. To which Mr. Mountain replied, quietly, but very positively, that he did not at all think that settled the matter.

"But it *is* what the Bible tells us," urged Albert.

"It may be," was the answer, "and yet not determine the question."

"I can't understand how that can be," said Albert, who had been brought up in the simple, wholesome, supremely rational belief that if nothing else in this world was certain the Bible is.

"Perhaps we don't agree in our notions of the Bible. The old unthinking notion of it was that every word and almost every letter of it, even as a translation, was to be received as given by inspiration of God; but reasonable men have long given up that idea as unphilosophical, and involving contradictions and absurdities without end, and are pretty generally agreed that while truth is contained in the Bible, we cannot accept every statement it makes, still less the opinions people have founded on its literal interpretation."

"How are we to find out what is true and what is not, in it?" asked Albert, in his simplicity, and feeling towards the novel view thus propounded something of the strange attraction of a victim towards the snake that is about to bite him.

"What is reason given us for, but that we should use it? Whatever is true, whether in the Bible or elsewhere, is reasonable."

And so the transparent fallacy satisfied Albert, as it seems to satisfy a good many otherwise hard-headed men, that reason is to be the test of much that is beyond reason, and that in despite, and to the disregard of the historical as well as the scriptural fact, that "the world by wisdom [*i.e.*, reason] knew not God."

Then Mr. Mountain went on to indoctrinate his young disciple yet further in his views of religion, the sum and substance of which was that religious opinion was next to nothing, and that religious practice, by which he meant morality and brotherly-kindness, was everything. "Illiberality of opinion," he said, "is the curse of religion; it makes people exclusive and unsociable, and does more than anything else to set the world against Christianity itself."

Now if such sentiments as these had been propounded to Albert by a person of corrupt life, or even a disagreeable one, they would have made less impression on his mind, perhaps none at all; but coming as they did from one who was at once so upright in character, so intelligent, and so agreeable, they shocked him much less than they ought to have done. Nor must the truth be disguised that his previous declension into worldly ways, with which his conscience was yet ill at ease, disposed him to view such sentiments with the more favour, because they

promised him greater liberty from the restraint of old-fashioned notions. He instinctively saw that if reason might pick and choose, reason could get rid of whatever he did not like. Of course, he did not put it to himself so bluntly—who ever does?—but the deduction was none the less influential.

So it came to pass that by degrees Albert Lilley drank in the deadly poison, and it told upon his inner man, and still by degrees upon his outward character and his whole manner of life. In the eyes of the world it was a fair exterior, not without its good points and real attractiveness; but nevertheless, in the sight of God, it was both inwardly and outwardly a grievous departure from the way in which he had been trained up to go.

What was that want? Perhaps it has been suggested already with sufficient plainness; but we will state it yet again. It was the want of readiness—of being prepared for opposition—of being armed for resistance. He was accustomed to do well, but he wanted to be on the alert to stand up for and defend it. And this want was not only a defect in his training, like that of a soldier accustomed to wear but not to use his weapons; it was also yet more his own fault. He should have known that religion is not for show, but for use; that it is not a garb, but a weapon of war; that though it is not controversy, it must be militant; that it is not an effeminate emotion, but a manly principle of life; that while "the high praises of God are in our mouth," there must also be "a two-edged sword in our hand."

And here we leave Albert Lilley; but not without remembering that such as he may yet be brought back to the way in which they should go; because the Lord is very pitiful to parents who err in judgment, not in intention; because, above all, we may always entertain such infinite hope in a mother's teaching, nursed by a mother's life-long prayers; and not without the sure conviction that if such as he are brought back later in life, they will never cease on earth to mourn that they turned aside from the way in which they should go.

HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST IN THE WINNING," "FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ACCUSED.

MR. ORDLEY, leaning over his writing, did not see the paper fall at Percy's feet, nor the changing looks of the young man, who went silently away. It was, he told himself, no use expostulating with one who would stoop to answer with evasions, if not with absolute falsehoods; and he shut himself in his own room to try and decide what use he ought to make of this last and most unpleasant discovery.

Percy sat up late that night, and began note after note to Mr. Graddon only to destroy them.

At one minute he resolved to go to Erndell, and have a private interview with Mr. Graddon; at the next he decided that it would spare the father's heart a few pangs if he could break the matter to him by degrees. At last his brain grew so confused that he went to bed, determining to sleep on it. Perhaps in the morning he should be able to think more clearly, and arrange some sensible plan to act upon.

But the first post brought him a card from Duke Averne.

Mr. Graddon was not able to attempt the long drive to Layverne; he had not been quite well since his daughters' narrow escape, and now some worry in the shop had knocked him up. Couldn't Gray find or make time to come to Erndell for a few hours? His master wanted to see him before the new seats in the chancel were fixed.

"Going home?" queried Mr. Ordley, or Smith, as he continued to call himself, little thinking that Percy's visitor had recognised and denounced him. "Why didn't you tell me sooner? I might have contrived to take French leave, and go with you. I have a great fancy for a peep at Graddon's place at Erndell."

Percy finished giving the directions he had stepped in to the temporary workshop to leave with a trusty old joiner, and then turned to the speaker.

"Come with me if you like. I invite you to do so. I would rather—much rather—you were present at the conversation I shall have with Mr. Graddon. I don't care to have to speak ill of a man behind his back."

"Why! what 's up? Did I offend you by having that panelling taken down? you agreed with me at the time that it was necessary."

"I am not alluding to anything that concerns myself," Percy replied. "But when I tell you that I have learned who you are—do you forget the night I insisted on your returning a purse of money you had won from a miserable old man named Burwin?—when I tell you that I know who you are, and how you are as false in everything else as in name, you will understand me."

Mr. Ordley was so confounded by this sudden attack that he had no plausible answer ready, and Percy walked on. But he had not gone many paces when his arm was gripped, and a hoarse voice in his ear asked what he was going to do.

"I have called myself Smith because I would not disgrace my family; but what signifies this? If a man enlists, does he always do so under his own name? but is he any the worse soldier for withholding it?"

"I have no time to listen while you find excuses."

Mr. Ordley drew himself up haughtily.

"I should not dream of excusing myself to you! It is only because we have been on friendly terms that I offer you an explanation of my motives for changing my name."

"Never friends!" cried Percy. "A suspicion that I had seen you before, and not under creditable circumstances, has always haunted me; yet still I wish with all my heart it had not fallen to my lot to tell Mr. Graddon how basely both you and his daughter are deceiving him."

No further effort was made to detain him, for Farmer Wesson appeared just then in the light cart in which he proposed to drive Percy a few miles across the pretty country lying between Layverne and Erndell, and the last glimpse he caught of Mr. Ordley, he was still standing, with bent head and folded arms, just where he left him.

As no one was in the office when Percy reached the builder's yard, he went to the house. Mr. Graddon was confined to his room, and his nephew was then with him; so he was told by the servant who ushered him into the breakfast-parlour, and then went to apprise her master of his arrival.

"Oh, is that you, Gray?" Duke began. "Mr. Graddon is not well enough to see you, but as he insists upon it you must go up. Don't fidget him more than you can help; he's irritable with pain already."

"Then why have you—yes, *you*—who ought to have been a son to him in the truest sense of the word, forced upon me the task that lies before me?" asked Percy, agitatedly. "Had you fulfilled your duty, Mr. Averne, these things could not have happened."

Duke grew very pale.

"I don't understand you! Have you been drinking, man?"

"You know that the real name of the person who calls himself Smith is Ordley; that his career for some years past has been a disgraceful one, and that his friends have grown so tired of paying his debts that they have refused to have any more to do with him. You knew this; you had shared in some of his orgies; and yet you pretended to meet him at Layverne as if he were a stranger, and left your uncle in ignorance of your former acquaintance with him."

Duke forced a faint laugh, and looked relieved. Whatever he had been dreading, it was evident that it was not the charge Percy was bringing against him.

"Is this the grievance? Yes, I knew Mr. Smith was sailing under false colours, but there was no reason why I should proclaim it, was there? If he chooses to call himself Brown, Jones, or Robinson, I can't see what it signifies to you or any one else, as long as he conducts himself properly. When a fellow's down in the world he doesn't care to let everybody know it; and after he had given me a hint to that effect, I was bound in honour to hold my tongue. If this is all you have to say——"

"But is it all you know? Are you not aware that Miss Nina Graddon and Mr. Ordley had met before they encountered each other in the presence of the young lady's father?"

Duke was evidently disconcerted.

"I can't think why you are questioning me so rudely. If Mr. Ordley has told you—as it appears he has—that he was introduced to Miss Nina Graddon when she was at school with his cousin, you know all there is to know."

"I wish this were the truth, the whole truth," retorted Percy. "I hope for your own sake, Mr. Averne, that your share in the treachery practised on Mr. Graddon stops here. I have for some time had reason to suspect that Mr. Ordley was writing to Miss Nina Graddon without the sanction of her friends. I am now convinced of it, and Mr. Graddon must be told that this man whose letters she receives, and, I fear, she replies to, is a spendthrift and a gambler."

An exclamation of distress was heard at the door, which Duke had neglected to close, and turning towards it, Percy saw Winnie standing there with her blind aunt leaning on her arm. The morning was so fine that Miss Symes had willingly consented to let her niece lead her up and down one of the shady walks in the pretty shrubbery, and—their walk over—they had re-entered the house and crossed the hall unheard by those within the breakfast parlour. Both had thus become the surprised and deeply shocked hearers of Duke's angry speech, and Percy's equally vehement reply.

Duke ran to his cousin directly, for she was clinging to her aunt in such distress that she could scarcely support herself.

"Don't, Winnie, don't look so troubled. There is nothing—there shall be nothing wrong! It's all Gray's doings! You had better leave us, Gray. Can't you see that your senseless chattering has made Miss Graddon ill? Come again by-and-bye; I'll account for it to my uncle."

But Winnie signed to Percy to remain, and Miss Symes also interposed to prevent his departure.

"I did not come here," said Percy, taking advantage of the pause to make his own defence—"I did not come here with any intention of distressing Miss Graddon. I am sorry she overheard what I said; but as I have convinced myself that it is my duty to tell Mr. Graddon all I know with respect to the young man who calls himself Smith, but who is actually the son of a Mr. Ordley, of Manchester, I think I am in the right when I insist on being permitted to do so."

"And I think so too," said Miss Symes. "My brother will not thank either of us to keep him in

ignorance of anything that concerns his children. Be quiet, Duke! You must allow me to know best. As for you, Mr. Gray, if you will give me your arm I will go with you to him. Lead the way, Winnie, and then, my dear, you had better go to your own room, for I can feel that you are trembling, poor child! trembling violently."

CHAPTER XL.

A THANKLESS CHILD.

To say that Mr. Graddon was deeply grieved by what he heard, scarcely expresses the state of his mind. At first he was disposed to be incredulous; his daughter, so tenderly reared, so carefully guarded from evil influences, holding intercourse at all with such a man as Mr. Ordley! he could not—nay, he would not—believe it. He assured Percy and himself that there was some frightful mistake; that, at the worst, Nina could only have a friendly interest in a person with whose relatives she was acquainted, and the secret of whose real name she, like Duke, might have concealed from the purest pity for his fallen fortunes; and while he talked thus, Percy could not bring himself to speak of the words, significant of more than mere friendship, he had read on the blotted sheet of paper.

"No," said Mr. Graddon again; "I will not do my child the injustice to suppose that she is aware of the worthlessness of this young man, or that she has answered any letters he may have had the presumption to send her. It is not likely, is it, Janet?"

Miss Symes hesitated, and finally said, "I don't know how to answer you. Nina is so reticent, so different from the rest, that one cannot tell what she thinks or feels."

"Ah! she has never been a favourite of yours," Mr. Graddon retorted irritably; "but that need not make you unjust to her."

"Well, well," said Miss Symes, in pacific tones, "we agree, don't we, in thanking Mr. Gray for putting us on our guard against this man with two names?"

"Certainly!" Mr. Graddon replied. "He has acted quite properly in making us aware that Duke and Nina possess such a dangerous acquaintance. They are too young and inexperienced to have any idea how foolishly they have been acting; but I shall caution Duke, and drive over to Layverne the first day I am able, and tell Mr. Ordley what I think of him."

But when Mr. Graddon did come to Layverne, whither Percy returned at the close of the interview, the person he was most anxious to see had vanished. He had packed up his few possessions during Percy's absence at Erndell, despatched a boy to the railway station with his valise, and then strolled away to return no more, leaving a note for Mrs. Wesson containing a promise to pay her the few weeks' board and lodging he was in arrears "as soon as his luck changed."

Mr. Graddon made no comment on these tidings, but he was looking worn and haggard with mental distress. The mischief had proved far greater than he had anticipated. Nina, when he drew her aside and firmly but gently forbade any further correspondence with Mr. Ordley, told him that it would be impossible to obey his commands, as she had promised to be that gentleman's wife. He had been cruelly used, she added, by his father, who was a stern, relentless old man, very different from her own, and every action of poor George's life had been misrepresented by malicious people from this stern, unforgiving parent, who had been but too ready to give credence to such slanders.

"From whom did you get your information, my dear?" Mr. Graddon inquired. "From the young man himself? May there not be another side to the story? And if he is so amiable and injured an individual, why have I been kept in ignorance of your friendship?"

"We did not wish you to know of our engagement, papa, till—till——"

"Go on, Nina—till Mr. Ordley had succeeded in exonerating himself from the charges brought against him? But can he do this? Are you aware that I am told on good authority he is a gambler as well as a spendthrift?"

Nina winced, but answered bravely, "He has been thoughtless, papa, I know, for he has confessed as much; but not since he has known me."

"That is—how long? Nearly two years? And during that time you have been his adviser—his confidant. I am sorry he did not choose a better one. A girl who, for two whole years, could act clandestinely—who could come to me, night after night, for my kiss and blessing, knowing that she was deceiving me all the while, must have a strangely perverted mind."

"I did not consider it a deception, sir," Nina protested. "We were merely waiting until——"

"Until what? Till the elder Mr. Ordley could be induced to forgive this prodigal son of his? Has the young man been steadily reforming all this while, and endeavouring to make himself worthy of you?"

"Of course he has, papa; but he has not written to his father of late. He thought it prudent to defer it till after our marriage; he feels confident that Mr. Ordley will do something for him when he sees me."

"Then the question of your marriage has been mooted. My consent does not appear to have been considered necessary! May I inquire when you propose that it shall take place?"

"You are speaking sarcastically, papa. You don't seem to understand that it is Mr. Ordley's misfortunes that have made him so dear to me."

"Then, in order that I may sympathise with you, my dear, will you tell me the nature of these misfortunes that have made you compassionate him to the extent of deceiving your father?"

"I have told you, papa," answered Nina, confusedly, "that his smallest offences have been magnified by interested persons, and that the elder Mr. Ordley is tyrannical."

"Can you also tell me that his son has not deserved his anger? that he has not gambled, not wasted his money?"

"He may have been thoughtless, papa," Nina repeated; "but he loves me. For my sake, he will act differently."

"What proof is he giving of it?" Mr. Graddon queried. "He has wooed you secretly. Was that honourable?"

"We did not think of this; and he is of as good a family as ours; the elder Mr. Ordley is a very wealthy manufacturer. It will be an excellent match for your Nina."

Mr. Graddon's brow darkened, and he untwined the arms that had stolen caressingly about his neck.

"Am I expected to thank you for telling me this? My daughter betroths herself without my knowledge to a young fellow whose behaviour has been so disgraceful that his family, wearied out by his extravagance and ingratitude, have cast him off; and she thinks to reconcile me to it by the assurance that his father has plenty of money, which can be secured, I suppose, by a show of remorse for the past. Your mind must be warped indeed, Nina, if you think such a mercenary argument would have any influence with me; but I am afraid you are too perverse to see this."

He spoke truly; the insidious flatteries and protestations of George Ordley had obtained such a hold upon his infatuated daughter that nothing he could urge had any effect. Nina had been warned that Mr. Graddon would talk in this strain, and so she hardened herself against his remonstrances. This unworthy lover of hers had dilated on his father's wealth, and the style of lordly magnificence in which he lived, till his credulous listener was dazzled; and when to this was added the prospect of melting a stony heart by her tears and her beauty, and restoring to his place in society the man who professed to love her, Nina found his arguments far weightier than those of her father, who only spoke of filial obedience, and the misery that must await her if she wedded an immoral and irreligious man.

Mr. Graddon sent her away, and went himself to pour his troubles into the ears of Miss Symes, who counselled strong measures.

"We have allowed this foolish child too much liberty," she said; "for her own sake, more restrictions must be placed upon her. Forbid her to see or speak with this person any more, and take care that she obeys you."

Mr. Graddon pondered over the advice, but he was not sure that the plan was practicable.

"I have always been able to trust Winnie," he said, sorrowfully. "I had equal confidence in Nina, for were they not the children of the same good, truthful mother? However, I will not judge my child too severely, nor the young man who has stolen her heart from us. If he does, as she declares, steadfastly purpose to lead a new life, I will not prevent it."

"I am going to Manchester," he said to Percy when he met him at Layverne. "I may be detained there two or three days. Could you be spared from here for that time, think you? I don't care to leave everything to Morris. I suppose I'm getting distrustful in my old age."

He smiled as he spoke, but it was so sadly that Percy grieved for him, and felt his anger against George Ordley burn more fiercely than ever, as he watched the broken-spirited father of Nina drive slowly away.

(To be continued.)

THE RESURRECTION—ITS POWER.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF DERRY AND RAPHOE.

"The exceeding greatness of His power to usward who believe, according to the working of His mighty power, which He wrought in Christ, when He raised Him from the dead."—EPHESIANS i. 19, 20.

THIS is not an enthusiastic age. Yet there are things even yet which people consider themselves warranted in speaking of with an approach to enthusiasm; such as the power of science, or the principle of popular education. Of one power St. Paul writes with an ever fresh enthusiasm—the power of the Resurrection. In the Epistle to the Ephesians he speaks with almost lyrical elevation of "the exceeding grandeur of the power, the energy of the strength of the might which he energised in Christ, having in one great moment, by one great act, raised Him from the dead." He seems "labouring" (as a great writer* says) "to express the inexpressible."

In this meditation we may pursue the same method which we have adopted in considering the Passion.

I. All students of the Gospels know something of the difficulties connected with the "Harmonies of the Resurrection." Those of us who, in former years, had occasion to master them, probably look upon them now mainly as ingenious but intricate theological dissecting-maps. Truth and accuracy there are, indeed, in those narratives. Not, how-

* Dr. Isaac Barrow.

ever, the cold and "systematic accuracy of a police report,"* but a higher truth of feeling and conviction. Let us endeavour to find the real key to such a harmony, before passing on to speak of the spiritual power of the Resurrection.

The real key to the reconciliation of the different narratives is once more to be found in the purpose and leading ideas of the Evangelists. In studying the Gospel accounts of the Resurrection, it is here pre-eminently necessary to emancipate ourselves from the obstinate prejudice of modern criticism. But in the Gospels we are authorised to reason, as if we had in our hands four professedly complete biographies of the earthly life of our Lord. It is constantly assumed that each Evangelist is bound, under penalty of losing our confidence, to tell us all that he knows, and that he is utterly ignorant of every circumstance which he does not expressly recount.

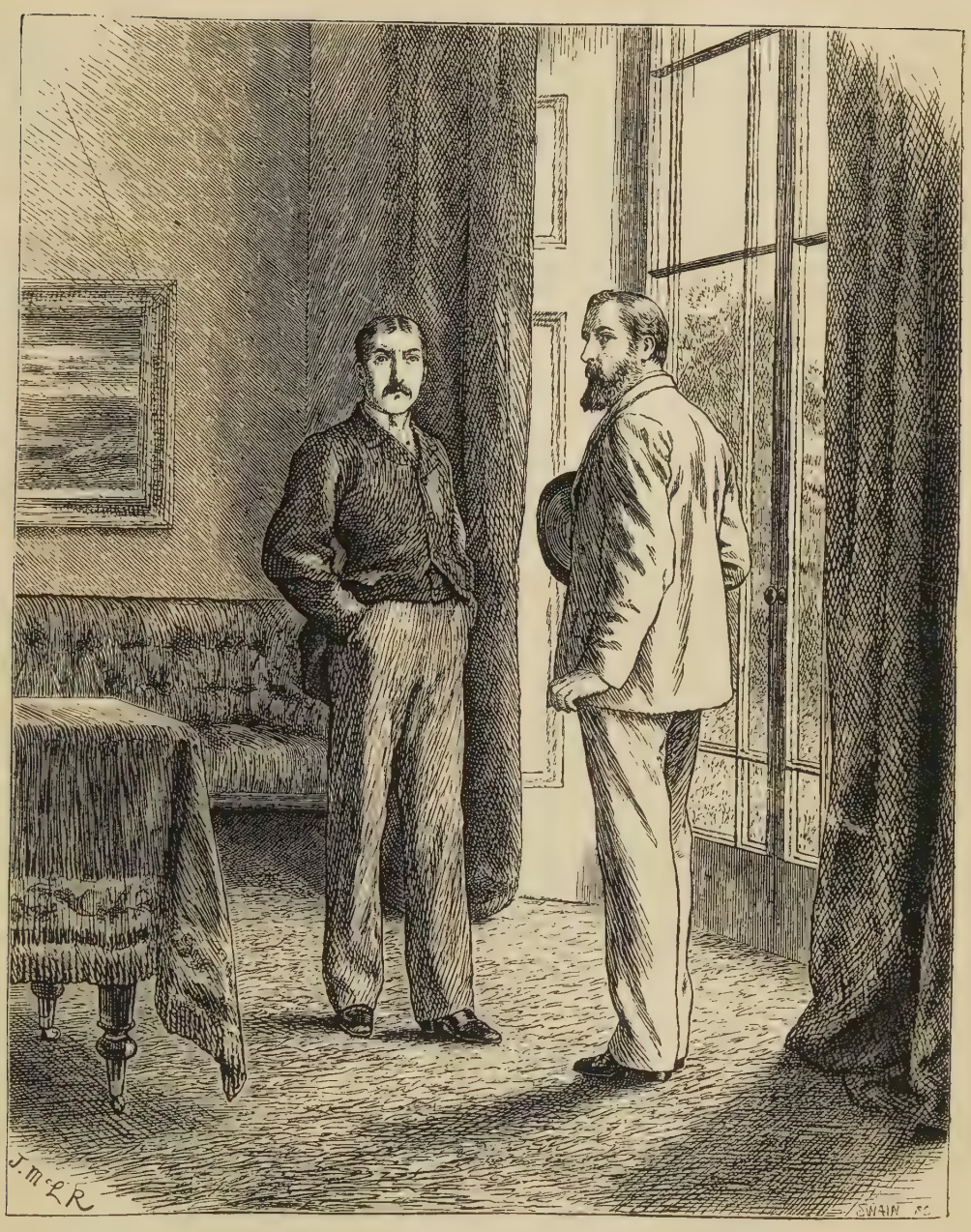
Let it then be observed that St. Matthew says nothing of any appearance of the Risen Lord in *Jerusalem*, except of the *first*, and that most briefly. How He came and stood in the midst, and said, "Peace be unto you;"—of this we read nothing in the first Gospel. And critics exclaim, "What! St. Matthew, an Apostle, present at such a scene, and yet completely silent about it! Impossible!" But in thus reasoning, people judge entirely by restricting the Evangelist to conditions imposed by themselves. On the other hand, if we wish to understand the Gospel, and not to exhibit our own acuteness, we must remember the object which the sacred writer aims at, the conditions imposed upon him by his own purpose, or by a higher suggestion. Now, as a matter of fact, St. Matthew just mentions the glorious fact of the Resurrection, and the meeting of the risen Lord with the women.† Then, he hastens to shift the scene to *Galilee*. "Then said Jesus unto them, Be not afraid: go tell My brethren that they go into *Galilee*, and there shall they see Me."‡ And thus his purpose is carried out with a high completeness. For thus he can best show "the Son of David, the Son of Abraham," commencing His eternal reign for the true Israel of God. At Jerusalem—the fallen earthly capital of Abraham's fallen descendants—the Resurrection is denied and traduced; the very mention of it is forbidden by the unworthy representatives of Judaism. The first Evangelist will not give the local Jerusalem more than can be avoided of the glory of the great Easter day. All through, the Resurrection is exhibited as the triumph of Messiah over the base intrigues of apostate Judaism. ‖

But, on the other hand, the third synoptical Evangelist, in his Gospel, has the semblance of excluding any appearance of Jesus after the Resurrection, in Galilee. St. Matthew mentions in his narrative, Galilee without Jerusalem. St. Luke mentions Jerusalem without Galilee. The reason is to be found in the leading idea of St. Luke. The Evangelist of the Gentiles would wish to show how the law for all the ends of the earth went forth from Jerusalem; how, in Jerusalem, the faith, necessary for that great mission, was planted in their souls. "Jesus said unto them, Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day: and that repentance and remission of sin should be preached in His name *among all nations*, beginning at Jerusalem."* The whole narrative moves in an unbroken stream towards this high commission of witnessing to the *Gentiles*. Our Lord spoke of the necessity incumbent upon them of tarrying in Jerusalem; but St. Luke carefully shows us the *date* of this command, "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high."† He says in the continuation of his Gospel, "Being seen of them forty days, and speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God: and, being assembled together with them, commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father."‡ But in the Gospel itself there is here—and it is an exception to the general character of it—no note or indication of time. The Evangelist's style is the reflection of the feelings of the disciples. And they are, as it were, lifted out of time, forgetful of the days as they pass. Each appearance of Jesus seemed as if the last.

A point of conciliation between the two Evangelists is, however, supplied. The chief appearance of the Risen Saviour was that in Galilee to "above five hundred brethren."‖ But, in regard to that, St. Matthew writes, "The eleven disciples went away into Galilee, unto *the* mountain where Jesus had appointed them." This definite signalising of a place selected and appointed for the great rendezvous proves, beyond doubt, that St. Matthew knew of another appearance and of other words of the risen Saviour which, for whatever reason, he refrained from recording. The gathering in Galilee could not have been carried out without a previous appearance and command. The Apostles, therefore, went into Galilee for the purpose of meeting Him, and when they returned from Galilee after a few days, they were forbidden to leave Jerusalem, before they were clothed with the new and spiritual texture of the spiritual life. On the whole, the Resurrection in St. Matthew is treated mainly as the culminating point of the true Messiah's triumph over the chief priests and Pharisees. In St. Mark, it is the great touchstone for the world's salvation or rejection;§ it

* Tholuck. † St. Matthew xxviii. 9.
‡ St. Matthew xxviii. 10.
‖ Cf. St. Matthew xxvii. 62—66 with xxviii. 1, 2.

* St. Luke xxiv. 46, 47. † St. Luke xxiv. 49.
‡ St. Luke xxiv. 49; cf. Acts i. 3, 4.
‖ 1 Corinthians xv. 6. § St. Mark xiv. 16.



"An exclamation of distress was heard at the door."—*p.* 677.

has for its issue, the *power* of an abiding *strength* in the church.* In St. Luke, the Resurrection of Jesus is mainly contemplated as the centre of the gospel of *forgiveness* to the penitents of a *world*.†

St. John's leading idea is not exactly the same as that of any of the three synoptics. The Resurrection is with him the manifestation of a law of tender beauty. It is the proof of the *continuance* of the "Word made flesh," under new and glorious conditions, with a humanity emancipated from certain previous restrictions, but essentially the same. It is the exhibition of the *identity* of the human soul and body of Him who rose from the grave upon Easter Sunday with the body and soul of Him who hung upon the tree. St. John's narrative of the Resurrection brings before us, again and again, the *permanence* of the human love and sympathy of the Redeemer.

All through the two closing chapters of St. John's Gospel, the risen Saviour is with His chosen ones. He recognises the old faces, and remembers old times. They, for their parts, know the familiar music of His voice. There is no more touching proof of intimacy than calling those whom we know by their names. With such tender intimacy Jesus speaks to His friends, again and again. "Jesus saith unto her, Mary;" "Jesus saith unto him, Thomas;" "Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?" ‡ They traverse the old scenes. The palms are quivering in the air, or stand stirless in the Galilean sunshine. The waters of Gennesareth are veiled with their lustrous April haze. The familiarity of *names* is crowned by the other familiarity of meals. "Jesus showed Himself again to the disciples at the sea of Tiberias; and on this wise showed He Himself. As soon as they came to land, they saw a fire of coals there, and fish laid thereon, and bread. Jesus saith unto them, Come and dine."

One most blessed lesson naturally reveals itself from these chapters. Surely they have their place in the New Testament. They show us, as in type and germ, the law of the life of the blessed elect, who live with their Saviour's life. As we grow older, the mystery of death is more and more with us. Do we keep any written record of the dead whom we have known? Have we marked how the few names of some years back—the one or two stars in the firmament of love and sorrow—are increased by letters crowding the whole page? O Christ! that we could know something more about them. O loved and lost! shall we ever see them? That *never, never*, which we cannot quite silence; those dim Sadducean surmises which shadow the whole landscape of faith; shall they ever pass away? It may be. The old man, whose loving voice haunts our memory; the children, whose little footsteps made music in our ears; the lines of pain smoothed out, the fevered brows cooled in the breath of Paradise—we shall see them, and they us. We will hope all things with the risen Lord standing at the simple dinner on the white sand of the beach; with the leaf of the Easter gospel lighted by the sunshine, and the Easter flowers blowing in the meadow—with that voice, echoed indeed in every sacramental invitation, but whose full meaning shall only come out when we prepare to sit down at the marriage-supper of the Lamb, "Come and dine."

All this is but a sentiment, for any who do not make it a reality by a holy life issuing from forgiven sins. There is no necessity for an infallible purification acquired simply by the act of dying. Rather, that act may make much less change in us than we imagine. If we fall asleep in guilt, we shall not walk in white, nor pass into companionship which we could only put to shame. Let us be warned. God's mercy is like the layer—strong, indeed, yet of an unascertained degree of stability—which, on a frozen river, separates us from an abyss. How much can the ice bear? who can tell? But over-tax it, it cracks; and the depth, which is death, is below. To St. Paul it seemed no matter of course to become a partaker in the Resurrection-life of Jesus. "That I may know the power of His Resurrection. If by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead. Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect; but I follow after, if I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ." If we do but fall asleep in Him, St. John's history of the Resurrection, and the portion of the great forty days which passed in Galilee, shall live over again in us. We shall see the familiar friends; we shall hear the well-known voices; we shall breathe in the society we love. Above all, we shall behold the form of the risen Lord upon the shore, and approach with joy towards Him who gives the blessed invitation, "Come and dine."

II. And now, we are weak and sinful; yet in Christ stronger than we know. How much misery should we be spared, if we could but believe in the power of resurrection. Verily, "there is an exceeding greatness of His power to usward who believe." Surely, we should rise above the weak and dying life. One would think Christ came *only* to save us from hell, only that His name should be gurgled out in the last gasp. "Damnation," says a strange but original thinker, "is *sin*, not *misery*." This is partly true; at least it is *primarily* and directly sin, *secondarily* and indirectly misery. St. Paul tells us that the spiritual life which emancipates us from sin, the death of the soul, flows not from weakness but power; not from a shadowy idea, but from a solid fact—the Resurrection of Jesus Christ.

* "The Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following" (St. Mark xvi. 20).

† St. Luke xxiv. 47. ‡ St. John xx. 16–29; xxi. 15, 16, 17.

PEGGY'S DEBT.

A STORY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

CHAPTER IV.

"PEGGY," said her father feebly, when she went to bid him good-bye, "I can never come home. If Rowse's knew where I was they would take me from here and —and put me—ah, Peggy, you don't know how wicked I've been. You'd turn away, if you did."

"I know, dear father," Peggy replied, thankful that he had approached the subject, which she had not dared to. "Mr. Rowse came, and he will forgive you. He said he would, and I am sure he will now, if you go to him and tell him all about it."

"It is impossible!" cried the unhappy man; and Peggy had only time to whisper earnestly, "He will, indeed," before she was hurried away.

All her friends welcomed her return most heartily. Teddy's joy was unbounded. Tom alone seemed to have an element of reserve in his delight.

Peggy had not been long at home before she found out the exact state of affairs. Tom's fourteen shillings had gone no way, since her absence, though there had been virtually two less to keep, and Mrs. Black had offered her services in the housekeeping department. Alas! Tom was more frequently out with his worthless companions than at home in the evenings, and his pocket had suffered in consequence. The rent had been paid, but it was not for months that Peggy found out that Dan had paid two shillings every week to Mrs. Black, though his little assistant had been doing nothing to earn it. Tom did not know it, yet he was utterly indifferent about the money owing, so far as he was concerned, and would be, so long as Mrs. Black did not press for it.

In the course of the evening Peggy told her strange tale of having discovered their father, and that he would soon be able to come home. Tom flared up indignantly.

"Do you think I will live in the same house with a thief?" he asked angrily, "a person who would be in a prison if Rowse's had chosen to prosecute. Yes, a prison I say, so you needn't look like that, Peggy. Do you think I am going to be dragged down and disgraced by such a father? Never. Let him keep away. If he comes, I go."

In vain Peggy drew a vivid picture of the want and misery their father had gone through, and how ashamed and humble he was. Tom could only reiterate his last sentence with dogged decision. Then Peggy grew bitter, and asked him who he was, to set himself up as so much better than the rest of the world, and warned him that a time might come to him, when he would be glad to beg the forgiveness and kindness of his friends. How would he like to be cast out and left to die, maybe, even though he had done wrong? To which Tom replied loftily, "I am not a thief, nor likely to be, so your arguments are thrown away. If he comes, I go."

Poor Peg! forsaken again. She had grown to be thankful for her accident, dreadful as it had seemed at first, and almost to believe that God had sent it on purpose, so that she might find her father. If she could have felt quite sure, how she would have loved Him, and poured out her grateful heart in thankfulness for such kind consideration of her troubles. But now she was forsaken again, and that happy circumstance could only have been a lucky accident. Several days passed in anxious debating with herself, left Peggy in a hopeless quandary. Tom, alas! was growing fast into wild habits, which filled her heart with dismay and grief only to think of, staying out till twelve or one, frequenting low places of entertainment, taking, with his gay friends, such sort of refreshment as had at first maddened and sickened him, totally unused to it as he had always been. Whither could all this lead? It must be stopped, and she was the only one who could even endeavour to stay the course which he had so heedlessly rushed into. She could not give up Tom. If he went away to live by himself, or more probably with one of his friends, what would become of him? No; at all costs she must stay by him, and try what might be done. Yet, how could she forsake her father and let him go back to that terrible want, that drear loneliness, that horrible anguish of shame and reproach, which had brought him to the verge of the grave, from which he had only been led by the happiness of finding that he was still loved and revered. Forsaken utterly now, with no way out of the darkness that hemmed her in on every side.

"He'll make a way out," said Dan, to whom she at last told her difficulties. "He did bring father and child together, and He'll show you what to do now, never fear; He's shown you uncommon great favour, Peg, and if you don't believe in His goodness with all your heart, you're not the girl I take you for. Let's ask His help and bide patiently for a time to see what He's going to do in the matter."

Peg did ask Him with despairing earnestness. All day long she cried in her heart, "What am I to do, O God, what can I do?"

The answer came unexpectedly, and the whole matter was taken out of her hands and arranged for her in a way she least looked for.

Tom had got into a regular way of spending the evenings with his friends, and in spite of Peg's earnest entreaties he continued to do so. One night he overstepped the limits which he boastfully prided himself on keeping, and came home in a state of excitement, little short of actual intoxication. The next morning he was horribly ill and low-spirited, when one of his companions meeting him, persuaded

him that the only remedy for his despondency was to have a little artificial stimulant. Tom yielded, the result being that he became wildly excited and unbearably ill-tempered. In the course of the morning Mr. Turner sent for him, to inquire about some work, and, seeing the lad's state, he made some searching investigations which soon showed him the whole truth. A kind but strict master, he never allowed a fault to go unpunished, nor an example that might work harm to remain among his people. Tom was discharged, along with several others whom he had called his friends. It was an overwhelming blow to proud, boastful Tom. "Discharged!" he kept on repeating to himself, as he trudged slowly home. His character gone; discharged for —— it was too horribly low and debasing. The plain word that he knew people would use, stuck in his throat and seemed too disgraceful even to be thought. Yet people would say it of him—he who had prided himself on his gentility, mourned over the family's decay, and promised himself that he would make it once more as respectable as it had been in former times.

Strangely enough, in this crisis he did not go to his boasted friends, but turned to Peggy as his only refuge, taking it for granted that she would forget her anger in pity for his trouble, as she had so nobly done in their father's case. And Peggy's heart actually rejoiced over his misfortune. She saw the whole situation, and believed that this was the way out of her trouble that she had sought so long. Now she was very tender with Tom, pitied him to his heart's content, threw a great deal of blame on those bad lads who had led him astray, declared that it did seem impossible to keep out of temptation sometimes, when you were very much pressed, and that now he had seen where such practices led him to, he would be much more careful, and after all, she had known all along that he never really liked them, only he had not liked to break away from his friends. In such manner, consoling and encouraging, she gradually won Tom's entire confidence, and even brought him to see that he had not much cause to sit in judgment on his father, after all, his sin having been one of selfish indulgence, while his father's had been a weak yielding to the temptation of borrowing, as he thought, another man's money to save his family from want and privation.

So it came about that Peggy had her heart's desire, and brought her father back in joyful triumph to his old home, and she was now firmly convinced that God had cared for her and led her all through this difficult path. Tom never forgot the short but sharp experience he had had in the ways of folly, and he grew to have so high an opinion of Peggy as a sister, that in time he insensibly learnt of her many things which tended to make him the successful honest man he afterwards became. It was some time before Peggy's debt was quite paid, as for a week or so she was the main support of the little family, but it was at last, and Peggy thanked God often that He had put it into her heart to love honesty. For her desire to pay Mrs. Black had led to the work, fetching which had caused her accident, which ended so well for all concerned. She and her father spent several years in refunding to Mr. Rowse the sum which had been abstracted from his accounts, that gentleman not only forgiving the crime, but believing in his penitence so fully that he at length offered to take him back in a low capacity, and, as he proved his integrity, to raise him to his former position.

Faithful Dan was the friend of the little family through all their adversity, but was eventually rewarded by seeing their returning prosperity, and having them as his constant companions in that House which her father, in such misery of despair, had once watched him and Peggy enter.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

244. To what is the path of the just likened?

245. Where did Isaac and Rebekah first meet?

246. Which is the greatest of God's gifts?

247. Which of the followers of our blessed Lord speaks of Him as the "Son of Man?"

248. On the occasion of David's victory over the Amalekites near Ziklag, what commandment did he give concerning the division of the spoil taken in battle?

249. What gave rise to the expression concerning Absalom, "He stole the hearts of the men of Israel"?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 653.

232. King David, who abdicated in favour of Solomon, and caused him to be anointed king (1 Kings i. 33—39).

233. Jedidiah—*i.e.* "Beloved of the Lord" (2 Sam. xii. 25).

234. The Roman soldiers (John xix. 2).

235. That the body should not remain all night upon the tree, but should be buried (Deut. xxi. 23).

236. "There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it. Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city" (Eccles. ix. 14, 15).

237. "I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment" (Matt. xii. 36).

GOOD DEEDS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

RAILWAY ORPHANS.

THE number of employés on the various lines of railway in this country who are killed or disabled while following their ordinary occupation, has often been the subject of remark, surprise, and regret. The idea of establishing an orphanage for the reception of the more needy of their orphan children, was well conceived, and has been well executed. The institution has not been in existence more than four years, yet the report which has just come to hand tells of a new and commodious orphanage erected in the suburbs of Derby, capable of accommodating about 60 children, and which it is now resolved so to enlarge that at least 100 of these fatherless ones may find herein a home, and receive the training requisite for bread-winning on their own account. We do not doubt that the appalling number of accidents to railway servants when on duty might be greatly diminished if servants and masters did their best to prevent them. Still, it is a perilous employment, an employment which ministers as much as most to the convenience and pleasure of the public; and that public, we think, will not be at all unwilling to encourage the railway men in their prudent efforts to prepare for too possible contingencies of this kind. It is gratifying to find the names of chairmen and directors of railways on the list of patrons. Orphans are admitted by election of subscribers; but effective means are taken to prevent canvassing, and all the abuses which that term may imply. The payment of £15 annually secures the admission of deserving cases which election has failed to meet. It is gratifying to find that the men themselves give freely, and diligently aid in obtaining subscriptions for the Orphanage, and that at present its finances are in a flourishing condition. The expenses of collecting them, however, are very heavy, and demand the serious attention of the managing directors. We cannot doubt that the Railway Servants' Orphanage will receive what it certainly deserves, the sympathy and aid of the travelling public.

GOSPEL WORK AMONG THE 'BUS MEN.

Among the many interesting fields of evangelic labour occupied and zealously cultivated by that admirable agency, the London City Mission, few, if any, present more difficulties, or require more tact in the working, than that which includes the drivers, conductors, timekeepers stable-men, chaff-cutters, &c., employed in connection with the omnibus traffic.

A City Missionary whose fitness for this peculiar work is evidenced by the whole tenor of his report, and whose work lies mainly amongst the 'busmen of South London, and their numerous tribe of allied toilers in stables, yards, hay-lofts, and elsewhere, has presented a series of notes upon his year's work which are well worth reading. It appears that 58 omnibus yards, 45 cab yards, and seven farriers' yards, many of which were hunted out with great difficulty, are now regularly visited, and everybody in turn is kindly spoken with on the subject which of all others is of the highest importance. Of course, the evangelist who undertakes this work expects and gets a good deal of "chaff," some hard words, and an unpleasant experience now and then to boot; but the testimony of the missionary in this case makes it clear that on the whole he is courteously, sometimes kindly and even heartily received. Carefully chosen tracts, small books and papers, together with a few earnest, warm-hearted words of his own, these are the weapons with which the agent is armed, and in cases not a few he goes away with a smile of satisfaction on his face, and quite a glow at his heart, in the knowledge that good seed has fallen on good ground. Speaking of one of the forty time-keepers included in his round, he writes, "One time-keeper was said to be very fond of 'his drops' when I first visited his 'stand,' and there was every indication of it in his looks. One day I was led to give him one of the 'Books for the People' called 'Fool's Pence.' About three months after, he said to me, 'Ah, you gave me a paper once which has already done me pounds' worth of good. It set me thinking what a fool I was to let the publican have all my pence, and now I can safely say they haven't had a farthing of my money for at least three months. I have changed sides. I now take my savings to the post-office right opposite the "pub" where the money used to go, and I never was in better health in my life.'" About 350 "drivers" are included in the missionary's beat, and several of these have become regular attendants at church or chapel on their "Sunday off," while some have become total abstainers, much to the joy of the wives and families dependent on them for support. The missionary is occasionally very busy at the "starting points," where the 'buses commence their journey, and here he has a word or two with watermen (who mind the horses while the driver is getting refreshment), policemen, bootblacks, newsvendors, whip-menders, and such street loungers as may be found in the vicinity. He spends a considerable time in the stables, among the ostlers, and by way of variation climbs up into the lofts, where the chaff-cutting and corn-mixing processes are going on, and gets through the crust of these rough fellows "by taking a few turns at the handle." In all these departments he is able to report gratifying instances of the intemperate becoming sober, and the careless beginning to manifest real concern for their spiritual interests. Now and again kindly philanthropists have enabled him to give a supper, which is always gratefully accepted, and out of which good invariably comes. Altogether the City Missionary and his charge, including some 1,600 men and boys, are an

interesting study, and deserve the kindly support and sympathy of all who desire the moral and social elevation of a much-neglected class, whose peculiar calling exposes them to perpetual temptations, and deprives them very largely of the ordinary opportunities of learning something about the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

FEMALE MISSIONS IN THE EAST.

From an interesting paper on the work of the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, read by Miss Whately at one of the Mildmay Park Conferences, we gather the following noteworthy facts concerning the operations of this, the oldest and most important of the many agencies which are now at work for the evangelisation of the women of India and other Eastern lands. After a little over forty years of earnest labour, this organisation has now healthy and flourishing centres in India, China, the Malay Peninsula, the Mauritius, Syria, Palestine, and other places. One hundred and sixty-six teachers have been sent out under its auspices, many of whom have lived and died at their post, while of those who survive, the greater part are still engaged in this important work. Two hundred native teachers have been trained for Zenana missioning and for schools, and 20,000 scholars are to-day being taught a pure and simple Gospel by earnest female converts from the heathenism out of which they are seeking to rescue others. Gratifying testimony is given to the reality of the work done, and not a few instances are forthcoming of sound conversion and zealous labour resulting therefrom. We have already had occasion to observe that woman is unquestionably the "missing link" by which the girlhood and womanhood immured in the Zenanas and imprisoned by the social habits of Eastern life, may be united to the Christian civilisation of the West; and we cannot but desire for the earnest toilers engaged in this slow and difficult, but sure and successful undertaking, that they may be aided in their good work, and may see more and more fruit of their labours. We are quite sure that this Society, by strict adherence to a thoroughly prudent plan of selecting candidates for this kind of mission work, is securing an admirable staff of agents; and we sincerely hope that very soon an increased income may enable them still further to spread the knowledge of the Gospel of Christ.

THE ZENANA MISSION IN INDIA.

An interesting work is being carried on, under the auspices of the Baptist Missionary Society, in promoting evangelic labour and the employment of Bible-women among the Zenanas of India. Every thoughtful and experienced witness conversant with India's needs and India's difficulties, from a Christian point of view, whether lay or clerical, is convinced that the work of evangelising India must be largely followed out, by introducing Gospel teaching among the women and into the homes of these exclusive peoples. In this they do but acknowledge the truth of the old saying, that "As the mother is, so the child will be;" only in India, owing to the peculiarity of their family and social customs, the proverb has an additional force. It appears that the Zenana Mission is diligently and effectively prosecuted in Calcutta, Delhi, Benares, Allahabad, Patna, and several other important centres of population. The staff consists of twenty-three European lady visitors, and upwards of forty native teachers and Bible-women. Nearly 700 women receive religious teaching and instruction in the Zenanas, and thirteen schools, attended by 400 native children, are in operation. There can be little question that the Zenana Mission is, on the whole, the best plan of moral engineering that has been devised to sap the foundations of that powerful superstition which is at once so hoary and so hard to shake. Zealous and persevering labour in this direction, carried on with prudence and Christian winsomeness, will surely tell for good on the rising generation of India.

NEWPORT MARKET REFUGE.

This well-known and highly-valuable institution still maintains its character and influence as one of the most important agencies for befriending the destitute, and elevating the lowest class among the teeming multitudes of the metropolis. A very cursory glance at the work done by, and at the results accruing from last year's operations, will be quite sufficient, we think, to point the appeal which is now being made for new and enlarged premises; an expenditure rendered inevitable by the action of the Board of Works, which is about to clear away the present buildings in its improving march. More than 7,000 persons have been lodged for the night, 18,000 meals have been supplied to the hungry, and of course all this has been attended with customary efforts to bring the "good news of grace" to the notice of the shivering and hungry recipients of the small but welcome boon. Of persons who have made application for relief, 150 have obtained employment, 23 have been received into the House of Charity, and 23 have been restored to their friends. Nearly half of these were women, and, in addition, 47 women have been received into Homes, and 39 have obtained situations. It would appear that the industrial school is regarded as a good recruiting ground for military bands. No fewer than 78 applications have been made for lads for this purpose, and 15 have been so placed, to the satisfaction of all parties. These statistics, which only refer to some of the multifarious organisations of this excellent charity, are quite sufficient to warrant our bespeaking for the Newport Market Refuge the sympathy and aid of our readers.

THE NAVVY'S FRIEND.

"I am a navvy, too; I work on a public works." Such was the playful boast of the founder of the Navvy Mission, as he went in and out among the rude-mannered and not too smooth-tongued settlers

in the navvy colony in which he did—"and all for love and nothing for reward"—the best of all good work for man and God. Appointed rector of the little village of Leathley, among the breezy hills of West Yorkshire, the Rev. L. N. Evans found himself contiguous to a populous encampment of navvies who were engaged in turning the valley of Lindley Wood into a lake; one of the great reservoirs from which the town of Leeds obtains its supply of water. Long rows of wooden huts were the temporary homes of hundreds of these nomads of the mattock and the spade, who, after the completion of railway, reservoir, dock, or harbour, "fold up their tents like the Arabs," and almost "as silently steal away," to erect their timber barracks otherwhere, and form a new village with almost as great celerity as could the fabled genii of Aladdin's lamp.

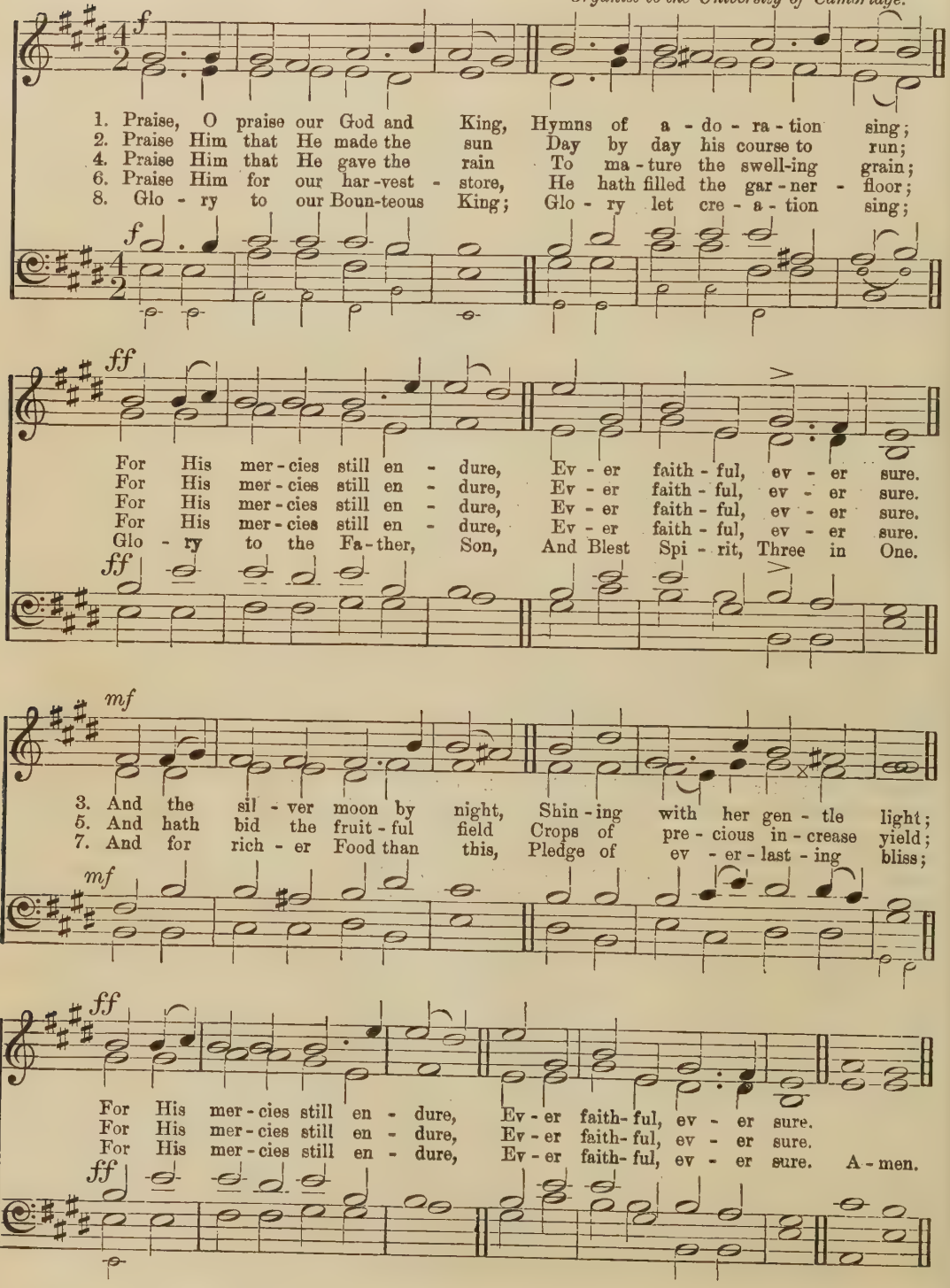
At Lindley Wood Mr. Evans became pastor and teacher to the navvies, and in fashion slow and sure got a thorough hold of them in sympathy and heart. It was a very small congregation that gathered at first in the little wooden church built in the dingle under the shadow of elm and birch. Only five of the "lads" came to hear the word of life. "I shall preach if there are but two," said he; and of that sort of man it may safely be predicted that the congregation will increase a hundred-fold. The common excuse as to their lack of church-going clothes was of no use with Mr. Evans. "I want *you*," said he, "not your jackets. It's *your* church. Come just as you are. You need only leave your pipes behind."

By the vigorous efforts of Mr. Evans, zealously seconded by the worthy manager of the works, Sunday, Day, and Night Schools, a Lending Library, Savings Bank, and other machinery for elevating his temporary parishioners in social, moral, and religious life, were all in full operation, and the godly and self-sacrificing pastor was gladdened in his heart. Unsparing toil, constant exposure, and, it may be feared, a great sorrow of a personal sort, broke down his health, and evidences of that scourge of these humid isles, consumption, made the hearts of his friends to ache with fear. The departure of the navvy colony from Lindley ripened Mr. Evans' long-conceived desire to see some *abiding* organisation for their welfare into a purpose and a plan. He who had wrought so hard, so lovingly, and so well in the highest interests of these pioneers of civilisation, these Ishmaels of social life; he who had been permitted to see so much pleasant fruit of his godly labour, was touched to the quick to think that their departure from Lindley meant migration to a wilderness with no fold for the sheep he had tracked and found for the Good Shepherd's sake. And so, despite his hacking cough, failing strength, and weakening frame, the pale-faced large-hearted "navvy's friend," whose soul-fires were burning out the oil of life with fatal speed, secured correspondents all over the country, obtained statistics, pleaded with his pen when public utterance was impossible, the pen itself often trembling in his nerveless hand. Many of our readers will remember the stirring articles which appeared in THE QUIVER of December, 1876, entitled, "Navvies and their Needs," in which this earnest apostle to the poor appealed, and successfully, for the humble and neglected constituency whose interests he had so much at heart. Then the "Christian Excavators' Union" was established, the men themselves drawing up the rules, and Mrs. Garnett, a faithful co-worker with the tired pastor, being elected secretary. Its first object is "to unite those who love the Lord Jesus Christ, and to lead others to serve Him also." Scarcely was this first effort at combination got into working order than Mr. Evans was again prostrated after experiencing a brief return of health and hope, such as often lights up with misleading gleam the victims of that dire disease. He left England for the winter; then rapid convalescence brought him back again to his loved and loving people, to be followed, sad to say, almost instantly, by a still more rapid decline of health, and another enforced departure from the field of his earnest toil.

Then came another flush of health and energy, and the Navvy Mission Society was commenced in 1877; 4,000 printed appeals were circulated, 2,500 letters were written, many of these being penned while Mr. Evans lay back, imprisoned by growing weakness, in his chair. The following year the annual meeting of the Union was held at Leathley, and being favoured with a term of comparative health, he was a happy witness of, and an actor in, the doings that betokened the thorough establishment of the Society. He subsequently visited many navvy settlements; enlisted by letter, and by personal interview, contractors, engineers, clergymen, and others in these localities, in the same good work. While on a visit to the Isle of Man on the same worthy errand, over-exertion, an enthusiasm which could not be repressed, produced another effusion of blood from the lungs, and his work was practically finished. Then followed a season of great suffering, borne with the patience inspired by the faith which was "the strength of his heart, and brightened by the hope of his portion for ever." Said a watching friend who stood by his dying bed, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." "He *is* with me, He *is* with me," he whispered, as a smile flickered in his eyes. "All is peace! Jesus, save;" then the whisper died away, for on him had the ineffable glory dawned! When they bore him to his burial and laid him in the grave—which lies within sight of Lindley Wood, the place of his hallowed toil and undying victories—twenty navvies from distant parts of the country paid personal and representative tribute of tears and love; and amongst the white flowers that strewed his coffin was a wreath from one of his "lads" who was too ill to bring this token of his affection for the gentle evangelist who first brought him under the shadow of the lifted cross.

Harvest Hymn.

Music by GEORGE GARRETT, M.A., Mus. D.
Organist to the University of Cambridge.


f
1. Praise, O praise our God and King, Hymns of a - do - ra - tion sing;
2. Praise Him that He made the sun Day by day his course to run;
4. Praise Him that He gave the rain To ma - ture the swell-ing grain;
6. Praise Him for our har-vest - store, He hath filled the gar - ner - floor;
8. Glo - ry to our Boun-teous King; Glo - ry let cre - a - tion sing;
ff
For His mer - cies still en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.
For His mer - cies still en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.
For His mer - cies still en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.
For His mer - cies still en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.
Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Son, And Blest Spi - rit, Three in One.
mf
3. And the sil - ver moon by night, Shin - ing with her gen - tle light;
5. And hath bid the fruit - ful field Crops of pre - cious in - crease yield;
7. And for rich - er Food than this, Pledge of ev - er - last - ing bliss;
ff
For His mer - cies still en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.
For His mer - cies still en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.
For His mer - cies still en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure. A - men.

"He persisted in making out the weekly bills."—*p.* 691.

A RICH WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CRUST AND THE CAKE," "LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

"What signifies your poverty,
If you can struggle and endure?"—MACKAY.

AND so Margery Hollis went off to her London hospital, and life resumed its old quiet course in the shop at Winds' Haven, only Chrystal had gained two new outlets for her tender prayers and kindly thoughts; and all outlets for our human affections are inlets for divine love and wisdom.

To Margery she could give something more than

prayers and thoughts. Once a week the post carried a little prim note from Winds' Haven to St. Bridget's Hospital. That little note cost Chrystal something. She was not a ready writer; she required occasional recourse to the dictionary; and composition with her was no slight aside from sociality, but demanded that concentration of thought only to be enjoyed in silence and solitude. Therefore that little note was generally written in an hour snatched from her night's rest. It might have seemed as if the little formal phrases and the homely items of news were scarcely worth the effort they entailed; but Chrystal's heart was in them, and so they warmed Margery's heart. Not one of the other young nurses—some of them the pet daughters of adoring family circles—had a more faithful correspondent. They used playfully to pout and plain sometimes when, let whose letter might fail, Margery's expected letter was always waiting.

Margery's return letters to Winds' Haven were a great delight to Chrystal. Many of them went up to the Rectory, or were read to the Ockholm doctor. Once Chrystal heard details of any poor patient in St. Bridget's, she never felt as if she was quite without responsibility towards that poor patient. Was it an over-worked drudge of a London lodging-house? Then Chrystal must tramp miles on miles to find a situation for her in some farm-house, whose mistress would bear awhile with a little sickliness in consideration of the superior sharpness and activity of a town-bred girl. Or was it some poor City workman, breaking down under high pressure and tainted atmosphere? Then Chrystal must search—and must set her father to search—for some easy task, where such could at least find bread during a long country change and refreshment. And once or twice darker threads of City existence got a chance of purification under the peaceful sunlight of Winds' Haven life and industry. Chrystal was not afraid of sinners, and perhaps that was why, not they, but their sins, were so terribly afraid of her. One or two hopeless souls, whom Margery sent her, found hope and healing at her side, and one or two others, who did not find them then, but went back to ways of darkness, were haunted ever after by a memory of gentle, unreproachful purity, which illustrated the meaning of the Psalmist's words: "There is forgiveness with God that He may be feared."

Chrystal was always able to afford credit to those whom misfortune had overthrown; though she was nevertheless ready to apply the straitest trade principles to those to whom credit would have been but a delusion and a snare. Probably she really sacrificed more by the straightforward justice by which she made herself unpopular among the thriftless and idle, than by the silent mercy which allowed the "bad debts" of defeated struggle to lapse into the sleeping capital of that unknown Kingdom whose currency and rate of interest we know not yet. Chrystal's kindness was active, not passive—it was that which means spiritual energy, rather than the mere softness of organisation commonly known as "good nature." She had a quaint way of reversing the old proverb by saying, "What can't be endured must be cured," and she had as little respect for limp toleration or an indolent resignation as had the ancient philosopher when he declared, "It is better to surrender one's own freedom than to take freedom from those who deserve it, or to leave it with those who have forfeited it. For to do well is better than to suffer well."

Yet Chrystal knew how to suffer with that sweet, strong suffering, into which only noble action can pass. No woman who had fought less bravely for independence could so calmly have met defeat, or so serenely have watched the shadows darkening in the future. For in those days Chrystal began to realise that all her worst fears were coming upon her. Edmund Carewe had been in his grave little more than a year, when her father had a sharp attack of rheumatic fever. His fine constitution, to which his wholesome habits of life had done full justice, pulled him through, but he emerged an aged man. There would be no more early rising, or wood-cutting, or water-drawing, no more rambling or climbing for Reuben Joyce. As hope gradually but surely died out, Chrystal trembled for her father. His cheeriness, his hopefulness, his ready happy interest in all simple natural things—might they not have been too closely linked with his love of exercise and his keen enjoyment of open air solitude, to be able to survive them? There came certainly a few weeks when it was no marvel that Chrystal trembled. For the fresh spring life was stirring in the woods and hedges, and the old man would drag his helpless limbs to the threshold, and stand there, looking out with shaded eyes, much as Chrystal herself had stood on the afternoon when our story began. And then he would turn away with a heavy sigh, and probably the next answer he gave to any who addressed him, would be rather short and querulous. Most of all it irked him that he could no longer perform the little daily duties for the household which he had so steadily discharged for so many years. When he saw the journeyman going about these, he would rise up and totter after him, and perhaps lay his stiff fingers on the handle of the water-pot he could no longer lift. And the journeyman soon found that he could not do his own work and that which Reuben had hitherto done, for Reuben had been a stalwart and active man, who had got through in one hour what many would potter over for a whole morning. So an extra hand had to be hired.

However, by degrees Reuben Joyce resumed his old cheerfulness. He had looked facts in the face; there was no longer any possibility of denying them; there remained but the method of their acceptance.

"You 've got to be contented with what you have, and not with what you 'd like to have," said he.

And so there were more plants on the window-sills, and more lame birds in the cage. And above all, something was started which Reuben had always

talked about, but had hitherto neglected in his wandering days. The old man called it an "insectuary." It was really an establishment for the watching and training of all sorts of insects. It was started on a board fixed up inside the long, low window of the common parlour. A very fine strong gauze secured the inmates from taking outings in the room—at least in a general way. For Chrystal owned to having seen an ant in her tea and a caterpillar in her workbox. But these were quite exceptional cases, accidents which will happen in the best-regulated families. On all other occasions they were quiet, inoffensive pets, in some of whom Chrystal soon learned to take an interest quite apart from her dutiful delight in whatever pleased her father.

Many a pleasant hour did she spend watching her father and his ants, and rejoicing over the evidences of intelligence and self-subordination among the tiny creatures. Reuben would show a grain of sugar to an ant, and he would run off to the nest to inform his comrades of the find; and some, starting too eagerly for the treasure, would pause on their journey—remembering that they needed a guide to take them to it—and wait until the whole party came forward, with the original discoverer. Chrystal and her father preached each other many a sweet little sermon, with those ants for a text.

"There be wonders everywhere," Reuben would say; "and we may be sure they don't end where our telescopes and microscopes leave off."

"Ay, father," Chrystal would answer, "and I remember, when I was a little one, how puzzled I used to be to hear that God is everywhere. I don't say it is easier to understand now, only it's quite easy to believe. It would be hard to think otherwise."

But in spite of the charms of the window garden and the "insectuary"—or rather perhaps because of them—Reuben never again withdrew to his old love of solitude. His new pleasures kept him nearer the ways of men. He no longer shunned the village gossips; he learned how to make neat packets of tea and sugar; he persisted in making out the weekly bills, and Chrystal yielded them to him, only sternly retaining her rights of revision. The village gossips whispered among each other that he was able enough for business when he could no longer amuse himself. For such is too often the harsh judgment which censorious mortals pass upon those who cheerfully carry whatever cross is laid upon them, and bravely drink any sour cup which is offered to their lips.

But the wolf was drawing nearer and nearer to the lowly Winds' Haven door. A plot of stony ground on the Deerham road, which had long been announced as "to be let for building purposes," was suddenly bought by a stranger from London. The house which he began to rear presently excited all the local curiosity. It was not a villa; it was not a cottage; it was neither a stable nor a smithy. It was not very long before it was recognised as an undeniable shop. Now, it was situated mid-way between Deerham and Winds' Haven, and opposite the roads which led to Carre and Mapel. It would command custom from all these places. Chrystal walked out to view it one fine evening, and took note of its situation and its dimensions, and her heart sank within her.

"Well, well," she said, "it will be a great convenience to the neighbourhood, and, I suppose, the master will be a youngish man, and he 'll perhaps be able to buy to a greater advantage for the poor people than I can—if he 'll only give it to them. One wants the world to get on and to go forward; yet it 's no use denying that it hurts one when it pushes oneself out of its way! One sees a great deal in the newspapers nowadays about poverty being the result of improvidence. Have I been improvident, I wonder? If I 'd never given away a penny, or helped anybody, I should have missed all the happiness I 've had, and yet I should not have saved enough to keep me in my old age! Never mind; there is nothing I can do at this present moment to help us. The custom won't entirely leave the old place for another year or two, and if I can see any other way to earn an honest living in that time I must take it. Only it will be hard for father to leave the old place."

And as Chrystal walked along the shady Deerham road in the twilight she wept bitterly. In lowly lives there are disappointments as tragic as those of emperors and statesmen; for, after all, the drama of life lies with the actors, be scenery and accessories what they may.

Despite the courage with which she had faced the harder struggle and anxiety of the last year or two, they had really told somewhat on her nervous system. All those to whom life has ever brought any strain or stress, know that hour of exhaustion when one says, "Thank God, there is a safe roof, a comfortable chair, and a good meal for one more day." And out of that utter weariness rises the soothing voice of Christian philosophy, "To-day is all you have; you trust God for to-morrow—cannot you trust Him for all else? 'Is not the life more than meat and the body than raiment?'"

She had effaced the traces of her tears, and tired as she was, and sickened, and depressed, the very sight of the snug little interior—the cheery fire, the tidy supper-table, and her father's contented face—had a brightening influence. True, the thought of the shadow of ruin darkening over them all, nearly brought back the tears, but our body has a secret wisdom apart from our own minds, and when it is usually kept in due subordination, it claims the right of a good servant to assert itself sometimes.

"It 's a great comfort that the good Book says 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,'" thought Chrystal, as she toiled up her clumsy steps. "Those who read the rest of the Bible are not likely to find that text turn up in the wrong place. It comes long enough after 'whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might,' for the one is in Ecclesiastes and the other in St. Matthew."

"There are two letters come for you since you

went out, Chrystal," said her father, as he pushed back her chair and pointed to the slippers, which he, thoughtful as a woman where others were concerned, had placed in readiness for her weary feet. "One's from Miss Margery, and I'm wondering what that's about, for this isn't her regular day for writing. And the other is an outlandish letter. Never did I see such a post-mark nor such a postage-stamp, though being in a post-office, I have seen more in that line than might have been expected of a Winds' Haven man."

Chrystal Joyce was more than forty years old—a careful, diligent, prosaic woman of business. Yet, as she heard her father's words, her colour went to and fro like a girl's, and her heart beat heavily against her side. But she could hide a good deal of emotion, this quiet Chrystal Joyce. More than twenty years before, standing in the shop among watchful village gossips, she had received news whose shock had made her drop a heavy weight upon her foot; yet neither the shock nor the pain had made her cry out or faint.

Was it?—could it be? Is it any alleviation of a life of suspense that there is always something to be waited for—always a possible footstep to be heard down the empty days? God knows. Chrystal only knew that if she had ever envied any, it had been loving mourners gathered round their grave, watching earth shutting their beloved safely into the hand of God. Perhaps her waiting had been too hopeless and too long; for twenty-two years is a long while, and no new hope had budded on the old sorrow all that time.

It was so sweet—so sweet! Blame her not if she seems weak in this, that the mere possibility of hope was so unutterably refreshing, that she could not bear to put the matter to the test, and scatter the rare delusion. She put her hand over the foreign letter, and held it on the table, face downwards. She would read Margery's letter first—the letter in which her father had almost as much claim and interest as herself. It began—as it always did:—

DEAR FRIEND CHRYSTAL,—I must write you a line to-night, though I am so tired and so excited that I almost feel as if I was asleep and dreaming of a dance! Now, is not that a strange sensation for "sister Margery, the newly appointed superintendent of a great workhouse infirmary?" I don't know why they chose me. I didn't offer myself. Our own superintendent suggested me. They say "my heart is in my work." I think my work gets into my heart, and deserves more credit for its perseverance than my heart does for its receptiveness!

Dear Chrystal, I am to begin a great work. There has been no organised nursing at this infirmary yet. The poor people—old folks and friendless strangers, and dear little children—have hitherto lived and died just as they best could. I am to go there with four of our own trained nurses under me, and what more help we want we shall have to find and train for ourselves. Pray for me, dear Chrystal; you must pray for me, even for your own sake, for are you not responsible for my very existence, and therefore bound to take the glory of all my successes and the shame of all my defeats henceforth and for ever?

Dear friend, there hangs in my bedroom a little picture, which I bought because it reminds me of the Gipsy's Pool. There are not yet four years between those nights of torture and these busy, happy, sunny days. Not four short years! Ah, Chrystal, what is time? With God, a thousand years are but as one day. He that believeth doth not make haste. Often have I recalled your story of the little child and the silver trumpets, and often has it helped me. You saved me, Chrystal, from madness, and from the miseries and mysteries of a suicide's grave. I repeat that I owe you my very being, and all that I do, and have, and enjoy.

Write to me as soon as you can. When you praise me I feel as if I had had a secret word sent me from my brother in heaven.—Always your own loving MARGERY.

Nothing had changed in Chrystal's own life through that letter. She was still the ageing, failing woman; and yet all had changed. The horizon had grown wider, she overlooked the treasure-fields of heaven, and caught a glimpse of her inheritance there. Now she could take up the other letter fearlessly. If the spasmodic hope which had flickered up in her heart must die away, it would but resolve itself into the steady light of faith by which she walked day by day. Her whole nature was thrilling with that ecstasy of life and love which overleaps the narrow limits of individual being, and enters into the joys and throes of the universe—losing itself to find itself. Nobody could have heard any disappointment in her voice—for there was none—as she took up the foreign packet, and announced,—

"This comes from Bertram Esslemont—I know his handwriting."

(To be continued.)

NEW LIGHT FROM AN OLD LAMP;

OR, MODERN READINGS OF ANCIENT FABLES.

THE MAN AND HIS WOODEN GOD; OR, HE IS ROYAL WHO IS KING OF HIMSELF.

THE passions, like fire, are good servants, but they are bad masters. While they are "held in with bit and bridle," so that they go fair and softly, they are not only no enemies, but serviceable friends; but if they are once permitted to saddle us, then, with whip, and spur, and loosened rein, the gallop is reckless, and the ruin soon and sure. Tyrants are curses either in nations or in hearts, and in both cases the noblest aspirations are ground under a despot's heel. The idols on the gleaming shrines or mud-built altars of the heathen are not more exacting in blood and treasure than are the false gods which are set up and worshipped in the hearts of men. A moral emancipation from their destructive sway is a grand enfranchisement, a free-

dom fraught with blessings of the richest kind. This is the lesson taught in the fable of the Man and his Wooden God.

A man that had a great reverence for a certain idol in his house, gave worship to it three times every day; but he found that the more he worshipped it, the poorer and more wretched he became. To offer his sacrifices and to say his prayers to so little purpose put him at last into a great rage, and, seizing the wooden image, he dashed it to pieces against the wall. Lo, out from its shattered carcase there rolled a secret hoard of gold and silver and precious stones. "Why, look you!" quoth the man. "Here is a strange thing! A god that will do more for blows than he will for prayers! *While he was my master he kept me poor; now that I am his master he makes me rich!*"

To destroy an idol, is to gain a good. A mastered sin brings freedom in, says the old proverb, and it might have gone on to say that freedom is followed by her kin, the gladness consequent on victory, and the peace resulting from the expulsion of a foe. The idols of the soul bestow barren gifts, however fair their seeming. The gleam of gold and chink of sterling coin are followed by the discovery that, as in the Eastern story, the eagerly coffered gain is withered leaves. All our costly sacrifices at the shrine of self leave us with poorer moral fortunes and still more hungry hearts. An easily besetting sin is a most exacting tyrant, and he who worships at so base an altar will always find that, like the daughters of the horse-leech, its imperious and insatiate cry is "Give! Give! Give!"

But if, like the man in the fable, we determine on its destruction; if with vigorous and self-sacrificing hand we put the "knife to the throat" of the evil appetite, or with the nervous blow of a godly purpose, we cast down the sordid desire which passion has elevated to a deity, its ruin shall enrich us. If we slay the false heart-fetishes, softly called "infirmities," or weaknesses that unman us, as Samson slew the lion, then out of the strong will come sweetness, and out of the eater will come forth meat, and among the shattered fragments of the mastered lust, shall gleam the compensating gold.

Talking of gold, that itself is the unworthy and debasing idol of many grovelling worshippers. They "early rise, and late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness;" they toil and moil, they grasp and hold, and all to the end that their eyes may be fascinated by the glitter, their ears enamoured by the tinkle, and their hearts made glad by the possession of increasing store of gold. The more they worship it, the poorer in all things worth the winning they become; in love, in charity, in breadth of sympathy, warmth of heart, contentment of mind, and the respect and gratitude of men. Demolish the metal-hearted image, trample on its yellow visage, fling him from his pedestal of power, bruise him with the hammer of self-sacrifice; and lo, from out its secret heart there flows a sparkling stream, the blessedness of giving, the beauty of beneficence, the joy of gratitude, and the sweet delight of doing good.

Alas! that in these days, and especially in these lands, multitudes should worship at the shrine of Alcohol. Strong drink is their god, and though they are conscious of the hideous ruin the idol causes, their worship ceases not, and each one says, "I will seek it yet again." Truly, the more they worship it the poorer they become. The sacrifices which this thirsty despot exacts from its besotted worshippers include health and happiness, family and fortune, credit, character, and name. Let the enslaved one adopt old Æsop's hint: Dash the delusive god to pieces, and from the shards shall flow a stream of wealth in the shape of a glad recovery of all the precious things of which the thievish idol hath robbed the victim of his power. Many and mighty are the false gods which usurp dominion over the human heart; dire and deadly are the evils wrought thereby on lives and souls. Let the quaint old fable teach us all a lesson. Let us break every treacherous idol, hurl them from their pride of power, and claim our Divinely-intended heritage of manhood and self-control. Do you doubt your power to master the idol of your own heart? Bring it face to face with the Cross of the Sin-slayer! Then, like Dagon of the Philistines in presence of the sacred ark, it shall totter before a power divine, shall fall shattered over the threshold of its invaded temple, and you shall stand in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free. Whatever unworthy idol claims your homage, whatever evil love or lust commands your worship, break it down! Blows will bring blessings, and out of every shattered sin shall roll a golden Pactolus that shall make you rich indeed!

"High he reared his nervous arm,
Heavily came down the blow;
Reeled the vain and useless image,
Broken, bursten, to and fro.

"From its shattered side came pouring
Pearls and diamonds, showers of gold;
So the evil god's destruction
Paid him back a hundredfold.

"Thou hast idols; boldly strike them;
Heavily fall the faithful blow.
From their wreck and from their ruin
Shall thy first true riches flow.

"Thou shalt lose thy life, and find it;
Thou shalt boldly cast it forth;
And then back again receiving,
Have it in immortal worth."

THE PROUD FROG; OR, PRIDE WITHOUT PROFIT SOON GOES BAREFOOT.

"When pride's in the van, begging's in the rear." In that fashion the old proverb intimates the certain result of any continuous attempt to occupy place or position, or to sustain prestige or appearances beyond the power of the pocket or the purse. "Do not put your arm out further than your sleeve will reach," is the Spaniard's way of saying the same thing; and the cautious Dutchman is evidently in full agreement

with the same sentiment when he says, "More sail than ballast drives the ship ashore," and our witty neighbours of the Emerald Isle put the moral in a way quite as effective in,—

"His fortune is bad, and is like to be worse,
Who has gold on his hand, and a groat in his purse."

The two things don't at all correspond, you see, and the purchase of jewellery on that capital will soon bring him to grief. The capital fable of the Proud Frog hits off the folly of this conduct to the very life, and in this age of ostentation, competition, and display, is worthy of careful study.

An ox grazing in a swampy meadow, chanced to set his foot among a number of young frogs. One that escaped, hopped off to his mother to tell the fatal news. "And oh, mother," said he, "it was such a big beast that did it!" "Big?" said the old lady, puffing herself out; "was it as big as this?" "Yes, mother, a great deal bigger." "Well, so big?" said the parent frog, swelling herself out more desperately. Once more she sought to distend her speckled skin, and once more she challenged comparison with the unknown monster. "Mother," said the young frog, in alarm for the safety of his ambitious parent, "if you were to burst yourself, you would never be able to reach half its size." Provoked by this disparagement of her powers, the old frog made one more trial, and burst herself indeed!

Thus men and women are ruined by attempting a greatness, and aiming at a position beyond their powers.

"The whole world swarms with people not more wise;
The tradesman's villa with the palace vies;
The farmer's wife will dress like squire's dame;
The nincompoop aspires to sage's fame;
The barn-door fowl will rise with larks to sing,
And comes down flopping with a broken wing!"

The man of limited or uncertain means who foolishly vies with his richer neighbours is sure in time to experience the fall of the pretentious frog. The people who continually expend more than their income, and live in chronic wonder "where all the money *can* have gone to;" wearers of silk and satin, velvet and broadcloth, when alpaca or stuff, mixture or fustian is more in keeping with their means, are sure to find, in the long run, and full often in a short one, that the expanded strain comes to an ignominious end.

Living for appearances is the bitterest of all slavery, and generally ends in broken fortunes, divided households, and a dishonoured name. Ostentation is a hideous idol, whose brilliantly blazoned car has crushed more lives than were ever slain by the wheels of Juggernaut. A miserable pride, a pitiful effort to cut as good a figure as the best, strains the resources of this chronic martyr to vanity and self-love to the uttermost. Their bright-looking bubble, which is so hard to blow, and so difficult to keep afloat, is blown out larger and thinner, until at last it is blown to pieces in a bankruptcy court, and the epitaph inscribed on the gravestone of their credit is "Fivepence three farthings in the pound!"

Everybody knows the cosmopolitan proverb, "Cut your coat according to your cloth," to which the Spaniards wittily add, "for nothing looks worse than a tunic with one sleeve." The Scotch, who are not, as a rule, given to travel this headlong road to ruin, tersely say—

"He that gets his gear before his wit,
Won't be long the master of it."

Intimating the wise lesson that cautious spending defers the ending, and a little cautious management into the bargain may prevent any end at all. The novelist Fielding very shrewdly says, "Men do not become rich by what they get, as by what they keep," and although simple hoarding is detestable, reckless spending and unthrifty squandering are very little better. "Silks and satins put out the kitchen fire," and empty the larder into the bargain. A fat kitchen makes a lean parlour, and in time the kitchen becomes the leaner of the two. The old Scotch proverb deserves very close attention, "Buy what you dinna want, and you'll sell what you canna spare;" and we may rely upon it that forced sales of that kind are an unproductive business.

Perhaps the ox is the great orator, Solomon Silvertongue, whose intellect and eloquence hold a crowd as by a wizard's spell. The foolish frog is some young imitator, who means to be Silvertongue's equal or his master, and so in a vain endeavour to cap a climax, he loses himself amid fume and fireworks, and, having gone up like a rocket, he comes down—as rockets usually do—a stick! The proud frog is to be continually met with in all circles, and is continually bursting for the eyes of an amused or indignant world; and all the miserable explosions might be avoided if modesty and humility held command, with prudence at the helm. "Vaulting ambition," whatever may be said of the plodding species, "overleaps itself and falls on t' other side." "Do not reach too high, for fear you dislocate your arm," says the Spaniard politely; and the Chinese say, with quiet sarcasm, "My friend, the star-gazer tumbled into the ditch;" and I say, "Live in a cottage and pay your way rather than live in a four-storey house and be always on the watch for the bailiffs!" "I'm going to fly," said a young unfledged rook to his mother as he fluttered to the edge of the nest. "If you do," was the emphatic answer, "you 'll break your neck!" The same end may be predicted of all fledgelings who presume on the strength of pinions before the pen-feathers have arrived. A rushlight boasted one evening, before company, that it shone as bright as the sun, and the moon, and all the stars. At that moment a puff of wind came, and blew it out. One who lighted it again, said, "Shine on, friend Rushlight, and hold your tongue; the greater lights never go out." On the whole, and for the whole of us, a steady and unostentatious shining within our legitimate radius is the wisest, only let us see to it that we shine our best.

HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST IN THE WINNING," "FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE."

CHAPTER XLI.

AN ALARM.

THERE was a bitter feud raging in the workshops when Percy—not very well satisfied with his office—returned to his bench there. He expected that Morris would bitterly resent the arrangement, and, regarding him as a spy on his own actions, do everything in his power to make him uncomfortable.

But Morris was otherwise engaged. A pair of large oaken doors of unusually elaborate workmanship had been spoiled in the making, through—as he asserted—the stupidity of Robert Ryder, the joiner to whom they were entrusted; but as Ryder, with equal vehemence and more truth, protested, through a mistake the foreman had made when first setting out or planning the size and measurement of the materials.

Ryder was a clever workman, and his pride was up in arms at the charge of having spoiled the finely-grained oak entrusted to him; he had also a caustic tongue, and while knocking to pieces the doors that had cost him so much time and trouble to put together, he embittered his superior's existence by his stinging speeches. Nor was Morris slow to retort upon him. He considered that his position as foreman would be imperilled if he submitted in silence to be talked at as a bungler, "a chap that didn't know his trade;" and every sneer Ryder levelled at him drew forth a reply.

The feud had been raging for a couple of days when Percy came back from Layverne, and it broke into fiercer contention as the time drew near when Mr. Graddon's return from Manchester might be expected; both men throwing the blame on each other, and refusing to be held responsible for what had happened.

Percy, though provoked at the affair which kept the shop in a turmoil, was careful to hold aloof, disdaining to join in the mocking comments of the ill-natured amongst the workmen, or to discuss the quarrel with the better disposed. But when positively appealed to, he spoke promptly and to the purpose, asking why they did not consider their master's interests as well as their own, and combine to make amends for the delay and the damage.

But this speech only drew upon him the wrath of both disputants, and Morris flung out of the shop at last, to spend the rest of the afternoon drinking at the tavern he was in the habit of frequenting.

While matters were in this state in the builder's yard, they were progressing almost as unpleasantly in his house. Nina, although she tried to maintain her customary demeanour, could not wholly conceal that she was excited and uneasy as to the result of her father's journey.

But she repelled all Winnie's loving attempts to win her confidence, and when Miss Symes would have improved the occasion by recalling for her benefit sundry little experiences gathered up during her own life, her niece either turned a deaf ear, or slipped noiselessly away.

As for Duke, he was in a mood that perplexed his betrothed. Very little blame had been attached to him for his reticence concerning his knowledge of George Ordley's true character, Mr. Graddon being willing to believe that his nephew had not been aware that Nina was corresponding with the young man; an opinion, by the way, which Percy Gray could not bring himself to entertain. Duke had, therefore, escaped with a reprimand for holding any intercourse with a person whose tastes and habits rendered him a dangerous associate; he had, at the time, acknowledged that he deserved this, yet he was now behaving as if he had not been well used.

It was to Winnie his complaints were made. Again and again she had to listen to his assertions that he was unfairly treated.

"What did he mean?" he would repeat. "Why, look at his position! What was it? Could she deny that the best years of his life were being frittered away in her father's office, and for what? He had endured it patiently enough while he was able to cherish a hope that her affection would repay him for it, but now he began to be doubtful if he had ever possessed it!"

"Why do you say this?" asked Winnie, looking seriously troubled. "What have I done to make you suspect me of coldness or indifference?"

But Duke would evade a direct reply, declaring that it was useless arguing with her; she would only go over the old ground again, and try to make him content to let every one's wishes and every one's interests be studied before his own.

"But, Duke," she cried, gently detaining him, "you wrong me; you do indeed. I have yielded to papa's wishes; only to his. Was it not my duty to do so? As soon as you satisfy him that you are in earnest—you know what I mean—as soon as you——"

"Oh pray, Winnie, pray don't recapitulate everything my uncle said! I have heard it too often. He will not give me the spur I require, and then he is surprised that I am not more energetic! If I had you to work for, to cheer me with your sympathy,

and incite me to persevere, I should be as good a business man as any one here."

Winnie was silent; these arguments did not convince, they only grieved her.

"If you loved me," Duke went on, "that is, if you cared for me as I should like to be loved—you would have been my wife long since, for your influence over your father is unbounded."

"Do you think I would exert it for my own selfish ends?" she asked, indignantly.

"No; and it seems that you 'll not exert it when my happiness is at stake!"

"Don't say that, Duke!" pleaded the now tearful Winnie. "Surely the conditions papa made were not very hard ones?"

"I have found them so," he answered, gloomily. "I should have been a better as well as a more contented man had my uncle consented to our union two years ago."

And then Duke would go off to spend the evening with a few congenial spirits, and leave his betrothed a prey to fears that she was ashamed to entertain. Was it indeed her fault that he seemed so unsettled? Surely that dearest and best of fathers could not have erred in his decision? Ah! why would not her more impatient cousin try to think so too, and cheerfully submit to the probation which a little energy on his part would materially shorten?

On the eve of the day Mr. Graddon had notified by telegraph that he proposed returning, Duke was dressing to go out when he was called down-stairs to speak to Percy, who wanted a drawing by which he was to work on the morrow.

He uttered an exclamation of impatience. "Won't it do in the morning? I am in a hurry to keep an appointment, and can't spare time to go and ransack the office."

"Give me the key, Duke; I 'll do it for you with pleasure," said Winnie, who came across the hall just at that moment, and heard what he was saying.

But he turned from her with a shrug.

"No, thank you. I don't think it 's women's work to meddle with business matters at all."

He had never before spoken to her so rudely in the presence of a third person, and though Winnie forced a smile, and made a careless remark to Percy on the weather as she turned away, she felt that this mood of her cousin's was something more than the fits of petulance that occasionally attacked him.

The drawing was soon found, but the contents of a bottle of red ink had been spilt upon it, and Duke now remembered with compunction that he had intended to copy it.

"I wish you 'd do it, Gray, you 're quicker with your pencil and compasses than I am. Sit down and do it at once, there 's a good fellow, and I 'll give you half-a-crown for your trouble."

"I 'll copy the drawing," said Percy, his colour rising, his brows contracting; "but I can't take the money, Mr. Averne."

"Isn't it enough? Why, the job won't take you more than an hour, or two at farthest."

Percy made no reply, and, muttering that he was as crotchety as he was independent, Duke flung the coin on the desk, bidding him take it or leave it, just as he pleased, and went back to finish his toilette.

Percy pushed the money farther away, and then glanced round the office. It was the reflex of Duke Averne's unstable, indolent character. Nothing in place, nothing orderly; the desk and stool were hacked and chipped like a school-boy's; the rolls of plans and packets of letters, and other papers, thrust into pigeon-holes, or on to shelves, in direst confusion. Mr. Graddon fretted and exclaimed every time he sought in vain for something he wanted, and Duke always soothed him with a promise to have a good clearing up as soon as the writing he was about was finished—promises that were forgotten till another search and another angry lecture reminded him of the neglect.

Percy glanced round, and a few words spoken in his hearing by the architect at Layverne flashed into his mind. "Graddon's business isn't as flourishing as it was; he 's not as capable of looking after it as he used to be. What a pity he hasn't a son old enough to give him a little assistance."

Percy recalled these words, and pondered over them while he copied the drawing. Duke Averne was letting the power slip from his feeble hands, little thinking that another did but bide his time to grasp it!

And so while Duke, refusing to see the soft reproach in Winnie's eyes, went off, as he told himself, to forget his troubles in a little cheerful society, Percy mused, and schemed, and worked, till a tap at the door was followed by the entrance of Ann Parnell.

She had been seized with home-sickness while in Scotland, and hearing that Mr. Graddon's housemaid was leaving to be married, begged her mother to secure for her the situation, and Winnie had rejoiced to be able to do the widow a favour, and at the same time obtain a servant on whose honesty and industry she could depend.

Ann, on learning that Mr. Gray—it was only her mother who continued to call him by his Christian name—was in the office, had come to ask him if he would be the bearer of a little parcel she wanted to send home.

"Seems," said the girl, when she had given the parcel into Percy's hands, and was going away, "seems as you 're all working late to-night! There 's a light in the upper shop, and it gets brighter. Do 'ee look, Mister Gray. 'T ain't the gas, is it?"

Percy put down his pencil and joined her on the door-step. No, that ruddy glow that sank as he gazed, and then shone out brighter than before, was no ordinary light; and bidding Ann stay where she was, he dashed across the yard to ascertain what was amiss.

"Francesca came tripping across the meadow to meet him."—*p.* 703.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE BUILDER'S RETURN.

THE keys of the shops were not in their place; but when Percy ran to the lower door, intending to force it, he found them hanging in the lock.

Some one had entered while he was engaged in the office; but he asked himself as he hurried up the stairs, who would do this, and for what purpose?

A pungent smell, a crackling noise, told him as he went that his fears were well founded, and his heart beat rapidly. Mr. Graddon was insured; but, in spite of this, the destruction of his premises and their contents would be a serious calamity. The tools of the men, the half-finished work, who could replace?

With cautious hand Percy unlatched the door, and uttered a thankful ejaculation as he remembered that only that day he had caused one of the lads to sweep up and carry away the rubbish that littered the floor. The boy had murmured at the time, but Percy had insisted, and he rejoiced at it, for to this act Mr. Graddon owed the preservation of the building. The few shavings that lay near one of the benches were alight, and the flames had spread to some half-finished sashes that stood close by. To what extent it would have raged if undetected for another hour, there is no knowing, but at present, for want of more food, it was burning slowly.

How had it originated? Ah! the answer lay at Percy's feet, for as he crossed the floor, snatching up a couple of nail bags that lay handy, and with which he hoped to partially smother the flames, he stumbled over the prostrate form of a man.

In one of his hands he grasped a box of matches, and his heavy breathing, his muttered curses when Percy dragged him from his dangerous proximity to the burning wood, betrayed that he was in the stupor of intoxication.

It was Morris. The taunts of Ryder, and his own dread of what Mr. Graddon would say to him on his return, had driven him from the shops to the tavern. While he sat there, rehearsing his grievances to whoever would listen, Ryder had dropped in, and the quarrel was renewed till it ended in blows.

Separated by the more pacific bystanders, Ryder went home to his cottage; but Morris, for what purpose he could never explain, returned to the shops, and in the act of lighting one of the gas-burners, had lost what little sense he retained, and fallen with the lighted match in his fingers, which, as well as his arm, were badly scorched.

With a few buckets of water and the help of a couple of men brought to Percy's assistance by Ann Parnell, the fire so providentially discovered was extinguished before it had effected much mischief, and Morris, as yet scarcely conscious that he had been rescued from a dreadful death, was led into the office to have his burns attended to.

By this time Miss Symes' sharp ears had detected the unusual bustle in the yard, and Hattie volunteered to go and inquire the cause. She came back scared but important, to ask Winnie for the linen and oil, in which she had promised to wrap the burns of the now sober and suffering foreman.

Shocked by the news she brought, yet deeply grateful that they were no worse, Winnie accompanied her to the office, and the two girls were adjusting a sling for the burnt arm and hand, when the little group around Morris received an addition in the person of Mr. Graddon himself.

With a sound between a gasp and a shriek, Morris recoiled at the sight of his employer, and disappeared ere Mr. Graddon's "What's this? What are you all doing?" could be answered.

No one was in haste to denounce the culprit. Ann Parnell beckoned the two men to follow her into the kitchen, where they were to be supplied with a good supper; Percy went back to the scene of the conflagration to assure himself that no further outbreak need be dreaded, and the task of explanation fell to Winnie.

"I knew Morris was not to be trusted," her father cried angrily. "It's no use waiting any longer for Johns—poor old fellow, I'll go and talk to him about it in the morning—I *must* have some one here in whom I can place a little dependence."

"We did not expect you to-night, papa."

"No; and it seems that I have narrowly escaped finding the place a wreck. Where's Duke? Not in the way, as usual? Couldn't he look after things for me?"

"Papa, he could not have foreseen this!" urged Winnie.

"I know that, child," Mr. Graddon replied, in gentler tones. "I don't want to be unjust, but I am tired and harassed, and, perhaps I ought to add, out of temper. I came home because it was useless loitering either in London or Manchester. I had no heart to admire the city, though it's a fine one, or go sight-seeing. Where's Nina?"

But Nina had heard of his arrival, and was coming to meet him. One glance at his troubled countenance sufficed to tell her that his visit to the relatives of Mr. Ordley had not elicited any facts that were favourable to this prodigal son; and Nina's beautiful face assumed a hard dogged look that it was not pleasant to see.

However, she asked no questions, but talked so calmly on indifferent subjects, and wished her father such a loving good-night, that he went to rest easier in his mind. If she would but be reasonable and docile, like her sister, all would be well, and he might hope that her fancy for George Ordley would soon be forgotten.

But on the morrow Nina was at his door as soon as he opened it, and he saw by her looks that she had passed a weary and wakeful night.

Forgetting how much cause she had given him for displeasure, he took her in his arms, and fondly stroked his hand down her hair.

"My poor child, I wish I had better news for you! I wish I could tell you this young man is deserving of your affection!"

"Who says that he is *not*, papa? He assured me that every one at Manchester is prejudiced against him."

Mr. Graddon led her into his room, and sitting down beside her, gave her a faithful report of the investigations he had made.

He had been civilly received by the parents of George Ordley, and had found them upright and well-meaning, unwilling to touch at all on the subject of their son's misdoings, till he had frankly stated his reasons for his inquiries; and then the father firmly, but not harshly, pronounced his son unfit to be trusted with the future of a confiding girl, and the weeping mother was forced to confirm it.

"Her boy had but one fault," Mrs. Ordley said, pitifully. "He could never resist the temptation of betting or gaming. If he could but overcome that, she was sure he would be all they could wish."

"If!" echoed the father, sadly. "This one fault has led him into bad company; it has induced him to stoop to the most disgraceful means, the basest falsehoods, to wring from us the money he wanted to risk; and it compels us to refuse him the assistance he often writes to crave, because we know to what uses he would put whatever sum we sent him."

"But he will reform," said the mother, hoping against hope. "Yes, yes; he will see the folly of his ways, and reform."

"When he does," Mr. Ordley added, "our doors will be opened to him; but I have other sons, and I refuse to let them be contaminated by the example of their brother, even as I refuse to let the money that should start them in life be wasted by him."

"Remembering all you urged in the young man's defence," Mr. Graddon added to Nina, "I was not content with this. I made inquiries from those who knew the Ordley family well; but every one said the same. Every one told me that this clever courteous young fellow—this George Ordley—was a spendthrift and a gamester; whose evil courses had brought disgrace and sorrow upon the best of parents. From Manchester I went to London, and pursued my inquiries there. I should be sorry to repeat all I heard; but a third of it would have sufficed to prove that he is not fit to wed with my daughter."

Mr. Graddon was heard with impatience, if not with incredulity. "His mother is convinced that he will be more prudent; why should I not think so too? Why should I refuse to believe his own assurance that his errors have been cruelly magnified?"

"Think so, if you can; but, Nina, you must hold no further communication with the young man. I am told that he has been staving off some creditors by telling them he is on the point of marriage with a young lady whose father is an opulent builder, and who has expectations from an aged aunt. Is not this enough to disgust you with him? Not content with leading you into deceit and disobedience, he admits that he is influenced by mercenary motives."

"If I were sure he had said this——" murmured Nina; "but every one is against him—every one."

She sat dry-eyed, her cheeks burning, her teeth firmly set in her lip, and seeing that she was hardening herself against his arguments, Mr. Graddon forbore to press them.

"We must leave her alone for a little while," he said to Winnie. "It is a terrible awakening, especially to the young, to learn that any one whom we have been endowing with every virtue has been deceiving us. Poor Nina finds it very difficult to believe that her gold was but dross after all. Be gentle with her, my dear, and comfort her as much as you can."

But Nina did not choose to be condoled with, and she shrank from her father's caresses in a manner that pained him very much. Still he only said, "We must have patience with her," and was careful to shield her from the occasional acerbity of Aunt Janet's remarks.

He would have been better satisfied if Nina had fretted and complained like ordinary girls of her age; but she did neither, wrapping herself in the impenetrable though smiling reserve that had always placed a barrier between herself and her relatives.

"If her mother had but lived," Mr. Graddon would often sigh, "she would have known the way to her child's heart, and won her back to us."

However, Nina broke the silence at last by coming to him, and saying, agitatedly, "Papa, cannot I go away from home for a little while? I have tried to be obedient and submissive, but I cannot. You have relatives at Hastings who have often invited me to spend a few weeks with them; will you take me there?"

Mr. Graddon, pleased to find that there was something he could do to testify his sympathy with his child in the struggle at which she hinted, gave ready assent; and Winnie and Hattie eagerly proffered their assistance—which, however, was declined—in packing the trunks she would take with her.

Only Miss Symes expressed a doubt of the wisdom of the proceeding.

"If Nina is a right-minded girl, where should she strive against an ill-placed attachment as successfully as in her own home? If any one goes away—if any one should have a change of scene and a rest—it should be her sister. Let *her* go, and Nina can take upon herself Winnie's duties. Plenty of occupation is the best cure for a heart-ache, rely upon it."

"I have told Nina that she shall go," replied Mr. Graddon, "and I will not break my word."

He spoke with so much irritation in his tones that Miss Symes detected it, and, drawing herself up, resolved to say no more. Was it because Mr. Graddon felt inwardly that he was doing an unwise thing that he resented his sister's counsels in this manner?

(*To be continued.*)

CHRIST'S WORDS OF GOOD CHEER.

BY THE REV. GEO. A. CHADWICK, D.D., PREBENDARY OF ARMAGH CATHEDRAL, AND RECTOR OF ARMAGH.

Fear not; I am the First and the Last."—REV. i. 17.

WE have already heard the voice of Jesus giving support to His people in the hour of conviction; and when temptation gathered all its terrors for them; and from the other side of the grave, arisen victorious, saying, "All hail."

Finally, we are now shown Him in the glories of the sky, not only arisen from death, but ascended to His throne; yet ready still to sympathise and reassure, and still drawing from Himself, from His own character, and His own work, the same encouragement as when He said, "*I* will make you fishers of men;" "*I* will give you rest;" "*I* have overcome the world;" "Lo, *I* am with you always."

Everything is now changed except the heart of Jesus. *The scene is different.* It is no longer the sweet shore of Galilee, nor the social and hospitable upper room, nor the precinct of the Holy City. The Apostle is cast like a waif upon a rocky and pagan island, where he has probably no human sympathy, and no fellowship in the Lord. In the spirit, and on the Lord's day, he is alone. No sacred associations help him, for although the Patmos of his exile is now consecrated as the side of Horeb, or the clefts of Carmel, or the wilderness in which the Baptist hid his youth, yet then it was only a bleak, inhospitable place of banishment. Not till the blessing came did he learn, and only by experience do we also learn, how the gloomiest place and darkest hour may be lighted up with visions of God.

The crisis, like the scene, is new. The faith and its teachers have been swept into the whirl of the great world's current, which would fain swallow them in the gulfs where so many more striking, more glittering movements have already foundered. The mighty powers of the Roman empire are now attempting that conquest at which the fallen church of Judæa aimed in vain; and John in his exile feels how the teaching even of an inspired Apostle may be gagged. He has next to learn how even this fierce wrath of man may be made to praise God, by a vision suited to the crisis, dealing with empires, convulsions, world-wide plagues and visitations, sharing the tone and the subject of that other political prophecy, the vision of Daniel in his captivity in Babylon.

The revelation of Christ is also different. In Daniel, God Himself, the Ancient of Days, has the hair of His head like the pure wool (vii. 9), and now the Apostle sees One whose head and His hair are white as wool. In Daniel, the all-seeing eyes of God* are as lamps of fire, and His face is as lightning; and now the eyes of Christ gleam out like flames of fire, although His whole countenance is as the sun shining in his strength. How much more of the same kind fills the Apocalypse every reader knows, and we are only concerned to point out the change since those eyes closed, and that head drooped in death, or since the Galilean fisher leaned upon the bosom now begirt and splendid with unearthly gold.

No wonder that John fell senseless at His feet. There is no sign that he was prostrated by any sudden and appalling sense of sin, as when Isaiah saw the Lord high and lifted up, and bewailed his unclean lips, and counted himself undone; or as, again, when a glimpse of divine power broke in miracle through the lowliness of the Nazarene, and made Peter say, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." John was a Christian, "in the spirit," and apparently it was not his own spiritual condition that alarmed him when this stupendous glory deafened his ears and flamed upon his eyes. It was simply the rush of a magnificence too intolerably splendid; the contrast between his feebleness and this awful sight, the startling thought that

> "So near is grandeur to our dust,
> So nigh is God to man."

In a very small measure we can understand it, by the effect of a sudden glare of lightning and roll of thunder at midnight, or of being afloat on a fiercely agitated sea. It is not the guiltiest that are most excited, even if they be most alarmed; innocent children are overcome, sensitive and gentle women are profoundly moved; delicate nerves have more to do with the effect than guilty consciences; and many a one is overwhelmed with emotion who had no personal fear at a calmer moment, yet when death was quite as close, in commending his spirit into his Lord's good hands.

What has happened is a powerful impression of the contrast between these tremendous scenes and our poor faculties, our slight resources to avert, endure, or overcome. We are nothing; what is outside us, storming in upon us, that is all-powerful; and every one but the hopelessly stupid and inert is either crushed with a vague terror—not so much the fear of death or the future, though that also mingles with it, as a keen sense of the fearfulness which wraps us round—or else exalted with a glorious and passionate feeling of the unscaled heights and unfathomable depths of

* Chap. x. 5, 6, where the English version has no foundation whatever for its "certain man."

grandeur, awe, and majesty, which lurk around us. But our most awful impression was as nothing compared with his, upon whose mortal vision blazed the immortal splendours of a manhood taken into God.

We may therefore regard this swoon of John as the utmost shrinking back into itself of human nature, abashed, rebuked, and overwhelmed, in the presence which dwarfs it into nothingness, that beside which we are much less than is, beside us, a grain of dust on the wind, or a bubble of foam upon the billow.

Now what is the comfort for human self-abasement and dread in the presence of supreme power?

It is, first, the nearer approach in love of what was so terrible in grandeur. He laid His right hand upon me saying, "Fear not."

So, then, the Highest and Most Awful can be gentle. He whose feet can trample like burning brass, has a hand whose touch is soothing; and the great voice, which crashed like a trumpet through the Sabbath stillness, can be so modulated as to reassure the trembling heart.

No other tones saying, "Fear not," would then have availed anything. And we, too, need to understand that He is the same God who manifests Himself in all terror in all things kind, in the zephyr as well as in the whirlwind, in the vernal shower as in the tornado, in the ripening sun of summer as in the sheet of flame that makes a momentary noon at midnight. And we need, further, that His hand should be laid upon us, and He should say to us, "Fear not." To reassure our own hearts is not enough, even if it were always possible; He must speak peace to us; He must make us aware that God is our friend. "Though Thou wast angry with us, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortest us"—it is not ours to comfort our own selves.

That John may not fear, his Master proceeds to announce who and what He is, a sentence of which our translation finds it very hard to give the intense fulness. The first word needs to be strongly emphasised:—"*I* am the First and the Last," as if the voice had said, "It is I, and not another, who am thus exalted." Can we doubt that with this word the personality of Him who spoke came in full force upon the hearer's soul? From a stranger there would have been no consolation in the tidings, but from the lips of Jesus they brought back the times of sacred familiarity, when Jesus taught him to pray; brought him to the chamber of Jairus, to the Mount of Transfiguration, to the Garden of Anguish, when Jesus entrusted His own mother to his care—all the love, the long-suffering, and the grace returned, and fear fled, because he recognised in this awful Being the Friend and Shepherd of his soul.

Well for us, in danger and dread, if our past life has tender and vivid associations with Him with whom we have to do, if we have known Him as the Hearer of our prayer, the Helper of our weakness, the Cleanser of our hearts. There is deep meaning and wisdom in the words, "Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace." It is written that the rejection of the accursed is implied in the saying, "I never knew you," and that the joy of the blessed is a joy of familiarity—"Lo, this is our God, we have waited for Him, and He will save us."

"I, then, whom thou knowest, and lovest, and canst trust—I am the First and the Last, and the living One, and I became dead," for so the next words must be taken.

We are not to suppose that Jesus merely announces that He is now living, and that He was formerly dead. The phrase is intensely vivid; He is the living One, and by an act of His free volition—laying down the life which no man took from Him—He became dead.

It is not only said that Jesus is first and last, He is *the* First and *the* Last. No assertion of Deity could be more explicit. For let it be considered that while we ourselves expect to survive the wreck of the universe, and to traverse the eternal future in a life derived from God, yet nothing would be more shocking than for any human being, or any exalted spirit, to be spoken of as "*the* Last." We shall only be with Him, partakers of His permanence. But Jesus proclaims Himself to be the First, and the Last, and it therefore follows of necessity that He is also "the Living" One—the Being whose life is inherent, the Fount and Origin of all derived existence. To say that He alone is this would have denied the Trinity: to say that He is this, makes Him partner in essential Godhead. Such is the testimony of that very book which sceptics confess to be among the earliest of New Testament writings, the remotest from those changes which are pretended to have led to the deification of a Teacher.

But like all such Scripture statements, this is made in the practical form best suited to the hearers' need. To the heart that quails and faints amid new revelations of dazzling majesty and overwhelming force, it is announced that his Loved One is behind and beyond all change, and that all life and power flow out from Him, the Living One.

It is added that He "became dead," to remind His creature of expiation for all sin, and of the immutable heart which once broke, rather than be pitiless. And further it is proclaimed that death was powerless to chain Him down—"Behold, I am the Living One for evermore, and have the keys of hell, and of death." Hell is the unseen universe, the spirit-world. Into it no danger hurries us, no force bursts it open, but the hands which were pierced for man do in due time, solemnly, lovingly throw open the mysterious gates. Death also is our Lord's, and his stroke, seemingly so random, falls only where he is sent by Him

who regulates his harshness, and who can shut him in as with a dungeon key. With such thoughts Christ reassures His discouraged servant —and exile, persecution, martyrdom surely ceased to appal his heart when he understood what heights of majesty beyond all heights, and what depths of resource beyond all depths were on his side. What was Nero or Domitian to him who had seen this sublime vision, whose fears had been banished by the voice of his old master, now the Omnipotent Ruler of both worlds?

And has this record no further lesson for us?

Some day the splendour of God shall break upon our disembodied vision. These bodies of ours, which show so much of the world, and draw us towards the world so strongly, obscure that splendour now. They are truly, as our deepest thinker said, "a muddy vesture of decay," which "doth grossly close us in," so that we cannot hear, and cannot see, the finer realities of the world of spirits. To the seers of old one might fancy that the flesh became thin and transparent, so that they saw through it into the great spiritual universe. From us the flesh shall some day fall away, and on our unmuffled eyes eternity shall break, the King of Eternity shall flame.

Oh, awful hour, when all the vanities which amused men shall perish, all the masks which deceived them shall be torn away, and the grave, sober, intense realities they despised shall close them round! Awful hour! to each soul the end of time and things transient, the arrival of eternity and things unchangeable. Awful hour, when He whose tasks men have neglected shall say, "Render an account of thy stewardship;" when God, whom they despised, neglected, and denied, shall close His hands at last around them, trapped and taken. Oh, what wonder if the spirit should fail before Him, and the soul which He has made, His poor and helpless creature. Who shall be called blessed then, who shall be safe, but those who know His voice, those to whom His tones are familiar music, those to whom the saying, "I became dead," has long been a power to charm the deadliest fears away, those whom He shall Himself comfort with the words, "Fear not, *I* am the First and the Last, and the Living One, and I became dead, and am the eternal fountain of all life, and have the keys of the spirit land, and of death himself, who is called the King of Terrors, but who is Mine."

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. New Series. No. 16. Death of Saul.

Chapters to be read—1 *Sam. xxxi.* 2 *Sam. i.*

INTRODUCTION. Once more, and for last time, turn to Saul. What was last heard of him? Only twenty-four hours since had consulted witch; seen spirit of Samuel; been told that next day would be slain in battle, and Jonathan also; not told how spent this day. What a solemn day! the last of his life; then death and the judgment. Supposing we knew for certain this day our last. Should ask for grace to live each day as if it were the last.

I. Saul's Death. (Read 1 Sam. xxxi. 1—13). Another battle with Philistines; had been fighting Israelites ever since Saul came to throne forty years before. Saul makes last effort. Was it any use? Who got the victory? What a contrast to his first battle with Ammonites (1 Sam. xi. 11—14), where the Lord wrought salvation, and sacrifices were offered. Now God had forsaken him, and the enemy prevailed. How was Saul wounded? What did he do then? Why did he want armour-bearer to kill him? Not afraid of death, but afraid of taunts of enemies. So, from fear of man, gave himself into God's hands, Whom he did not fear—committed suicide—adding sin to sin. Who followed his example? Who died also of his family? Thus whole family swept away; whole army routed; people of cities flee away; Philistines came and occupied them all along river Jordan. So that sad day came to an end. Bodies of Saul and three sons lie all night on Mount Gilboa. Next day what do Philistines do to the dead? As David did to Goliath so they to Saul. All will see head, and rejoice at death of great and powerful enemy. Where do they place his body? Who go and recover it? Why should the men of Jabesh-Gilead do this? Remind how Saul had defeated Ammonites who made war on Jabesh; so they did this from gratitude. Honoured their king when dead, and fasted seven days out of respect to his memory. So died Saul. Must not think of him as altogether bad; had some good qualities—was a brave king and a good friend. Enemies feared him, and his own people esteemed him. Where, then, did he fail? Began wrong by disobeying God; then became jealous of David; then hunted him; forsook God—went own way; died without repentance. Is sad example of person beginning well and then going astray; not repenting, but adding sin to sin. Let him be warning to children.

II. David's Lamentation. (Read 2 Sam. i.) How did David hear the news? What countryman was the messenger? But what had Saul been told to do to the Amalekites? Now one of them assists at his death; probably thought David would commend him, as evidently well known that David was to succeed to crown. But what did David say? What had David twice done to Saul? Though his enemy,

still the Lord's anointed; his life sacred. What else did David do? Rending garments common sign of grief. For whom else did he lament? Remind how often Jonathan had stood his friend; how from the very first time they met they loved each other (1 Sam. xviii. 1); how Jonathan warned him of his father's designs against him, &c. Now Jonathan is dead—in battle. Picture David and his band of men, three days before so jubilant at Ziklag, now with ashes on head, clothes rent, eating no food all day, weeping "for Saul and Jonathan, and the house of Israel." At last, towards evening, David fetches his harp, and composes a song called "the song of the bow," because Saul's tribe, Benjamin, distinguished in the use of bow; orders children to be taught it. Notice two parts in the Lamentation—(1) *National.* Who does David say are slain? The beauty and flower of Israel, *i.e.*, the young warriors who went forth in their strength, they are fallen. Where is the news to be hushed up? These two Philistine cities seats of idolatry, they must not triumph over the fallen foe. Where did Saul and Jonathan die? So Mount Gilboa is to be accursed, producing no crops from which offerings of corn can be given as first fruits. (2) *Personal.* First, who are joined together? Saul the mighty warrior, with strong arm striking down the foe; Jonathan, the skilful archer, whose arrow was swift as the eagle. They loved each other, and were not divided in death. Then each is spoken of separately. What did Saul do for the women? Was this the best he could have done for them? What is better than ornament and goodly clothing (1 Pet. iii. 4). Then at last David speaks of own personal feelings as to Jonathan. How great was his love, how sad is his distress; he cannot trust himself to say more, and so the chorus comes once more—"How are the mighty fallen!"

III. PRACTICAL. What can we learn from Saul's death? (1) *The danger of departing from God.* How can we do so? Perhaps by leaving off prayer, reading the Bible, attending divine service, trying to do right, or, perhaps, like Saul, wilfully breaking God's commandments. (2) *The difficulty of turning back.* More than once Saul seemed sorry, a kind of repentance, but did not truly repent, confess sin, and amend. So often with children, are sorry for consequences, not for sin itself. True repentance a gift of God (Acts iii. 26). (3) *As we live so we die.* Saul died, as he lived, unrepentant. People often trust to repenting before die. But question is not how do we die? but how do we live? Now is day of salvation. Are we seeking God now? If not, He may perhaps forsake us as did Saul.

Questions to be answered.

1. What was Saul's end?
2. Who recovered his body, and why?
3. What good qualities had Saul shown?
4. How did David receive the news of his death?
5. In what terms did David speak of Jonathan?
6. What lessons may we learn from Saul's life and death.

FRANCESCA'S FAITH.

CHAPTER I.

IN the little Austrian village of the Traundorf, the large new Lutheran church was being built some years ago, and many Italian workmen and their families came over to Gmunden, as they found employment readily.

In the summer-time, as you passed through the little white village, the noise of the building work was softened by the lovely Italian language, which sounded so peculiarly musical in contrast with the Austrian-German of the country people; and many a handsome face and thoroughly Southern cast of countenance met your eyes as you passed where the church was in process of erection. Thrown together in that Austrian town, away from their own land, the Italians seemed to cling together and hold their nationality, their common employment, and the fact of their being strangers there, as so many more bonds of union. All but Pietro Valdi. He was a very tall, handsome man, with dark hair, olive complexion, and eyes that had generally a stern but sometimes a pathetic expression in them. But he seemed to have no friends amongst his fellow-workmen, or indeed anywhere. He was silent, reserved, and seemed to resent any approach to acquaintance, doing his work well, day by day, and going home of an evening to the two tiny rooms where he lived with Francesca, his motherless child, who was just fifteen years old.

Francesca was very like her father in appearance and in character; only with her the grace of God, which was indeed shed abroad in her heart, had broken through the reserve and sternness and made her genial and very loving. All Pietro's affection was centred in this child, and as he worked away day by day, he used to dwell, as his most delightful thought, on the prospect of seeing her when he came home of an evening.

One evening, as he was returning, Francesca came tripping across the meadow to meet him, bearing in her hand a large plateful of truffles.

"Father, I am so glad you have come; see what I have found while you have been away; and I have made you some maccaroni, which is waiting for you at home."

Pietro smiled. "Ah, *carissima*, you spoil your old father making him delicacies like that! What shall we do when the church is built, and I have no more work? No more maccaroni then, no more honey, eh?"

"We must trust in God, father," said Francesca, with a sunny smile lighting up her face.

"Ah, trust in God, that is all very well, little one. But one cannot live upon faith."

"Why not, father?" asked the child.

"*Perché?* why, child, you are dreaming."

"No, father. I don't mean that we are not to work, but I am sure that if we love God and trust in Him that we shall not be left to starve."

Pietro did not answer, but drawing his chair to the table he began eating his maccaroni. He was very reserved, and even to his child he did not care to talk of that religion which lay deep down in his heart as a great reality, and which was the motive power of his actions, which he endeavoured to stamp with the mark of obedience to God.

Francesca knitted away and talked to her father, telling him of all she had done that day. Pietro listened, and then sometimes his thoughts wandered and he dwelt on the future, and wondered how they would get on when the building stopped.

However, troubles that we anticipate never come in exactly the same shape as we expect, and, if they do come, the circumstances are changed, and, more often still, others come in their stead. Looking forward to trouble rarely does any one good. Better trust firmly in Him who has promised "as thy day so shall thy strength be," and whose words of counsel should ring in our lives, "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

The next evening when Pietro came home it was in a very different state from the evening before. A large block of stone had fallen against his right arm, injuring it severely, and the look on his face told but too plainly of the extreme pain he was suffering. He had been to a doctor and had his arm examined. It was not broken, but the injury was such that it would be weeks before he could use it again, and he must be careful or it would be troublesome for a very long while.

Poor little Francesca's face was very sad to see when her father told her all about it. Her big dark eyes filled with tears, and her lips quivered as she listened to her father's words. She knew all that they meant.

They meant that he could no longer work and that they must live on their tiny stock of capital which they had brought from Italy, and which was pitifully little when it was expected to pay. However, there was no help for it, and Pietro said, sensibly, that grumbling did not make matters better.

He sat in the window looking out at the lovely lake which rippled gently as the night breeze stirred its surface, and then as the moon rose and a white pathway of light was made across it, the scene was very lovely. Round the lake were the mountains, their irregular outlines cut sharply against the sky, and the calm moonlight shedding its soft radiance on the lake.

But the lovely scene did not comfort Pietro that night. He was regretfully thinking that he had done wrong in leaving his native country, where, however, he had been almost starving, and the constant pain in his arm was a very forcible reminder that at present all means of gaining money were cut off from his reach. As he sat there moodily thinking, a little hand was laid on his shoulder, and looking round he saw his Francesca, her lovely oval face and large shadowy eyes seen distinctly in the clear moonlight. The very sight of it made his heart beat faster for very gladness, when he remembered that come what may, if he had her he was not friendless, that she was the dearest thing on earth to him.

Leaning her head on his shoulder, Francesca whispered, "Father, father dear, don't despair; trust in God."

"I have not your faith, little one," said he gloomily.

"Perhaps God has sent this trouble to make you have faith," said Francesca.

Pietro shrugged his shoulders.

"It is easy to have faith when there is nothing to try one. If we are left worse off than we are now we shall see if you are as hopeful and trusting."

(*To be continued.*)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

250. By whom was David taunted as being "a servant who had run away from his master"?

251. What ancient proverb is quoted in the book of Samuel?

252. Give proof that our Lord was in the habit of attending public worship.

253. What king of Israel committed suicide?

254. What kings have been predicted by name before they were born?

255. What prophet is recorded as having visited the well at Beer-sheba?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 672.

238. James, Joses, Simon, and Judas (Matt. xiii. 55).

239. Because in the law, as given by Moses, one statute gave permission for it to be done, saying, "Thou mayest pluck the ears with thine hand; but thou shalt not move a sickle unto thy neighbour's standing corn" (Deut. xxiii. 25).

240. St. Paul, who speaks of himself as being specially sent to preach the Gospel to the Gentiles (Rom. xi. 13).

241. Because it was not addressed to any particular person or Church (James i. 1).

242. "He was oppressed and He was afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth, He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not His mouth" (Is. liii. 7).

243. "For he put on righteousness as a breastplate, and an helmet of salvation upon his head" (Is. lix. 17).

OUR HARVEST HYMN.

WINTER and spring and summer past,
The varying seasons bring again
The teeming autumntide at last,
With wealth of fruit and store of grain:
And, ceasing from our toil, 't is meet we raise
To Him, who giveth all, our hymn of praise.

Within this favoured land, O Lord,
While war and carnage raved around,
Safe from the stroke of plague and sword,
In peace we tilled and sowed the ground;
In peace our harvest wealth we reap and store;
In peace we praise Thy name for evermore.

In *faith* within the earth we laid
The seed, and then we watched, in *hope*,
Spring and increase the tender blade,
The leaves grow thick, the blossoms ope,
Till Thy great *love*, with fostering sun and rain,
Didst ripen root, and fruit, and golden grain.

Lo! of these fruits, O Lord, we bring,
With grateful hearts and praises meet,
To Thee the earliest offering,
And lay them humbly at Thy feet.
Deign to accept a part, where all is Thine,
And bless to us the rest with love divine.

The fulness of the earth is Thine,
O Lord, and with Thy bounteous hand
The treasures of Thy love divine
Thou scatterest widely o'er our land.
With longing eyes on Thee all things that live
Wait for their season-meat that Thou dost give.

So all Thy works shall praise Thee, Lord;
Thy tender mercy's over all,
And all Thy saints shall praise accord,
And at Thy throne adoring fall,
Praising Thee ever with the heavenly host,
Eternal Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

SAMUEL DAVIES: PREACHER AND POET.

A LITTLE more than a century and a half ago this distinguished man was born in the county of Newcastle, Delaware. His father was a planter, and bore through his whole life an excellent character for piety and integrity. His mother was a woman of no ordinary type, being endowed with strong mental powers, and possessing in a high degree that Christian faith and religious earnestness which have characterised many of her sex. For several years the family consisted of but one daughter, but, after many earnest prayers and long waiting, a son was given, who, like his ancient namesake, and for the same reasons, was devoted to the Lord from his earliest childhood.

During the ten years he spent at home there were no peculiar indications of either piety or genius, and when at school, though a sprightly, promising lad, he was no better than boys in general. He did not break off, however, as so many boys and girls do when they go to school, the practice of private devotion; yet to this he was urged more by fear of death than by love of goodness. It is said that he possessed, even at this time, a strong desire to become a minister of the Gospel, and that he often made this the subject of his supplications to the Almighty.

Shortly after this he was awakened by the Spirit of God to solemn thoughtfulness and anxious concern about his eternal state, and he was so deeply impressed with a sense of his danger as a sinner against God, that for a time he could find no peace. At length he was led to see and apprehend the mercy of God, as set forth in His plan of salvation through faith in Jesus Christ. He found a ground of hope and unfailing source of comfort in the merits and righteousness of Jesus Christ, and, "Believing, he rejoiced with joy unspeakable, and full of glory." Now his love for perishing sinners and his desire to proclaim the good news to "wretched, dying men" was greatly increased, and the providence of God brought about the fulfilment of his desires in a remarkable way.

Shortly after young Davies' conversion an extraordinary religious movement broke out in the county of Hanover. A wealthy planter got into his hands, somehow, a few leaves of an old copy of "Boston's Fourfold State," which tended to bring about a gracious work in his own heart, as the result of which others were awakened, and led to inquire the way of salvation. A Mr. Morris, too, about the same time received similar impressions from reading "Luther on the Galatians." He began to communicate his new-found knowledge to his neighbours, calling them together for reading and prayer. He built a meeting-house, which was called "Morris's Reading-room." These interesting facts coming to the ears of the Rev. William Robinson, of New Brunswick, who knew of Mr. Davies as a warm-hearted young Christian, and a likely candidate for the ministry, he determined to pay a visit to the district. His visit was fraught with blessing, and, on his return, the people wished to make him a present of money. This he at first refused; but the people were so hearty, and so determined to show him their estimate of his person and labours, they put the money into his saddle-bags. At length, overcome by their importunity, he accepted their offering, determining to devote it to the education of young Davies, which he did; and Davies made that district his first field of labour when he entered upon the duties of the ministry, in the twenty-first year of his age. He preached in Morris's Reading-room, and other licensed places, both in Delaware and Virginia; and while he enjoyed tokens of the Divine blessing, he encountered no little opposition in the latter State from some who deemed his operations irregular. The question was whether the Toleration Act extended to Virginia. The case was tried, and the young evangelist managed his own cause so successfully as to astonish and silence his adversaries.

At this time Virginia, though one of the most loyal of the American colonies, was one of the lowest in the moral scale. "The inhabitants," says the Rev. David Bostwick, of New York, "were, in respect of religion, but a small remove from the darkness and

ignorance of uncultivated heathenism, and there the religion of Jesus, which he endeavoured to propagate, had to encounter all the blindness, prejudice, and enmity that are natural to the hearts of the most depraved sinners." Yet here, through the powerful energy of the Holy Spirit, his ministry was much blessed, and many were added to the Lord.

The hymn by which Mr. Davies has been most widely known is one which has been admired not only for its glorious theme, but for those important characteristics in a hymn, unity and comprehensiveness, simplicity, point, and energy.

"Great God of wonders! all Thy ways
Are matchless, God-like, and divine;
But the fair glories of Thy grace
More God-like and unrivalled shine;
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

"Crimes of such horror to forgive,
Such guilty, daring worms to spare,
This is Thy grand prerogative,
And none shall in the honour share.
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Oh, who has grace so rich and free?"

Although it may not be required for all readers, it should be mentioned that the hymn is founded on a sublime passage in one of the lesser prophets :— "Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of His heritage? He retaineth not his anger for ever, because He delighteth in mercy." (Micah vii. 18).

The third verse has been left out in several cases in which the hymn has been introduced into modern compilations, though Dr. Rippon, who, perhaps, first introduced the hymn to English congregations, retains it :—

"Angels and men resign their claim
To pity, mercy, love, and grace;
These glories crown Jehovah's name
With an incomparable blaze.
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Oh, who has grace so rich and free!"

Several verbal, and not very necessary alterations, have been made in the last two verses, which can hardly be called improvements; but the following is believed to be the original, and a more fitting conclusion to a sublime hymn could not well be suggested :—

"In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
We take the pardon of our God:
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye,
A pardon sealed with Jesus' blood.
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

"Oh, may this strange, this matchless grace,
This God-like miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with endless praise,
All, all the angelic choirs above.
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?"

The hymn may be found in at least a dozen English selections, but in every case in which the editor has affixed the supposed date of composition the wrong figures have been given. The year of its first seeing the light cannot be ascertained, but the year 1769, given by the editors of several hymn books, must be incorrect, as Mr. Davies died in 1761.

Mr. Davies pursued his great work with great ardour. He loved the souls of men, and the "love of Christ" constrained him to lay out himself for their good. His health was very seriously impaired, but he laboured on with zeal and energy that were beyond his strength. He took a deep interest in the negroes, who were very largely employed by the wealthy planters. He put religious books into their hands, and taught them to sing Dr. Watts's "Psalms and Hymns," which they prized very highly.

In 1753 Mr. Davies was appointed by the trustees of the College, Princeton, New Jersey, to visit the mother country, in conjunction with the celebrated Gilbert Tennent, to solicit donations for the institution. He made the acquaintance of several of the leading divines of that day, and his preaching was so popular that, it is said, he was desired to preach before the King, George II. The great simplicity and point, the evangelical doctrine and earnestness, as well as the eloquence of the preacher, impressed and greatly pleased his Majesty, who, turning to the Queen, said several times, with considerable animation, "Beautiful, Caroline! beautiful!" He was thus unconsciously a cause of annoyance to the minister. It is related that, when he could bear it no longer, he stopped, and when the pause had hushed every other sound, he said, in a clear and steadfast voice, "When the lion roars, the beasts of the forest tremble; and when the Almighty utters His voice, the kings of the earth should be silent." He proceeded with his discourse without further interruption; and his more cautious colleague suggested that there could be no doubt he had given offence to the king, and that a reprimand would certainly follow. The next day they were both summoned to the presence of his Majesty, not to be reprimanded, however, but to receive the acknowledgment and thanks of the king for the timely and faithful rebuke, and a donation of £50 for the College. The readers of the four volumes of Mr. Davies's sermons, which have been republished several times in England, would expect to hear that Mr. Davies's poetic compositions extended beyond a single hymn. He left several poems and hymns, of which little is known in England. His hymn on the Holy Spirit is one which, if it have rather less of the poet than Dryden's "Creator Spirit, by whose aid the world's foundations first were laid," has much more of the Christian, is much more deeply imbued with spiritual fervour, and should be the more acceptable as an aid to devotion as coming from the pen of a man whose principles and character were as pure and as elevating as his verse :—

"Eternal Spirit! source of light!
Enlivening, consecrating fire,
Descend, and, with celestial heat,
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire;
Our souls refine, our dross consume,
Come, condescending Spirit, come!

"In our cold hearts, O strike a spark
Of the pure flame which seraphs feel,
Nor let us wander in the dark,
Or lie benumbed and stupid still.
Come, vivifying Spirit, come,
And make our hearts Thy constant home!

"Let pure devotion's fervour rise;
Let every pious passion glow!
Oh, let the raptures of the skies
Kindle in all our hearts below!
Come, condescending Spirit, come,
And make our hearts Thy constant home."

In the year of his visit to England Mr. Davies received the degree of M.A., and six years later, in 1759, he was appointed to succeed the justly celebrated Jonathan Edwards, as President of New Jersey College. Here his fame as a teacher speedily overtook his popularity as a preacher and his acceptability as a poet. Two or three passages from some of his poems will serve to show at once his poetic taste and his piety, which latter all his gifts and distinctions served to embellish and commend.

The first is from "A Minister's Reflections on the Death of one of his People." The verse given is the last, showing the ardour of his desires for usefulness, and the great end of all his efforts—

"Almighty grace! my soul inspire,
And touch my lips with heavenly fire!
Let faith, and love, and zeal arise.
Oh, teach me that divinest art,
To reach the conscience, gain the heart,
And train immortals for the skies!"

The next is from a poem "On the Birth of the Author's Third Son"—

"Thou little wondrous miniature of man,
Formed by unerring Wisdom's perfect plan;
Thou little stranger, from eternal night,
Emerging into life's immortal light;
Thou heir of worlds unknown, thou candidate
For an important, everlasting state,
Where this puny embryo shall its powers expand,
Enlarging, ripening still, and never stand.
This glimmering spark of being, just now struck
From nothing by the all-creating Rock,
To immortality shall flame and burn,
When suns and stars to native darkness turn;
Thou shalt the ruins of the worlds survive,
And through the rounds of endless ages live.
Now thou art born into an anxious state
Of dubious trial for thy future fate;
Now thou art listed in the war of life;
The prize immense, and, oh, severe the strife!"

The only other quotations we shall make are from a piece on the all-searching inquiry addressed by our Lord to Peter, "Lovest thou Me?" *

* * * * * * *

"Say, great Omniscient, for Thou know'st my heart,
Can nature charm me if Thy smiles depart?
Can riches, pleasures, honours, empires, crowns,
Or friends delight me, if I feel Thy frowns?
No; all creation dwindles to a toy,
And heaven itself is stript of every joy;
The radiant sun is darkened to my eyes,
And every blooming beauty round me dies."

This animated poem concludes brightly and joyfully, as will the life of all those whose heart burns with the same desires:—

"Then peace, my restless and suspicious heart,
And, ye dire-boding jealousies, depart;
I love my God, or else I nothing love;
And the pure flame ere long shall blaze above,
And in its native element aspire,
Without one mist to damp or cloud to obscure the fire."

But the life, so full of labours and of promise, was soon brought to a close, and President Davies was no more here. This happened Feb. 4th, 1761, when he was little more than thirty-six years of age. He fell a victim to overwork and want of physical exercise, coupled with the loss of vital energy through being bled for a severe cold. A few weeks before he had preached, as it were, his own funeral sermon, in a discourse delivered in the College Hall on New Year's day. The text was a remarkable one: "Thus saith the Lord, this year thou shalt die" (Jer. xxviii. 16). It seemed to have been prophetic of his own end.

It was on the Sunday week following (January 14th), that he delivered his remarkable sermon on the death of George II., from which we make an extract or two, showing at once his efficiency as a pulpit orator and his loyalty to the Crown, as also his high esteem of the monarch he had once felt it his duty to reprove:—

"Can the British annals, in the compass of seventeen hundred years, produce a period more favourable to liberty, peace, prosperity, commerce, and religion? In this happy reign the prerogative meditated no invasion of the rights of the people, nor attempted to exalt itself above the law. . .

"He never usurped the prerogative of Heaven by assuming the sovereignty of conscience, or the conduct of the human understanding, in matters of faith and religious speculation. He had deeply imbibed the principles of liberty, and could well distinguish between the civil rights of society and the sacred rights of religion. He knew the nature of man and of Christianity too well to imagine that the determinations of human authority, or the sanctions of penal law, could convince the mind of any one of divine truth and duty; or that the imposition of uniformity in minute points of faith or in the forms of worship and ecclesiastical government, was consistent with free inquiry and the rights of private judgment, without which genuine Christianity cannot thrive, though the external grandeur of the Church may flourish." . .

In a similar strain of eloquence he introduces to his audience the young king, George III.

On the following Saturday he transcribed this sermon for the press, and on the next day preached twice, which were his last sermons.

Many were the encomiums passed upon his character,

* John xxi. 15.

and many were the lessons drawn from his life, by some of his chief friends in England and America, who preached on the occasion of his translation to a higher sphere, but with the text of one preacher, Dr. Finley, who succeeded him in the presidential chair, this paper must close : "For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord ; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord : whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's " (Rom. xiv. 7, 8).

HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST IN THE WINNING," "FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE."

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE NEW FOREMAN.

EXCITED by Miss Symes, Winnie made several attempts to prevail with her sister not to leave them, but the very arguments she employed defeated her purpose. Nina would not feign an interest she did not feel in the school treat, for which the teachers were making so many preparations ; had she been less absorbed in herself she might have exerted herself to dress a few dolls to be given to the little girls of Winnie's class, suavely regretting the while that she could not find time to do more ; but now she did not even listen to her sister's attempts to interest her in the sports of the little ones ; and when reminded that her brothers would soon be home for a brief holiday, she did but hasten the preparations for her departure.

Winnie watched her with sorrowful surprise. That she deeply felt the separation from her unworthy lover, her altered looks, her fits of despondency testified but too plainly, and more than once she had so far broken through her reserve as to throw herself into her sister's arms, and give way to passionate weeping ; yet she was careful over the fit of the new sea-side toilettes that were ordered for her, and selected all the best and prettiest of her apparel to fill the trunks, at the size and number of which her father murmured.

She was kindly received by the maiden ladies to whose pretty, cheerful villa residence Mr. Graddon escorted her, and both promised to devote themselves to their fair relative, whose beauty and elegance they never wearied of admiring.

"I 'm half afraid they will spoil the child with their indulgence," Mr. Graddon observed when he returned home ; "yet perhaps their motherly kindness is just what she needs, and change of air and scene may do the rest."

But remembering how his daughter had hung about his neck when he left her, crying silently the while, he did not feel happy about her till a letter from the elder of his spinster cousins assured him that Nina was beginning to recover her spirits and her rosy colour, and had most kindly volunteered to assist them in making fancy articles for a bazaar to which they proposed contributing. A postscript, in her own hand, confirmed these good tidings. She liked Hastings and her hostesses, she said, and so her friends at home began to hope that George Ordley would soon be forgotten.

Long before Mr. Graddon accompanied his younger daughter to Sussex, the steps he felt to be imperative were taken—Morris discharged, and Johns reluctantly but firmly told that the post he could no longer fill must be given to another. The fatigue of body and mental strain of overseeing everything, both at home and abroad, told on the nerves of the prosperous builder, and though it grieved him very much to sever the bond between himself and one who had served him so long and faithfully, he knew that it must be done.

Johns was not surprised when his master, accompanied by Winnie, came to break to him the absolute necessity under which he found himself of engaging another foreman. A stolid matter-of-fact old fellow was Johns, who was rarely stirred to anger except by his wife's "maundering ways," and the manner in which he generally evinced any emotion, pleasurable or the contrary, was by testy speeches and snappish answers. But he was too deeply grieved to cloak his real sentiments now.

No dread of coming poverty harassed him ; his wants were too few and simple ; and he had always been sufficiently careful and saving to have amassed a respectable sum. It was other and deeper feelings that made him bow his head on his folded arms and forget to chide his tender-hearted spouse, who, at sight of his distress, hid her face in her apron and wept loudly. He had so long and so thoroughly identified himself with the interests of his employer, that as soon as the workshops were closed against him the occupation of his life was gone. A mere lad when he first entered Mr. Graddon's employ, he dated the principal events of past years by the calendar of his work. It was just after the building of certain schools he had married ; his dead boy had been the first infant held at the font of such and such a church, and it was the day the memorial chapel at the other end of the town was laid that the boy died.

"It is grieving papa very much to be obliged to do this," said Winnie, laying her hands on the twitching fingers of the dejected old man. "He will miss you sadly, Johns."

But Johns was already regaining his composure, and made answer sturdily,—

"He did ought to have turned me off months ago, missie, for I've known it would have to come to it, though I hadn't the heart to put it into words. And I'm not grumbling—no, not a bit of it; only it's hard—eh, you're young, and can't tell how hard it is to give up all hope, and just settle down to crutches, and doing nothing."

"You shall never want, Johns," he was promptly assured.

"Thank ye, sir, for that promise, but I have saved a few pounds since I have been with you, and my wife's father have left us as much as will pay the rent. We'll do well enough; but I'd a deal rather have worked for my living. The bread I eat won't taste as sweet as when I earned it."

"But you have been very patient so far," said Winnie.

"Not a bit of it, Miss Graddon; just you ask my wife if I have. I was always slow at learning a new lesson, and this is the hardest one that's been set me."

"You may yet be able to return to us, Johns," said Mr. Graddon, consolingly, but the old foreman shook his head.

"No, sir, 'taint likely; and begging your pardon humbly, you didn't ought to wish it, for you want some one that's got more push, more look-a-head in him than I've ever had; some one that's brisk, and clever, as well as dependable; more like Percy Gray, ye know."

"I doubt whether I shall ever find a man in whom I shall feel such perfect confidence as in honest old Johns," Mr. Graddon replied, wringing his hand with genuine emotion.

He went away, leaving Winnie behind him, for he knew that her gentle sympathy, and the chapter she would presently open the Bible and read aloud, would comfort his crippled foreman more than aught he could say.

Morris had been summarily discharged, but he continued to hang about the yard in a manner that inflicted considerable annoyance on Duke Averne, who always grew fidgety when he saw him coming, and often contrived to slip out of the way. His burned hand, which he still carried in a sling, afforded him an excuse for lounging about, instead of seeking fresh work; but Percy Gray, who had previously noticed the insolent familiarity with which he would address Duke, was inclined to think that he had some other reason for so persistently haunting a place from which he had been dismissed in disgrace.

In this opinion he was confirmed when he found him in the office one morning, talking in loud and angry tones to Duke. Not caring to have anything to do with these disputes, Percy would have retreated, but was called back.

"Don't go away, Gray; you want that section, don't you? And we have had a note from the architect, that my uncle said I was to show you—something about the—the—I really forget what; but I'll find it."

Duke spent several minutes in searching for the letter: and when found, his remarks and explanations were far more lengthy than Percy considered necessary; but if they were designed to weary Morris into going away, they were not successful, for he continued to stand leaning against the wall, sullenly regarding the two young men, till his elbow dislodged a carelessly stacked pile of papers.

Duke uttered a pettish exclamation.

"I wish you would go, Morris. I don't think my uncle would care to find you here."

"Perhaps not, sir; more particularly if he knowed my errand," retorted the man, with unpleasant significance.

"Morris thinks I might prevail with Mr. Graddon to take him on again," said Duke, hastily, addressing himself to Percy: "but it's impossible that I can interfere, quite impossible."

"Begging your pardon, Mr. Averne, that's not true," cried Morris. "It's only the will that's wanting, sir, only the will. I've been a good friend to you, sir, and I didn't think you'd fail me when all I wanted was your good word."

Percy did not stop to hear more; he could see that Duke was seriously embarrassed, and Morris inclined to be impertinent; but it was no business of his, and so he made good his retreat just before Mr. Graddon came in.

As soon as he appeared, Morris slunk off.

"Don't encourage that fellow here!" Mr. Graddon said to his young kinsman. "I lose my temper whenever he crosses my path."

"He would like to come back," Duke felt constrained to say.

"Then he certainly will not, and you may tell him if he mentions the subject to you again, that the more I hear of his carelessness and stupidity, the more I wonder at myself for keeping him so long. I am surprised that you, who are in and about the place all day, did not find out his true character, and give me a hint of the mischief he was doing me."

"He's only a little conceited; there's no real harm in the fellow," said Duke.

"*No harm*, when he has been setting the worst possible example to the men under him! No harm, when I have lost a good job at Squire Aveley's, because, as he himself tells me, he was so disgusted with the vanity and ignorance of Morris that he did not care to trust him with the improvements he projected. If you had looked after things a little more when I was obliged to be absent, I should have been pounds in pocket this season."

"I think I have quite enough to do here," grumbled Duke, glancing around him.

"Too much, it seems, as all the accounts are in arrears. But, recollect, I don't want to confine you to the office. I can soon get a clerk in your place, if you will ease me of a few of my responsibilities; only you must please to remember that it won't do

for you to go off after the hounds, when you are supposed to be riding in another direction, attending to my business."

"I think that little escapade might be forgotten now, sir," retorted Duke; "and I 'm quite contented with the office work. It suits me well enough, that is, as well as anything else. I 'm not at all particular. If one must work, it doesn't signify much what one does."

As Mr. Graddon always grew irritable when Duke fell into this tone, he began to talk of something else.

"Have you answered the letter of that man who applied for the foremanship? But no, I can see you haven't. Well then, don't, for I 'm sure he would not suit me. Johns made a remark yesterday that inclines me to look nearer home. I 'm very much disposed to offer the berth to Gray."

"He is so young," objected Duke, nibbling a pen, thoughtfully.

"Can you advance any other reason why I shouldn't do it? His want of experience? I have considered that already; but his head is screwed on the right way, and I feel that I could depend on him. Yes, I think it will have to be Gray."

"Will the men work under him? There have been a few unpleasantries in the shop already, in consequence of his giving himself airs on the strength of his having worked in London."

"Who tells you this?" inquired Mr. Graddon, looking uneasy.

"I believe I heard it through Morris; and Gray did not attempt to deny that he had been quarrelsome."

Mr. Graddon asked no more questions, but went into the house, and took Winnie into his counsels.

"You see, child," he explained, "a mere machine who works by rule, and though he obeys orders, never goes beyond them, is but a clumsy tool in a business like mine; and an incompetent puppy like Morris is worse than useless. Unless my foreman has brains, and will devote them to my service, he is of no more actual service to me than—than Duke is. Any one else will do just as well or as badly."

Winnie gave her father a deprecating glance, and he stooped to kiss her forehead.

"My dear, I don't say this unkindly. Duke is young, and we must wait and hope. But about Gray. I am strongly—perhaps too strongly—prepossessed in his favour. He is steady, intelligent, and never worries me with neglect or blunders. What do you say, child?"

Winnie was slightly embarrassed. She knew that Duke was prejudiced against Percy, and would be annoyed if he fancied she had thrown the weight of her advocacy into the scale; but her sense of right prevailed, and her answer decided the question.

"Papa, I believe Percy Gray would serve you as faithfully as Johns, and more intelligently."

"Why, so do I, Winnie." And that same evening, as Percy was leaving the shops, he was called into the house, the berth offered to him, and, after a little consideration, accepted.

His heart swelled exultingly. Step by step he was climbing the ladder, and achieving the purpose at which he aimed. Not all Duke Averne's scorn of his poverty or his ignorance had lost him Winnie's good will; and, bowing to her as she stood behind her father's chair, he exclaimed, impulsively, "It is to you I owe this, Miss Graddon, as indeed I owe everything else!"

She smiled a little sadly. "Not to me, Mr. Gray. I was very pleased to be able to tell papa that I shared his conviction that you would suit him admirably, but that was all. Your thanks must be given——"

"Not to Mr. Averne!" Percy blurted out, feeling that he would rather renounce his dearest hopes than be under an obligation to Duke.

Winnie looked at him wonderingly, and then her colour rose. There was no mistaking that vehement tone or the look that accompanied it, and she began to divine how the taunts and sneers, uttered more in thoughtlessness than positive ill-nature, were still rankling in the memory of him at whom they were levelled. She could but dimly realise this state of feeling, for she had never known what it was to "bear malice." An offence given to Winnie Graddon might be keenly resented at the time, but it was soon forgiven, and never brooded over.

"I was not thinking of my cousin," she said, in her low sweet accents. "Have you no friend besides your earthly ones, Mr. Gray?"

Percy bit his lip, and went away humiliated in the hour of his triumph. Again he felt that although raising himself in the social scale might bring him nearer to Winnie outwardly, there was still a barrier betwixt them which he, the irreligious and ambitious, could not pass.

CHAPTER XLIV.

ANXIOUS HEARTS.

In spite of Mr. Graddon's prohibition and Duke's evident annoyance, Morris continued to haunt the office, and he grew more importunate, or, it would not be incorrect to say, more insolent on every occasion. Percy knew that the men in the shops remarked upon it, and more than one hint was given in his hearing with respect to some money transactions between young Mr. Averne and the ex-foreman, who was known to have received a couple of hundred pounds some months since from the sale of a cottage, the property of his wife. This money he had confessed to have lent on good interest; was it to Duke? and how was it that this young man, with his excellent salary, found himself compelled to borrow at all?

But Duke went to town suddenly, and on his return, after a couple of days' absence, Morris became almost cringing in his civility, and by-and-by ceased to hang about Mr. Graddon's premises at all.

Percy, engrossed in his new duties, and bent on obtaining a proper degree of authority over the turbulent spirits with whom he was surrounded, did not take much notice of what was going on; but others remarked that Duke was strangely haggard and irritable after this journey to town. Mr. Graddon inquired if he was ill, and, though he answered in the negative, and seemed annoyed when he saw that Winnie watched him anxiously, his depression continued to increase to such an extent that Hattie fancied him in a decline, and proposed a course of nourishing delicacies to lure back his failing appetite.

The boys found their Michaelmas holidays shorn of one of its attractions, by Duke's snappish refusal to accompany them on a long-projected fishing excursion, and Winnie grew seriously uneasy. Could this ailment, to which her betrothed refused to give a name, be a mental instead of a bodily one?

He had, or she fancied he had, avoided being alone with her for some time past. Hitherto, she had tacitly submitted to what looked very much like neglect; but now she determined to seek an opportunity of wresting the truth from him. She found one on the following morning. Mr. Graddon's boys dragged their father out to the stables as soon as breakfast was over to look at a stray dog that had followed them home on the preceding day, and Hattie was in attendance on Miss Symes. Coming to where her moody cousin sat, leaning over a newspaper, she put her hand on his shoulder.

"I don't think you are reading, Duke. Your eyes have been fixed on the same advertisement for these ten minutes. Will you not tell me what makes you so unlike yourself?"

He drew himself away from her light touch.

"It would be kinder to leave me alone, Winnie, than to tease me with questions. In my present state of mind I might be tempted to tell you things that would pain you."

"Nina!" she cried, in alarm. "Something is amiss with my sister."

"Nonsense! didn't you have a letter from her yesterday? But this is like you, Winnie; every one stands before me. That I have a place in your heart, I believe, but it must be a very small one. I allude to my own vexations, and instead of sympathising with me, your thoughts fly off to Nina; and yet you pretend to love me."

"Pretend, Duke! I cannot accuse myself of having given you any reason to doubt my sincerity."

He laughed bitterly.

"It's the easiest thing in the world to make set speeches of that description. You can't deny that you have never loved me well enough to make any sacrifices for my sake."

"I did not know that I had ever been called upon to make any," replied Winnie, with rising colour. "Put me to the test, Duke; and I think you'll find me less selfish than you seem to imagine."

"It is too late now," he answered, gloomily. "If you had said this two years ago—*and meant it*—all might have been well; but you have trifled with my feelings under pretence of obeying your father, till I feel that I cannot bear it much longer."

"I don't understand you," his cousin replied. "I have neither trifled nor made any pretence of duty. You blame me for delays which you could have prevented if you would."

"I expected to hear you say this," retorted Duke. "Because I have not moulded myself to the cut-and-dried pattern your father approves, I am treated like a boy—a mere baby. To tell you the truth, Winnie, I am growing very sick of an engagement that threatens to be such a lengthy one."

"It can be dissolved," said Winnie, scarcely able to speak intelligibly, so great was her emotion. "I have no desire to hold you to it if it wearies you."

"Then you wish to be set free? It is really *your* wish?" exclaimed Duke. "I thought as much. You are too cold-hearted—too much wedded to your home to be willing to cast in your lot with such a ne'er-do-good's as mine. I cannot quarrel with you for it. I have feared for some time past that we should not be able to make each other happy. I am not up to your standard of excellence, Winnie; and you—but though we are lovers no longer, we can still be friends, cannot we?"

She tried to answer him, but the words would not come. Duke had often spoken irritably, and they had quarrelled, though it was only to make it up again; but never had he taken this tone before.

Was he in earnest? Could he seriously think that *she* desired to be set at liberty?

But while she struggled between her maiden pride and her longing to make herself more fully understood, her brothers were heard returning; and Duke raised her hand to his lips, saying, hastily, "Remember, I still claim your friendship; you must not deprive me of that!" and darted out of the room.

(To be continued.)

"It is to you I owe this, Miss Graddon," he exclaimed.—*p.* 711.

THE SORROW OF CHRIST'S HOME.

BY THE REV. T. M. MORRIS, IPSWICH.

"Neither did His brethren believe in Him."—JOHN vii. 5.

WHEN any person has occupied a very prominent position in the world, made himself conspicuous amid the crowd of men by some great achievement, or his life memorable by the dignity which characterised it, or the good results which followed it—we feel compelled to take an interest in such a man. We delight to reflect on the deeds which he performed, the honours which he gained, the opposition which he encountered and vanquished, the difficulties he surmounted and removed; and, where the opportunity is afforded, we especially delight to look upon him in the retirement and seclusion of his private and domestic life, and in this we are not influenced by a spirit of vain and impertinent curiosity, but by the desire to see if he who has stood out in such strong and bold relief from other men, as though he were a being of another and nobler order, be, after all, a man of like passions with us. And thus regarded, many of those incidents of every-day life, which in the case of men less distinguished we should pass by unnoticed, we value as indications of character and expressions of life more significant and eloquently suggestive than many of his more public and noted deeds.

While we have often thus felt in reference to the great and noble of earth, have we never experienced a like desire to know more of Him, who, though once on the earth, was not of the earth, and who, while He was the Son of man, was also, and equally, the Son of God?

The biography of Jesus Christ, as presented to us by the four Evangelists, is broadly distinguished from all other biographies, and almost as much by what it does not tell us, as by what it does—the Gospels are significant in their silence as in their speech. We have Jesus of Nazareth clearly exhibited as the Christ—as the God-man—the suffering, loving, sympathising Saviour. We are presented with an account of those great deeds which He offered as His credentials, testifying as they did at once to the truthfulness of His character and teaching, and His infinite mercy and might. Many of the words of wisdom and grace which He spake we have carefully and fondly treasured. Of Christ, as He stood out as the great and divine Teacher and Saviour of men, we can form a clear and, indeed, vivid conception. But while all that has practical bearing upon our life and well-being, while all that can prove helpful to us in our heavenward course is clearly stated, much that would be deeply interesting, that we would like to be informed of, finds no place in the inspired record. Of the private, personal, and domestic life of our Lord and Saviour we are told little—almost nothing.

This silence of Scripture is instructive and significant. The absence of all allusion to so many circumstances concerning which we naturally wish to be informed—circumstances which men, left to themselves, are so apt to describe, and even minutely and fondly to dwell upon, such as personal appearance, dress, distinctive habits, common sayings and doings, and the various personal and relative circumstances of life—the almost entire absence in the evangelic narratives of all allusion to what makes up so large a part of most biographies, is certainly not natural, but we think intentional, and intended to serve a very important purpose. We see the effect of Divine superintendence in what is omitted from the Gospels as clearly as in what is included in them. The design of this studied and carefully-maintained silence, this almost entire absence of what is of merely private and personal concernment, we may not unreasonably suppose to be this:—God knew how prone we are to attach undue importance to the mere outsides of things, and to neglect their moral and spiritual meanings, and so He has given us no more of the visible and sensible than was absolutely necessary. Outward conformity to Christ, were it possible, would avail nothing, the one thing needful is spiritual conformity, to have that mind, that disposition which was in Christ, that we may be mindful of those things which were minded by Him. It is for us to know Christ, not after the flesh, but after the spirit, to know Him in the power of His resurrection, the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death.

But though in the wisdom of God we are thus generally kept in ignorance of much which we would naturally like to know, the prevailing silence is occasionally broken; we do get just a glimpse of Christ in some of His more private relations. Such an incidental revelation we have here. In these few and sadly expressive words, "neither did His brethren believe in Him," we have made known to us what was *the sorrow of Christ's home.*

It is not necessary to our present purpose to enter upon any minute discussion of the question as to what we are to understand by the expressions "His brethren," whether brothers in the stricter sense of the term, or cousins, or whether we are to understand the word as more generally inclusive of all His kinsmen according to the flesh. That the reference is, if not to brothers, to near kinsmen, we can scarcely doubt, for while the

expression "His brethren" occurs nine times in the Gospels, and once in the Acts of the Apostles, with the single exception of this passage it always occurs in connection with the mother of Jesus.

Now these brethren who are here alluded to, whatever may have been the degree of relationship they sustained to the Lord, were not, at this time, in any true sense believers in Him. They seem to have had a certain measure of belief, but of the very lowest kind—a kind so imperfect as to be compatible with a spirit of scorn and mockery. They recognised His miracles, but not their purpose or meaning, and they appear to have had no appreciation of the true character of their Divine Kinsman, they evidently supposing that He was influenced by the low, vulgar, selfish motives by which they were actuated themselves. Strange, wonderful as it may seem, that they should have occupied such a position; we may not seek to evade our difficulty by modifying or extenuating the force of the statement —"*Neither did His brethren believe in Him.*"

These *words call up a picture of Christ's private home-life, and reveal one element of its bitterness.* These words enable us to see what must have been *the sorrow of Christ's home.* When we view our Saviour in the more public relations He sustained to the children of men, we soon discover that He met with but little sympathetic appreciation; He was everywhere misrepresented and persecuted; He experienced little but opposition and contempt from those among whom He lived and laboured; He continually heard His name blasphemed, and the words He uttered misinterpreted. Throughout His whole public ministry He had to endure the contradiction of sinners against Himself. But had we been left to ourselves, we might have imagined, that while thus rudely buffeted in the world, there was one quiet sanctuary, within the safe and sacred enclosure of which He could retire; one circle, however small, within which He would be looked up to with reverence and affection, and where His true character would be recognised, and His claims admitted; one hiding-place from the storms of the world, to which He might confidently resort, and where He would meet with that sympathy and affection for which His human nature would crave. But such imaginations as these are in a large measure dispelled by the expression of the sad truth—"Neither did His brethren believe in Him." And when we find His home thus closed against Him, or its atmosphere chilled by the unbelief of His brethren, we feel the full force of that mournful saying of our Lord, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." And looking at Christ as having a human heart, and human feelings, like ourselves, it must have been hard indeed, to have been thus "wounded in the house of His friends," and we cannot but suppose that the unbelief of His brethren greatly enhanced His sufferings, and proved one of the bitterest ingredients in that cup of woe, which He drained to the very dregs.

In this *fact that "neither did His brethren believe in Him," we have the disappointment of what seems at first a very natural and reasonable expectation.* Some such feeling of disappointment is experienced when we consider more generally the treatment which Christ received; for, taking into account the errand on which He came, might it not have been reasonably expected that His advent would have been everywhere cordially and even rapturously welcomed? The most convincing proof that men really needed the salvation which Christ came to bring, is found in the treatment which the Saviour Himself received at their hands. Nothing is more wonderful, nothing can be more sad than the way in which the world has for the most part treated Christ. The almost uniform conduct of men shows that they were not prepared to welcome or receive such a Deliverer, as God, in the fulness of the times, was pleased to send forth.

When we limit the circle of our vision, and look at the conduct of the Jewish nation, our surprise is increased. He came to His own, and His own received Him not. Here we have a people who were avowedly looking for the Messiah; they knew from prophetic declarations of the tribe and family whence He was to spring, the spot which was to be honoured as His birthplace; they had for their guidance a minute account of the life He was to live; in fact, many of the leading circumstances of His earthly existence had been clearly and fully foretold, and yet in their blindness and prejudice they understood not these things; and when Christ came in fulfilment of prophecy, as the long-looked for and long-promised Saviour, He was despised and rejected of men, He was regarded as a root out of the dry ground, without form or comeliness.

And when we look within the narrower circle of Christ's home, and consider the individuals who composed it, and their conduct as revealed to us in these words, we are presented with a fact which tends greatly to increase our feelings of surprise and disappointment. Here we see those who not only had within them feelings which should have led the entire human race to hail with joy and gladness the advent of the Saviour; who not only were blessed with a knowledge of those prophecies with which the Jewish nation was familiar; who not only saw the public manifestation of power and goodness in which our Saviour showed forth His divine character unto men; but who, in addition to all this, had known Him from His earliest years, had ample opportunity of scrutinising that life which was without spot or blemish, who had been most directly exposed to

those healthful influences which had been ceaselessly raying forth from that living centre. We might not unreasonably have expected something different and better from these, have expected that these *would* have appreciated the Saviour, *would* have seen some beauty in Him that they should desire Him, would have discerned the truthfulness of His character, the justice and authority of His claims, and rejoiced to render that believing and loving worship He required, *would* have realised in their fulness those blessings which He alone was able and ready to impart. But no! Strange as it may seem to us—distressing as it must have been to Him—"Neither did His brethren believe in Him;" they closed their hearts against Him, and thus was He "wounded in the house of His friends."

We find then that while it was an honour to be of Christ's kindred, it was not necessarily a saving honour. At this period at least, a large proportion of the kindred of Jesus held aloof from Him, did not believe in Him, had no true sympathy with Him. The grace of God does not go by blood, but by gift. These were reckoned among Christ's kinsmen, were spoken of as His brethren, but they were not related to Him by true faith. These whom we might so reasonably have expected to find firm and faithful followers of the Lord, are here classed with unbelievers.

But are not many of our expectations which, like these, seem natural and reasonable, doomed to disappointment? Our surprise is sometimes awakened by what appears to us as the non-result of a very remarkable concurrence of the most favourable circumstances and influences. How often do we see the children of pious parents living godless lives? Gospel hearers remaining untouched by Gospel influences? what we take to be the most powerful and wisely adapted means apparently ineffectual? Have we never yet seen an individual placed, as we should say, in the most favourable position, brought up in the midst of influences of the most desirable kind, and, as we have seen, great truths come full upon such an one; spoken by the human voice, emphasised by some afflictive dispensation, have we not said, or, at all events, have we not thought, surely this *must* have an effect, *must* produce an impression, we certainly shall see a change *now?* But no! the heart remains hard, the conscience callous, the life runs on in its old course. Well, in such a case we may qualify our surprise, though we may not account for, nor the less grieve over the circumstance—as we remember that "neither did *His* brethren believe in Him."

Do we not learn from this a great truth, which we have all need to ponder and lay to heart, that no mere external power, no combination of favourable circumstances, will suffice to effect the required change in the heart of man? Here, in the case before us, we seem to have all that could be reasonably wished for—a combination of favourable circumstances—and yet, in spite of all, it had to be recorded, that "neither did His brethren believe in Him."

As we read these words, *we are reminded of the extent and reality of our Saviour's sympathy.* When we think of the sorrow of our Saviour's home, the way in which He must have been tried by the unbelief of His brethren, we feel that He is able to succour and comfort those who have ungodly friends and kinsfolk, and who are often troubled in heart concerning them. The Lord Jesus is commended to us a merciful and faithful high priest, One who is anointed to speak a word in season to them that are weary, One who is able to sympathise with and help us in every time of need, feeling not only for, but with all who are in any trouble. And the ground of this qualification, which is ever insisted on, is this, that He has been tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin. He is not a stranger to any of the experiences of human life, and He therefore, in every particular, has a fellow-feeling with us. Now, it is scarcely needful to remark, that some of the most painful experiences of life are those that grow out of, or are associated with, the social and domestic relationships of life which, in God's providence, we are called to sustain. There are few who, knowing the Lord themselves, are so happily circumstanced that they have never had occasion for painful and even protracted anxiety as they have considered the spiritual condition of those near and dear to them. If any of us are in trouble because of unbelieving relatives and friends, it is our privilege to know that we are not left alone in our sorrow and anxiety; there is One who can sympathise with us—the Lord Jesus Christ, in whom we trust, and of whom at one time it could be said, "neither did His brethren believe in Him."

We are reminded by these words *that the greatest differences of character and condition may be found within the limits of the same family, and that there is hope that those who continue unbelieving for a while may at last be brought in.* Of this we have an example in the family to which reference is here made—that Jewish family to which our Saviour belonged. The most casual observer must be struck by the sad contrasts there presented. What a variety of character and condition do we see? Christ, all perfection—pure, truthful, loving; speaking words of wisdom, truth, and grace—displaying the commingled excellences of the Divine and human characters by which He was distinguished. And there were some there who believed in Him, who look up to and reverenced Him; and some, as we find—and at this period, probably the larger number—who believed not. All things look brighter or darker by contrast, and what a contrast have we here! Side by side

we have concord and discord, light and darkness, piety and sin, faith and unbelief; and how often are we called to witness similar contrasts in families with which we are familiar! We see advantages, great, precious, unspeakably precious, enjoyed by all alike—appreciated and improved by some, despised and neglected by others. Salvation within the reach of, yea, close to all alike, and some rejoicing in it with a great joy, while by others it is entirely neglected, or its acceptance indefinitely postponed.

And yet as we look upon that family to which Christ belonged, we are encouraged to hope that those who continue unbelieving for a season, may at last be brought in. Here we read "neither did His brethren believe in Him." But if we pass on to Acts i. 14, we read words which encourage the hope we have ventured to express. The Evangelist, enumerating those who assembled in that upper room at Jerusalem, after mentioning by name the eleven Apostles, adds, "these all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication, with the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus, *and with His brethren.*" We know not how they were led to believe, but it may be that those who were insensible to the lessons and influences of His life, were subdued to penitence and faith by the more potent influences of His death and resurrection. Often since then has God employed the ministry of sorrow and bereavement to bring His children to Himself. The death of one member of a family has often wrought with a mighty and subduing power on the minds and hearts of those who have been previously insensible and inconsiderate—it has been to them as life from the dead.

Sometimes we are tempted to envy those who were the contemporaries of Christ, and who stood in the nearest relationship to Him during His earthly ministry; we need not do so. Christ reckons us as His brethren, if we are believers in Him, and doers of His will. By faith in Christ we receive the power, the privilege of becoming God's children, we are provided for here and hereafter, God is our Father, Christ is our elder brother, we are heirs with God, and joint heirs with Christ, and mean as is our original condition, our destiny is inconceivably glorious, for at last, before an assembled universe, our Saviour will show that He is not ashamed to acknowledge us as His brethren, and will openly say unto us, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you before the foundation of the world."

"INCURABLE."

AS long as the life-giving blood flows through our veins, as long as man is master of himself, and the muscles of his physical body move in obedience to his own individual will, some inborn instinct of nature inspires the soul with a blessed hope; it lives to brace his spirit, to fire his powers with energy; it becomes the very mainspring of all his actions.

A distant prospect of unattained happiness, some future prosperity still to crown his efforts, some laurel of glory yet to win, high aspirations of love and ambition, these are sweet enough to lighten any present suffering, and make the sharpest agony bearable to man.

But *incurable!* The very word thrills our hearts with a deep dark horror; and as that dread awful doom is pronounced, the last germ of the blessed gift of hope dies slowly out of a man's heart—for evermore it vanishes like the irrevocable past, gone with all its pages of youth, joy, and health, never to return, leaving behind only a living death, a dark despair.

But for even the incurables, life—or rather I should say existence—need not be a dead despair. It may be, and *is*, thank God, soothed and comforted with rays of joy, thrown oftentimes over the long days of weary waiting for the merciful loosing of the golden cord—the blessed signal of release from all their sufferings.

While staying the other day in London, I went with a friend to visit a well-known Home for Incurables. Being interested in the subject, I was anxious to learn not only the full working of the institution, but to see how the inmates employed their time.

The house is a large spacious-looking building. It was built in 1861, under royal patronage, and has proved an immense boon to hundreds of suffering humanity. It holds about sixty patients, including male and female. Most of the inmates are from the middle classes, though, looking through the list of out-patients, I found solicitors, clerks, physicians, and governesses also have at different times gladly availed themselves of its benefits.

The Home is supported by voluntary subscriptions; and I learnt, with regret, that owing to the death of one or two of the principal benefactors, the funds have lately suffered considerably.

On entering the Home, we were taken at first into the men's wards. On each floor a large room is set apart for a common sitting-room for those who are well enough to leave their beds, and here about five or six men have their meals together.

We entered into an interesting conversation with a man we found reclining in a chair on wheels admirably adapted for his crippled state. He was perfectly helpless from rheumatism, having lost the entire use of his legs, and his hands were so

deformed and contracted that he could with difficulty hold anything; and yet, distorted as they were, he contrived to amuse himself with painting flowers from Nature. Kind friends bring weekly offerings of fresh flowers for the patients, and from these he arranges most artistic groups, and then paints them true to Nature's colouring and designs. With great rapidity he wheeled himself across the room in his chair to fetch from a drawer one after another of his paintings, only too delighted to find sympathetic critics.

Leaving the men, we went up-stairs into a large room where several women were gathered. Many of them had already spent fourteen years in the Home, and all spoke of it, and all its comforts, with the greatest gratitude and affection.

One poor woman had never fed herself for all these years, and yet by some ingenious contrivance she had a crochet-hook fastened on to her arm, with which she managed to do some sort of fancy work; but as to hands, you could scarcely call them so, disease had worked such a terrible change in them. Others were obliged to raise their handkerchiefs to their faces by means of a stick.

They seemed unfeignedly pleased to see visitors, and we had a good chat with them. Among other things, they told us with keen pleasure of the Princess of Wales's visit some time back, but not one detail of that eventful day had been forgotten. Her Royal Highness came quite privately, and walked through every room, shaking hands and saying a few kind words to each patient as she passed. I need not say that this gracious act left behind sweet memories which will never pass from their minds.

In another room they showed us with great delight the programme of a concert which had recently been given in the Home, and, from the animated manner of discussing the events of the evening, you could plainly see the intense pleasure it had afforded them. By the kindness of some ladies in the neighbourhood, I learnt that concerts are frequently given, and also conjuring entertainments, which greatly amuse the people.

A strangely interesting sight it must be to watch this sad audience. Some in chairs, all helpless and afflicted, listening to the music with deepest pleasure and enjoyment.

There is a piano in the committee-room, and into this room by some ingenious machinery those of the patients who are well enough, are wheeled down in their chairs, so that as many as possible may enjoy the treat.

There is but one piano in the Home, and I could not help wishing that some of earth's favoured ones who possess all that this world's happiness and riches can give, would out of their abundance bestow one loving thought on these afflicted fellow-creatures. An old neglected piano, or musical box, some discarded pictures, or unread books, sent for pity's sake —how much real happiness they would give! and I think the donors themselves would lie down on their soft luxurious couches with a lighter conscience and a peace they never knew before.

The sound of a piano on each floor, or musical box carried from room to room, might while away many a sorrowful hour and prove a considerable boon.

The Chaplain conducts a service every Sunday morning, besides visiting any especial case during the week, and one or two gentlemen of the committee come also on Sundays to read to the patients, which they greatly appreciate.

A very nice shady garden runs at the back of the Home, with plenty of chairs and sheltered nooks for those of the patients who are well enough to be carried or wheeled out into it.

But the saddest sight of all are those patients who are entirely kept to bed; and yet scarcely to be called sad, perhaps.

We opened the door of one of the single rooms and went in to speak a few words to the inmate. She lay all alone, and I confess I was prepared to find signs of the irritability and fretfulness of constant pain; but far from that. The room was cosy, the French bed, with its pink-and-white dimity curtains, pretty and homelike. Little favourite pictures hung on the walls, treasured books were lying by her side. Miss ——, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer, was a highly educated and enlightened woman. She had read much, and had by no means lost her keen interest in the outer world. She entertained us with quaint amusing anecdotes, at which she laughed as heartily as we did, until I could scarcely believe she was the hopeless invalid I understood her to be.

Into another room we went before leaving the Home, and here lay a sad agonised sufferer. She could not speak to us—only smile. "It was one of her bad days," they said.

An iron band was bound round her neck, and for fifteen years she had been strapped down to her bed in one position; and yet no murmuring!—only a great longing sometimes seized her, she said, "to get out, just to see the dear country once more, to smell the wild flowers, and walk in the fields." And so intensely did this desire come over her, that on one occasion, when my friend brought her some primroses straight from the country woods, she begged for one to be put on her lips, and then she could not resist eating it. "She loved them so!" she said.

Instead of the sad, peevish, fretful looks and voices we sometimes see among the temporary patients of a London hospital, at least within the walls of this Home cheerfulness and even merriment seems to reign.

If life can never more give its inmates health or earthly happiness, and if suffering must be still their doom, yet after the sharp pang of the torturing knife, which, as they *first* realised the word *incurable*, descended to cut them off for ever from earth's pleasures and active work, yet "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and they, in their brave patient endurance, are worthy of heroes' graves; and by their lives and death preach to those who witness them a silent lesson, which must touch the stoniest heart.

FRANCESCA'S FAITH.

CHAPTER II.

DAYS passed on, and the bright summer weather passed away. Autumn came, and then snow fell; the air became very cold, and when early winter set in, it found the Valdis in very wretched circumstances. They had just enough to pay for their room, and to keep life and soul together—barely that, for the little Francesca's face was very thin, the shadows round her eyes were very deep; and Pietro's old coat hung very loosely upon him. Things were very bad indeed, almost at their worst, and Francesca's faith was sorely tested.

But she had faith, and strong faith, too, and that was her firm support through all their troubles.

Surely the Good Shepherd had been very loving, very merciful to His child, who had been left motherless so many years ago. In His most tender pity and infinite compassion He had led her to Himself to find in Him her Saviour, her King, and her ever-present Friend, and in His love to her He had implanted in her soul that gift of faith that seemed to shine out of her life as its most strongly marked characteristic, and which was an anchor to her in many difficulties which came across her life. For after all it *did* seem hard to think that they should be so poor, and that no work of any kind could be done by her, and that her father's occupation should have been suddenly stopped by this most unlooked-for accident. But still her faith did not flinch, and day by day she lived on in her firm trust in God.

"Now, Francesca *mia*, what do you say to the state of things?" asked her father one day, as Francesca said she must not light the stove for their evening meal, but that they must have dry bread and sit in the cold.

"They are very bad, padre—very bad," said Francesca, and as she raised her arm to draw round her the shawl in which she was wrapped, you could see how thin her arms were, and how transparent her hands had become.

"What we are to do I know not," said Valdi, gloomily. "Tramp back to Italy, and beg our way."

Francesca was silent.

"Shall we do that?"

The child smiled. "No, father; I could not walk so far—you know I could not; and your arm has been worse since the cold set in, so it would be useless trying it."

"What are we to do, then?"

"I have tried to get some knitting to do, padre," said Francesca, shivering as she looked out on the snowy scene around, and felt the cold of the little room in all her bones.

"Well?" questioned her father.

"But I cannot get any. Then I asked a washerwoman who lives down near the *allée* if she could give me some work. She said 'No.' I have tried and tried, and can find nothing."

"Then, Francesca, you must confess that your way of always saying 'Trust in God' is not a good one," said Pietro, angrily.

"Hush, father!" said the child, with a strange thrill through her voice; "do not say that. God is very good indeed to us, and I am sure—yes, *sure*," she added, emphatically, "that He will send us help. See, only the other day the landlord said we might have the rooms for half what we pay in the summer, and the baker gave me a loaf yesterday because he said I have been kind to his little girl. And Franz is a great help, father. To-day he brought up the wood, and he would try and stop the draught of the window——"

"Yes, yes. Some people are very kind, there is no doubt of that."

"Well, but, father," said Francesca, gently and hesitatingly—she feared to seem disrespectful to her father by preaching to him—"it is the good Lord Jesus who puts it into their hearts to be kind to us, and so we are helped really by God."

"Well, we must hope that matters will mend," said Pietro, sadly.

As winter came on, however, matters did not mend.

The cold tried Pietro's arm very much. This was the first winter he had ever spent away from his native country, and the blue skies and sunshine of Italy were very unlike the snow-clad mountains and bitter cold air of Gmunden. The cold made his arm very painful, and he was unable to do anything. Would not a faithless heart have been much tried by these circumstances? Was it not wonderful, humanly speaking, that, as the days went on and everything looked darker and darker, Francesca's faith never failed her? that amidst the darkness of trouble, the constant pressure of anxiety, the increasing weakness of body, she could still look up and say in life and word, "I trust Thee, O my God. I have faith in Thee."

From bad to worse everything seemed to get, until one day Pietro felt that indeed things had come to a climax, for Francesca succumbed at last under the stress laid upon her, and she was so weak and ill that Pietro thought she would certainly never recover.

For a fortnight she literally lay between life and death, and then a faint flicker of hope came. There was a good deal of vitality in her, and she rallied despite the strain her constitution had had.

One day, just as she was getting a little better, and Franz, a school friend, came up with a little home-made bread from his mother as a present to Francesca, Pietro came in, and Francesca saw in a moment that he had some pleasant tidings. His face was lighted up with a smile that swept away all the old stern expression, and his eyes glistened in such a way that Francesca wondered what could have happened.

(To be concluded.)

IN TIME OF NEED.

AS when a swimmer, wearied out and spent
With ceaseless battling 'gainst the waves and wind,
Surrenders hope, and with despairing mind
In one last bitter cry to God gives vent
To all the agony within him pent;
Then sinewy arms direct the veering sails,
And from the answering boat the helmsman hails,
And at his sorest need sure help is sent;

So too do we, in trouble's darkest hour,
When giant billows crush us with their power,
Cry loudly to "Our Father," who will hear;
And lo! when hope seemed dead, then help is near,
And He who moveth all things at His will,
Commands the waves of trouble, "Peace, be still!"

G. W.

"And from the answering boat the helmsman hails."

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

256. What two ladies does St. Paul exhort to be at peace with each other?

257. What sister was restored to health at the prayer of her brother?

258. What king built temples to Moloch and other heathen gods on the Mount of Olives?

259. By whom is it recorded that children took part in the celebration of heathen worship?

260. What assurance did God give to the people of Judah that they would return from the captivity?

261. What two tribes were left out in the numbering of the people of Judah and Israel which David commanded?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 685.

244. To "a shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day" (Proverbs iv. 18).

245. Near the well Lahai-roi; at which place the angel of the Lord had on a former occasion spoken to Hagar when she fled from Sarai (Gen. xxiv. 62, and xvi. 14).

246. The gift of charity (1 Cor. xiii. 13).

247. St. Stephen (Acts vii. 56).

248. 1 Sam. xxx. 24, 25.

249. His conciliating conduct towards the people, by which he hoped to lead them to make him king (2 Sam. xv. 3, 6).

"She read the epistle over again."—*p.* 724.

A RICH WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CRUST AND THE CAKE," "LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

'Bear thou thy sorrow: grief shall bring
Its own excuse in after years:
The rainbow! see how gay a thing
God hath built up from tears."—SUTTON.

THE letter was dated "Arequipa, Peru," and it began, characteristically:—

"DEAR MISS CHRYSTAL,—Here I am. And now for the first time since I left Winds' Haven, four years ago, I am likely to remain in one place long enough to receive an answer from you.

"I wonder what you thought about all that happened after our parting? I wonder what you

thought about the bankruptcy of Esslemont and Co.? It is an old story now. Sometimes it has occurred to me that you and Margery Hollis might think that I and Edmund Carewe had somehow, in our capacity of confidential clerks, falsified my uncle's accounts, and so put him in the wrong. Ought I to care what you think of me? Is the feeling praiseworthy, or blamable? But ought I not to care what you think of Edmund Carewe? Surely, there can be no mistake about that!

"The plain truth is, that neither Edmund Carewe nor I had any hand in the construction of that delusive balance-sheet. He knew it was going to be made; and sooner than take even a silent part in it, he threw up his post and all his prospects in life. He felt afterwards that he ought to have made a public protest, and put the shareholders on their guard. But he was hardly situated. My uncle had just married his sister (my own belief is that he had married her chiefly to have a wife on whom to settle money for his own benefit). Edmund had opposed the marriage very strongly, knowing that his sister had loved elsewhere, and was yielding to the match entirely from the weakest and most mercenary motives. This opposition could have been adduced as a reason for spite against his brother-in-law. He presently found that very unfavourable impressions concerning him had spread abroad, fostered, as I know, by Mr. Esslemont. I know I was led to have a very bad opinion of him, and, with the singular blindness of human nature, I did not lose this, even when I began to hold the lowest opinion of my uncle himself. The first thing which made me doubt the accuracy of my own judgment was the way in which you spoke up for him at the Corner House, coupled with the selfish bitterness of my uncle's rejoinders. At that time I was in a deplorable position. I had just discovered that something was terribly amiss with the bank; but I was little more than a boy then, and not very learned in business subtleties, and I was sure rather that all was not right than certain of what was wrong. My uncle's manner to you about Edmund Carewe made me certain that he was resolved on keeping a scapegoat, or, if necessary, many scapegoats; and, I frankly confess, the first feeling roused in me was selfish terror. The next was a determination to get enlightenment, if possible, from Edmund Carewe. I came down to Winds' Haven without my uncle's consent or even knowledge. His wife knew, and gave me liberty to do whatever I thought right, in her name, as next of kin. She seemed terribly afraid of some disgrace hanging over her brother; her husband had impressed her strongly with that notion. You know I arrived too late for speech; but the scraps from Edmund's delirium, which you reported, only fanned my suspicions. Acting on my aunt's permission, I took possession of his desk; and its contents confirmed much more than I had ever dreamed. He had written a paper, stating what he knew my uncle was about to do, and setting forth clearly the effect such proceedings must have on the affairs of the Company. So that for the first time I could see the full bearing and significance of what I knew to be an accomplished fact.

"Those few quiet days in your beautiful village were terrible days to me. It dawned upon me then that even to go away, and face beggary for myself—a course from which I had hitherto recoiled—was not enough. If I permitted a crime to the injury of others, which it was in my power to prevent, then the crime and all its consequences became my own. Yet my position was far easier than that of Edmund Carewe. He had known only of actions about to be done; I knew that they were accomplished. There were hours when I wished you had never come to the Corner House, and so opened up my way to discover truth which set me such a terribly hard task; but now thank God for the pure clear atmosphere with which all your words and ways surrounded me!

"I made up my mind at last. I wrote to my uncle, and told him all I knew, and what I felt on the subject, and stated that unless he himself took action in the matter and stopped the concern, doing his best for those already in it, and saving others from becoming involved, I should make public some facts which would inevitably disgrace and ruin him. You know the result. My uncle never even acknowledged my letter, but he acted on its warning, or threat, or whatever it may be called. I never saw him again.

"My experience is that when you try to do right, life is apt to get very exciting. I was in London alone, with one or two sovereigns in my pocket, and a gold watch. I had no other available possessions in the world, for old books and half-worn clothes do not count, except as lumber. I took my watch to the pawnbroker's. I sent my clothes to a convalescent home, and every man, woman, or boy who showed me any civility in those days was rewarded with the gift of a volume. So I disposed of my *impedimenta*. After a little knocking about I got a place as clerk on a ship going to Valparaiso. After I arrived there I followed a variety of occupations. I relieved a clerk in a shop, who wanted a holiday. I undertook the care of cattle. I acted as tutor—I might almost say as nurse—in a private family. The rule I laid down was, that I would take any work which came to my hand, instead of waiting to pick and choose, observing that attempts at such selection only end in many lean days, which devour all the fat ones. In the course of my peregrinations I came across a great many genteel young Englishmen. They were of the sort who don't do well at home, and they don't do better here, unless the new place happens to find them in new manners. They were always standing on their dignity, a position which seems to me like poising oneself on a rotten plank in the midst of a stagnant pool. They used to say they were ashamed of me, for which I was thankful, as they would have quarrelled with me if I had said I was ashamed of them, whereas now we were able to part in peace. But I also came across some fine young fellows, both

gentlemen by birth and working men. And it occurs to me that all ladies and gentlemen are so "by birth," since birth means what you are in yourself, and is nothing to do with your birthplace, as some people seem to fancy. You don't make a retriever a pig if it is whelped in a stye, and you don't call a pig a pony though the sow litters in the stable. Ah, Miss Chrystal Joyce, I learned more of the realities of life, and the goodness and badness mixed up in human nature, in those few months, than in all the years before.

"In the course of my wanderings—it was when I had hired myself as general factotum to a scientific traveller—I wandered north as far as this town. I daresay you never heard of Arequipa till you read its name on the post-mark of this letter. I had never heard of it myself till I started on my journey towards it. But I shall never forget my first sight of it, as we turned a corner of the road from Recoleta, and saw it, dazzling white beneath its azure sky, stretched at the foot of the snow-crowned volcano Misti, which seems as if it had stepped forward from the great mountain range in the background to mount guard over the city. I had seen many beautiful scenes since I had left England, but never before anything which had stirred my heart. Why do some places have this power? I have heard of people who have wept when they have gazed, all unawares, on the birthplace and haunts of their ancestors. If a power from the past can so permeate nature, may not an influence from the future overshadow it? My heart was drawn to Arequipa. I said as much to my companion and superior.

"'Yours is not the first,' he answered. 'Do you not know the legend of its name? The Spanish chroniclers say that the Indians who first penetrated this valley were so smitten with its charms that they longed to linger, and that their Inca, seeing this, bade them 'Ariqquepay'—or 'remain here,' and that accordingly three thousand stayed.'

"I suppose people would call it 'foolish,' but that legend chimed strangely with my own feeling. Most people call everything 'foolish' which one does not understand. The feeling did not wear away; and yet I confess that the more I saw of the city, the less explicable did it become. Arequipa has all the ordinary features of a Spanish colonial town, its ecclesiastical foundations are rich, its commerce poor, its enterprise and intellect at zero, and all improvement is impeded by the characteristic question, 'Of what good is it?' But I found the people to be specially fond of strangers; so fond, indeed, that it struck me they would be especially amenable to good and stirring influence from such, if only some were found to exert it. I ventured to make this remark to a thoughtful elderly native, much superior to his surroundings, who was deploring to me the low level at which his countrymen seemed content to live.

"He assented cordially. 'We have among us a living instance of the truth of your remark,' he said. 'The librarian of the public library is an Englishman, though we always speak of him as Señor Diego, and, indeed, know him by no other name. He has been here now for many years, is a middle-aged man, unmarried, and lives in two small chambers above the public library. His position makes him acquainted with everybody in Arequipa of the least literary inclination. He gets acquainted with the most promising boys as they leave school, and helps them to keep up their studies by infusing meaning and warmth into the dry bones with which the convent schools have provided them. He is even an influence with our poor frivolous women. I fancy some of them think his celibacy is due to their inferiority. I imagine it is rather due to the romance which I feel sure lurks behind his living here at all. Poor as is his salary, it is four times as much as he spends on himself; twice as much as he spends at all. He is known as the 'English hermit,' and he seems to court solitude, save when he can serve others. In the time of the yellow fever, he nursed those whom others forsook, and he is the friend of every repentant criminal and every forlorn outcast.

"Of course, I instantly wanted to know this Señor Diego. Here was one of that army of brave souls, each quietly bearing his cross, which keeps this old world of ours from ruin and decay. I almost felt as if it was the steady light of his life which had irradiated Arequipa. And how do we know what the character of man may contribute to Nature? Am I fanciful? I think there is something in the atmosphere of this New World which is favourable to fancy. You see it was Columbus' faith in his fancy concerning it which made it a fact!

"I suppose I need hardly add that Señor Diego and I are friends now. I have, as you see, 'remained' at Arequipa.

"I have heard the story of his life. My own judgment is, that if he sinned once he has been very foolish ever since. The prodigal son in the parable went home to say, 'Father, I have sinned.' He did not sit down and waste his repentance on the swine.

"Señor Diego and I think of starting a school here. His established reputation and my recent arrival from Europe will be great attractions. But Señor Diego has some business in England which he would like to wind up before he starts any fresh scheme. He has been wishing to do this for some time, but did not quite see his way to return to the old country. You don't suppose I represented to him that unless the prodigal son had appeared before his friends as a penitent, he could never have been forgiven and welcomed? I soon knew Señor Diego too well to use that argument with him. He has positively a passion for getting all the punishment due to his sins; and I urged upon him that he could never drink the full bitterness of the cup of retribution except upon the scene and among the people where he earned it. So Señor Diego starts for Europe next month, and I am to take charge of the library during his absence. Between you and me, I scarcely expect Arequipa will see him return!

"I want to send you sundry little keepsakes—bits of Indian embroidery and knick-knackery for yourself and Margery Hollis, dried flowers and preserved specimens for Mr. Joyce. Señor Diego has promised to deliver them.

"And how is Margery Hollis? and what is she doing? I wonder what she would think of Arequipa? I wonder whether she would like to help in the management of a school, having nothing to do with the teaching! Margery Hollis and I fought our battle at the same time; shall we be crowned together?

"Give my dutiful respects to your father, if he has not forgotten me; and believe me to remain always, yours with much admiration,

"BERTRAM ESSLEMONT."

"Strange! that these two letters should have come in at once," said Chrystal. It already seemed years since she had toiled home, feeling herself a broken and defeated woman. She bustled about with the energy which cheering news always imparts to open healthy natures. She left her father to puzzle out young Esslemont's letter, while she went to the cupboard and opened one or two jars, that she might add some little dainties to their frugal meal.

In the solitude of her little white bedroom she read the epistle over again, and this time, as she folded it up, she sighed. But it was not the sigh of regret, nor even of patient endurance. It was the long breath of joyful expectancy. From Bertram's account of Señor Diego, she could easily gather the hint of some sad story ending happily for somebody, perhaps after years of waiting and pain. With those unknown people she could rejoice ungrudgingly, gathering from their joy a hope for her own.

And a vision of the past rose before her—a vision of days, years ago, when a girl, who did not seem herself at all, but whose home was the shop at Winds' Haven, and whose name was Chrystal Joyce, had roamed about the leafy lanes and through the shady dingles with a heart a-throb with the sweet homely hopes of youth. There had been dashes of bitterness in that cup of joy which might have turned it sour for any less humble and wholesome nature. And there had come an awful pang at last—a day of darkness, when the love which had seemed to honour and elevate her was changed to a disgrace and a shame—when the gentleman who had stooped to woo the village maiden was driven from his kinsfolk with the brand of "thief" and "forger" on his brow, and she remained behind to bear the taunting pity of envious spite.

In those bitter days Chrystal had never breathed the rash defences or blank denials with which less just and temperate women might have striven to drive back the tide of mockery which nearly overwhelmed her. There had been sin, she admitted; and she would not lightly lessen the quantum of that sin because it had been committed by the beloved. But neither would she deny her love. She had loved, she did love, she would continue to love; she made no secret of it. She spoke of the disgraced exile as frankly and as tenderly as she might have spoken of the dead. She allowed no honest man to slip into love of her believing her heart was unpreoccupied. Her courting days were done, her self-life was over, and for years past she had felt that she would not have it back if she could. What her heart did long for was something which lay beyond, not behind. To-day was better than yesterday, and that was the best pledge that to-morrow should be much more abundant—with an abundance in which all possible loss and failure and defeat should be absorbed and transmuted. She did not always feel so, for the flesh is often weak, be the spirit ever so willing; but she never forgot that she did feel so sometimes, and in the mists of the valley she remembered the glories seen from the sunshiny hill-tops.

And so she sat on her little bed, and yearned.

"Oh, James, James! when and where shall I see you again? For God loves you more than I do, and our only meeting can be in Him, for outside there is nothing but parting and weeping and gnashing of teeth!"

(*To be continued.*)

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. NEW SERIES. No. 17. BEGINNING OF DAVID'S REIGN.

Chapters to be read—2 *Sam. ii., iii., iv.* (*parts of*).

INTRODUCTION. What did last lesson speak of? Might perhaps think David's troubles all over now, because of Saul's death; had for years known he was to be king; people expected it too; would surely now begin his reign peaceably. We shall see.

I. DAVID AT HEBRON. (Read ii. 1—7.) Last read of David's lament over Saul and Jonathan; would not be in a hurry to take the crown. What did he do? It was God's ordering that he was to be king, so he seeks counsel of God. What is his question? What was the answer? Had been living at Ziklag, near Mediterranean Sea; now moves to Hebron, on main ridge of hills running through the country. Who move with him? These brave men had shared his wanderings, must now share his success. Who now

came to Hebron to see him? The tribes of Judah and Benjamin always closely connected—probably knew David well; remembered all his exploits, so now anoint him king. By whom had he been anointed before? Yes; but Samuel now dead. Probably they brought some prophet with them to perform the solemn rite. What a glad day in David's life. Little said about it; probably kept it very quiet, not to arouse opposition. Can picture the arrival of the brave men of Judah; the request to David to be anointed; his faithful followers grouped around, the simple service, "anointing with oil in the name of the Lord;" a prayer or two; perhaps one of David's own Psalms of praise sung; and lo! their king is before them. David still thinking about Saul and Jonathan, wants to know who buried them. What is he told? What message does he send to them? God's blessing will be with them, and he too, their new king, will do all the kindness he can to them. So this glad day ends. What can we learn from David's conduct? He began his reign with (1) *Prayer*. Was not in a hurry to go own way; consulted God. What a lesson to persons starting in life: not to be in a hurry; not to think they know exactly what to do—can trust themselves to do best. Such often make great mistakes. Happy those who take God as guide of youth; whose daily prayer is, "Hold *Thou* me up, and I shall be safe." His next act was (2) *Kindness*. Not so much thinking of vengeance on his enemies as kindness to his friends. This the spirit of his whole life: forgiving injuries; blessing those near him. This way to spend unselfish, happy life. Let us try and copy him.

II. DAVID AND ABNER. (Read iii. 1, 17—21). So far, David king in Hebron; only small part of country. Abner, captain of Saul's army, who had first brought David to Saul after slaying Goliath (1 Sam. xvii. 57), now sets up one of Saul's sons as king of Israel. Therefore war between the two parties. But which got the better? Why was this? Because God was on David's side, and made all he did to prosper. Abner quarrelled with Ishbosheth, and sent peaceful messages to David; comes with twenty men to spend the day with David. First he communicates with elders of Israel. What had they desired of David in time past? Now let them do it. Whose decree was it that David should be king? What special work was he to do for Israel? (ver. 18). As David had killed Goliath, so now should finally deliver Israel from Philistines. To what other tribe did Abner speak? Benjamin, Saul's tribe. If they were won over, probably the rest would follow. So Abner now comes to David, and reports progress. What does he propose to do? He who had made Ishbosheth king, will now win over all men to David. No wonder David made a feast. This the second stage of his becoming king. So Abner and his men sent away in peace. What can we learn from Abner? (1) *Fidelity*. He was faithful to his old master, Saul; thought he did right to set up his son as king, but when he saw his mistake he made amends, deserted his cause, turned to David. Therefore he showed (2) *Restitution*. He made amends as far as he could; tried to undo the wrong he had done David. This is a noble example. All do wrong; often lead others astray. How few seek to make amends—lead them back.

III. ABNER'S DEATH. (Read iii. 22—39.) Where had Joab been during Abner's visit? Returns now, and hears all about it. What does he think of it? Was Abner a spy? Joab pretended to think so. Why did he hate Abner? Because he had killed his brother Asahel (ver. 30). Now Joab hopes to get revenge. What does he do? Sends message which induces Abner to return, and then treacherously kills him. How did David hear the news? This day of joy turned into sadness. He who had come with good words on a good errand, to help the king, thus basely murdered; not killed, as Asahel was, in battle. How did David lament? Sackcloth—tears—fasting—all signs of grief. Did he put Joab to death for this? No; he left vengeance to the Lord (ver. 29). He would, as far as possible, live peaceably with all men (Rom. xii. 18). What does Joab's conduct show? How cruel is revenge. Unlike David, Joab not learnt beauty of forgiveness. Easy to condemn him, but how much of his spirit lurks in all. Must ask for spirit of Christ to forgive others as we are forgiven (Matt. vi. 14).

Questions to be answered.

1. Describe David's anointing at Hebron.
2. How did David begin his reign?
3. Who was Abner, and why did he visit David?
4. What good points did his conduct show?
5. Describe Abner's death.
6. What may we learn from it?

THE VOICE OF THE BELOVED.

WHEN dark with sin and doubt,
In iron chains I lay,
I heard the voice of love without—
"Rise up, and come away.

"Come, gather with my band,
Beside the shadowing rock;
Their print is on the weary sand,
The footsteps of my flock."

"I'm withered as the grass,
My beauty all is gone;
It is not me He calls, alas!
It is some other one."

"Come, for the shadows flee,
The reign of night expires;
A morning fair art thou to me,
A lily in the briers.

"See, I have made thee sweet,
And purged thy dross away,
Where'er I set these glowing feet
The darkness cannot stay."

"Am I not then His scorn?
Can I be fair indeed?
Welcome as any summer morn,
And not a worthless weed?"

"Come, for the shadows flee,
I will not hear thy nay;
A thousand wings shall cover thee,
Rise up, and come away!"

Now like the South it dies,
That call of mercy clear,
Now like the North its thunders rise,
And the dull senses hear.

A holy light around!
It warms me as a flame;
The air is fragrant with the sound,
My life is not the same.

The strength of God is mine,
Burst are these iron bands,
With heavenly light His footsteps shine
Across the dreary sands.

On all I turn my back,
And fix my steadfast eyes
Only upon this narrow track,
My pathway to the skies.

GEORGE S. OUTRAM, M.A.

HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST IN THE WINNING," "FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE."

CHAPTER XLV.

WHO WAS TO BLAME?

FOR the rest of that day—and what a tedious one it was!—Winnie went through the routine of her duties mechanically. Already she was being inquired for, and though she felt as if she had received a blow that stupefied her, and longed to run away and hide herself till she had recovered from it, she was accustomed to put herself aside, and bravely she did so now.

Only by the frequent compression of her lip could any one have guessed how great an effort at self-control she was making. She sang to Aunt Janet the hymns she often asked for; listened to the clamorous requests of the boys, and acceded to them with her usual good-nature; read to her father in the evening in the low distinct tones he found so soothing; and did not repel the unconscious Hattie, who followed her to her bed-room to wind up the day with a nice little chat and another perusal of Nina's last letter.

But when Hattie was gone, the key turned in the lock, and Winnie was alone, she threw herself on her knees beside her bed and gave way to the emotions hitherto repressed, weeping and sobbing till she grew calm through absolute exhaustion.

It was like a dream, and yet Duke had looked and spoken as if he was in earnest. But could he have meant all he said? Had he so misinterpreted her hasty speech as really to believe that she had wearied of their engagement, and was eager to be set at liberty? Winnie started up and opened her desk to write to him, to send him loving assurances of her fidelity; but the pen was laid down again ere it touched the paper, for—and it was with the keenest pain she admitted this, even to herself—Duke's manner, whether intentionally or not, had conveyed an impression that it was he who wished to be free.

Then she chided herself for harbouring such a thought. He had wooed her fondly, and but for her father's prohibition, he would have made her his wife long since; while their few, very few, disagreements had never arisen from any act of unkindness or neglect on either side, but generally sprang from his complaints that her affection was not as ardent as his own. It was not so many days since he had opened Johnnie's atlas, and drawing her to his side, amused her and himself by tracing on a map of France the pleasant trip that was to follow their bridal.

And then Winnie recalled numberless instances of his tenderness, blaming herself the while for having been so foolish as to let one fit of ill-humour, which he was most probably repenting already, blind her to the sincerity of his attachment. Nina was far more attractive, and Hattie would be more richly dowered; yet never had he swerved in his allegiance. Why, then, had she been labouring under the impression that he was changed?

"She had been doing him great injustice," she concluded, as she brushed her last tears away. She had spoken to him harshly, and, though she was not conscious of it at the time, her tone might have been so much sharper than she intended, that it had jarred upon her betrothed, who was always quick to take offence. On the morrow she would meet him in the ordinary manner, and her uneasiness would vanish at the sound of his first expression of regret for what his irritable mood had betrayed him into saying.

Winnie crept into bed, comforted by her own pre-

dictions ; but Duke did not come to the breakfast-table the following morning, and when Hattie bade one of the boys go and knock at his door, Mr. Graddon prevented it.

"Duke is not in his room, my dear ; he started for London an hour ago. He has gone there on business for me, and will be absent for two or three days."

Winnie fancied that her father refrained from looking at her while he was speaking, and this worried her, but as soon as breakfast was over, she slipped away to the drawing-room to examine an old-fashioned china vase, in which Duke, when suddenly called from home, was in the habit of leaving for her a little twisted note, full of loving adieus.

If he repented his haste of the preceding day, there would be something in the vase for her, and she hurried to inspect it.

But it was empty, and as, with sinking heart, she set it down again, she found that her father had followed her.

He put his hands on either side of her pale face and kissed her.

"My dear, I scarcely know whether to be glad or sorry at what you have done, but I know that I can trust to your prudence and good sense. You are your dear mother's own child."

Winnie looked at him inquiringly, but she did not, in fact she could not, speak.

"Yes," Mr. Graddon replied to that questioning look, "Duke has told me that you wished the engagement dissolved. I would not ask him your reasons. He seemed so dejected, that I did not care to have to tell him that he deserved it ; so I merely assented to his request to find him something to do that would take him away from us till he had reconciled himself to your decision."

Here Mr. Graddon paused, and was evidently waiting to receive from his daughter the explanations he had refrained from asking from Duke. But she had none to give.

Laying her head on his shoulder, she faltered an entreaty that he would not question her yet.

"Give me time, papa. I can hardly realise that Duke and I are parted. In a few days I, like him, shall have accustomed myself to it, and then I will try and tell you everything."

"My dear little girl," said her father, tenderly, "I do not wish to say a word that could increase the pain you seem to be suffering ; but in justice to poor Duke I must ask if any one has been reporting to you anything to his discredit ? "

"No, no, papa, I should have refused to listen."

"Then I am inclined to think this must be merely one of those lovers' quarrels with which foolish boys and girls vary the sweetness of their courtships. Am I right, Winnie ? "

"I don't know, papa," she answered, with downcast eyes.

Mr. Graddon shrugged his shoulders and looked perplexed. He had always thought his Winnie superior to the weaknesses of her sex ; yet she was but a girl after all, and if for some fancied slight she had chosen to threaten her betrothed with a rejection which she seemed to be already regretting, perhaps the wiser way would be to leave the young couple alone. They would not see each other till the end of the week, during which interval both would have ample time for reflection, and the result would probably be, that as soon as they did meet, a reconciliation would take place.

So thought Mr. Graddon, and kissing his daughter again, and assuring her that he had implicit confidence in her discretion, he left her, and did not make any further allusions to the subject.

Neither would Winnie allow herself to dwell upon it. That she was restless and unhappy there was no denying, but she crowded the day with such constant occupation, that she gave herself no time for thought till night sent her to her room, and then fatigue came to her aid, and her anxiety was forgotten in sleep.

But she could not help alternately longing for and dreading Duke's return. If he had been merely actuated by an attack of pique he would come back to her as he had often done before, ashamed of his impetuosity, and beseeching her to forget it, well aware that Winnie, who had already forgiven so much, would not prove implacable.

But Duke, though he looked so haggard and unhappy that every one cried out at his appearance, evinced no desire to hurry to her side. On the contrary, he loitered in the office with Mr. Graddon as long as he possibly could ; and when he accompanied his uncle to the house, his agitation, his constraint, and a slight but unmistakable emphasis on the words "little cousin," with which he greeted her, told Winnie that it was no dream ; the engagement was really at an end.

And now her pride came to her aid. Duke might tell others, as he had told her father, that the blame rested upon her ; but Winnie knew better. Whatever might be his motives, there was no longer any doubt in her mind that he had eagerly availed himself of the opening her incautious speech had afforded him. The tie must have grown irksome, or he would not have broken it the first time he could do so without incurring the world's censure as a fickle or dishonourable man. He might have been influenced by his frequently-expressed conviction that her love for him was second to that she bore her own family ; but whether it were for this reason, or others he did not care to avow, the fact remained the same. Duke had grasped at his freedom, and her lips were sealed. Not even to her father could she bring herself to say that it was he whose love had waned —not hers.

On the day after Duke's return to Erndell, Winnie, with tearless eyes but aching heart, put into a little box the few gifts she had received from him ; the hoop of pearls and turquoises she had worn as an

engagement ring, a locket containing his photograph, etc., and then placed the box on his dressing-table.

His manner was a trifle more irritable, his aspect more dejected, when next she saw him, but he made no attempt to come to an understanding. On the contrary, he contrived to let the deeply-wounded girl comprehend that he did not intend to combat her decision, but was resigning himself to be regarded as her friend and kinsman—nothing more.

By very slow degrees, for both parties concerned shunned attention, it came to be understood in the house, and the town, that Miss Graddon and Mr. Averne had dissolved their engagement. Some—and these were Winnie's young lady friends—commiserated Duke, and stigmatised the conduct of his lady-love as cruel in the extreme; whilst others asserted that she had evinced great good sense in refusing the addresses of a ne'er-do-weel, and added comments not very flattering to the young man.

To Mr. Graddon it was a greater relief than he acknowledged. Although sorry for Duke, whose dejection did not diminish, he was in no hurry to part with his daughter, and had long been tormented with fears that he had acted unwisely when he consented to let Winnie betroth herself to one who evinced no disposition to cure himself of the great faults that marred his character.

Miss Symes, too—with whom Duke had never been a favourite—rejoiced openly, till she discovered that her congratulatory speeches drove Winnie away to weep in secret; she then became so tender, so pitiful, as to rush into the other extreme, and distress her niece as much by her sympathy as by her previous want of it.

Hattie wondered and exclaimed until she remembered the remark once made by Nina, that the cousins were not at all fitted for each other.

"And so it appears that Nina was right," she observed to Winnie. "But how unfortunate that you did not discover this earlier!"

"Very unfortunate," echoed Winnie, with a sigh.

"Poor Duke!" Hattie went on to say, "he must feel it deeply. Indeed, his looks show that he does. It is very hard for him, very! but I suppose you thought it your duty to confess that you had changed."

"I believe I have acted rightly," was all the reply Winnie made. There were times—and this was one of them—when the comments to which she had to listen tortured her. Every one's sympathy was bestowed on Duke, and not even her father appeared to suspect that she was suffering quite as acutely as he did.

The very mystery in which his motives for what he had done were shrouded, made it more difficult to bear his conduct patiently. If he had regained his spirits, and behaved as if he rejoiced in his freedom, she would have disdained him for his inconstancy, yet found it easier to pardon it; but while she saw him dull and depressed, and though careful to avoid being left alone with her, looking the ghost of himself, what could she think but that he still loved her, in spite of what he had done?

It was a season of much sorrow, much perplexity, but Winnie knew where comfort was to be found, and there sought it. She, too, grew pale and thin; yet, however sharp her mental struggles, she always came from her room quietly cheerful, and ready to devote herself to the service of those around her. Trials, like illness, often make us selfish and irritable, and Winnie was frequently tempted to be both; but she came through the ordeal bravely, and only He on whom she leaned knew how sharp it had been.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A WRESTLE FOR THE MASTERY.

DUKE AVERNE was not the only person who thought the appointment of Percy Gray to succeed Johns an ill-advised step. Percy was not popular in the shops, perhaps less so than he had been in earlier days, for he was absorbed in his own schemes, and provokingly indifferent to what others said or thought about him. He was still as ready to do either of his fellow-workmen a good turn as he used to be, or to give his mite when a subscription was raised for one who had been ill or unfortunate. Yet as he became more and more bent on raising himself, he certainly grew harder and colder to others, more sharp in his strictures on the indolent and intemperate; fair enough, or, rather, just enough in his dealings with all, but not inclined to temper his justice with mercy.

And so Mr. Graddon's workmen, accustomed to the lax sway of Morris, rebelled against the new authority and gave him no end of trouble. That he was more intelligent than his class in general, and firm almost to obstinacy, might be qualities that fitted him for his post, but they were also regarded as reasons why those under him should murmur. Why—they would ask—did he set himself up to be better or cleverer than they were?

Those who had been loudest in their complaints of Morris's inefficiency, were now the first to rail against the "London chap" who would listen to no excuses for slovenly work, and was as careful of his master's time and materials as if they had been his own. Who was he, the grumblers would demand, that they should submit to rules and regulations of his framing? Johns had been sharp enough, but then he was an old man, while Gray was but a lad compared with some of those whom he mulcted for being a few minutes late in the morning, or slipping away to quench their thirst at forbidden moments.

Going into the workshops one morning, Mr. Graddon found something like a revolt in progress, half-a-dozen of his most skilled workmen having ranged themselves against Percy, whose orders they flatly refused to obey. The ill-feeling had been smouldering ever since he interfered to prevent a new appren-

"And sweetly does my baby sleep."—*p.* 734.

tice "standing treat," a custom happily dying out as our mechanics learn the value of sobriety, but which had prevailed under Johns and Morris.

His interference with what they called their rights had annoyed even those who were willing to acknowledge that such a custom is more honoured in the breach than in the observance, and the feeling that he had taken too much upon himself rankled till, at the next offence he gave, it found vent. The cause of the dispute was a trivial one. Percy had insisted that some Gothic-headed doors should be framed after a manner he had learned in town. No one denied that it was expeditious and effected a saving in the wood, but it was not the way these men had been accustomed to do similar work, and so they opposed themselves to it doggedly, telling each other that if once they submitted to their foreman's new-fangled notions, there would be no end to them.

Mr. Graddon was annoyed, and very much inclined to think Percy had better have yielded the point than aroused such a commotion; and, after hearing the arguments on both sides, he went away, refusing to interfere, while the men, finding the foreman resolved to have his work done as he planned it, or not at all, put aside their tools, and donned their jackets, to go and discuss their grievances at the nearest tavern.

But Percy, now thoroughly roused, set his back against the door, telling them they should not go till they had heard him; and when they showed a disposition to use force, he did not hesitate to add that if they did persist in quitting the shops, they should never return whilst he held his present situation.

"Maybe you 'll not hold it long," retorted one of them, jeeringly. "The master didn't look best pleased at your goings on, and he must have his contracts finished. He can better spare one foreman than six joiners."

"You think so, do you?" queried Percy, calmly. "Well, that 's a question for him. If he tells me to go, I shan't want telling twice, but while I am here I 'll do my duty by him, and those that work with me and under me shall do their duty too. You can put your fist down, Pryce," he added, turning towards a fiery little Welshman, who had advanced threateningly. "I mean to be heard, and then you can go or stay, just as you please."

"And who be you to dictate to us?" asked a powerful country fellow. "Why should we put up with *your* meddling and marring? a whipper-snapper that was only a 'prentice here when I was first took on. That 's what you be, Muster Gray, big as you think yourself."

Percy flashed at him a contemptuous glance.

"Do you think I am ashamed of that? Not a bit of it. I served my time here, and Mr. Graddon has always been one of the best friends I ever had; and, hark ye, Smith, I 'll tell you something more. I always have striven to serve him faithfully in return for his goodness to me, and *I always will.* It is because he sees and knows this that he has made me his foreman, and it is because I am studying his interests that I am determined to introduce any plan that will put more money into his pockets; and you 'll find that I 'm neither to be jeered nor bribed out of my determination. I tell you plainly that I 'll neither drink with you, as Morris did, nor let anything go on here that the master has forbidden, and those that won't fall in with my ways and rules can go elsewhere. It may cost me a little trouble to fill up your places, but I 'll turn up my own sleeves, and work night and day so that the work shan't suffer for it till I can do so. At the same time, if you 're sensible men you 'll not throw up a winter's work for no better reason than to wreak your spite on me."

The last argument had its influence on the more pacific of his hearers, and his undaunted attitude had a good effect on the others. Had he temporised, they would have continued the struggle, but when he walked away, leaving them to digest his words at their leisure, all the rebels save Pryce went back to their work, and he, on presenting himself the next day, red-eyed and but half sober, was reminded of Percy's warning, and summarily sent about his business.

The men continued to grumble now and then at the new foreman's masterful ways and queer notions, but after all, they were forced to confess that things worked more smoothly under the new *régime* than the old one. And when Percy had rid himself of two or three who, like Pryce, set the worst of examples by their intemperate habits, his difficulties and annoyances gradually subsided.

"Gray 's a new broom and sweeps clean," Duke Averne rather ill-naturedly observed, when Mr. Graddon was commenting on the energy with which his foreman had set to work. And when some weeks elapsed, and that diligence and perseverance did not relax, Duke, who felt that it reflected on him, still answered his uncle's remarks in the same captious spirit.

"Oh, yes, I see that Gray suits you very well. He 's a clever fellow—a very clever fellow; he knows what he 's about, and how to curry favour with his employers. I should not be at all surprised to hear, by-and-by, that he is aiming at a share in the business."

A workman before whom this was said took the trouble to repeat it to his mates while the foreman was within hearing, and Percy's brow grew dark as he listened.

"Duke Averne may prove a true prophet," he muttered to himself; "and if he does, let him look to himself, or I may pay off old scores in a way he will not like!"

(*To be continued.*)

CHRIST'S FIRST MIRACLE.

BY THE REV. CANON ELLIOTT, M.A., VICAR OF WINKFIELD, WINDSOR.

REVELATION and science alike bear witness to the fact that the world is governed by established laws. Both alike disdain the disturbance of those laws either by chance, or at the will of independent agents. Revelation acknowledges no interference with the laws of nature except by the direct intervention, or by the express permission, of the Creator. In other words, Revelation teaches the same lesson which we are taught by science, viz., that *no law of nature* can be suspended except by the intervention of one which is higher. Those who believe that the world did not come into existence by chance, but that it owes its existence to an all-wise and all-powerful Creator, cannot consistently deny that He who in the beginning made it may still continue to direct and to control it, and that in so doing He may be pleased to call into operation agencies which, though essential parts of His own original design, may not be apparent to those whose judgment is formed only upon visible results.

And, further, if the existence of an all-wise and all-powerful Being be admitted, it cannot be denied that that Being may be pleased to hold communication with the creatures whom He has made. Such communication is necessarily of a miraculous nature; and we can conceive of no manner in which such a communication can be attested to mankind at large except by miracles. When once a revelation has been adequately attested, the miracles wrought for that end have answered their designed object. They must not, however, be set aside on that account, as the scaffolding after the completion of a building; seeing that men are equally concerned, at all times, in knowing the strength of the foundation on which their faith rests, and seeing also that it behoves all to possess, and, if need be, to assign a reason for the hope which is in them.

But we should form a very imperfect estimate of the miracles of our blessed Lord, were we to regard them exclusively, or even mainly, in the light of proofs of a divine Revelation. The miracles of Christ constitute an essential part of His teaching. This is one of the lessons which is prominently brought out in the Gospel of St. John. That Gospel, as is well known, is very sparing in its mention of miracles, but in none of the other Gospels do we meet with such clear indications of the permanent value which belongs to the miracles of Christ, as essential portions of the very framework of Christianity. There are some, indeed, of the *miracles* which, like the Incarnation, are the *objects* rather than the *grounds* of faith; there are others which were wrought by our Lord, not only in attestation of the truth of His claims to be the Son of God, but, as their very name denotes, as *signs* or *symbols* of the nature and the results of the message which He proclaimed to men; in other words, as announcing by deeds the great truth which He proclaimed by His words, "the Kingdom of God is come nigh unto you."

But before I proceed to examine in this light the import of the miracle wrought in Cana of Galilee, I must pause to make some remarks upon the time, here as elsewhere so precisely noted by the Evangelist, when that miracle of Cana in Galilee was wrought. There are many indications in the opening chapters of this Gospel, that it is the production of one who was an eye-witness of the facts which he relates. The life-like description of the approach of John's two disciples to Jesus, as contained in the first chapter of this Gospel, the minute account which is given of the words, and even of the position of the principal actors in the scene, as well as of the day and the hour at which their introduction to Jesus took place; all these are so graphically and yet so naturally set forth, that even independently of the characteristic manner in which the fourth Evangelist refers to himself, it seems impossible to doubt that he was one of the two disciples to whom he refers as hearing John the Baptist speak, and as following Christ. Again, the significant notice that Andrew was the "first" to find his brother Peter, and to bring him to Christ, leaves little doubt respecting the truth of the inference that John, in like manner, found his brother James and brought him also to the Lord. On the day following, when about to set out for Galilee, our Lord Himself found Philip, who, as well as Andrew and Peter, belonged to the city of Bethsaida; and Philip on the same day, as it should seem, found Nathanael, who, as we are elsewhere informed, belonged to the city of Cana, whither our Lord was journeying.

Accompanied, as we may presume, by these disciples—all of them belonging to the same neighbourhood—our Lord arrived at Cana in Galilee on "the third day"—*i.e.*, the third day after the first introduction of Andrew and John to Christ, or the third day after the departure from the place where John was baptising. There would, indeed, be a difficulty—even allowing that the whole of these three days was occupied in the journey—

in supposing that the distance between Cana in Galilee, and those fords of the Lower Jordan which have been commonly taken to be the scene of John's baptism, could have been traversed in so short an interval of time. The recent identification, however, of Bethany or Bethania with Tell Anihje, near the fords of the Upper Jordan, entirely removes this supposed objection to the historical truth of the account. One short day's journey would have sufficed to bring our Lord from this Bethany to the city of Bethsaida, the abode of three out of the six disciples who appear to have accompanied Him; and another short day's journey would have sufficed to bring Him from thence to Cana in time for a feast which commonly began in the evening. On the other hand, the supposition that the space of three days was occupied in the journey well allows of an intervening visit to Nazareth, at which place tidings would naturally have been received that the mother of our Lord was at Cana.

The position assumed by the virgin Mary at the wedding feast seems to indicate that she stood in a nearer relation to the bridegroom than that of an ordinary friend. The fact, therefore, that Jesus was bidden to the feast, is one which needs no explanation, nor is there any real difficulty involved in the recorded fact that His disciples were invited to accompany Him. If, however, it seems strange that our Lord's disciples, all of whom had become associated with Him in the course of the preceding three days, were invited to the marriage feast with Him, there are other considerations besides that of their respective abodes which may serve to explain this circumstance. If Salome, the mother of James and of John, was, as she is not without reason believed to have been, the sister of the virgin Mary, the fact that two of our Lord's near relatives shared the invitation given to His mother and to Himself will afford no ground of surprise. The previous connection between Andrew and John, as fellow disciples of the Baptist, as well as the vicinity of Bethsaida, the abode of three of the other disciples, to Cana, may serve to account for the extension of the invitation to them; whilst the fact that the sixth of the disciples, Nathanael, belonged to the city of Cana removes all reasonable objection which might be urged in regard to an invitation to attend a marriage feast in the place in which he lived.

The miraculous conversion of water into wine at Cana of Galilee is expressly said by the Evangelist to have been the first miracle which our Lord wrought. This express declaration—whilst it stamps with falsehood the feigned miracles of His childhood as recorded in the apocryphal Gospels—creates, at first sight, a difficulty in accounting for the expectation which His mother entertained that a power hitherto latent should be exerted at this particular time. We must remember, however, not only that for many years our Lord's sayings had been diligently treasured up in the heart of His mother, but that it may fairly be assumed that she was, at this time, acquainted with the momentous events which had recently occurred. Amongst these we may include more particularly our Lord's baptism in the Jordan and the accompanying attestation from heaven: His conflict with the Tempter, and His victory over him: His recent association with Himself of certain disciples in preparation for the work on which He was about to enter; and yet further, the assurance just given to one of their number that thenceforth the communications between earth and heaven were to be, in a hitherto unknown manner, visibly sustained (St. John i. 51). All this, coupled with the recollections long cherished in the heart of the virgin Mary of words and actions betokening the supernatural character and claims of her Son, may well have excited that expectation of a miraculous interposition which is implied in the words which she addressed to our Lord, "They have no wine," and also in her instructions to the servants, "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it."

It is vain to deny that a certain measure of reproof was involved in our Lord's reply to His mother, "Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come." It is true that there was not that severity in the form of address which the words are apt to convey to ourselves. But the invariable use in the Old Testament of the corresponding phrase, "What to me and to thee?" when viewed in connection with those words which follow, may well have sufficed to convey to the virgin Mary the assurance that the hour of our blessed Lord's subjection to His earthly parents was past, and that thenceforth every attempt to prescribe a course of action for Him would be no longer the exercise of lawful parental authority, but an act of disobedience to the divine will. In regard to the exact point of time at which the miracle of changing the water into wine was wrought, and also in regard to the extent of the change, a difference of opinion exists. Some believe that the entire contents of the six water-pitchers, containing probably upwards of one hundred gallons, were, at one and the same moment, converted into wine. Others, resting upon the sparing rather than the lavish exercise of miraculous power exhibited in our Lord's miracles, and still more upon the fact that the servants are said not only to have *filled* the pitchers with water (ver. 7), but also to have *drawn out* water, not wine, from the larger into the smaller vessels, from which the cups of the guests were replenished (ver. 9), suppose that the actual change took place, not before, but subsequently to the drawing out, and that it extended, not to the entire contents of the six water-

pitchers, but only to that portion of their contents which was actually consumed by the guests. Be this as it may, the divine power exerted in the transmutation was the same in either case; and the great lessons taught by the miracle are the same likewise. Some of these I will now endeavour to enumerate.

I. We learn from this miracle that "to everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven" (Eccles. iii. 1). When we compare this first miracle, the conversion of the water into wine, with the last miracle recorded by the fourth Evangelist as having been wrought previously to our Lord's passion, we instinctively feel how impossible it would have been that their order should have been reversed; that the scene at the grave of Lazarus should have ushered in the earthly ministry of Christ, or that the miracle of Cana in Galilee should have been wrought at its close.

II. The contrast between the first of those miracles which attested the mission of Moses, and the first of those miracles which attested the mission of Christ, is too remarkable to be regarded as undesigned. The conversion of water into blood was an apt prelude to a dispensation which is described as "the ministration of condemnation" (2 Cor. iii. 9). The conversion of water into wine was an equally fitting prelude to a ministry, the design of which was to substitute "the oil of joy for mourning," and "the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

III. This miracle teaches us in a very remarkable manner the harmony and the continuity of Holy Scripture. As the first words of the first chapter of this Gospel carry us back to those of the first chapter of Genesis, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," so the account of the marriage in Cana, as related in the second chapter, carries us back to the second chapter of the same book of the Old Testament. In the second chapter of Genesis we have the record of the Divine institution of marriage to which our Lord elsewhere refers in condemnation of the Jewish practice of divorce. In the second chapter of St. John we have the account of the manner in which Christ Himself "adorned and beautified" that holy estate by His own presence, and by the first miracle which He wrought.

IV. Christ's presence at the marriage at Cana in Galilee teaches us the great lesson that the spirit of His Gospel is designed to pervade and to direct the whole of the life of His followers. As the institution of marriage forms the foundation of human society, so by Christ's presence and first miracle, wrought on the occasion of a marriage, He taught His followers that the influences of His Gospel were designed to regulate the whole of the relations of social and domestic life. A death-blow was thus struck, at the very outset of our Lord's ministry, at the notion of the inherent sinfulness of matter. The allegiance of a revolted world was challenged on behalf of Him who, at its creation, pronounced it to be "very good," and whose everlasting purpose it was that the kingdoms of this world should become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ. Hitherto, amongst those born of women, no higher standard had been attained by any than by him who came neither eating nor drinking, whose clothing was the rough attire of the ancient prophets, and whose food was locusts and wild honey. Thenceforth Christ's followers were taught that they must aim at a higher mark, that they must seek to attain to a loftier standard. Thenceforth they were to learn how they might be in the world, and yet not of the world; how, whilst enjoying life's lawful pleasures, and discharging all the duties of its social and domestic relations, they were everywhere and in all things to cultivate a sense of their Lord's abiding presence, and whether they ate or drank, or whatever they did, to strive to do all to His glory.

V. Again, the difference between the world's gifts, as well in the mode of their bestowal as in the nature of the gifts bestowed, is very forcibly set forth in the course of the Evangelist's record of this miracle. Our Lord Himself expressed this diversity elsewhere in these words, "Not as the world giveth give I unto you." When the water, newly changed into wine, was brought to the governor of the feast (or table-master), he expressed his sense of its superiority over that which had been already provided, in these words: —"Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse: but thou hast kept the good wine until now." It would have been needless to observe, were it not for the perverse interpretation which has been put upon these words, that they had no reference to any excess on the part of the guests at the marriage feast of Cana. These words contain a lesson of deep and enduring significance, and that is the contrast which is ever presented between Christ's method of bestowing His gifts and that of the world; and we can scarcely doubt that it was on this account, as well as on account of the testimony which they bear to the reality of the miracle, that these words have been preserved in the inspired narrative of St. John. The method in which Satan beguiles his victims to their ruin is graphically set forth in the parable of the Prodigal Son. He keeps the husks at first in the background, and he entices those whom he would destroy by fair visions of fruit which is pleasant to the eye, and which is grateful to the taste; or, if the pleasures of sense fail to allure them, he has other equally attractive methods by which to beguile them. The same inducement which proved so successful

with our first parents, "Ye shall be as gods," is equally attractive now; and the same doubts which were suggested to them about the truth of those words which had been solemnly uttered in their ears, are now urged with like success concerning the truth of the revelation of God's will. And when once these doubts take hold upon the mind, true peace is banished from the breast. Like a vessel in a storm, which has lost it helm, and which is driven to and fro by the winds, and by the waves, and is no sooner beaten off from one rock or shoal than it strikes upon another, so the bewildered inquirer after truth, having once learned to distrust the true chart, is "tossed to and fro," and becomes the sport of each successive blast, and is "carried about with every wind of doctrine," until at length the last ray of inward light is extinguished, or rather the light itself which was in him is converted into darkness.

VI. There is yet another—its *prophetical* aspect—under which we must regard the miracle wrought at the marriage feast of Cana in Galilee; and it is one which enables us to recognise the peculiar propriety of this miracle, when regarded as the first of those occasions on which Christ "manifested forth His glory." The conversion of water into wine—not the creation of a new element, but the transmutation of one already existing—is not only in a high degree symbolical of the true character of Christ's Gospel when regarded in relation to the law of Moses, but it is, in an equally remarkable manner, significant of the results which it is destined to produce in the world. When thus regarded, this miracle is allied to those glowing prophecies of Isaiah which set forth the glories of Messiah's kingdom under figures borrowed from an earthly feast, prepared not for the Jews only, but for all people; and, again, to that striking parable of the marriage feast which the king made for his son, and at which the command was given to the servants that they should go out into the highways and gather together as many as could be found, that the wedding feast might be furnished with guests (St. Matthew xxii. 10); and once more, to that great marriage supper of the Lamb, to which the faithful are now called, and into which, on their Lord's appearing, they shall be actually admitted.

In the accomplishment of this great work of the ingathering of God's elect, Christ is Himself the one effectual Minister, and His presence is as needful to give effect to the word of His grace, as it was to convert the water into wine at the marriage feast of Cana.

Gradually, but surely, the great work of renovation is advancing. At home and abroad the inquiry is being awakened within the breasts of many, "What must I do to be saved?" Diverse as are the outward means and instruments by which God is pleased to work, the results, wherever they are of God, are invariably the same. Old habits, old desires, old affections, old pursuits, are abandoned. New hopes, and new affections take their place; and the results of the reception of Christ's Gospel into the heart are the same now as when that same Gospel was preached by St. Paul at Corinth, and its effects were described by the great Apostle in these words:—"Old things are passed away. Behold all things are become new."

But marvellous as is the transformation which the Gospel has already wrought, that change is but as the first-fruits of the coming harvest. The work of the present dispensation is the preaching of the Gospel as a *witness* amongst all nations; and we have clear intimations given to us, that that preaching will be a savour of death to some, as well as a savour of life to others. But the day is coming when the witness preaching shall have effected its designed object, and when the number of the elect shall be accomplished, and there shall be found in every place a people prepared for the Lord. "And then," we read, "shall the end be." On the eventful issues of that day, when "the mystery of God shall be finished," I may not now enter. Suffice it to say, that in that day the prophetical import of the first miracle in Cana of Galilee shall be fully revealed. Then the renewing and transforming power of Christ's Gospel shall be universally felt and acknowledged. Then the little leaven, which is now gradually and oft-times imperceptibly working, shall have leavened the whole lump. And then, when the number of the elect is accomplished, and the last of those many sons who are now being brought unto glory shall have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, there shall be heard the great voice, loud as the sound of many waters, saying, "Alleluia, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honour to Him; for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and His wife hath made herself ready." (Rev. xix. 6, 7.)

FATHER AND MOTHER.

I'M sitting in my lonely room,
But for no hastening step I wait:
(And is Tom watching for me now,
And will he weary if I'm late?)
And sweetly does my baby sleep:
I never let him see me weep.

He 'll never know his father's face
(And yet I think that Tom knows him)
Till that strange day which comes to all,
When heaven grows clear, and earth fades dim.
O baby, baby ! is it wrong
To feel as if life were too long ?

I never feel that God is vexed
By the sad writhing of our pain :
When baby frets I take him up
And kiss him till he smiles again ;
And if I chide a little—why,
I love him none the less, not I !

I know what Tom will wish our boy,
And I shall have to do my best
At father's law and mother's love,
To spur him on, yet give him rest ;
And Heaven be praised ! the way to God
Is the same way his father trod.

And after I am gone to Tom,
When baby 's growing old, may-be,
With many thoughts of many things,
I think he 'll spare a thought for me,
And what it was to give my son
Father and mother, both in one.

ISABELLA FYVIE-MAYO.

FRANCESCA'S FAITH.

CHAPTER III.

FRANZ saw that he was not wanted, so he ran down the stairs, whistling as he went, and Pietro came up to where Francesca was lying, his lips trembling with excitement.

Francesca asked no questions, and tried to read what her father's face told the story of. It was joy and pleasure, that she was sure of, and with an inward thanksgiving to God she waited until he chose to speak.

It was only the reaction of joy after extreme sorrow that kept Pietro from speaking, only that his heart was too full to enable him to utter all that he longed to tell his child. At last, however, he calmed down.

"Well, my child. Luck has come at last, and good fortune too ! What do you think has happened ? To-day as I was walking along the esplanade I met a gentleman whose face was familiar to me. I looked at him, and he at me, and at last he came up to me and asked—

"'You are Pietro Valdi, are you not ?'

"I said I was, and then he told me he remembered us quite well at Florence, and he seemed much interested in hearing all about us. He was very kind, and said that a friend of his, Signor Frasca, who lives near Leghorn, is looking for a respectable man to take charge of his villa during the summer, when he always goes to Switzerland, and to work at odd things about the house and garden in the winter, and, Francesca, he thinks he can get me the situation."

Pietro paused, and Francesca, weakened from her illness and overcome by the prospect of this good fortune, burst into tears. It was some moments before she had calmed down, and then she was ready to hear all her father had to tell her about it. The gentleman was to write that very night, and he seemed quite sure that he would be able to get the situation for Pietro.

But all through the conversation on the subject, Francesca, who was quick at reading her father's thoughts, felt that he was keeping back something from her ; and at last it came out.

"There is one thing, Francesca," said Pietro at length, "that I have not told you. This Signor Frasca, it seems, has one condition that he will make in the appointment of his servant. He must be past forty years of age."

"And are you not that, father ?"

Pietro shook his head. "My birthday was yesterday, and I was thirty-six. I know I look much older, and Signor Lomano is sure that I can pass easily for forty. Four years or so do not make much difference at my age."

"But, father !" exclaimed Francesca, "surely you will not attempt to pass yourself off for older than you are."

Pietro nodded. His conscience had pricked him before, and that was the reason he had not mentioned this fact about the age to Francesca.

"Oh, father, you can't do it ; it will be a lie," said the child, firmly.

Pietro was seldom angry with Francesca, but just then her words and decided tone of voice irritated him.

"*Can't* do it ! Why not ?"

"Because it would be telling a lie."

"I should say nothing—only sign a paper."

"It would be a lie, father, and so pray do not do it."

"I shall do it. Fancy what a fool I should be, when we are all but starving, to refuse this comfortable situation, when we can both live happily together—all for a scruple."

"It is hard, father, I know it is ; but still we must do it."

The "we" reminded Pietro that Francesca would suffer equally with himself if this post was thrown up.

"No, child. I can't give it up. We shall starve if I do."

"Father, God can never mean us to do what is wrong, even to keep us from starving. We would not steal, and——"

"I should think not," said Pietro, proudly.

"Well, but then a lie is as bad, and we must trust God. If we give up this because we will not displease Him, He will not let us suffer."

Pietro could stand the discussion no longer. Catching up his cap, he went out and walked along the road near the lake.

In that quiet time he thought over the whole matter, and again and again Francesca's words came back to him.

"Still, would it not be foolish to throw away this opportunity?" suggested the devil, and Pietro was inclined to agree with him.

Then came his good angel, and the words he heard ringing in his ears were those of his child, and brought back to his mind, "Trust God."

Well, it was a sharp battle that was fought in Pietro's heart that night, but God had the victory, for he determined to give up the post, as he could only get it by telling a lie. He walked to the hotel and told Signor Lomano so. The gentleman thought him a fool, and told him so, and he was very angry with him, but still Pietro felt he was doing right, and his mind once made up, he would not alter his decision.

All through the rest of the winter they suffered very much, and sometimes Valdi was inclined to doubt the wisdom of his having refused what would have brought him ease and comfort.

But Francesca never doubted but that God would help them, and her faith was rewarded, for in His time He sent them help.

One day, at Florence, Signor Lomano had told the story of what he called the "conscientious fool," to some friends, and one lady was much impressed by it. She was Italian, married to an Englishman, and her home was in the Isle of Wight.

She and her husband determined to go to Gmunden, as they were to be in the Austrian Tyrol in the spring; and they did so.

They found out the Valdis, and were much pleased with the tall handsome Pietro and his lovely child, whose faith had indeed been the means of saving her father from a great sin against God.

Pietro's arm was quite well now, and he was ready for any work that was not very heavy. This lady interested herself about the Valdis, and got him a situation at a friend's house in Ischl.

Times changed indeed, now, and the post was a far better one than that which Pietro would have had at Leghorn.

Many a time now, when troubles of various kinds cross Pietro's path, and he is sometimes tempted to sin, so that good may come, he remembers that winter at Gmunden and little Francesca's faith. She had trusted firmly in God, and He had not forsaken her, and he learnt from her the lesson never to do evil that good may come.

Pietro has now a cottage of his own at Ischl. His master was so pleased with him that he gave it to him, and there they live now in comfort and rest. Pietro does day's work on his master's grounds, and Francesca knits and gets money to oil the wheel in that way.

And at Gmunden Franz Hercla, the young boy who used to be so kind to Francesca in all her troubles, works on hard at his trade, and dreams pleasant dreams of the day when he hopes to set up on his own account.

Last time he went over to Ischl he saw her, and they talked over old days when they had so much poverty and hardship to bear; and Franz feels pretty sure that when he does ask Francesca an important question she will not say no.

And so a happy time has come to Francesca, and the clouds have all lifted.

What her future life will be, none can tell. If sorrow or troubles come, we may be sure that she will look up in faith and depend on Him in whom is her trust. For her faith that sad winter saved her father from a wrong step and kept her very near God.

L. E. D.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

262. What war-cry did Joab use in going forth to the battle?

263. Where was the Tabernacle of Moses placed during the time of David?

264. Quote a passage which shows the value of meekness in repressing the anger of others.

265. What four giants are specially mentioned as natives of Gath?

266. What king bought his kingdom with a thousand talents of silver?

267. What person is specially commended by St. John for his hospitality to strangers?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 704.

250. By Nabal at Mount Carmel (1 Sam. xxv. 10).

251. "Wickedness proceedeth from the wicked; but mine hand shall not be upon thee" (1 Sam. xxiv. 13).

252. "As His custom was, He went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day" (Luke iv. 16).

253. Zimri, king of Israel (1 Kings xvi. 18).

254. Josiah, king of Judah, and Cyrus, king of Persia (1 Kings xiii. 2, and Is. xlv. 1).

255. The prophet Elijah (1 Kings xix. 3).

THE OLD BOAT.

THERE, trust the old boat, dearest Bessie, and me,
And I 'll give you a pull on the bright open sea;
'T is the best of old boats, for she never betrayed
Any hand that upon her rude gunnel was laid.

When beached, I confess, she looks rugged and grim;
But many a craft that 's more natty and trim
Is nowhere beside her when work 's to be done,
The elements baffled, or bread to be won.

And father, you know, who 's as good as he 's brave,
In this old thing has gone forth to succour and save
That life that lay helpless, a prey to the gale ;
And, lassie, you never once knew him to fail !

The friend who is true in rough weather, my dear,
We should never despise when the heavens are clear.
So, Bessie, sit down while I get her afloat,
And a holiday trip we will give the old boat.

JOHN G. WATTS.

SILENT PREACHERS;

NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS USED IN THE TEACHING OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

LEAVEN. 1. Among the many parables by which our Lord describes the growth of the kingdom which He came to establish in the world, is that of the leaven, contained in St. Matt. xiii. 33. "The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened. The meaning of this parable is very evident. It is much the same as that of the parable of the seed growing secretly, which is given in St. Mark's Gospel. (See under BLADE.) But while that one speaks principally of the outward growth of the kingdom in the sight of the world, this tells us of its unobserved progress, and of its influence in changing the character of mankind. Each of these two parables is, so to speak, the completion of the other ; on the one hand, the mere growing of a plant, while it speaks of the visible spread of God's kingdom, does not teach us anything about its effect upon the world ; and on the other hand, the secret working of the leaven tells us only indirectly of the visible results of its teaching. But by considering the two parables together we learn that the teaching of Christ was not only to spread through the world so that men could see its effects, but that it was to spread by changing and purifying the nature of man, just as the leaven spreads through the whole mass in which it is placed, and changes its character. And the parable of the leaven teaches not only this lesson, but also further reminds us of the effect of the Gospel upon each individual Christian. We cannot hope that we have really received the Gospel unless it has produced a change in our life, unless sin and the love of sin are being gradually expelled from our hearts, and we are becoming more thoroughly devoted to God, and growing in holiness and love to Him.

2. Upon another occasion we find our Lord making a very different reference to leaven. The disciples had forgotten to bring bread with them, and He took advantage of their perplexity on that account to warn them against the leaven of the Pharisees and Sadducees (St. Matt. xvi. 6). They supposed at first that He intended to tell them that they should not in their need be induced to use the bread prepared by the Pharisees and Sadducees. For this supposition He rebuked them, reminding them that, as upon other occasions He had miraculously supplied them with food, so He could again perform a similar miracle if there was a necessity for it, and that, therefore, He had not been thinking at all of the way in which their food should be procured. "How is it," He asks, after reminding them of the former miracles of feeding, "that ye do not understand that I spake it not to you concerning bread that ye should beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees?" "Then understood they how He bade them not beware of the leaven of bread, but of the doctrine of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees." Here "leaven" is used in a bad sense by our Lord ; in the other instance which we considered, it was used in a good sense. The comparison of the doctrine (*i.e.*, the teaching) of the Pharisees and Sadducees to leaven, is well fitted to remind us how false teaching spreads and defiles those who are subject to its influence. And the same thing may be said of sin of every kind ; it is a contagious disease which has a tendency to injure all who are brought within its influence. We cannot mix with bad companions without becoming worse—"evil communications corrupt good manners ;" it may, indeed, be the case that in the discharge of the duties of the position in which God has placed us we shall be compelled to associate to some extent with evil men. In such circumstances, we may well believe that God will take care of us, if we commit ourselves to His keeping, and that He will save us from being polluted ; but if of our own choice we go into bad company, we have no right to look for His protection.

Thus the warning of our Lord to His Apostles will suggest, especially to young people, that they should be very careful in their choice of friends ; if they select as friends those who will ridicule religion and make a mock at sin, they will not only be dishonouring God, but putting themselves in the way of temptations which will almost certainly be too strong for them to resist, but if they choose as friends those who are trying to live holy lives and serve God earnestly, they will not only escape many temptations, but they will be strengthened and encouraged to face many difficulties by which they might have been beaten back if no human friend had been near to help them.

LEAVES. The withering of the barren fig-tree (St. Matt. xxi. 19, 20 ; St. Mark xi. 13, 14) was the only miracle of judgment done by our Lord during the period of His earthly ministry ; the other recorded miracles were expressions of His love and

mercy, but this was an expression of His anger. This exceptional character of the miracle claims for it our careful consideration. The facts are related very briefly. On the Monday before the Crucifixion, He was returning from Bethany to Jerusalem, "and when He saw a fig-tree in the way, He came to it, and found nothing thereon but leaves only, and said unto it, Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward for ever. And presently the fig-tree withered away." We cannot suppose that our Lord was deceived upon this occasion; He must have known beforehand that there was not any fruit upon the tree; and therefore His approach to it and His treatment of it must have been solely for the purpose of teaching some lesson to those who were with Him, and to us also through them. We are told in St. Mark's account that the time for figs had not yet come: but it would appear also that in the ordinary course of things there would not have been *leaves* either upon the tree at that time of year; and hence, inasmuch as the fruit of the fig-tree would be ripe either before or soon after the appearance of the leaves, one would expect to find fruit upon a tree which was covered with leaves, the early foliage giving promise of early fruit. But when the tree was examined, it was found to be without fruit; its appearance was therefore calculated to deceive, and it was this deceptive appearance which brought upon it the condemnation of the Lord.

We cannot, however, suppose that His anger was really aroused against the tree, but rather that He intended His action to be a kind of parable, warning us that a similar condition of things in the people of Israel first of all, and afterwards in the lives of Christians, would be visited with His severest punishment.

We have considered elsewhere (see under FIG-TREE) lessons very similar to those taught by this miracle; but while in that parable our Lord spoke generally of unfruitfulness, and of God's condemnation of it, here He is dealing with unfruitfulness which is accompanied with appearance of luxuriant growth. In one case He addresses the careless and the wicked who neglect to use for God's glory the gifts which He has given them; in the other He warns those who profess to be neither wicked nor careless, whose lives are to all outward appearance conformed to the will of God, and who, in the opinions of men, may pass for earnest Christians, but who fail when examined by Him who judgeth the heart. This latter warning is one much needed at the present day. In early times, when the profession of Christianity was accompanied by danger of persecution and martyrdom, it was not very likely that men would call themselves Christians without a sincere intention to live a Christian life, and to confess Christ before men.

But now, when it is respectable to make a profession of Christianity, and to attend the public worship of God; when, in this country, at least, the rules of society and the laws of the land require that a man's actions in public should be conformed to a standard which approaches in some respects very near to the standard of Christianity, there is much danger of our taking it for granted that we are living Christian lives, when in truth, perhaps, we are not influenced by Christian motives at all.

This miracle of our Lord upon the fig-tree is therefore a call to all professing Christians to examine their lives as to the *reality* of their religion. It *may* be that all the outward show which men admire, and upon which, perhaps, we pride ourselves too much, is only like the leaves upon the barren fig-tree—a deceitful appearance, insuring the condemnation of God. We must take care, then, not only that our outward actions be correct, but also that our inner life be lived with God; we must take care that we are honest, truthful, and straightforward, not only because it is our interest to be so, but because for Christ's sake, and in return for His love, we are fighting, by the strength of God, against all sin; lest we be found in the number of those of whom our Lord has said, "Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in heaven."

LIGHTNING. In the prophecy of the second coming of the Son of Man, contained in St. Matt. xxiv. 27, we have a remarkable instance of our Lord's use of ordinary objects and events to convey His teaching to the people. "As the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be." What is so sudden as a flash of lightning? No one knows when it is coming; it comes without warning, as we are engaged in the work of the world; or else in the darkness of the night it flashes with a sudden glare of light and then all is dark again. "So also shall the coming of the Son of Man be." Thus does the Saviour teach us that His second coming will be *sudden*, "in such an hour as ye think not." We do not, perhaps, think of this as much as we ought. We do not realise that the Saviour may come at *any moment*—to-day, or to-morrow; when the world is going on as usual; when men are absorbed in worldly interests, planning and speculating, and looking forward to a future which will never come in the sense in which they are anticipating it; when men are living on in sin, thinking there is time enough yet for repentance; when men are saying, practically if not in actual words, "My Lord delayeth His coming;" when everything is just as it is now, just as it will be to the end, "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," the trumpet shall sound, and the end shall have come, and Christ shall be on earth again, and every eye shall see Him; and then shall be the judgment according to the deeds done in the body. This is the teaching of Scripture: let us think of it more; it is easy to put away the thought, and live as if the end was yet far off; it is easy to forget all about it, and live as if the present state of things should last for ever. But the word of Christ is sure; the end will come—how soon we know not—to the confusion of those who are unprepared, but to the everlasting joy of the faithful servants of the Lord.

LILIES. See observations under GRASS.

LOAVES. In St. Luke xi. 5—8 it is recorded that our Lord, immediately after giving the Lord's Prayer to His disciples, spake the following short parable upon the subject of prayer :—"Which of you shall have a friend, and shall go unto him at midnight, and say unto him, Friend, lend me three loaves. . . . And he from within shall answer and say, Trouble me not; the door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed ; I cannot rise, and give thee. I say unto you, though he will not rise, and give him because he is his friend ; yet because of his importunity, he will rise, and give him as many as he needeth."

In these words our Lord intends to urge us to perseverance in prayer. We must not, however, suppose that the conduct of the friend—who only yielded to importunity, and to get rid of a troublesome applicant—is to be taken as accurately representing God's way of dealing with us ; but, as in the following verses, where He speaks of a father's willingness to grant the requests of his son, and then concludes, "How much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him," so here He intends to argue if a friend, who is thinking of his own comfort, and is unwilling to be disturbed, can yet be prevailed on by constant entreaty to comply with the request which has been made, *how much more* shall your heavenly Father, who has no such thoughts about Himself, and who is ever willing to grant the requests of His children, give good things to them that ask Him.

The teaching here is very like that of the parable of the Unjust Judge (St. Luke xviii. 1—8) ; in both cases the request made is only granted after long-continued asking, because of the importunity of the suppliant. And while there is in God's attitude towards those who pray to Him no likeness at all to that assumed to the applicants in the parables, there is, in His dealings, this much of resemblance to theirs —that the answer to prayer is often delayed by Him as by them ; and our Lord's object in these parables is to teach us that "men ought always to pray and not to faint ;" if the answer does not come, there is a reason for the delay, a reason of love which we cannot always (though we can sometimes) discover, but we must not therefore cease to be earnest in prayer both for temporal and spiritual blessings. For the latter we may pray in confidence that if we hunger and thirst after righteousness we shall certainly at last be filled ; for it is God's will that we should be holy, and therefore we may be *sure* that He will help us to grow in holiness, if only our prayers are the expression of the real desires of our souls. But for the former our prayers must always be offered in submission to the will of God, after the example of the prayer of our Lord in the garden of Gethsemane; indeed, for temporal blessings we *dare* not pray except in submission to His will, lest He should answer our prayers and we should find that to be a curse on our lives which we had hoped would be a blessing. For earthly prosperity or happiness, therefore, we may pray perseveringly, but always with the saving clause, "Thy will be done;" and then, even though, in His love, He may know it to be necessary to refuse the particular request, yet the spirit of the prayer will certainly be answered, for we shall have learned to leave ourselves in His hands for good or evil as far as this life is concerned ; we shall have learned to be content, while here, to "walk by faith and not by sight."

HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST IN THE WINNING," "FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE."

CHAPTER XLVII.

AT HASTINGS.

HOW was Nina Graddon spending the long, tedious weeks that Winnie passed in efforts to hide, if she could not wholly overcome, her mortification and surprise at Duke's behaviour? She was still enjoying the gaieties of the pretty watering-place, and as long as she expressed no desire to return home, her father resolved to let her remain there.

He felt pained sometimes that she should be so willing to stay away ; and when Christmas came, and he gathered his boys about him, he missed his absent daughter so much, that Winnie, guessing why he sighed whenever he glanced at the vacant place at the table, wrote to her sister, urging her to come home.

But Nina declared that it was impossible, as one of her hostesses was suffering from a rheumatic seizure, and added that she was sure papa himself would be the first to object to her leaving Hastings just as she could be of use.

So Nina stayed on and on. After all, though no one would have liked to acknowledge it, she was not much missed in her own family. She had never taken a share in the duties that devolved on Winnie, never made herself necessary to the comfort of her father or the helpless Miss Symes ; and by the servants, who had found her exacting, and Hattie, whom she had covertly despised, her absence was regarded as a matter of gratulation.

She must have taken more pains to be agreeable at Hastings, for her elderly kinswomen were delighted

to chaperone a girl so amiable and attractive. Their letters—Nina herself wrote but seldom—were so full of praises of her elegance, her good taste, etc., that Miss Symes heard them read with dissatisfaction, and bluntly asked what her niece would be fit for after all this petting and frivolity.

Of George Ordley nothing had been heard since he left Layverne so suddenly, till Percy Gray, driving over there for Mr. Graddon, to take an order for some additions to be made to the schoolhouse, met with the architect from whose plans the church had been restored.

Some allusions to the work done at that time led to the mention of Mr. Ordley, and the architect expressed a regret that in his desire to oblige a friend he had recommended a person with an alias to the post of clerk.

"Then you were not acquainted with him before he came here?"

"Very slightly. He was introduced to me by a builder in whose firm I thought he had held a berth; but it appears that it was for his father, the elder Mr. Ordley's sake, my friend would have helped the son if he could."

Percy looked at him inquiringly.

"Don't you understand me? Don't you know that there are some men that will not let you do them a good turn? They promise fairly, but only keep their word till a fresh temptation presents itself. By the way, I came across Smith, or Ordley, whichever he chooses to call himself, in London a day or two ago."

"What was he doing?"

"For a living, do you mean? Nothing; but he was in high spirits, having just won a considerable sum of money on a favourite horse, and I fancy his luck, as he called it, had excited him, for he was very communicative, and told me he was going to devote his winnings to the expenses of his honeymoon. He also said he was then on his way to join his bride-elect, a young lady at Thorndeane."

"Where's that?" asked Percy; but the architect shrugged his shoulders, and referred him to a gazetteer, observing that new towns spring up so quickly now-a-days that it is not always easy to remember in what county they are situated.

Percy did not think it necessary to revive unpleasant recollections by mentioning to Mr. Graddon what he had heard. As there was every reason to hope that even if Nina had not overcome her ill-placed attachment, the object of it had transferred his attentions elsewhere, he concluded that the less said about him, the better.

And so time passed on; but when the hitherto mild winter was followed by intense cold, and Hastings had quite lost its throngs of visitors, Nina began to droop, and her anxious hostesses wrote to Mr. Graddon, suggesting that either Hattie or her sister should join her.

"We are but dull companions," they said, "for one so youthful, and though it will grieve us very much to part with her, we have suggested her returning to your larger and livelier home circle; but as she will not hear of leaving us, why not send us another of your young people? It distresses us to see the dear child shutting herself in her chamber to fret, or else taking long solitary walks, from which she returns so over-fatigued as to be quite irritable."

"I suppose you must go, Winnie," said her father. "But I'm sure I don't know how we are to spare you. The house doesn't seem home-like when you are away."

Winnie's heart had bounded at the thought of escaping from all her anxieties, and the sight of Duke's gloomy face, to the coast, with its fresh breezes, and wide expanse of wave and foam; but she could not resist the regretful look her father bent on her.

"No, I don't think I can be spared just now, papa," she said, bravely. "I have so much work in hand for the boys, and Aunt Janet is far from well. Let Hattie go; she has been longing to see Hastings ever since Nina forwarded those photographs of the cliffs and castle, and she has always said she would prefer to visit the sea-side in stormy rather than in fine weather."

"It's hardly fair to let you sacrifice yourself for us in this way," said Mr. Graddon, kissing her fondly. "But you grow more and more like your mother, child; she always made herself the last consideration."

Hattie was in high glee when she heard what arrangements had been made, but Miss Symes continued to assert that if anything ailed Nina it would be the more sensible plan to fetch her home.

"My dear," she said to Winnie, when Mr. Graddon, annoyed at her opposition to his plans, had left the room in a pet, "I daresay you think with your father, that I don't evince much consideration for Nina's feelings; perhaps I don't, and yet I think I am right when I say that letting her neglect all her duties and fritter away her time in doing nothing but amuse herself, is not the way to make a wiser or a better woman of her."

"Never mind, Aunt Janet," cried Hattie, cheerfully, "I have been reading up my sick-room cookery, and I shall nurse Nina with such care that she will return to you quite herself again."

"Do you propose to cure a sad heart with arrow-root, jelly, and strong beef-tea?" asked Winnie, smiling faintly.

"Well, I don't know," was the dubious reply; "it's difficult to get at mental ailments, but there's something very comforting in a nicely served meal, and if I am in any little trouble it always cheers me if Nanny comes to my door with a cup of chocolate, or a rissole, or some very tasty little patty. When one is too sorrowful to think of one's own wants, it must be a good thing to have some friend at hand to remember them for us. You'll not hear of Nina's moping and losing her colour any more after I have joined her."

So Hattie, under the care of Mr. Graddon, set off, anticipating far more enjoyment than she was likely to obtain, for Nina, without being absolutely rude to the good-natured ward of her father, was wont to snub her without mercy. Knowing this, Winnie felt doubtful as to her receiving much gratitude for her well-meant attentions, but consoled herself with the thought that Nina's melancholy mood might render her more affectionate to one who came to her from the old home.

There had been so much to do for Hattie, whose wardrobe was never in the best of order, that when the travellers had fairly started, Winnie was glad to take a little well-earned rest. Mr. Graddon had talked of being absent for three or four days, and it would be an excellent opportunity for enjoying at her leisure a book of travels, his last birthday gift to his daughter, and which Winnie had reluctantly laid by till she could study and enjoy it with the assistance of the atlas.

Miss Symes was content to sit by, with her knitting, in a silence unbroken save by the occasional rustling of the leaves, or an eager "Listen to this, aunt!" as Winnie read aloud some passage that would enable even the blind woman to form a mental picture of the loveliness of the scenery it described. These views and descriptions carried the reader out of herself, and made her forget for a while all the grief and anxiety she had been enduring.

Duke, coming into the sitting-room the day after his uncle's departure, and seeing his cousin too much absorbed to hear his entrance, stood awhile irresolutely gazing at her. Did his good angel stand at his elbow just then, urging him to return to his allegiance, and renounce for ever the evil thoughts that were leading him farther and yet farther into folly and sin? If so, he lacked the strength of mind to break the chains in which his indolence and love of pleasure had bound him. He could not picture to himself the pain as well as the grief he should see in Winnie's eyes, as soon as his confession was made, without wincing, and resolving to put off the evil day.

But not long after he had noiselessly withdrawn, a tap at the door roused the student from her pleasant abstraction.

Gray, the foreman, wanted Mr. Graddon's present address, if Miss Winnie would please to give it to him.

"There is nothing wrong, I hope?" she said, uneasily, when Percy, by her desire, had been ushered into the room.

He hastened to reassure her. Mr. Graddon, a few days before leaving home, had tendered, amongst others, for the erection of a mechanics' institute, and desired that he might be apprised of the result as soon as the estimates were opened.

"If I write directly, the letter will go out by this afternoon's post," Percy explained, "but Mr. Averne is not in the way, so I am obliged to apply to you, Miss Graddon."

She took an envelope from her desk, and wrote on it the address he asked for; but why did Percy stand reading it again and again, with such a perplexed and even angry countenance? It was legible enough, surely!

"'Thorndeane Cottage, ——— Road, Hastings.' Is this correct? Is there any town or village near London that bears that name? But no, it is most unlikely; it must be the same, and——"

Percy checked himself, for Winnie was beginning to look decidedly uncomfortable.

"I do not understand you," she said. "What is there in the name of Thorndeane that you find so remarkable?"

But while Percy hesitated, not knowing whether to tell her all he feared, or leave her in blissful ignorance a little longer, some one entered the house, and came slowly, wearily across the hall.

"It is papa!" she exclaimed, with joyful astonishment; "yes, it is his step!"

Forgetting the alarm Percy's looks and incoherent speeches had occasioned her, she ran out into the hall, but only to recoil in dismay.

It was Mr. Graddon, but so changed in those few hours that his daughter might well be startled at his appearance.

Without appearing to see her or hear her startled exclamation, he walked towards a small inner room which was called his study because some of his books and papers were stowed away on its shelves, but which he generally employed as a sanctum to which he could retreat when he stood in need of more quiet than could be obtained in the ordinary sitting-room of the family.

If Winnie was alarmed when she first caught sight of her father's rigidly contracted features, her uneasiness increased tenfold when he passed into the study and locked the door, thus excluding her from participation in his trouble, whatever it might be.

He had never done this before; never, at least, since her mother died, and his paroxysms of grief and horror had been too terrible for his children to witness.

Awed, frightened, longing to evince her sympathy, yet afraid to entreat admission, and unable to divine the cause of his strange looks and manner, she piteously appealed to Percy.

"What shall I do? What ought I to do?"

He did the only thing in his power—led her back to Miss Symes, who had awakened from a nap, and was loudly demanding what was the matter; and then, feeling that it would be cruel to have any further concealment, acknowledged his fears that George Ordley had not given up his hopes of winning Nina, and his reasons for thinking so.

Winnie wrung her hands, crying impatiently, "If you had but told us this sooner! Yet, no," she added, ashamed of her hasty speech as soon as it was uttered. "I must not be unjust to you. How could you know, how could you guess, of what importance it was? Mr. Gray, Aunt Janet, what

must I do? I cannot bear the thought of papa being shut up there with some trouble so overwhelming that he cannot bring himself to speak of it."

"Wait a little while, my poor child," said Miss Symes, taking her to her bosom. "After all, he is not alone, Winnie; and it is in such moments as this that we learn where to look for strength to bear, strength to suffer."

But Winnie, though she meekly acknowledged this, was in such a pitiable state of agitation that Percy at last determined to take the responsibility upon himself; and tapping loudly at the locked door, he demanded to speak with his employer. His matter-of-fact, business-like tone had the required effect. The key was immediately turned, and he was admitted, and though it was only by a great effort Mr. Graddon could take in the sense of what Percy was telling him with respect to the contract, or give the orders for which his foreman respectfully pressed him, the struggle to do this roused him, and when Percy, unable to make an excuse for staying any longer, quitted the room, Winnie glided in, and he left her clasped in her father's arms.

"I have no daughter now but you," Mr. Graddon exclaimed, his voice broken with emotion. "Nina has left us; she is married. The child of my poor Mary has wilfully deceived and deserted us, to cast in her lot with an undutiful son and a gambler!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

FLIGHT.

WELL might Mr. Graddon sorrow long and bitterly over the results of his blind confidence in Nina, and her want of principle. A fault committed in an impulsive moment, and as quickly repented, we can all forgive; but what can be said for the girl who had stooped to a long tissue of wrong-doing and deceit? George Ordley, selfish, irreligious, and dishonourable, had found her an apt pupil, acquiring such influence over her that, after every remorseful struggle to renounce him, she had only to hear his insidious flatteries to sink more helplessly into the toils than before.

When Mr. Graddon arrived at Hastings, Nina was gone. She had received a letter two or three days previously, which she told her hostesses was from home, and required her presence there immediately. More than this she would not say; she was not sufficiently practised in falsehoods to invent any more for the kindly-hearted spinsters, who, believing from her reticence and her tears that some serious misfortune had befallen her father, were as eager to expedite her departure as she was to be gone.

Declining their companionship or the protection of an old servant, she quitted Thorndeane Cottage, promising that its occupants should hear from her on the morrow.

For this letter they had been waiting most anxiously, and were debating the propriety of telegraphing to Erndell to ask if she had safely arrived there, when Mr. Graddon arrived. But ere they could answer their inquiries, the long looked-for epistle was put into their hands, and he read it with them.

Nina began by saying that she had wedded the husband of her choice. Every one had been against "poor George," whose faults were, after all, only venial ones, and as he had promised to be steady, and loved her to distraction, she only wanted her father's forgiveness to make her the happiest creature on earth.

Subsequent inquiries elicited that Nina had been in correspondence with Mr. Ordley all the while she had resided at Hastings, and that during the long walks she had been most unwisely permitted to take *solus*, she had listened to, and evidently yielded to, his entreaties, and consented to a stolen marriage.

Whither the newly-wedded pair had gone no one knew. Not to Manchester, for Mr. Ordley the elder, when appealed to, declined to receive his son's bride, saying that he could feel no interest in a girl who had been guilty of duping and disobeying such an indulgent, affectionate parent as Mr. Graddon.

Thus rebuffed, Nina's bridegroom had carried her none knew where, and to her father's deeply-felt regrets that she should have acted so undutifully, there was soon added a fear that she might be already suffering for her conduct. Ill got, ill gone, might always be said of George Ordley's winnings. While they lasted he would live extravagantly, and when they were gone, loaf about, sullen and reckless, and ready to inveigh to any one who would listen, at the stinginess of the father who refused him more than the merest pittance, except on conditions to which it would be unmanly to accede.

"He will write as soon as he finds himself absolutely penniless," the elder Mr. Ordley observed; but what consolation was this to those who still loved Nina, and pitied even while they blamed her? She had believed that she was acting with great heroism in clinging so devotedly to the man whom every one else condemned, and it never entered her mind that it would have been more heroic to obey her father, and refuse to see George Ordley till he had given convincing proofs of his sincerity. Wilful in this, as in all else, self-confident, and while refusing to believe anything to her lover's discredit, showing herself absurdly credulous when he had her ear, she had sown with her own hand the seeds of a life-long misery.

Mr. Graddon's pride in his beautiful child was humbled in the dust. He had been unable to see her grievous faults when he looked in her lovely face; and, dear though Winnie had always been to him, yet he had never loved her with such warmth of affection as he experienced for the daughter who had mocked his counsels and left him thus. The caresses Winnie bestowed on him, the tears she shed as she saw his grief, stung him keenly, for he felt that he did not deserve the filial love he had not valued. He terrified her anew by the violence of the emotion

he evinced as he strained her to his breast, and then bade her go away and pray for the miserable old man who was scarcely less blameable than the daughter who had deserted him.

Winnie went away at his bidding, but it was to return with Aunt Janet. On any other occasion, Miss Symes may have prided herself on having predicted that no good could result from Nina's visit to Hastings; but she loved her brother too well to say a word that could add to his unhappiness; and her arguments did more towards soothing him than all his daughter's tender sympathy.

"Let us try and look beyond the present," she said. "Nina has disappointed us all, but perhaps her character required the chastening it may now receive. She will learn to prize the home and the friends she has left. Lessons learnt here will return to her mind, and as soon as she gives us any signs that she feels remorse for what she has done, we may begin to be hopeful about her future. From such mistakes as she has made there often springs a yearning for a better life. Even your querulous distrustful sister is learning to say, 'It is good for me to be afflicted.'"

"But the child is so young!" groaned Mr. Graddon. "And when I think of her as linked to a gambler, living on money that he may obtain by the ruin of his fellow-men; sharing the spoils, perhaps growing callous to the sin, the disgrace——"

But here Miss Symes stopped him.

"I'll not hear any more, John. You must be content to leave the child in God's hands. She has sinned, and it would not be well for her to escape the punishment. She will have our prayers; it is all the help we can give her at present."

It was not till Mr. Graddon had become more composed, and was taking the refreshment of which he was sorely in need, that any one remembered Hattie Collis.

"Where was she?" Winnie inquired. "Had he left her at Hastings?"

"No. I am afraid that in the first shock of hearing what had happened, I was rather unjust to my poor old friends then. I accused them of having been careless of Nina, and not having watched over her as thoughtfully as they promised to do; and in my annoyance I refused to leave Hattie with them, though they pressed their wish to retain her until the last moment. I brought her away with me, and took her to her mother's relatives at Brighton. She will be safer there. If I could not take proper care of my own child, I 'm not fit to be trusted with other people's."

"But these relatives of Mrs. Collis are utter strangers to Hattie," Winnie observed. "Was she willing to go to them, papa?"

"Not very; but I was in such trouble that I begged her not to distress me with any objections."

"Poor Hattie!" sighed her friend, who would have rejoiced to have her affectionate companionship just now, even though it might not always manifest itself in the wisest manner.

"I'll run down to Brighton on Saturday and see how she 's getting on," said Duke, "and then I can take her the latest news of yourselves."

Winnie thanked him warmly for his offer. It was the first time he had ever manifested much consideration for Hattie. She thought afterwards that she must have affronted Duke by her look of pleased surprise, and the warmth of her acknowledgments, for he grew crimson to the roots of his hair, and turned away to quit the room before she had finished speaking.

(To be continued.)

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

BY THE REV. W. HANNA, D.D. LL.D., EDINBURGH.

"Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of His servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God."—ISAIAH l. 10.

THESE words are addressed, not to the thoughtless, the indifferent, the unbelieving, but to those who have such faith in God that they truly fear Him, and such a readiness to yield to His authority that they obey the voice of His servants. They imply that even those fitly thus described may have occasionally to walk in darkness—a darkness so deep that no ray of light comes in to mitigate the gloom; and they give to such a direction suited to their condition, telling them what it is that even when still in that condition may and should be done.

There are four kinds or forms of spiritual darkness that frequently overtake and oppress the Christian in his course, to which let us allude in order, trying to indicate in each case how the direction here given should be applied.

I. There is the darkness of uncertainty, or doubt, as to whether or not we are united by a true and living faith to Christ, whether or not our sins have been forgiven, our peace made up with God. There is no more distressing malady of the human spirit than that which seizes upon it when doubts and fears upon this subject so fasten upon it as to absorb all its thoughtfulness and make it their perpetual prey. They come at first, it may be, but occasionally, and not in their full force. But the unfortunate subject of them does not resist their entrance. He not only admits—he rather welcomes their incoming, imagining that in doing so he practises

"Without appearing to see her, he walked towards his study."—*p.* 742.

a becoming humility and self-distrust. Fed and pampered by such treatment, they abide; they grow; they fill more space; they gain greater and greater strength; till it comes about that he cannot think with anything like deep interest about spiritual and eternal things without these doubts and fears as to his own personal condition before God rising up and absorbing the greater part, if not the whole, of his solicitude. Then perhaps it happens that things occur in his common or outer history, engendering great personal anxieties, and weakening, as such emotions always do, the mind's natural strength, its capability to cope with difficulties. While in this weakened and exposed condition, some strong temptation meets the man, and he is overcome by it. There, he thinks, is the patent proof that all his religion hitherto has been a vain show, that he has been throughout a hypocrite. Doubt turns into assurance; fear deepens and darkens into despair. He is sure that he is lost, that nothing can save him. He refuses utterly to be comforted; puts every common consideration that you urge upon him imperatively and impatiently aside. He knows it as no one else can. He has the evidence of it in himself that he is an outcast, that he must perish. The one idea that this is his state, hopelessly, irrevocably takes possession, obtains full mastery. What began in slight fits of religious despondency ends in spiritual monomania. In the last stage of this distressing malady, an entire change of locality and of interest, the gentle restraints, the kind care and services of the judicious friend, or the skilful and humane physician may do something, may do much to restore the lost balance of the spirit. But a purely religious treatment of the case, the endeavour to convince the patient that the conclusion he has come to about himself is unjust or irrational, that it carries in it grave imputations against the love of God, and the work of the Redeemer, is generally, if not invariably, quite thrown away, utterly without power, unless it be the power to drive the dominant conviction deeper into the soul. We must leave a spirit so diseased to be ministered to by another hand than ours, One that can pluck up the deepest rooted sorrows from human hearts. The fact, however, that even in a few cases the yielding to doubts and fears as to the genuineness of our faith, the certainty of our acceptance in Christ, does run on to such extremes, plunging the soul at last into the thickness of that darkness which no human power can scatter, ought to make us all the more careful in dealing with this malady in its earlier stages, through which many are continually passing with more or less damage done, and in which much might be done to check the evil. It might serve, for instance, to shake the sentence that any one might too hastily pass upon himself, to find in such a passage of Scripture as the one now before us the case distinctly put, not only as a supposeable one, but as one frequently realised, that a true fearer of the Lord, one well inclined to obey as well as to believe, may nevertheless be walking in darkness, having no light, and if in darkness and without light as to other things, why not as to this of his individual interest in Christ? He might be a true Christian, notwithstanding, though the evidence of his being so, so far as derivable from his own consciousness, was hidden utterly for the time from his own eye. He might be a true Christian, though the evidence for his not being so might appear for the moment to himself to be overwhelming, for his is a case of that peculiar nature that if the proof on the one side be not seen, abundant proof on the other will ever be nigh at hand.

Still further it might serve to check that habit of introspection out of which the spirit of self-condemnation groweth, were this habit traced up to its true sources, and it were clearly seen how large a part throughout self plays, how much there is of pure and simple self-indulgence in its origin and progress. It may seem to be a true regard for our spiritual welfare that is animating us (such regard as we know to be legitimate and most needful); yet such is our weak nature that beneath the ostensible covert of that regard, and under the guise of a deep humility, self-love may have entered and be ruling and rioting within. It is always dangerous for our thoughts and feelings to be too much occupied about ourselves, in whatever light we view ourselves, whatever be the class of objects or interests with which self is associated. One of our greatest thinkers has well said that, spiritually speaking, all healthy action of the human soul lies in motion from the centre to the circumference—all unhealthy in motion from the circumference to the centre. And of all unhealthy action the most so is that which consists in entire engrossment with our own internal religious condition, for nowhere can self-deceit win easier victories, or these victories be attended with worse results.

Still further, it might serve to check the evil that we are now speaking of, did we but consider aright how derogatory to the divine character, how specially dishonouring to our Saviour and His work, such doubts and fears as to our acceptance with God are. They are all and altogether the progeny of unbelief—of the want of a true recognition of and entire dependence upon the mercy of the Most High, the grace and power of Jesus Christ. It is not easy—when the spirit is given up to their empire, and the gloom that they create gathers thickly round the soul—to deal with them directly, to reach and overturn the false foundations on which they rest. Our text suggests a different treatment—the leaving of them in the meantime alone, the turning away

from them to the contemplation of the name of God, and to the exercise of a simple trust in Him. Does any true fearer of the Lord walk in darkness—can he see no light? Nevertheless in the midst of that darkness let him trust in the name of the Lord, let him stay himself upon his God. He is not to give up trusting in the Lord, though he may have given up all trusting in himself. Though in that one particular region of his own religious experience the light has failed—that does not imply that there is no light anywhere else—that all is darkness everywhere. There is still one region left unclouded—that of the name, the character of the Most High: He is light—in Him there is no darkness at all. About his own name, his own place as within or without the adopted family, the man may doubt, but about God's name, about God's character as the all-merciful the all-gracious, who through Christ has brought His salvation near to every one of us, who that fears the Lord or is ready to obey the voice of His servants, can have any doubt? That name, revealed in the person, the teaching, the example, the death of our Redeemer, supplies the firm outward independent basis of our trust—a basis that remains unshaken whatever our estate, whatever our own notion of that estate. Be that what it may, it can never put us beyond the reach of the mercy and love of God, or stand in the way of our trusting therein. Let us turn round then in the very heart of whatever spiritual darkness may be around us, and ceasing to think of self, begin to think only of our Saviour. Ceasing to grope in the darkness for stays to be found therein, let us look out directly upon that face of the Eternal, lighted with a radiance that no cloudy atmosphere which sin may raise can obliterate or altogether obscure. Be it that all which the soul in its bitterness has written down against itself is true; be it that up to this moment we have been deceiving ourselves, and that the truth has not been in us; be it that we have been guilty of manifold offences inconsistent with the name we bear as followers of the Crucified; do we now see and feel ourselves to be sinners? Are we now sincerely desirous to obtain that gift and grace of eternal life which is for all in Jesus? then what of all our past guilt, is it too great for the mercy of God to cover? Is that stain too deep for the blood of Jesus to wash away? Can any past offence, can any present unworthiness shut against us that door of hope which the hand of the Redeemer hath opened? Are there any whom Christ has said He will not receive though they come to Him—any that He cannot reconcile to God? Do not His love, His pity, His gentleness, His patience, His finished sacrifice, His faithful word and promise, all encourage us, in whatever state we are, therein to go and cast ourselves upon Him, and meekly yet fully confide?

II. There is a second kind of darkness which may envelop the believer's path—the darkness of perplexing doubts as to some of the doctrines of Christianity. Many are the secret misgivings as to one or other of these which visit at times the minds of the thoughtful. It is a great mistake, we imagine, to attribute them always or altogether to a sceptical spirit, to a disposition or desire to reject the truth, and throw off the restraints which it is felt that faith imposes. It is not seldom those who are most anxious to believe who are most troubled with doubts. A faith that has never known a doubt must have come easily to its holder, and cost but little thought. There is a kind of faith hereditary, traditionary, taken up, taken on, as one takes up and puts on a provided dress, which is little, if at all, open to the incursion of any doubt, which rejects and resents the stirring of it. But who would like his faith to be of that kind? Who would not rather make a few truths of our holy religion his own, by that entire, consenting, appropriating belief, to which mind, and conscience, and heart all go along, than have them all received upon simple bare external authority—hung round about his soul, never penetrating it, never amalgamating with it, exerting little power save that of a pressure from without, not felt as an inward spring of action seated in the very centre of the soul? There are few, if any, who have honestly and earnestly inquired, who have not found stumbling-blocks of one kind or another rise up before them on their path. That path has not been that of the scoffer, the unbeliever, but the opposite. The difficulties that have arisen and have been felt, were difficulties only to one who already believed much and wished to believe more. But for the pre-existing faith they would never have occurred, or, if presented, never have been felt. It is when we have come to some degree truly to fear the Lord, to reverence Him as possessed of all divine excellencies, that we feel perplexed when called upon to believe something about His purposes or procedures which appears to us to conflict with those attributes of justice, mercy, and love which we have learned to associate with His name. It is thus, out of the very fulness and strength of what we already believe, that uncertainties and doubts arise. The doubt is, in fact, the child rather of faith than of unbelief. And so it is that we so often feel inclined to sympathise more with some men's hesitations than with other men's dogmatisms—would rather doubt with the one than believe with the others, our conviction being that there is more real genuine faith in the honest doubt than in the blind credulity. What, then, are we to do as we run up to their furthest limits some of those questions that the inquisitive spirit that is in us occasionally starts, and find that a thick darkness descends and envelops us all around? Is there any relief for us in such a case? None, perhaps, in the way of a mere reasoning out of

the matter. The darkness is one which, if we follow on and out the line of thought upon which we were when it arose, we can never clear away. But does not the direction of our Lord here supply a guidance? Is there aught in what the Scriptures teach as to this one or that other doing of the Lord, here or hereafter, which appears to us at variance with what these very Scriptures elsewhere teach regarding Him? Let us not at once and summarily reject because of the seeming discrepancy. Considering how much more reason we have to distrust our own judgments than the clear and positive statements of the divine record —let us wait the unfoldings of the future. Meanwhile let us hold fast a firm and unfaltering conviction in the entire rectitude and entire benevolence of all that God has purposed and will perform, and though, as to some one part of His declared proceedings, all for the moment may be lost in darkness, still let us trust in the Lord and stay ourselves upon our God.

Still another thing remains for us here to do. There are depths and heights in theology which to eyes like ours are wrapped around with great obscurity; but though clouds and darkness be there around those heights, covering those depths, there is light enough in the region that lies immediately around us—light enough upon the path of our daily going. What time, then, soever we be bewildered by the strange aspects which the things belonging to those depths and heights assume—seen as they may be through a thick obscuring mist—let us turn ourselves to the common rounds—the daily tasks of life, the simple, clear, undoubted duties of our place and station here on earth. Let us impregnate these with the spirit of a true piety,let us carry the discharge of them to a fuller and riper accomplishment. Fearing the Lord, let us obey in this way the voice of His servants, and in the course of time we shall come to verify in our own experience such assurances of the divine word as, "unto the upright there ariseth light in darkness;" "to him that ordereth his conversation aright will He show His salvation;" "for He meeteth him that worketh righteousness, He gives the Holy Spirit to those who obey Him;" "He that willeth to do God's will shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God;" "Commit thy works unto the Lord and thy thoughts shall be established."

III. There is a third kind of darkness that may overtake and envelop the Christian pilgrim on his earthly journey—a darkness not as to what God's ways are, but as to what his own ought to be. Upon the path of duty as it lies right before him a darkness that may be felt descends. It is difficult, it seems impossible, to decide what should be the next step taken in advance. The way in front is effectually blocked up. This door and that through which he had thought of passing is closed upon him. He has to take up the words of Job of old, and say, "He hath fenced up my way that I cannot pass, He hath set darkness in my paths." Would you see a fit emblem of his condition, you have it in that of the Israelites at Pihahiroth, when, in their hurried flight from Egypt, they reach the borders of the Red Sea. As they touch the strand, and gaze upon the face of the waters spread out before them, the sound of Egypt's pursuing hosts is heard, the roll of their chariot-wheels rises clearer and fuller upon the ear, their banners are already seen advancing up the valley that lies beyond. Never were men more thoroughly at their wits' end. On this side the enclosing mountain; on that, the pathless sea; behind, the hurrying, hot, and angry foe. Flight and resistance seemed equally in vain. It is then—in this great extremity—that the command of Moses sounds through the hosts of the bewildered fugitives—"Fear ye not; stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord which He will show to you to-day." Stand still, that is all that is left to you to do, without trying to work out any deliverance for yourselves, without trying to extricate yourselves from the perils of a position into which you have been brought by following the directions already given. Stand still, and see what a singular deliverance I, with mine own right hand and stretched-out arm, will work for God in the presence of your enemies. They stood still; they trusted in the Lord, and the salvation came. And are there not seasons in the life of every Christian, and these not of unfrequent occurrence, when the very order that Moses gave to the hemmed-in Israelites is the one upon which it becomes them to act—times when unlooked-for and mysterious providences block up the clear, forecasted path which it had been their purpose to traverse, and when all that is left to them is to stand still and wait for the salvation of the Lord?

Take still another Scripture illustration. "For the Egyptians," said Isaiah to his fellow-countrymen, "shall help in vain, and to no purpose; therefore have I cried concerning this, Their strength is to sit still." It was a time of great national peril for Israel, arising from the incursion of the Eastern and Northern tribes, against whose strength they were unable to contend. They seemed doomed to destruction; the hour of their ruin at hand. In this extremity, instead of turning to Him who had promised to be their help and their shield, they turned to and trusted in man. Making flesh their arm, and departing from the living God, they sought unto Egypt for aid. With a vehemence that shows the urgency of the occasion, the prophet of the Lord proclaims their guilt, foretells the failure of their misplaced hope, and, that they might know what in such a crisis their duty was, he cries to them concerning this, that their strength was

simply to sit still, or as he beautifully expresses it in an after-verse of the same chapter—"For thus saith the Lord God, the Holy One of Israel, In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." In returning from all these profitless embassies to Egypt, in ceasing from all these vain efforts to obtain foreign aid, in throwing up all those earthly confidences upon which they had been forbidden to lean, in turning again anew to God, in simple rest, in a quiet confidence in Him, their true strength had been found. But they would not. It was easier for them to be active than to be at rest; more natural for them to look to man than to God. And are there not times still in human life in which a like duty is laid upon us, and a like difficulty felt in its discharge? Let us be thrown unexpectedly among embarrassing and threatening incidents, let all the ordinary and allowed means of extrication be tried and fail, let each moment bring some dread catastrophe nearer and nearer—no way of escape, but one of more than doubtful propriety open—it is not easy to sit still, simply to rest, quietly to confide in God. And yet how often does God bring us to the end of all our legitimite resources, just that we may be led to throw ourselves unreservedly and confidingly upon Him. And never does the heart of the true believer pour out a richer stream of gratitude than when, enabled by God's grace to act upon his own direction, it has returned to Him, and stood still, and waited, and trusted, and seen the salvation of the Lord, and escaping from the midst of manifold entanglements, it lifts up its song of praise—"Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us up as a prey to their teeth; our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler; the snare is broken, and we are escaped; our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth." Trust ye, then, in the Lord for ever. Trust in Him at all times. Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him, and He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noon-day.

IV. There is yet a fourth kind of darkness to which we shall simply allude—the darkness of pure distress, of severe adverse afflictive providences. Deep sorrow spreads the mantle of its own gloom over everything, makes all around look dark and dismal. Deep grief blinds as well as burdens. The stunning blow takes light from the eyes as well as strength from the heart. A weeping Mary, with eye on the empty sepulchre, cannot see a living Jesus through her tears. "Thy fierce wrath," says David, in one of the few psalms in which the theme of sorrow continues unbroken from first to last—"Thy fierce wrath goes over me, lover and friend hast Thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness, for my soul is full of troubles, and my life draweth nigh unto the grave." It is in that darkness, it is within those deeps, where all the waves and the billows are rolling over the sorrow-smitten spirit, that the name of the Lord, His name as the comforter of the sorrowful, the lifter up of all those that be bowed down, becomes inexpressibly precious. Faith lifts up the eye to heaven; the dark clouds open; through the opening a voice is heard, "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, through the floods they shall not overflow thee. In a little wrath I hide My face from thee for a moment, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy upon thee; for the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord, that hath mercy on thee." Faith listens, believes, drinks in the comfort, imbibes the strength, till at last she lifts her voice in reply humbly, yet exultingly, "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me. What time I am afraid, O Lord, I will trust in Thee. Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vine, the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat, the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stall, yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

ROSIE'S MISTAKE.

CHAPTER I.

GOOD-BYE, Rosie; take care of yourself, and let me see a bright face when you come home again."

Rosie's face was certainly anything but bright just then, as she listened to her mother's words one day in the autumn, as they stood on the Victoria platform. It was a trying time for both mother and child, and Mrs. Ruthven's sorrowful face and unsuccessful efforts at a smile belied the cheerful tone of her words.

Mrs. Ruthven was very delicate, and had been ordered abroad for the winter. It was not desirable that Rosie should go with her, and so she was being sent to Mrs. Ruthven's aunt, who lived at Eastbourne, to stay with her during her mother's absence. Mr. and Mrs. Ruthven were to leave London that night for Paris, and the latter had come to see Rosie off by an early train.

For many reasons Mrs. Ruthven was very sorry not to have her only daughter with her, but, on the whole, she thought that a few months at Miss Danvers' home would do the child good. Miss Danvers

had brought up Mrs. Ruthven, and she had gladly acceded to her request to take charge of Rosie.

The Ruthvens lived near Dublin, and were only passing through London. The boys, three in number, were at Eton, and they had seen them that day. Rosie was the youngest of the family, and had just passed her thirteenth birthday. She was a tall girl, whose large Irish eyes with dark lashes, delicate complexion, and light brown hair, made her remarkably pretty. But, better than beauty of face or feature, Rosie had that purity of mind and heart that can only be possessed by one whose life is being led for God. Mr. and Mrs. Ruthven, earnest Christians themselves, were indeed glad to see that Rosie had given herself to her Saviour.

"Five minutes more, mamma, only five minutes more," said Rosie, who was hanging on her mother's arm, and looking down—for Mrs. Ruthven was a very little woman—on that sweet face she should not see for so many months.

"I shall hate Eastbourne and Aunt Phillis—I am sure I shall," continued Rosie.

"Hush, Rosie," said Mrs. Ruthven; "you must not say that. Your Aunt Phillis is a very dear old lady, and I am very fond of her. She was most kind to me, and I know she will love you."

"I don't want it," said Rosie, pettishly. "I know I shall dislike her."

"Rosie," said Mrs. Ruthven, after a pause, "I don't wish my last words to-day to you to be like preaching, but I feel I must say something to you. You have great faults, my dear child, and those are, the habits of jumping hastily to conclusions, and judging others too quickly."

"Have I, mamma?" said Rosie. "I don't think I knew that those were my faults."

"They are, dear, and believe me, hasty judgments are not seldom wrong judgments, and very often they are not made in that spirit of love and charity that should guide us in passing an opinion, or coming to a conclusion about the actions of others. We should judge others as leniently as we judge ourselves severely."

At that moment the great bell rang again, and after a long embrace Rosie had to leave her mother and go through the gate to the train, which was ready to start. Mrs. Ruthven's maid, Henderson, was to go down with her and return by the next train, as Mrs. Ruthven was not well enough to go, and Mr. Ruthven was obliged to go down to Eton that afternoon.

On arriving at Eastbourne, Miss Danvers, an old-fashioned-looking lady, with a very sweet face under a large bonnet, met them; and then Rosie and her possessions were put into a cab, and Miss Danvers left Henderson to wait for the next up train.

Miss Danvers asked Rosie about her mother, whom she had not seen for many years, and Rosie, as she answered, studied her aunt very carefully. With that ugly bonnet, shabby shawl, and very baggy grey cotton gloves, Rosie wondered that Miss Danvers was taken for a lady; and that she was very poor or very mean, was the conclusion she jumped at. She was firmly convinced that she was right when soon the carriage stopped before number ten, Myrtle Terrace, a row of small houses in an unfashionable part of Eastbourne.

Rosie contrasted the appearance of the house with Ballicrona, the splendid mansion she had just left, and she felt very thankful that she was not always doomed to live in such a tiny place with only one maid besides the cook. As she stood in the passage watching Miss Danvers pay the man, she remembered that though her mother had over and over again spoken to her of Miss Danvers as her dear Aunt Phillis, and dwelt on her goodness and kindness, she had told her nothing about her home, or the life she led. Mrs. Ruthven could not well have done so, as it was only since Mrs. Ruthven's marriage that Miss Danvers had lived at Eastbourne.

"Will you come up to your room now, dear?" asked Miss Danvers, waking Rosie out of a brief reverie.

"Yes, please," said Rosie, shortly, and she followed her aunt up the narrow stairs. The room was small, plainly but prettily furnished, and if it was not in appearance as luxurious as her room at Ballicrona, it was quite as comfortable.

When Rosie was ready, she went down and found her Aunt Phillis standing at the door of a tiny dining-room, and leading her into it, she introduced her to Miss Watts, a very acid-looking, middle-aged lady, who stared at Rosie as if the child had at least two heads.

"Oh, her companion, I suppose," thought Rosie; "then she really can't be poor, or she would never be able to afford one," and, still rather puzzled as to the state of her aunt's finances, she sat down at the table. Not being at all shy, she was soon telling Miss Danvers and Miss Watts a great deal about Ballicrona.

"And papa does so much for the poor; he is his own agent, and he goes about the estate, and he knows all the people, and they are so fond of him," said Rosie.

"That must be very pleasant," said Miss Danvers.

"Yes, and he is building some model cottages near the back lodge: I am so glad he is able to do so much; how——," but Rosie stopped: she was just going to say, "how sorry you must be that you are too poor to help any one." But Miss Danvers, if she divined the rest of Rosie's sentence, said nothing, but went on eating her plain food, seeing that Rosie had some nice jam, and that Martha brought in hot a little delicacy that had been made for Miss Watts. The latter went up after tea, and said she had a headache, and was going to bed. Rosie and Miss Danvers went out for a walk in the cool evening air, and Rosie felt that if she had not "taken" particularly to her aunt, at least there was nothing to dislike.

That she changed her opinion will be seen by the

following letter, which Mrs. Ruthven read after her husband had finished it, a week after their arrival at the Hôtel du Louvre, in Paris:—

10, Myrtle Terrace, Eastbourne, September 12, 187—

My dearest Papa,—I must write to you this time, as my last letter was to Mamma. I was so glad when the postman brought me your letter yesterday, and I have read it over several times. It made me long, though, to be with you, or else to be all at home again, for I do not like being here much. It is *so* different to Ballicrona. The house is so small and poky, and there are not half enough servants; at least, there cannot be for Aunt Phillis, for I do not want anything more than I get in that way. It is Aunt Phillis that I do not like. She is very kind in her way, but she is so mean and stingy, and I wanted very much to drive to the lighthouse the other day, and at first she said "Yes," and then said she was sorry to disappoint me, but that she found it was too expensive. I think she is very fond of money, and that she is very shabby with it. She does nothing that I can see for the poor, and only to-day sent away a poor Irishwoman, who came to ask for relief.

Then Rosie happily changed the subject, and wrote of other things, coming back, however, once again to it at the end of her letter—

Miss Watts is so cross and disagreeable, I wonder Aunt Phillis can put up with her; however, I suppose she gets her cheap, and that is why she keeps her, for she does very little, and one would sometimes think that Aunt Phillis was paid to wait upon her.

Mrs. Ruthven looked very grave as she folded up the letter and gave it back to her husband.

"When will our darling Rosie learn not to be so hasty?" said Mrs. Ruthven, with a sigh.

"Don't despair, dearest," said Mr. Ruthven, coming up to the sofa where his wife lay, a sorrowful look in her sweet eyes, and a shade resting on her face. "You know that Rosie is thoroughly in earnest, and desires with all her heart to serve God; and that is the chief thing."

"Yes, of course," replied Mrs. Ruthven; "but I do not like the tone of her letter. It is so exactly like her usual way of forming quick judgments, never reflecting that she may be mistaken; and then I do not approve of a child of her age speaking as she does of her elders."

"Well, dear Elinor, do not despair; I repeat that. We know that if Rosie really asks God's guidance and help, as she does, we may be sure that He will lead her aright."

"She will find out her mistake some day," said Mrs. Ruthven.

"Yes, and that will be a good lesson for her," answered her husband.

The next day, when Rosie was preparing her lessons for the morning class which she attended regularly, her Aunt Phillis came in, and Rosie looked up quickly from her Lindley Murray.

"Oh, Aunt Phillis, do you know, that old woman who came here begging the other day met me this morning, and asked me to give her something."

"Did she? Well, Rosie, I am sorry to say she is not a deserving person, and I do not wish her to get relief," and at this moment Martha the cook sent for Miss Danvers to speak to her, and the latter left the room, and the subject of the poor woman was not resumed. Rosie nodded her head significantly as she took up her grammar again.

"Well, Aunt Phillis *is* mean not to relieve the poor; and as for saying the woman is not deserving, it is *most* uncharitable of her."

Presently she heard Miss Danvers go out, and then Mary the housemaid came in to bring back the plate-basket from downstairs, where she had been cleaning the silver.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mary, glancing at the clock on the dining-room chimney-piece, "it's time for Miss Watts' tea, so it is."

"Does not Aunt Phillis take any?" asked Rosie, who had suspected that her aunt did not take a cup of tea at four, though some was sent to Miss Watts every day at that hour.

"Missis! oh dear, no. Missis don't pamper herself in no way. Ain't she good to that Miss Watts though?" said Mary, who was not unwilling to have a few minutes' gossip.

"Is she?" said Rosie, coldly, as she had just remembered that she ought not to be discussing her aunt's affairs with the housemaid.

"Yes. Why, Miss Rosie, when you've been longer here, you'll know what a worry that Miss Watts is; never pleased with anything, and never minding how much trouble she gives missis. It's many a time cook and me thinks we can't stand her ways no longer; but then when we see missis so sweet, and like an angel, we haven't the heart to say a word. Then when she was ill last winter, missis would sit up with her all night, and attend on her all day like a slave."

Rosie said nothing, and Mary left the room to get the tea. When Rosie had done her lessons she went into the drawing-room, where Miss Watts was sitting.

"Close the door gently, please," said Miss Watts, as Rosie entered.

"What a lovely day it is!" remarked Rosie, pleasantly, as she took out her work and seated herself near the bow window.

"Pleasant, you call it. I do not. It is sunny, but the wind is in the east, I am sure. This place is rightly named, for there seems always an east wind here," said Miss Watts, crossly, as she picked up a stitch she had dropped in her knitting.

"It is a very pretty place, I think," said Rosie, anxious to do anything to improve Miss Watts's temper.

"Humph," said the latter. "The views from the Downs and above Beachy Head are all well enough, when you get to those places, but as for Eastbourne itself, I don't like it."

Miss Watts grumbled away, and Rosie wondered, if she disliked Eastbourne so much, that she remained there.

(To be concluded.)

THE REST OF EVENTIDE.

WITH wondrous shafts of red and gold the skies
Bid sweet good-morrow to the westering sun;
Across the moor the lingering daylight dies,
And gathering mists of evening slowly rise :
The busy world 's at rest, for work is done.

Within the old grey homestead all is still ;
All living things alike seek welcome sleep :
And man rests calmly, fearing naught of ill,
Trusting in Him by whose Almighty will
Both day and night their varying limits keep.

So is it when life's sun is in the west,
And shadows of the future round us creep :
All peacefully we lay us down and rest,
Like tired children on a father's breast,
"For so He giveth His belovèd sleep."

G. W.

"Across the moor the lingering daylight dies."

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

268. Where is the island of Patmos situated to which the Apostle St. John was banished ?

269. In what way did Jesus teach His disciples the lesson of humility ?

270. In what words is the truth of the Revelation of St. John set forth ?

271. By what name is St. Jude mostly known ?

272. What is harder to be won than a strong city ?

273. Bread is often called the staff of life ; quote a passage in confirmation of this.

274. Into what two great divisions are all the books of the prophecies divided ?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 720.

256. Euodias and Syntyche, two ladies at Philippi (Philip. iv. 2).

257. Miriam restored to health at the intercession of her brother Moses (Num. xii. 13).

258. Solomon (1 Kings xi. 7).

259. By the prophet Jeremiah, concerning the sacrifices offered to the queen of heaven (Jer. vii. 18).

260. By the resurrection of dry bones God declared that His people would return to live again in their own country (Ezek. xxxvii. 1—10).

261. The tribes of Levi and Benjamin (1 Chron. xxi. 6).

"Presently he stood, silent, on the threshold."—*p.* 754.

A RICH WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CRUST AND THE CAKE," "LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

"God's gifts put man's best dreams to shame."
MRS. BROWNING.

IT was a day in November, but there was little of a November day about it. If there was no sunshine, yet the sky was bright and clear, and no heavy raindrops or rude rushing winds swept the last leaves from the autumnal trees. There they hung, green, and red, and brown, and one who gazed upon them, now a grave middle-aged man, had seen them last

clad in the verdure of spring, when he himself was young.

Such places as Winds' Haven do not change much nor rapidly, and this stranger, quietly passing up the hilly paths of Ockholm Wood, could recognise even stumps of trees and breaches in old mossy walls. Through twenty years of exile and regret he thought he had faithfully preserved the memory of a happy and innocent past. It was only now, under the quickening touch of unchanged associations, that he discovered how much had been forgotten.

He had only been in England three days ; but in those three days the whole of his past life had been, as it were, reviewed and summed up. He had faced his old weaknesses, his old sins, making his full acknowledgment thereof, and tendering restitution as complete as restitution ever can be. There had been some bitter pangs, some shrinking shame. But on the whole he felt that a burden had rolled from his soul, and that life began anew for him to-day.

On and on he went, past the old cottages where the Snellings lived and where Edmund Carewe had died, past a pretty little house set at the end of a high brick wall, through which a half-opened door gave a glimpse of a gorgeous flower garden; past another cottage set at the corner of a wide upland clearing in the wood, where one always met the first breeze from the hills beyond ; and then past the old saw-mill. He met one or two curtseying village girls, and two or three old peasants whom he knew, for in such places as Winds' Haven, men change as little as the place; but to them he was only a well-dressed, keen-looking gentleman, possibly a visitor of the "squire's," and therefore, to be respectfully saluted.

At last he reached the little white gate where the Ockholm road opened on Winds' Haven Green. He stood still, and leaned over it for a moment ; for at the sight of the Joyces' little home, perched on its breezy site, his breath came thick and fast. He had forgotten the dazzling beauties of Arequipa, and the grave respect paid to Señor Diego. Once more he was young James Sutherland, student, on his road to see the rustic maiden whom his heart had chosen from all the world. For one moment all between then and now vanished. But only for a moment. It swiftly returned, and then he went on, with a sigh.

He could hear the blacksmith's anvil, and the buzz of the boys in the village school. He had almost reached the shop. Presently he stood, silent and noiseless, on the threshold.

He could see into the little parlour. Reuben was pottering over his "insectuary"—pottering in a rather elate excited manner—and an open letter lay on the table. The old man was talking to somebody out of sight.

"If there 's one thing I ever dreamed of, it was to bring people down into this place and show them what treasures it has ! I didn't want to get into a book myself. Nothing was further from my thoughts; I doubt I wouldn't have spoke out so freely to that gentleman if I 'd known what he was after ! "

A soft laugh came from the little kitchen into which the stranger could not see, and a voice which made his heart leap answered, gaily, "I 'm sure you need not regret having earned a snug pension by living a life which makes pleasant reading."

And then the voice began to sing the pleasant childish hymn—

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land.
Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above."

The sound of the singing rose and fell as the singer, out of sight, went to and fro. Then the song stopped, that the singer might say, "That Señor Diego—young Esslemont's friend—must be in England soon. I 'm glad this happened before he came, for I can't bear to feel as if hospitality was half a sin, because one can scarcely afford it ! "

The stranger could keep silence no longer. He stepped forward, saying—

"Señor Diego is here."

Perhaps voices change less than faces. And, perhaps, love can penetrate all change. For certain it is that Chrystal Joyce did not wait to look at "Señor Diego," but rushed from her kitchen, and sobbed on the stranger's shoulder.

There is no use in trying to write out the history of the few hours that followed, with all their revelations of repentance and yearning, and patient faith and love. This inexorable life of ours goes on even through the ecstasy of such hours. Chrystal went into the shop and served her customers, and spread her dinner as usual, and yet lo ! all old things had passed away and all things had become new.

The end of our story has come. Chrystal had delighted herself in the Lord, and He had given her the desire of her heart.

There was very soon a quiet wedding in little, bare Winds' Haven Church. The bride and bridegroom were both middle-aged—there were silver hairs on Chrystal's head and deep furrows on James Sutherland's brow—but they felt that their love was only fresher and stronger and nearer to the Eternal than it had been in their earthly youth. It had passed through the furnace of trial, and that destroys nothing but dross.

And the sweet-looking gentle bride was given away by a proud and prosperous man—to wit, her father, Reuben Joyce, just entering on an almost world-wide renown as the "Surrey Naturalist." Forgive him if he felt an almost mischievous glee in his neighbours' wonderment over the honour with which Science had suddenly overwhelmed her persevering unambitious votary. They could not understand it at all. Old Joyce's "beasts and things" had somehow got him a pension and a number of grand visitors, after having first—most mysterious of all—got him into a book ! To do Reuben full justice, it was

chiefly for Chrystal's sake that he rejoiced; her filial self-denial had justified itself. The dutifulness which they had half-pitied, half-blamed, and wholly despised, had proved a far better investment than the shrewish self-consideration which they would have commended.

The Winds' Haven shop was shut up. That is to say, the door was shut, and the interior turned into a special sanctum for Reuben and his treasures. James Sutherland did not take his wife from her old home. He and she would go on living there in such modest, beneficent competence as best suited his chastened spirit and her homely, loving nature.

And in due time there came another letter from Bertram Esslemont:—

DEAR MRS. CHRYSTAL,—I told you so! I knew Arequipa would see him no more after he had seen you. Of course, I knew I was sending him home to see you. How do you think I found out his story? I told him mine, which, as you ought to know, was writ all over with the words Winds' Haven and Chrystal Joyce. (I don't think Chrystal Sutherland sounds half as well!) And what could he do, but tell me his? And then I knew that I was the determined and clever person whom you, the princess of boundless resources, had sent forth on your special quest! Ah, what compliments you paid yourself and me quite unawares, that night when you lectured Margery Hollis, and inspired me.

Also, on that same evening, you told a fib. I asked you where you kept your private mine, and you said you had none, while you must have known it was in yourself. I am positively frightened of you. For on that evening you mildly conceded that there had been one thing which had been too much for your powers. And now even it is accomplished! I am as frightened of you as that old heathen was of the too lucky king, who could not even get rid of his ring to propitiate fate!

Seriously, though, I feel you get your will because you have made God's will your own.

I don't mean to write to you very often—you will be too busy to wish to be troubled with my letters. Therefore, solely, of course, to keep up a correspondence with England, I have begun to write to Margery Hollis. In a year or two I think she might pay a visit to Arequipa, also solely from a wish to see the world and improve her mind. After the example you have encouraged James Sutherland to set, you won't be surprised if she does not come back again!

Good-bye, you wonderful woman, who are able to save rich people from ruin and to endow workhouses with nurses, to get pensions for your friends, and to scour the world with private commissioners.

Well, life needs a "chorus" as much as a Greek play, and Bertram Esslemont will take the part, and sing—

"The heart it hath its own estate,
The mind it hath its wealth untold;
It needs not fortune to be great
While there 's a coin surpassing gold."

THE END.

THE CONSECRATED LIFE.

III.—THE STUDY OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MURDOCH JOHNSTON, M.A., RECTOR OF BALLYMONEY, CO. ANTRIM.

GOETHE once described the Bible as the chief guide of his moral and literary life, and Bossuet was wont to arouse and stimulate his imagination and power of speech by reading some of the sublime passages from Isaiah. When old age comes over a man, and he feels the touch of strange fingers upon him, his consolation for days past is found in pages which tell of a better day to come; and when to stronger and more vigorous minds some subtle temptation or sad distress or fateful difficulty approaches, they perceive no talisman, nor comfort, nor counsellor which may compare with the Book of God. To all men seeking the purest, loving the holiest, and pursuing the best, there is a perennial enchantment here. It is not in men's theories of the book, and far less in the recollection of conflicts regarding it; nor yet in the unrivalled simplicity of its stories, or the supreme magnificence of its poetry and eloquence; but rather in the feeling that a Spirit walks this varied garden, that the Eternal here condescends to give His presence to man, and that man may here recognise that he is surrounded with a watchful love, and supported by the power and directed by the wisdom that have never failed, and that cannot err. Deprive one consecrated man of this book, or blot out from the Church of Christ all knowledge of its truths, and to each the world becomes a sudden blank. Some time ago a ship foundered in the Indian Ocean. Many of her crew escaped in the boats, but the rest were compelled to construct a raft, and, with neither compass nor sail, to cast themselves upon the trackless sea. It was wild weather, with beating rain and a clouded sky. They had no whither to go. One point of the heavens offered as little hope as another. They might only drift—anywhere, nowhere. Thus—homeless, aimless, beaten, lost, alone, were we without this guide for our voyage of life. To us who have devoted heart and soul to Christ, it is the voice of God speaking clearly through the murmuring of the centuries. We trouble not ourselves now with asking how He speaks, but fill our minds with the thought that all about us God has spread Himself, and that God *can* speak thus if He will. I, freighted with this unintelligible life, console myself with the faith that were any theory needful for my immortality, He would have given it to His saints. And so I come to the secret shades. I listen for the voice. Let my soul be still.

Yes, to read the Bible well, we need stillness—the stillness of the mountain tarn where, embosomed deep within the hills, it hears afar the wild winds sweep, but feels them not. The hurry of the world, the roar and agony of the

crowded city, are a fatal hindrance to the soul. They strip it of its robes, and leave it chill and bare. "Let me flee away," says the spirit, "and be at rest. Let me fling off these clinging cares and fears. Give me some respite of peace and calm, some quiet and retirement, even for a little while." This is the condition of all devotion; and it is the devotional reading of the Scriptures which really feeds the soul.

But devotional reading ought to be based upon knowledge. See the difference. A common mind looking up to the heavens upon some frosty night is awe-struck; he is moved to wonder; and, if he be thoughtful, to meditation. But put alongside of him another mind all-informed upon these splendours. He reflects that those heavens are not a concave plane, but interlacing circles—some cutting many others, some removed by a million of miles upwards, some by a million down below. Many of those bright bodies are flung athwart one another's path, ruptured, and hurled into the abysses. The nearest of them might be annihilated, and we should be unaware of its catastrophe for years. And each of them has perhaps a world of its own—with life, and its joys, and hopes, and with death-mysteries and fears, akin to ours. There, in such thoughts, is food for wonder and devotion.

And for the Bible no less is benefit derived from similar information; knowledge of the races that through so many centuries peopled the Eastern lands; of the plains and hills they loved, the birds they listened to, the flowers their little children loved; of the dialects which tell us in what way they thought and of what character was their intellect, the ideas which each word conveys, the translation of their imagination into the language of ours. But this, and it is only a fragment, were more than one man's life-work. Few have written commentaries upon the whole Bible. And no man with other occupation can hope for more than the merest introduction across the borderland which divides barren ignorance from the rich field beyond. Hence the functions of the pulpit remain, to reap and to disseminate as it can. But the pulpit is not enough for such a need, neither our multitude of Bible classes. The world is full of many books which assist and supplement these. Such books are not merely nor chiefly manuals of devotion, but books of sterling knowledge, which teach first the actual ideas which the writer thought, illustrate them by the veritable facts, similes, or metaphors which they introduced, and from these proceed to discover the spiritual teaching which they wished to convey.

Intellectual reading must come first. But no one will say that intellectual reading may rest alone. Describe by a lecture on biology the sunny-countenanced boy that flings his arms around his mother's neck, and she will not recognise her child. There is a difference between rough ore fresh dug from the mine and the gates of St. George's chapel at Windsor. The reader of poetry who learns only the meaning of the words is little the better for his study—

> "A primrose by the river's brim
> A yellow primrose is to him,
> And it is nothing more."

Imagination must wrap the view of the flower; and not only the imagination, but the will and the heart also must read the pages of the Bible for themselves. These again must be distinct—each in its own order; and the order is this—the intellect, the will, the heart. Intellectual study makes the critic; will-study the professor; heart-study the saint. Without the intellect we cannot understand; without the will we cannot obey; without the heart we cannot love. There is the hard rock on the hill-side to be hewn, the stubborn clay to be crumbled, the sunny garden to be made a-bloom with a hundred colours. And the true man is he who, wielding the power of intellect and the power of will, stoops from that proud dignity and kneels in adoration before the oracles of God.

But no work can succeed without a Plan; and without a plan the soul's work will suffer cruel injury. Plans, however, are hard to follow; they are generally broken; and the breach causes shame, while the perseverance demands sacrifice. Still it is worth a trial whether some simple and easy plan could not be commenced at once.

The first requisite is to fix both a time for reading, and a portion or course to be read. Infinitely the best time is the early morning. The mind may not be at its fullest vigour then, and for many mornings the body will feel an unwonted fatigue; but such an hour anticipates temptation, and takes the upper hand with the devil. The worry of the day has not begun; the turmoiling crowd of claimants for attention, care, work, and interview are yet at a distance. The heart and mind have received no pernicious bent nor been subjected to any mischievous influence. The soul's battle for each day must be fought then and *won*.

The course best fitted for each man must be left to himself; for determining it, much will depend upon general knowledge and capacity, much upon individual taste, and much upon special spiritual need. It is well, at any rate, to avoid one thing—restricting our attention to such passages as appear to prove any peculiar opinion of our own; and to follow one thing—some plan of daily lessons which will take us through the Old Testament and the New once at least in the year; only be sure to put into your plan *less* than you expect to carry out.

While we do this we may select other portions for meditation. Most of the Bible will afford means for this, and the wise mind will not neglect it. The question to be asked of every chapter is, What message from God do you

bring me? From your stories of Adam and of Cain, of Eve and of Jezebel, what may I learn to warn me against temptation, and encourage me against sin? What am I to know more of mystery from this Epistle; from this Gospel what more of love; from this Apocalypse what more of my everlasting home? I am waiting; speak to me now, O God!

It were well likewise to commit to memory a short portion every morning. The mere exercise will sharpen our minds for the work of the day, and godliness will be made profitable for this world too. But this is the least advantage. All of us are often left alone, waiting, walking, travelling. At such times we cannot help thinking of something, and it is then that temptation often comes in the most insidious form. Many a crime has sprung from a mind vacant of holy thought; and if the memory is able to call back passages of the Bible, it will save us not only from weariness, but from danger; and hours which to many are now intolerable will become transformed into happy opportunities of intercourse with God. Besides, we must sometimes meet with men who delight in attacking our religion, and their first onset is upon the Bible. Most of such people have never read it, and have derived their meagre information from books of hostile criticism. Suppose, then, that we cannot match our knowledge with theirs, and that when they quote passages to prove contradictions and inconsistencies we cannot complete the passage or explain the apparent contrariety, we must confess ourselves unfit to maintain our position, and religion itself must suffer. The devil can quote Scripture for *his* purpose, and we ought to be able, like Christ, to make reply for ours. Hence the point and force of St. Paul's exhortation to be content, not like many Christians, with this bit of the Christian armour, or with that, but to take the whole panoply of God for security and peace, as well as for active attack and defence.

If we pursue such a plan of reading and meditating and questioning, we shall gradually find ourselves acquiring marvellous strength. The morning exercise will become the happiest part of the day. Work, and worry, and troubles will come to us with a new colour. We shall feel confidence and courage in facing every difficulty, and happiness in reflecting upon every reverse; for our hearts will tell us how they have learned that there is a refuge, and strength and help, that all things work together for our good, and that nothing can separate us from the love of Christ.

HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST IN THE WINNING," "FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE."

CHAPTER XLIX.

MAKING CONDITIONS.

No news of Nina reached her anxious friends for some weeks, and Winnie saw that, although her father rarely mentioned her name, the suspense was telling on his health. Her heart ached for him when, morning after morning, she had to give the same answer to his eager inquiry for letters. There were none from his absent daughter, and he would turn away with a sigh that betrayed how deeply he felt her silence.

Frequently he made business a pretext for withdrawing from the rest of the family, and spending the greater part of his evenings in the study; but when Winnie ventured in, she would find his pen laid aside, and the case containing her mother's photograph open before him; or he would be sitting with his head on his hands staring moodily into the fire. Could Nina have seen him then, even her selfishness would have been rebuked.

When to this mental distress was added the fever and lassitude attendant on a violent cold, Mr. Graddon's health broke down utterly, and for the remainder of the winter he was confined to the house. Thus it happened that when Nina's abode was discovered, the father, who had yearned to see her once more, and, in the fulness of his joy, would have taken her in his arms and forgiven her all, found himself unable to go to her.

During this tedious season of sickness and inquietude—when every effort to attend to his business was followed by increased suffering—Duke Averne, as usual, made no effort to relieve Mr. Graddon of the responsibilities that taxed him so severely. The young man had drifted away from the home life into which he had been so generously admitted, and taken a lodging with an elderly couple in the town who had been in the service of his father.

"It would help them," he said, "and while Mr. Graddon was so far from well he felt himself an intruder."

He had never been troubled with this feeling before, and though Winnie acquiesced silently in the arrangement, she saw in it another proof that he was strangely, sadly altered.

It was on Mr. Graddon's active, energetic foreman that the weight of the business devolved, and he proved himself equal to it. The men were beginning to understand him better; to imbibe a little of the spirit that made him spare no pains to keep up the

prestige of the firm ; and the builder's affairs ought to have been in a flourishing condition. Yet somehow they were not. He had spent a considerable sum of money in materials required for executing a large contract, but could not commence the work in consequence of some dispute about the title to the ground ; and Duke's long-continued neglect of the duties pertaining to his office was beginning to make itself felt in more ways than one.

Bills that should have been sent out, and long-standing debts that should have been collected, were delayed till in many cases payment was disputed; mistakes in accounts and invoices that should have been promptly rectified were allowed to lay by till the time for doing this had gone past ; and errors in the books were slurred over, and figures altered to conceal them, till the losses entailed upon Mr. Graddon by these proceedings were very serious.

He—though not conscious of half of them—was aware that Duke was injuring instead of serving him, and groaned and fretted over his inability to make that thorough inspection of his books which was daily becoming more imperative.

Winnie was his only confidant. To no one else would he complain of Duke's inefficiency. His daughter listened and sympathised, and cheered him with hopeful words; nor did she betray how keenly she felt it when her father connected the young man's carelessness with the dissolution of her engagement.

"The lad was always inclined to be indolent," he would observe, "but he was not like this till you quarrelled with him. By the way, is that foolish dispute never to be made up ? I begin to think that Duke has deeper feelings than we have given him credit for ; and if your coldness has thoroughly disheartened him, I suppose he must have time to get over it."

"I am very sorry, papa!" was all she could say.

"So am I, my dear. Duke has good abilities, and it grieves me to see him making no use of them. Turn which way I will, I find anxiety and worry, where I hoped to receive help and comfort."

"Oh, papa, don't say that!" pleaded poor Winnie, so tearfully, that Mr. Graddon regretted his fretful speech.

"Of course, I 'm not alluding to you, child ; you have always done your best ; and I ought not to murmur. If one disappoints me, another doesn't. There 's Gray always up to the mark. I really don't know what I should do without him."

"There 's nothing talked of now but Gray's perfections," muttered Duke, in whose hearing some such remark was made. "He may be very clever, but he 's very insolent. When he comes into the office catechising me, as he has taken to do lately, I often feel tempted to kick him out."

"If he is impertinent to you," said Winnie, "why not mention it to papa, who would take him to task for it ? "

Duke shrugged his shoulders and answered that it wasn't worth while ; he dare say he could put up with Gray's consequential airs a little longer. Anyhow, he preferred to fight his own battles, and didn't want any one to interfere in his behalf.

A little longer. What did he mean by that ? Did he meditate leaving them ? Well, Winnie would school herself not to regret it ; for he seemed so restless and unhappy at present, that surely any change must be for the better !

It was through Duke that her friends first heard of Nina. His visit to Brighton to inquire whether Hattie was reconciling herself to her new home, was followed by another and another ; it was livelier there, he observed, than at Erndell ; and he brought word on one of these occasions that he had encountered Nina in the Aquarium.

She was longing to be reconciled to her dear ones at home, she told him. Would they not consent to forgive her ? She should be very happy but for the knowledge that her father was angry with her.

The news of his illness brought her to Erndell. She came alone, telling Winnie that Mr. Ordley advised it, as he knew that under the circumstances he should be *de trop*, especially as he could not bring himself to plead contrition for securing such a prize as she was.

Winnie thought the speech a flippant one, but she forbore to say so, especially as Nina made a fair show of penitence, and with her tears and caresses easily won her father's pardon.

She was exquisitely dressed, and displayed so many costly trinkets—gifts from her bridegroom—that Mr. Graddon inquired whether Mr. Ordley was reconciled to his parents.

"Not yet, papa ; we are in treaty with them : but they will not do anything for us except on the most stringent conditions, and poor George has such a horror of Manchester that we are holding out in the hope of getting better terms."

"Do you mean that the elder Mr. Ordley expects his son to return home and assist him in his business ? That does not sound unreasonable, Nina."

"It would be hateful ! " she pouted. "George cannot bear the thought of shutting me up in a manufacturing town. Besides, he has always preferred London."

"And the life of a gentleman at large ? "

"Oh, no ! " she answered, quickly ; "he would take anything that offered—he often says so."

"Of what description ? The boys sometimes protest that anything has the same meaning as nothing."

"Not in this case, papa," he was assured. "George hopes to get into a berth of some kind, under Government, if the salary were good enough, or—or anywhere else."

"But what interest has he ? What qualifications ? "

"He is intelligent and gentlemanly, papa ; and—and something must turn up soon," was the confident reply.

"But, in the meantime, my dear, how are you

living? and who pays for the jewellery you have just been calling upon us to admire?"

Nina coloured, and bit her lip.

"I have not questioned my husband so closely, sir, as you question me. At present we are in furnished apartments; and if the ornaments I wear are not yet paid for, I dare say they will be as soon as Mr. Ordley's affairs are arranged."

Mr. Graddon looked unutterable things, but Nina was beginning to rebel against this cross-examination, so he said no more, and, leaning back in his chair, ruefully contemplated the fair young face that had—or he fancied it—grown sharper and thinner during the few weeks of her married life.

She was restless, too, and abstracted, asking questions, but paying no attention to the answers she received; carefully gathering together the few trifles to which she could lay claim, but evincing very little interest in aught that did not absolutely concern herself.

She had seen Hattie once or twice, she told her sister while Winnie was assisting her in packing her possessions. She had seen Hattie, but only at a distance, for the people with whom she was staying were of the sort George called "goody," and so she had not called. She did not care to be talked at by strangers.

Then she broke off to ask, with startling abruptness, whether Winnie could give her any idea what sum her father intended to allow her.

"I 'm not sure that I understand you. Has papa made you any promises?"

"No; but ever since I left school he has made me an allowance for my clothes, and I should hope he intends to continue and increase it. Of course that sum would be quite inadequate now; it always was a small one for the daughter of a person in papa's position."

"And yet I have contrived to make mine suffice," retorted Winnie. "Would Mr. Ordley like you to accept any such allowance from papa after what has happened?"

Nina laughed rather awkwardly.

"It is not a question of what one *likes* to do, but of necessity. We must put our pride in our pocket, George says, when there is nothing else in it.

"Our expenses have been very heavy," she went on to say, when Winnie continued silent. "A bridal trip always is expensive, you know; but I dare say we should have been more prudent if some stupid person or other had not given George reason to believe that I have a little property of my own. My husband is not mercenary, Winnie; when he is in funds no one can be more liberal; but we must live, and we are sadly in want of a few pounds just at present. I wish you would negotiate this for me; you could talk to papa better than I could."

But Winnie, though she pressed on her sister's acceptance a five-pound note, laid by to purchase a birthday gift for her sailor brother, firmly refused to take any such task upon herself. She feared, and with justice, that it would be the forerunner of many similar requests, and was more ashamed than Nina of the want of principle George Ordley was evincing. Although resisting his father's pressing entreaties to return and settle down to a respectable avocation which would enable him to support his young wife in comfort, or something more, he sanctioned her endeavours to extort pecuniary aid from Mr. Graddon.

Nina looked seriously annoyed at her sister's refusal, and her uneasiness seemed to increase as the time drew near for her departure.

"I shall come and see you again soon, papa," she cried, as she hung over him; "and you will rack your brains on George's behalf, I know, and try to recall the names of any influential friends you possess who could give or get him a berth."

"It will be time enough for that, Nina, when I have seen and talked with your husband, and can judge what he is capable of doing."

"But while you hesitate, take heed that we are not lost!" she answered playfully, though her lip quivered. "Our funds are at their lowest."

This confession drew from Mr. Graddon a cheque to meet present necessities, but he gave it with a caution.

"You must not found any expectations on this gift, Nina. I have the interests of my boys and Winnie to consider, and am very much straitened just now. As Mr. Ordley has chosen to take to himself a wife, he must do as I did when I married your dear mother—work, hard and honestly, to support her. If you have any influence, exert it to prevail upon him to accept his father's offer. It is a more generous one than either of you merit."

Nina was about to make some impatient reply, but checked herself, kissed the speaker, and hurried away.

CHAPTER L.

COUNTER-ATTRACTIONS.

THE ill-feeling that had always existed between Duke Averne and Percy Gray now began to manifest itself openly, and during the many weeks Mr. Graddon was unable to take any active part in his business they were continually quarrelling.

Percy had neither forgotten nor forgiven the contempt with which, from his very boyhood, Duke had treated him, and he now repaid it in kind. What consideration, he would argue, did the young fellow deserve who so wantonly neglected the duties he had undertaken? Duke, on the other hand, aware of his indolence and deficiencies, yet lacking the energy to atone for them, chafed under the consciousness that the keen eyes of Mr. Graddon's foreman noted them all, and dragged them to light instead of glossing them over.

Never did he encounter Percy without experiencing an unreasonable annoyance that this despised rustic should be so much happier and more prosperous than himself. His conscience was burdened

with disgraceful secrets. To free himself from liabilities that must be discharged sooner or later he had given up Winnie, sinking lower and lower in his own esteem as he did so. Unless he could retrieve his losses by what his friend George Ordley would call a bold stroke, but to which he mentally gave its correct name—another piece of rascality—he knew that he must be publicly disgraced; and in spite of his faults he was not hardened in sin. Weak and easily led he had been all his life, but he was conscious of it; often and often would he bitterly regret his follies, and—commit fresh ones.

Perhaps it was by the greater strength of will Percy Gray evinced that he earned Duke's dislike. This *boor*, as he mentally designated him, was steadily raising himself in the social scale. Although he was only the builder's foreman, he was known in Erndell as the owner of a considerable sum in the county bank, and the holder of several shares in a freehold land society, as well as the improving property on Enford Green. A few more years and old Gray's nephew would be recognised in the town as a man of substance, whilst he——

But here Duke would break off, not, like George Ordley, to exclaim against the superior *luck* of such fellows, yet with a gnawing envy that made him bristle up and be on the defensive whenever the exigencies of business brought him and Percy in contact.

Winnie, going to the office door one afternoon, with a message from her father, heard raised voices as she drew near, and found her cousin and Percy Gray disputing fiercely.

Duke appealed to her as soon as he met her look of grave surprise.

"Yes, you may well be astonished at what I am subjected to. This is not the first time that I have been taken to task by the fellow my uncle has picked up out of the dirt to set over his workmen."

"Your descending to such coarse abuse, Mr. Averne, is no answer to what I was saying," retorted Percy. "And you are not justified in annoying Miss Graddon with your sneering remarks upon what her father has done."

"I suppose I am master in this office when Mr. Graddon is not here," was the haughty reply; "and so I'll thank you to get out of it, and for the future when you have anything to say to me, let it be by proxy."

"Mr. Averne, this is absurd, and you know it; not only absurd, but impossible," said Percy, more temperately. "You know that I am obliged to come to you, and that I have grounds for complaining of the careless way in which things have been done."

"You hear this, Winnie!" exclaimed her cousin. "This man takes upon himself to lecture me, to call me to account, to talk of my carelessness as if I were his lackey. I will not submit to it. Either he leaves or I will. I'll bear it no longer."

And snatching up his hat he flung out of the office, refusing to see Winnie's entreating glance, or hear the gentle voice that prayed him to be calm.

Finding that her cousin would not be entreated, she turned to Percy, who hesitated a moment or two, and then frankly but respectfully addressed her.

"Miss Graddon, I am sorry you witnessed this scene, and I cannot deny that I have remonstrated with Mr. Averne in more forcible language than I ought, perhaps, to have used; but it is in the interests of my employer."

"Will you tell me what was the cause of the dispute?"

"It was this: by six o'clock to-morrow morning I ought to set some of the men at work on a job which we are bound to finish by a certain day; but for this we require a ground plan and certain specifications, which it was Mr. Averne's duty to prepare. He knew this; yet when I come to him for it, I learn that it is not ready, and am curtly told that I must wait. It is not a question of my doing this, but of serious loss and inconvenience to Mr. Graddon. The gang of labourers and bricklayers whom I have hired cannot commence their work, and there will be time lost and money wasted."

"But you, Mr. Gray—you could prepare these papers. If my cousin has been too busy to attend to them——" Winnie began to say, but Percy's look checked her. He was irritated by her readiness to let him make amends for Duke's carelessness.

"Yes, by stopping here this evening, and working hard for two or three hours, I dare say I could accomplish the task Mr. Averne has neglected, but it is not fair that I should have to give up my time and my labour to him."

"No, it is not fair, but I was thinking of papa; how vexed he will be when he knows what has happened, Mr. Gray"—and Winnie raised her drooping head and spoke in eager tones—"Could not I draw these plans, and write out whatever you require? Yes, I am sure I could. Only tell me or show me how I am to proceed, and I promise that they shall be ready for you as early in the morning as you please."

Percy hesitated, but she persisted, and went away to commence her self-imposed task as soon as every one else was in bed, and there was no danger of interruption.

Winnie returned to the house cheered by the prospect of being useful, and staving off the annoyance that threatened her father; but Percy watched her departure with a frowning brow, and bitterness in his heart.

"It is all for his sake! all for the sake of a worthless rascal who does not deserve to tread upon the same ground that her foot presses. She will give up her night's rest to shield him from her father's displeasure, and atone for his idleness; and how will he, how does he repay her? If she could but know what I know, or see him with my eyes! If he has any sense of shame left he will feel degraded when he knows what she has done."

But as Duke did not take the trouble to inquire by whom the necessary writing, etc., was accomplished, he never knew that he owed it to Winnie's exertions.

"That was before your time."—*p.* 763.

He was daily becoming more and more reckless in his behaviour, and it also grew more and more difficult to keep Mr. Graddon in ignorance of a fact that in his present condition might have harassed him into a relapse.

That first trip to Brighton, taken on Hattie's account, was, as we have already said, followed by another and another, and he did not always return at the beginning of the week, as he should have done. On various pretexts he would remain absent till Tuesday, or even Wednesday morning, and then scramble through the work that had accumulated, in the most slovenly fashion.

Winnie sometimes resolved to try the effect of a gentle remonstrance. If they were no longer lovers, they might still be friends, and he had always been more amenable to her reasonings than the sharpest reproof of others. But he was careful to avoid being left alone with her, and she had watched and waited for an opportunity in vain, when a note from her sister increased her uneasiness on his account.

Nina and her husband were still at Brighton, but she said little or nothing respecting her own affairs, except that she requested a loan from her father, to be repaid as soon as George heard from Manchester.

Mr. Graddon uttered a pettish exclamation as he read the note.

"Till he hears from Manchester, indeed! This is a mere pretext. I have been in correspondence with his father, who tells me he sent the young couple his ultimatum long ago. There is a stool in his office for his son, and a junior partnership as soon as he proves that he can be depended on; but he will do nothing else. I will not encourage him in his idleness by any more loans!"

But Winnie was not listening to her father's observations; there was a postscript to Nina's letter that had given her plenty of food for her thoughts: "If you have any regard left for Duke, why do you let him come here so often? Act upon this warning, or you will repent it."

(To be continued.)

ROSIE'S MISTAKE.

CHAPTER II.

MICHAELMAS day came fine and warm. The servants had a holiday, and Miss Watts being ill was in her room most of the day. Miss Danvers was obliged to go out for a little in the afternoon, and she asked Rosie if she minded her leaving her for a little time. Rosie did not mind, and she settled herself in the drawing-room with a book, and nodded cheerfully to her aunt as she watched her leaving the house.

Rosie presently heard the sound of some one coughing under the window, and passing out, she saw the Irishwoman of whom she had spoken to her aunt, standing looking up at her, and making signs for her to speak to her.

Rosie's heart beat high with a sense of her aunt's injustice and uncharitableness when she saw the wretched-looking woman with her ragged shawl drawn round her, and, running down to the lower door, she spoke to her.

"An' isn't it anything ye can give me?" said the woman, as she stood in the servants' passage and eyed the neatly-arranged kitchen, the door of which stood open.

"Do you want anything to eat?" asked Rosie, sympathetically; "for I am afraid I cannot give you that."

"It 's money I want, my dear; if it was but a sixpence towards making up the passage money to get back to ould Ireland."

"I will run up and look if I have anything; wait here, please," said Rosie, who remembered that her purse was in her writing-case in her room.

Many emphatically expressed blessings followed her as she ran off. She found her purse, and determined to give the poor woman five shillings towards her object, which, as an Irish girl, particularly recommended itself to Rosie.

Running down again, she found passage and kitchen empty. The woman was gone.

The woman was gone—and not empty-handed, for the plate-basket, which Rosie remembered having noticed on the kitchen table, was not there.

Poor Rosie felt very downcast and crestfallen, and when her aunt came in, she had the melancholy tale to relate of how her *protégée* had come and taken away the plate-basket.

Rosie did not at all relish having to tell her aunt about it, as it was rather humiliating to confess that she had been in the wrong in assisting the woman against her aunt's wishes.

Miss Danvers was not angry with Rosie. She was sorry that her plate was gone, as there had been some spoons in the basket which she valued for old association's sake more than for their intrinsic value, but she felt for Rosie in the matter, and said very little.

Rosie, as usual, jumped at conclusions, and thought her aunt rather crowed over her having been deceived, even though it had cost her so much, as she explained to Rosie all she knew of the woman. She had been told that the woman drank, and pawned anything she could get to obtain drink, and she had carefully investigated the case, and found that it was all true. Miss Danvers had tried hard to reclaim the woman, and was even then trying to get a place for her in a Home in England; but giving her money or anything else just then, she knew was useless.

Time fails me, or I could tell of many times when

Rosie set down her aunt as being mean and stingy, and misjudged her in many ways.

One day near Christmas, when Miss Danvers was out, an old gentleman, General Wyndham, called, and Rosie had to entertain him, as he wished to wait until her aunt returned.

He lived at Newcastle, and was only in the south for a short time, and, as he informed Rosie, he wished to see his old friend Miss Danvers before going home.

"I have not seen her," he said, "since she has been living here."

"Has she been long here?" inquired Rosie.

"Oh, these ten years. Not more. Rather a different place from The Firs, eh? Ah, but I forget; that was before your time."

"The Firs?" questioned Rosie.

"Yes, that was her home before, and where her father died; she gave up the place to be turned into a convalescent home. It is a splendid place; immense house, fine estate, and lovely views, in Somersetshire."

"And she gave up that to live here?" asked Rosie, incredulously.

"Yes, my dear. Ah! your aunt is an excellent woman, self-denying, and with all her wealth most simple and unostentatious."

"She is rich, then?" asked Rosie, thinking that wonders would never cease.

"Very rich, and she gives up all she possesses, nearly, to the poor. My sister was here last year, and she told me how good she was to Miss Watts. Poor Miss Watts's relations will not have her living with them, and Miss Danvers gives her a home, and indeed, provides her with everything."

"I thought she was the companion?" said Rosie.

"Oh, no! Miss Danvers, as I tell you, has her here, and makes her as happy as she can."

At this moment Miss Danvers came in, so Rosie's gossip with the old general came to an end.

His words certainly had enlightened her, and she crimsoned with shame when she remembered how many things she had said to her aunt, which she now regretted. Many a time had Rosie, whose young heart resented anything that approached to harshness, and whose generous spirit had risen up in wrath at meanness and stinginess, spoken at her aunt, and once or twice even to her, in a very decided way. But this was not all.

As the days passed on, Rosie discovered many things that she had overlooked before.

The general's words had indeed opened her eyes, and she beheld in her aunt not the stingy poor old maid she had set her down to be, but an earnest Christian, rich both in this world's wealth and the treasures of unfailing worth, and one whose life was a perpetual self-denial for the sake of others, and who was continually bearing the burdens of her neighbours, or giving up something for their sakes.

But Rosie was too generous herself not to admire it heartily in another, and not to desire to own herself in the wrong when she discovered her error.

So one day she told Miss Danvers a good deal of all she felt, and she began then to understand her aunt better than ever. They became really great friends.

One day, months after, let us look in at Ballicrona, where Rosie is now with her mother, returned quite strong and well.

"Do you remember, Rosie, how you once thought you would dislike your Aunt Phillis?" asked Mrs. Ruthven, gently, looking at her daughter, who was so wonderfully improved in many ways.

"Yes, mamma. Dear Aunt Phillis! I wonder I could have ever thought of her as once I did. How glad I shall be when she comes here, even with that disagreeable Miss Watts."

"Yes. And, Rosie," put in Mr. Ruthven, coming up in time to hear Rosie's last words, "do you remember how you misjudged your aunt, calling her mean, and thinking her so stingy?"

"Oh, yes, papa," said Rosie, "but I have found out my mistake now."

"We were sure you would, darling," said Mrs. Ruthven.

Rosie had found out her mistake, and it was a very good lesson to her.

Young people are apt to be extremely intolerant, and often to judge too hastily in matters that they know only a little of. Let them remember that "hasty judgments are often wrong judgments," and then they may be prevented from making such a mistake as Rosie Ruthven's was. L. E. D.

"TO LIVE IS CHRIST."

"For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."—PHILIP. i. 21.

BY Thy sweet life we learn our life to live;
Thou art our life, to Thee our life we give;
And by Thy grievous death, our life Thou art,
For by Thy death true life Thou didst impart.

From Thy sweet life, the aim of life we gain,
And by Thy death the grave has lost its pain;
We learn, in life, to pray and bear our cross,
And e'en in death to count for gain our loss.

To live Thy life throughout our life we strive,
We only live whom Thou dost make alive,
Who still through life, for heaven's high life contend,
With Thine eternal life our life to blend.

C. H. HARBORD.

GOOD DEEDS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

MISSIONS TO THE JEWS.

THE peculiarly fervent opposition which confronts a Jew when he desires to add to the faith of his fathers a still clearer faith in the Divine Messiah, was illustrated in the case of a young Jewess who has lately received Christian baptism at the hands of that earnest and successful apostle of Jesus among the sons of Israel, the Rev. John Wilkinson. Threats of violence, proffered bribes, solemn curses, affectionate appeals, severe persecution, and winsome kindness in singularly contrasted alternations, were employed by the Jewish people to induce her to remain faithful to the traditions of their fathers. At an evangelical service at which she was present, her sister walked into the room, interrupting the minister in wild and angry fashion, and calling out to the young inquirer after truth, "Come out with you! This is no place for you. Come, or I will go and smash all your windows." This was received with perfect calmness, and even a subsequent slap in the face failed to produce any token of indignation. At last she fled for refuge to some Christian friend; and while there, was offered a permanent home and a considerable sum of money, if she would but return to her relatives and renounce her Christian beliefs. All was in vain, and after an unusually clear and touching confession of faith, she was publicly admitted into a Christian Church, and continues to walk worthy of the high vocation whereunto she is called. Still, as of old, the "veil is on their faces," and all attempts to lift it are met with an equally wrathful resistance to that which met the Greatest Teacher when their fathers despitefully used Him 1800 years ago. Despite of all, the truths of Christianity are slowly sapping the foundations of Judaism, and many signs and tokens shadow forth the coming time when to those whose religion is the law of Moses, "grace and truth" shall "come by Jesus Christ." It has been resolved to commence a Medical Mission to the Jews, a method of bringing the Gospel to the sick and ailing, which has had marked success elsewhere. Five hundred pounds were required to start it with. Much prayer was offered, followed by a patient waiting for the movements of Divine Providence herein. By-and-bye the sum of three hundred pounds had come in the shape of spontaneous gifts. Still, so great an undertaking must not be begun, it was felt, without the remaining two hundred pounds. At a week-night address in a London suburb a little while ago, some one asked the question, "How much have you got?" "Three hundred pounds," was the answer. Said another querist, "And how much do you want?" "Two hundred pounds more." "We will give it," was the response, and in a day or two Mr. Wilkinson received the cheque and the pencilled words, "Our love-token to the Lord Jesus." That love-token, and others, less or greater, given in a similar spirit, will be lovingly accepted and loyally rewarded by Him who purposes the ultimate return of "His own nation" to His arms and heart.

A COTTAGE HOSPITAL.

The Cottage Hospital Movement is evidently obtaining for itself a growing popularity, and it is equally evident that it thoroughly deserves to succeed. The report of the Lynton Institution has just come to hand, and in it there is presented to the public a fair specimen of the kind of establishment this movement is intended to supply to the rural districts of the kingdom. Its "rules" inform us that it is erected for the benefit of the poor of the parish of Lynton and the district around, in order that they may receive medical treatment and concomitant comforts in cases which cannot be properly treated in the homes of the patients themselves. It is placed in the keeping and under the control of four trustees. Patients are admitted on the recommendation of the medical officer, subject to the approval of the Committee. Each one pays a small charge for the advantages so secured, and may be visited by ministers of any religious denomination. The needful funds required, beyond the receipts from those actually benefited, are obtained by voluntary subscriptions. This hospital contains five beds for the accommodation of fitting applicants from Lynton and seven contiguous parishes, the whole eight comprising the doctor's union district. The income during the year has been about £150, of which nearly £6 has been received from patients, £40 from collections in churches and chapels, and money-boxes kept by sympathisers; about £80 has been subscribed, while upwards of £20 represents last year's balance in hand. Out of this amount the whole costs of the year have been defrayed, and a balance is left in the hands of the treasurer to the amount of upwards of £30. We find that fifteen patients seriously afflicted have received the advantages thus provided during the year, chiefly labourers and domestic servants; and that of these, four cases have been completely cured, four have been so far relieved and restored as to resume their occupation, two are convalescent, one is a hopeless case, one has died, and three remain in the hospital. This report tells its own story, carries excellent credentials, and gives most satisfactory testimony on the face of it. Not the least noteworthy feature in the report is the acknowledgment of liberal gifts of fruit, vegetables, eggs, cream, honey, game, as well as books, magazines, papers, and other most acceptable and useful articles from benevolent people in the locality, who can thus give freely with the comfortable consciousness, not always to be realised, that their bestowments are well deserved and rightly used. We sincerely hope that our record of these interesting facts may lead to similar philanthropic efforts elsewhere.

CONVERTED FIJI.

One of the most emphatic and satisfactory testimonials to the success of modern missions was given by Sir Arthur Gordon, the Governor of the Fiji Islands, at the annual meeting of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society. What the people of those beautiful islands in the Pacific were fifty years ago is now pretty well understood. Theirs was the home of a savagery and ferocity never exceeded. Cannibalism was as common as any other usage of their heathen life, and their peculiar idolatry and their singular superstitions demanded and fostered a condition of vice and immorality that may not be described. "It is not possible," said Sir Arthur Gordon, "to exaggerate or to speak in too strong terms of the wonderful services and the wonderful results, both religious and social, which have attended the Wesleyan Missions in the Pacific. To-day, out of a population of something like 120,000, more than 100,000 are regular attendants at Wesleyan chapels, the rest being, not heathens, but for the most part members of other Christian churches." Sir Arthur affirmed that in all his travels through town and village he scarcely ever entered a Fijian home where family prayer was not a daily and an honoured practice. The Lord's Day is observed in a spirit of reverence and decorum that may well put Englishmen to the blush. Unquestionably, the case of the Fijian Islands is a clear and beautiful illustration of the promised results of zealous Gospel labour. The wilderness is glad, and the desert blossoms as the rose.

A CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL IN JERUSALEM.

A few years ago, chiefly through the pious perseverance of a philanthropic physician, Dr. Sandreczki, a hospital for sick children was commenced in the city of Jerusalem. It is the only institution of the kind in the East, and is carried on at considerable cost and self-sacrifice by the benevolent Doctor and his wife. There are within its walls poor little ailing sufferers from Gaza, Jaffa, Nazareth, Nablous, Beirut, and still more distant places, as well as from Jerusalem itself, and the villages adjacent. One little fellow from the suburbs of the Holy City has been under treatment for three years. His was a case of incipient leprosy, and Doctor Sandreczki, who believes in the curability of the dreadful disease if taken in time, reports steady and sure approach towards vigorous health. He has a strong desire to open a new ward where this class of cases can be fitly treated, without bringing them into contact with the sick children who are happily free from this grievous plague. The case is mentioned of a little Mohammedan boy, some eight years old. He was paralysed in all his limbs when brought there, and his father declared that they might do as they liked with him, for he would not take him back, as he was only fit to be thrown into a pit or a cave as a useless burden. Medical skill is working miraculous results; the little fellow's arms and legs are getting strong and active, and the report gives promise of a life redeemed. There is something very touching, according to our thinking, in the Christian beneficence which has opened this House of Mercy close by the "Bethesda" where Jesus did His work of healing long ago, in which the successors of the little children whom He loved and welcomed are being succoured and comforted by those who love Him, and who are doing the good deeds for His sake.

MISSION WORK IN LIVINGSTONIA.

The opponents of foreign missions are often ready enough to depreciate the missionary, and to discount anything like sympathy with him in his arduous and self-sacrificing labours in "the high places of the field," by the declaration that his life abroad is one of luxury and ease. A very slight examination into the facts of the case would suffice to upset the falsehood, but honest inquiry is about the last thing with which this class of "hinderers" concern themselves. A very impressive and interesting illustration of the fact that in going out into the waste places of heathendom the evangelist almost literally "takes his life in his hand," was lately given by Mrs. Grattan Guiness, who, together with her indefatigable husband, is doing so much to spread Gospel truth both at home and abroad. It is well known that under the auspices and largely by the personal toil of these faithful servants, many missionaries have been trained for evangelic toil in Central Africa and otherwheres. Mrs. Guiness was, a short time ago, seeking rest and strength by a sojourn in the Isle of Wight. Her husband appeared before her one day, in company with a friend, whose bleached and wayworn features told of strong physical and mental testing where the lines had not fallen in pleasant places, and where his heritage, however goodly from one point of view, must have been a heritage of suffering and toil. "Let me introduce to you an old friend," said Mr. G. "He is an entire stranger," thought the lady, looking earnestly at him. Willing to help her a little further, her husband said, "He is a former student, and from East Africa." At once she passed in mental review all the brethren who had gone from them to preach Jesus in the Dark Continent, and amongst the rest the well-remembered features of a young fresh-faced evangelist, of the name of Riddle; but the face and form before her were like none of them. "Come," said Mr. Guiness, to the stranger, with a smile, "talk a little Chinyanga to Mrs. Guiness." "Chinyanga!" thought she; "then it should be Riddle, but it isn't!" A familiar smile, and a well-remembered Scotch tone, convinced her; and she exclaimed, in profound surprise, "*You Alexander Riddle, from Livingstonia?*" "*Ah*," said the returned missionary; "*a hundred and fifty attacks of African fever make changes in a man's appearance!*" and then added, with thorough *esprit de corps*—for your true missionary is always sanguine—"I'm only just arrived off a long voyage—but you'll find I'm not so much changed after all."

REFORMATORY AND REFUGE UNION.

The annual meeting of this important corporation, which seeks to unite in one central head all the various and multitudinous agencies which are doing good work among the helpless, the destitute, and the fallen, as well as to increase their number, and perfect their machinery, has been lately held. It appears from the report then presented that 486 institutions are now connected with the Union, capable of accommodating 30,000 inmates. During the past year the Essex Industrial School for Boys has been opened at Chelmsford; a Home for Working Boys has been established in Lamb's Conduit Street; a Home for Young Women has commenced its good work in Bayswater, and the School Board for London training-ship *Shaftesbury*, has commenced its beneficent mission. Female missionaries have been sent into the streets nightly, for the purpose of rescuing the fallen of their own sex, and a home has been established for the reception of such as are thus won back from the paths of misery and shame. We cordially agree with the resolution moved by the Earl of Aberdeen, and seconded by Lord Justice Thesiger, to the effect that "the Union is a valuable and important agency in the repression of crime, and in the evangelisation of the lowest classes, and is therefore worthy of increased Christian sympathy and support."

MISSIONS AT THE PRISON GATES.

The interesting little mission begun at Glasgow, by Miss Bryson, in the interests of discharged female prisoners, and which was adverted to in THE QUIVER a few months ago, continues to prosper. That indefatigable lady herself is, as too commonly happens, worn down by incessant toil, and has gone away for a season for rest and change. The good work, however, is being well done. There are some very clear and cheering cases of conversion and evident reform; and now, as before, we are bound to express our conviction that this is one of the very best methods of "seeking" and "saving" the lost. At the gates of the gaol, the victims of crime and poverty are kindly met, invited to the Home, employed and taught, and, in very many instances, they gladden the hearts of their rescuers by the altered tenor of their lives. One girl, in whom the strife between good and evil is very strong, said to the matron the other day, "Oh, Miss W——, I 'm bad yet, but ye dinna ken what a wild lassie I 've been; in prison I was so wild I was always in punishment, but since I came here my heart doesna lie that way." So great is the gentle influence of those who labour thus for the love of Christ.

Another very interesting and even remarkable kind of godly enterprise has lately been undertaken, as our readers are already aware, by Mr. George Hatton, of the Elm Street Mission. The gates of that too-constantly crowded recipient of wrong-doers, the Clerkenwell prison, are sedulously watched by Mr. Hatton or his helpers, and every criminal released from durance vile is kindly accosted, and warmly invited to a free breakfast or dinner, as the case may be, at the mission rooms. Into the curious crowd that encircles the prison gates they throw their net, and with a success in the way of "draught" that may well induce them to "cast" again in perpetuity.

On one particular morning, out of eighty liberated prisoners not less than thirty accepted the kindly invitation, and received, in the mission rooms close by, the plain but hearty hospitality provided for the purpose. "Nearly all ages," says a spectator, "were represented, from the stripling of seventeen to the hoary-headed man of seventy winters." At the close of an earnest and skilfully-worded Gospel address, not less than ten of the motley company signed the pledge, and several stayed behind awhile for further conversation, and as if unwilling to break the slender link that promised to bind them to a new and better life. Mr. Hatton says that his usual plan is to ascertain from the liberated prisoners the names of their last employers, and then, by a personal interview with these, to get them taken on again, even at a smaller salary than before. In several cases he has been successful, and, as he says, "They are doing exceedingly well, and are a great joy to us." He testifies to the uniform kindness and courtesy of the prison officials, and to the heartiness of their approval of his mission. We are strongly of opinion that these are good deeds well done, and cheerfully intimate that Mr. Hatton will gratefully receive much-needed donations to help the good work, at 12, Ampton Place, Regent Square, W.C.

DUBLIN SOLDIERS' INSTITUTE.

The annual statement of Christian work done in connection with this admirable institution is of a very encouraging character. It is impossible to over-estimate the value of these establishments, whose one specific aim is the moral and social elevation of the British soldier, and his protection from the thousand and one temptations to which he is exposed. In this case more than *ten thousand soldiers* have visited the "Home" during the year, three hundred and seventy have signed the total abstinence pledge, and many, very many, have given indisputable testimony as to the religious benefit they have received through the Gospel agencies employed for that end. In three of the regiments engaged in active service in South Africa are many soldiers who were regular visitors of the Institute, and who, according to the witness of the Honorary Secretary, Captain Thompson, did there "become changed men, in the highest sense." It is gratifying to record that the Institute has been progressively successful during the past year.

THE FRIENDLESS AND FALLEN.

Among the many meritorious organisations which exist in our huge metropolis for the uplifting of the fallen, and the rescue of the perishing, a foremost place must be given to the Preventive and Reform-

atory Institution. Some idea of the area over which its work extends, and the way in which its mission is appreciated, may be gathered by a perusal of the following statistics. In one year there were admitted into the various "Homes" no less than 7,445 of the neediest and most miserable. The "Refuge," whose merciful doors are open all night long, received 8,010 in the same time. Seven homes have been established in various parts of London, and still the one great difficulty the committee has to contend with is want of room. There are three classes of "Homes," for the more satisfactory carrying out of the cardinal purposes of the Mission. First, for training friendless girls for domestic service; second, for the protection of young women; and third, for the reclamation of others. A daily expenditure of £12 10s. has to be met by public beneficence, and no work in England better deserves liberal aid. Subscriptions will be gratefully received by the secretary, Mr. Edward W. Thomas, 200, Euston Road, N.W.

THE CHRISTIAN EVIDENCE SOCIETY.

The persistent and organised attacks made against revealed religion of late years, and the vigorous effort put forth for the dissemination of sceptical opinions, have given cause for well-grounded alarm on the part of those who hold with reverence, and proclaim with earnestness, the great Christian verities. The siege which has been laid against the citadel of faith has been largely sustained and directed by those whose name and fame in the scientific world have given force to the operations, and sharpness to the weapons, by means of which they have sought to plant the standard of infidelity on the ruins of the Christian creed. There is at work, also, among the English working classes a band of men, and women too, which, though not numerous, is diligent and persevering, is gifted with considerable talent and persuasive powers of speech, and is unquestionably sowing the seeds of much moral mischief among the lower strata of society. In order in some measure to counteract this evil work, the Christian Evidence Society was originated, and has thoroughly established its *raison d'être* by the skill and energy with which its proceedings have been conducted, and the good work which it has already accomplished. It has added several very valuable and important books to the list of works on modern polemics; it has secured the deliverance of lectures in which orthodoxy has been attractively and convincingly stated and defended; it has distributed a liberal supply of pamphlets and tractates dealing with current phases of unbelief, and has employed many effective agents whose mission has been carried on in quarters most rife with the heresies and falsehoods of the opponents of Christianity. The latest movements of this society have been specially directed with a view to equip lay helpers, City missionaries, Scripture readers, and others, who are labouring among the working classes with material for coping with the doubts and difficulties of infidelity. In mission halls and other public places, both in the metropolis and the large provincial centres of the population, lectures and addresses have been given, and classes have been conducted having this good end in view. In many places large audiences have been gathered in the open air, and it may well be questioned whether these efforts have not been as serviceable as any other department of the Society's work in furthering the end it has in view. During the existence of the late Paris Exhibition a series of lectures both in French and English were delivered in the French capital. Dr. de Pressensé, Professor Jean Monod, Canon Barry, Dr. Oswald Dykes, Rev. Baldwin Brown, M. le Pasteur Coulin and others provided, as might be expected, high-class material for the many thoughtful hearers who assembled on these occasions, and it would be difficult to calculate the large measure of lasting good hereby accomplished. We note that in addition to the voluntary subscriptions given for the support of the society, collections and offertories in several churches and chapels have been given on behalf of its funds, and we can scarcely conceive a wiser method of expending the results of Christian beneficence than the liberal sustenance of the Christian Evidence Society, to which we wish God speed.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

275. What eminent disciple lived at Colossæ, a city in Phrygia?

276. By which of the two Apostles named St. James was the Epistle of that name written?

277. What promise of deliverance from Satan's power was given to man when he sinned?

278. On which day of the Creation were birds created?

279. Wherein was the difference of the creation of man from the creation of animals?

280. In what way did God prevent Cain from being killed?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 736.

262. 1 Chron. xix. 13.

263. It was kept at the high place in Gibeon (1 Chron. xxi. 29).

264. Eccles. x. 4.

265. Goliath, Lahmi his brother, Ishbi-benob, and Sippai (2 Sam. xxi. 22; 1 Chron. xx. 4—8).

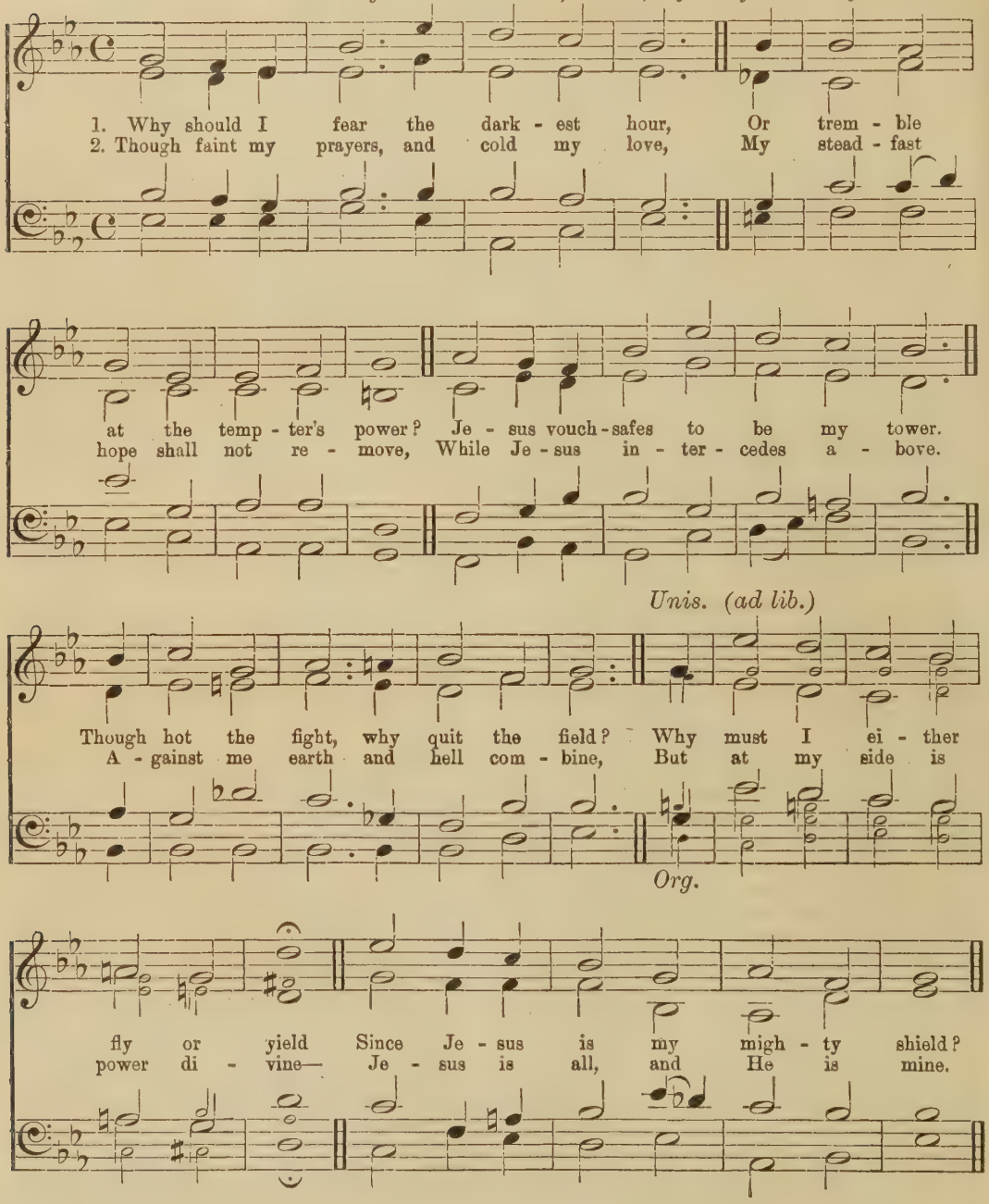
266. Menahem, king of Israel, who gave Pul king of Assyria a thousand talents of silver to confirm him as king (2 Kings xv. 19).

267. Gaius, to whom St. John addresses his third epistle (3 John 5).

NOTE.—On page 586, under the title of "Frances, Baroness Bunsen," in the place of "the Rev. R. Shindler, Kington," etc., whose name was inadvertently given as the author, insert "the Rev. A. Symington, B.A.," who also desires to express his obligation to Mr. Hare's life of the Baroness.

"Why Should I Fear?"

Music by W. H. Longhurst, Mus. D., *Organist of Canterbury Cathedral.*


1. Why should I fear the dark - est hour, Or trem - ble
2. Though faint my prayers, and cold my love, My stead - fast
at the temp - ter's power? Je - sus vouch - safes to be my tower.
hope shall not re - move, While Je - sus in - ter - cedes a - bove.
Unis. (ad lib.)
Though hot the fight, why quit the field? Why must I ei - ther
A - gainst me earth and hell com - bine, But at my side is
Org.
fly or yield Since Je - sus is my migh - ty shield?
power di - vine— Je - sus is all, and He is mine.

LIGHT IN THE CLOUD.

"Now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds: but the wind passeth, and cleanseth them."—Job xxxvii. 21.

WITHIN the silent room she stands—
The room he loved in days gone by—
And where his scattered treasures lie
She lingers now with loving hands;

And all things speak of days long sped:
The unfinished painting thick with dust,
The pistol coated o'er with rust—
"Oh, when will he return?" she said.

But, while the maiden mused and wept,
In far-off land her loved one's head
On mother earth lay pillowèd;
Upon the battle-field he slept,

And none on earth should waken him.
Amid fierce storm of shot and shell,
Facing his country's foes he fell:
And o'er him crept the twilight dim.

Oh, God! and does the bright light shine?
Are Thy ways best whate'er betide?
Oh, if we see not why he died,
Make us to bend our wills to Thine!

And if it be Thy will, we pray
Grant us to see the light behind;
At Thy good season send the wind
And drive the thick black clouds away.

G. W.

THE TEXT-BOOK OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

BY THE REV. CANON ELLIOTT, M.A., VICAR OF WINKFIELD, WINDSOR.

THERE is probably no book of the New Testament less understood than the Acts of the Apostles, and at the same time, none which is of greater practical value to the universal Church in the discharge of her appointed mission as Christ's witness to the world. The Acts of the Apostles is emphatically the text-book of Christian missions. The four Gospels contain the account, as St. Luke reminds us, "of all that Jesus *began* to do and to teach, until the day in which He was taken up." In the Acts of the Apostles the narrative is resumed at the point at which it is broken off in the Gospels; and we learn from this source what Christ now *continues* "both to do and to teach," by His ministers, by His word, and by His Spirit; no longer, as of old, within the narrow confines of "Judæa and Samaria," but "unto the uttermost part of the earth."

We learn from the records of the Evangelists that the same incapacity which the disciples had shown throughout their Lord's earthly ministry, to comprehend the things which pertained to the kingdom of God, was manifested, not only up to His Passion, but even after His Resurrection. The inquiry recorded in Acts i. 6—"Wilt Thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?"—has been commonly thought to imply that the Apostles themselves were still looking for the establishment of an earthly kingdom, and for their own pre-eminence in it. Be this as it may, St. Luke expressly records the reproof which was given on the day of the Resurrection to two of the disciples (of whom the Evangelist himself was probably one), because of their "slowness of heart to believe all that the prophets had spoken."

But it was not with words of rebuke still lingering on His lips, that our Lord left His chosen witnesses to enter upon their conflict with the world, or to sustain the assaults of its prince. Already the typical rites of the priesthood after the order of Aaron had received their fulfilment; and in the one "full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice" of Calvary, reconciliation had been made for iniquity, and an "everlasting righteousness had been brought in" for the transgressors. The priesthood of sacrifice and of atonement being thus accomplished, it remained that the priesthood after the order of Melchisedek should take its place. Other priestly functions besides that of blessing may have been, and probably were, included in the priesthood of Melchisedek. Holy Scripture, however, records but one; and the fact that the priestly function of blessing—and that alone—is mentioned both in the book of Genesis (xiv. 19) and in the Epistle to the Hebrews (vii. 6, 7), warrants the inference that it is in that respect that the typical relationship between the priesthood of Melchisedek and that of Christ mainly, if not exclusively, consists.

Very striking are the words of the Evangelist, as he relates the circumstances of the Ascension. "And He led them as far as to Bethany, and He lifted up His hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass," he adds, "*while He blessed them*, He was parted from them, and carried up into heaven" (St. Luke xxiv. 50, 51).

In accordance with their Lord's command, the chosen witnesses of His Resurrection tarried at Jerusalem until they were endued with power from on high for the discharge of their arduous and momentous mission. In the Pentecostal outpouring of the promised Spirit, the blessing which was begun whilst Christ was yet standing upon the Mount of Olives, received its completion after His Ascension. Then the purchased gifts which He had received whilst among men, and for men, began to be bestowed, even on the rebellious. The whole argument of the Acts of the Apostles is summed up in those few but emphatic words which form the conclusion of St. Mark's Gospel—"So then after the Lord had spoken unto them, He was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God. And they went forth, and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following" (St. Mark xvi. 19, 20). And when this book is carefully examined in the light which is thus thrown upon its contents, we shall be struck with the continuous commentary which it furnishes upon the meaning of these words; and we shall see how, throughout this marvellous record of the labours of the first missionaries, it is Christ Himself, the risen and

ascended Saviour, who, from within the vail, is represented as guiding, directing, and controlling the destinies of His Church.

It was thus that, when the number of the Twelve was to be completed, appeal was made to Him who, though no longer with His people in the flesh, was indeed present with them by His Spirit, that He would show whether of the two whom the hundred and twenty had appointed, He Himself had chosen to take part in the ministry and apostleship (Acts i. 24, 25).

Again, when, on the day of Pentecost, St. Peter preached that great missionary sermon, as the result of which, three thousand souls were, on one day, added to the Church, he testified to the multitude which was then gathered together that it was that same Jesus whom they had crucified —Who, "being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, had shed forth" those miraculous influences of His Spirit which were then seen and heard (ii. 33).

So, again, after the cure of the lame man who sat at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple, St. Peter testified to the people who wondered at the miracle which had been wrought, that it was the "Name" of the crucified Jesus, "through faith in His Name," which had made the lame man strong (iii. 16).

Thus, also, when the first martyr, Stephen, "fell asleep" beneath his winding-sheet of stones, it was the same Jesus—that "Just One" to whom he had borne witness—who appeared to him as "the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God;" and it was into His hands, as into the hands of the Lord, the righteous Judge, that the first martyr commended his departing spirit.

And so, once more, throughout the whole of the history of that great Apostle, which occupies the larger portion of the Acts of the Apostles, we are again and again reminded that it was Christ Himself—the great Head of the Church, and the one "Minister of the true Tabernacle"—who called this chosen vessel to preach His Name to the Gentiles, and who was Himself working with and by His servant, and "giving testimony unto the word of His grace." It was the Lord Jesus who visibly appeared to Saul of Tarsus on his way to Damascus, whilst "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord" (ix. 5). It was from Him, as we learn from the Apostle's defence before Agrippa, that St. Paul received his mission to the Gentiles (xxv. 17). It was in His name that Paul and Barnabas spoke boldly in Iconium. It was He who, in accordance with His own promise, "granted signs and wonders to be done by their hands" (xiv. 3). It was He who, by the vision of the man of Macedonia, called the same Apostle to pass over from the continent of Asia, and to preach Christ's Gospel in Europe (xvi. 10). It was He who stood by His faithful servant in the castle of Antonia, and who bade him be of good cheer (xxiii. 11). And, as it was Christ who both visibly and invisibly stood by and strengthened His faithful witness, so was it the testimony of Christ which was the sum and substance of the Apostle's preaching; and this, as he declared to Agrippa, was the message which he continued to deliver both to small and great—"That Christ should suffer, and that He should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should show light unto the people, and to the Gentiles" (xxvi. 23).

It is thus that, whilst keeping our eye ever fixed upon Christ as working in and by the agency of the earthly channels of His grace, the Acts of the Apostles almost insensibly bridges the wide chasm which would otherwise sever us Gentiles from the Upper Chamber at Jerusalem; and, whilst gradually but consistently drawing our thoughts away from those to whom it was needful that the Gospel should be first preached, prepares us for the reception of the mystery which had been hidden from ages and from generations, but which is now revealed by the Spirit to the Church, "that the Gentiles should be fellow-heirs, and of the same body, and partakers of His promise in Christ by the Gospel" (Eph. iii. 6).

And when we carefully examine the Acts of the Apostles with this object in view, we shall perceive that it contains principles of universal application for carrying on the great work of evangelisation, and also that the objections which from time to time have been raised against missionary enterprise have been anticipated in it, and by anticipation answered.

And (I.) as regards the character of Apostolic preaching, we learn from the lips of the greatest of earthly missionaries that it was the person and the work of Christ which constituted the sum and substance of His ministry. We observe, indeed, that whether he addressed Jews or Gentiles, it was St. Paul's custom to conciliate the favour, rather than to arouse the prejudices of his hearers; and that even when seeking to persuade the Gentiles to turn from idols unto the living God, he did not heedlessly shake the foundations of their existing faith, but sought rather to lead them onwards from truths already recognised to higher truths which were as yet unknown. At the same time, the great Apostle never held back from his hearers the preaching of Christ's cross, but notwithstanding that that preaching proved a stumbling-block to the Jew, and was accounted foolishness by the Greek, he ceased not to preach to both Christ crucified, as the wisdom and the power of God.

II. And if, as regards the subject-matter of his preaching, St. Paul has left an example for Christian ministers, whether at home or abroad,

to follow, so also as regards the means adopted for the wider diffusion of the Gospel, the same great Apostle has taught us by his example many of those lessons on the observance of which the success of missionary effort must be mainly dependent. Thus, for example, we learn from the records of the first apostolical journey of St. Paul that the constitution of a native ministry was one of the first objects of the Apostle's solicitude. "And when they had ordained them elders," we read, "in every church, and had prayed with fasting, they commended them to the Lord, on whom they believed" (Acts xiv. 23). The history of the Church of Ephesus—of which we have a fuller account than of any of the other churches which were founded by the Apostles—affords a remarkable instance of this solicitude. In the twentieth chapter of the Acts we read St. Paul's solemn charge delivered to the elders of this church. Now we learn by a comparison of that chapter with the eighteenth that this church had not been founded much more than three years previously, and yet, at the time of St. Paul's final departure from Ephesus, these elders were already actively engaged in feeding the flock over which the Holy Ghost had made them overseers. The directions given to Timothy and to Titus in the pastoral Epistles show still further how strongly the mind of St. Paul was impressed with the importance of this subject.

Again, it is important to observe that whilst laying firmly the foundations of a native ministry in the various cities through which he passed, or in which he sojourned, and making those churches, from the first, self-supporting, St. Paul not only retained his personal supervision over the native converts by his visits and by his letters (and as we see exemplified further, by his delegation of Timothy to the churches of Corinth and of Ephesus, and of Titus to those of Corinth and of Crete), but also maintained the connection of the churches which he founded in Asia Minor and in Europe with the mother-churches of Antioch and of Jerusalem. In the fourteenth chapter of this book we read how, after the completion of their first apostolical journey, and their return to Antioch in Syria, Paul and Barnabas "gathered the church together and rehearsed all that God had done with them, and how he had opened the door of faith unto the Gentiles" (ver. 27). Again, when a dissension arose in the same church of Antioch touching the necessity of obedience to the ceremonial law, Paul and Barnabas went up to Jerusalem, and there laid the whole question before the Apostles and elders who "came together for to consider of this matter" (xv. 6); and, in the course of his next apostolical journey, he delivered in the various cities through which he passed "the decrees for to keep, that were ordained of the Apostles and elders which were at Jerusalem" (xvi. 4). The same object was further promoted by the order given by St. Paul to the churches of Galatia and of Corinth to contribute systematically, as the churches of Macedonia had done spontaneously, towards the relief of a temporary distress which had arisen at Jerusalem, and thus to express their gratitude to those of whose spiritual things they had been made partakers by ministering to them in carnal things.

III. Another lesson directly applicable to the subject under consideration is the necessity, in order to the success of missionary effort, of fervent and unceasing prayer and praise. Throughout the Acts of the Apostles this lesson is continually enforced upon us. The faithful few who abode in the upper chamber at Jerusalem, waiting for the promise of the Father "continued with one accord in prayer and supplication" (i. 14). The three thousand who were added to the Church on the day of Pentecost "continued stedfastly in the Apostle's doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers" (ii. 42). It was at the hour of prayer that Peter and John went up together into the Temple (iii. 1). When the same Apostles had been dismissed after examination by the high priests and rulers of the Jews, and had returned to their own company, and reported all that had been said to them, the whole of that company lifted up their united voices in the language of prayer and of praise (iv. 24—30). One of the chief objects proposed in the appointment of the seven to attend to the daily ministration was that the Apostles might give themselves continually to prayer and to the ministry of the word. The appointment of Barnabas and Saul to the apostleship of the Gentiles was observed as a reason of special prayer (xiii. 3). At the beginning of his second missionary journey, as at that of the first, St. Paul was "recommended by the brethren unto the grace of God" (xv. 40). When Paul and Silas had been thrust into the gloomy dungeon of Philippi, the unwonted sounds which broke in upon the ears of their fellow-prisoners were those of prayer and praise. And once more (xvi. 25), we read that on the sea-shore of Miletus St. Paul knelt down, and there solemnly commended the elders of Ephesus "to God and to the word of His grace" (xx. 32—36).

IV. A further consideration, and one which lies at the very root of the great work of evangelisation, is clearly and prominently brought before us in the Acts of the Apostles, and that is the need of the Holy Spirit's influences in qualifying men for the work, and in crowning their labours with success. It was not until they had received the baptism of the Holy Ghost that the first missionaries of the Cross were fitted for the discharge of the great commission which they had received; and we are constantly reminded of their need of the influences of the

same Spirit to make their preaching effectual. Alike in the record of the Pentecostal outpouring of the Spirit upon the Church at Jerusalem, of the descent of the same Spirit upon the Gentiles in the house of Cornelius, and again upon the Samaritans, in answer to the prayer of Peter and of John (viii. 14—17), this great truth is powerfully enforced in the Acts of the Apostles. We read, concerning the company of believers who met together after the release of Peter and John, that "they were all filled with the Holy Ghost" (iv. 31). The fearful doom of Ananias and Sapphira proclaimed not only to the infant Church, but also to those who were without, the reality of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit within the mystical body of Christ. The direction given by the Apostles to the brethren to look out from among them seven men "full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom," teaches us, as it taught them, what are the essential qualifications of those who would render true and acceptable service in the Church of God, whether that service pertain to the bodies or to the souls of their brethren. The description given of Stephen, as "full of the Holy Ghost" (vii. 55), reveals to us the character of those who desire to be faithful witnesses of Christ in life, and to be cheered by the presence of Christ, and by the revelation of "the glory of God" in death. It was for this end that Ananias was sent to Saul of Tarsus, where the Lord Jesus had appeared to him on his way to Damascus—that he might "receive his sight and be filled with the Holy Ghost" (ix. 17). In a very striking manner is mention made of the direct agency of the Holy Ghost in the appointment of Barnabas and Saul to the apostleship to the Gentiles. We read in the thirteenth chapter of this book (ver. 2), that, as the prophets and teachers at Antioch ministered to the Lord and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, "Separate Me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them." And, as if to give more prominence to the personal agency of the Spirit, we read in the fourth verse of the same chapter that "they, being sent forth by the Holy Ghost, departed into Seleucia."

And further, the same Spirit which had thus guided the Church in the selection of fitting instruments for the work, continued to order and to direct the goings of those who were engaged in it. Nowhere can this overruling and restraining influence be more clearly traced than in the account of the first introduction of Christ's Gospel into Europe. When engaged, together with Silas and Timothy, in his second apostolical journey, St. Paul purposed to go into that populous and important district of the western coast of Asia Minor to which in the Acts of the Apostles the name of Asia is distinctively assigned. But although at a later period of his ministry an abundant harvest was destined to be ingathered by the great Apostle in this district, we read that at this time "they were forbidden of the Holy Ghost to speak the word in Asia" (xvi. 6). Again we read that "they assayed to go into Bithynia, but the Spirit of Jesus [the only place in which this peculiar form of words occurs] suffered them not" (ver. 7). And now the end contemplated in this frustration of their own designs was made manifest, for (the narrative continues) "a vision appeared to Paul in the night: there stood a man of Macedonia beseeching him and saying, come over into Macedonia, and help us" (ver. 9).

Again, not only are the great principles which should regulate the work of evangelisation clearly laid down in the Acts of the Apostles, but the chief objections which have been raised against missionary efforts appear to have been anticipated, and by anticipation to be answered. Amongst these none has been urged with greater plausibility than the prior claims of the inhabitants of our own land. It is often urged as an objection to the employment of labourers, and to the expenditure of money, in foreign countries, that so long as any are living in a state of ignorance and of vice at home, there can be no obligation resting upon us to carry Christ's Gospel abroad. Again we turn to the great text-book of Christian missions, and we ask why it was that St. Paul left his kinsmen after the flesh in Judæa, whose souls' salvation was the object of his heart's fervent desire, and of his earnest and unceasing prayers, and was content to encounter daily perils and hardships by land and by sea, in order that he might be the instrument of communicating to the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ. And the answer to this inquiry is contained in those few but most significant words which the Apostle addressed to King Agrippa, "Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision" (xxvi. 19).

It has been declared to us as plainly in God's written word, as it was revealed to Saul of Tarsus by the heavenly vision, that the work given to Christ's Church in this present dispensation is not the conversion of all to whom the offers of salvation are addressed, but, the preaching of the Gospel as a *witness* amongst all the nations (St. Matt. xxiv. 14). This was Christ's last solemn commission to His Church; and it is only so long as she is found obedient to her Lord's command that she can look for that presence with her of her risen and ascended Head on which the success of all her efforts must depend. The great end, then, which the Church at large, and which each individual member of that Church has to set steadily before his eyes, is the extension of Christ's kingdom upon the earth by the use of those means which He has Himself ordained. In this work each individual Christian is required to take his part, some by the consecration of themselves to the work, and all by their prayers, their

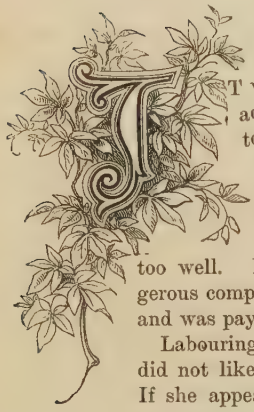
sympathy, and their alms. And when these shall ascend as a united memorial before the Lord, we may look for the advent of those promised times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord which shall prove to be the heralds of His advent, and the means of the hastening of His coming.

HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST IN THE WINNING," "FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE."

CHAPTER LI.

HATTIE COMES HOME.



'T was all very well for Nina to advise, but how was her sister to act upon a caution so enigmatically worded? She believed, or it would be more correct to say, she *feared* she understood it but too well. Duke had sought the dangerous companionship of George Ordley, and was paying dear for his folly.

Labouring under this impression, she did not like to write and question Nina. If she appealed to any one, it must be to Duke himself, and at present he was impenetrable.

Whether he divined what she wanted to say, or had other reasons for seeming ill at ease in her society, she could not tell; but he was more careful than ever to avoid being left alone with her; and Winnie's pride would have prompted her to avoid him if Nina had not written again more forcibly than before.

Her note, like the former one, was as vague as it was peremptory.

"In spite of my warning," she said, "Duke has been here again. Are you really so indifferent that you will not put out your hand to prevent what he is blindly rushing into?"

For a clue to her meaning Winnie felt that she must go to Duke himself; and, unable to get any conversation with him elsewhere, she took courage to seek him in the office.

But the reception he gave her was one that would effectually deter her from taking such a step again. Never had she been so cruelly mortified and humbled as by the sarcastic speeches with which he answered her gentle expostulations.

"You are uneasy on my account, do you say, little cousin?" he exclaimed, trying to speak playfully, but betraying his agitation by pulling a periodical to pieces while he talked. "I am, or at least I suppose I ought to be, immensely grateful; though I cannot understand why you are taking so much trouble about me. It's rather late in the day—isn't it?—to get up all this interest in a person you might have served once, and wouldn't."

"If you looked happy, Duke, or were living the life of a contented man, I should not take upon myself to meddle with your affairs; but I have—indeed I always have had—too sincere a regard for you to stand aloof when I see you unhappy."

"My dear cousin, I have not been complaining. I suppose I am as well off as other men. Every one must expect to have trials and troubles in this world. That is your own philosophy, isn't it? I'm doing my best to bear mine stoically."

"But if they could be lightened, Duke? If you are making the burden harder to bear by acts that——"

She was not allowed to say more.

"Excuse me if I stop you, Winnie. Such remarks as you are now uttering sound so like a mockery of the feelings you have played with that I cannot listen to them."

"Don't misunderstand me, Duke," she pleaded; "I came to you in all kind and cousinly intention. You have not a truer friend than I should like to be, if you will let me."

But now he had worked himself into a passion, and cried, scornfully, "Another taunt! If I will let you! Is it not too late? Whatever I am, or may be, the fault is yours, Winnie—wholly and solely yours. Your chilling indifference to my wishes, your readiness to make me the last consideration, would have driven a stronger-minded fellow than I am to the verge of madness."

"I did not come here to talk to you about the past, or to repeat the old arguments that unhappily have failed to convince you," she replied; "I came because I want to see you happier, to entreat you not to let any fancied disappointment lead you into follies or extravagancies that I am sure you will repent."

"Who has been telling tales of me?" he asked, violently. "Your most noble ally, Percy Gray?"

"I should be sorry to listen to any one who spoke ill of you," she answered. "I gather from your looks, your manner, your studied avoidance of us, that you have some secret trouble. Will you talk to papa, Duke? Ah, yes, pray do! Talk to him freely, and let him help you. Are you not almost as dear to him as his own boys? If you have been induced to spend more than you can afford, I know you may depend upon him to give you all the assistance in his power."

"Thanks, but I believe I shall be able to help myself," he answered, moodily. "You don't seem to be aware that it's a very unpleasant thing to reveal the errors of one's youth to a man who has outlived his own."

"But papa is never harsh," Winnie urged. "Hasty

he may be, but only for a few minutes; and if you have incurred any debt at Brighton, I know he will advance you the money to pay it and demand no interest—no condition but a promise, which I think you 'll make him willingly, not to be led into anything of the kind again."

"You do not know what you are talking about," he answered, writhing, and avoiding her eyes. "If a fellow could live his life over again—but that 's impossible—and—and I 'd rather you left me alone!" he added, in sharper accents. "What is done, is done. I 'm not sure that I 'd undo it if I could, for what Ordley says is very true—those who don't strive to hold themselves up as mirrors of goodness get on just as well as those who do."

"Is this a sample of George Ordley's maxims? Then I pity my poor sister!"

"You need not. She 's happier in her way than you are in yours. She does not expect impossibilities from those she professes to love, nor worry their lives and her own with efforts to play the saint."

Winnie quitted the office without attempting to reply. Need he have met her friendly advances with taunts? What had she done to deserve them? The tears that welled into her eyes were angrily dashed away, for though she had the sweetest of tempers, Duke's sneers had roused her resentment at last; and while she would not permit herself to regret this attempt to win his confidence, she felt it due to her own self-respect never to expose herself to such treatment again.

She did not know that scarcely had she left him ere Duke started up to recall her, and on his knees beseech her forgiveness; for ere he reached the door a flood of recollections overwhelmed him, and groaning in anguish of spirit, "I dare not! I dare not! it is too late!" he flung himself into his chair, and hid his face in his hands.

Winnie had not much leisure for grieving over his perversity. Her father was nearly convalescent, and Dr. Halton, his old friend as well as medical adviser, was pressing him to try the effect of a thorough change of scene.

Dr. Halton himself had determined to take a holiday for the first time for some years, and why should not his patient accompany him? The good doctor's eldest son had settled at Mentone, where he had an excellent practice; he would be delighted to see them, and a few weeks spent in the favoured climate of that beautiful resort for invalids might do wonders for the enfeebled constitution of Mr. Graddon.

As soon as Winnie learned from Dr. Halton how much benefit he augured from the change, she commenced to overrule all her father's objections. These were principally on the score of business. Should the order be received to commence that long-pending contract, his presence at home would be absolutely necessary.

"If Duke would but put his shoulder to the wheel, I could take my ease, without all this fear of things going wrong," he observed, recurring, as he usually did on such occasions, to his disappointed hopes of finding a zealous helper in his young kinsman.

"But there is Gray," his sister reminded him. "You have often said how thoroughly you can depend upon him!"

"True; but he is young, and may be overweighted, and I have heard a whisper—only a whisper—that he and Duke do not get on together. If Gray should take affront and leave me in the lurch it would be serious."

But Miss Symes replied promptly that it was foolish to meet troubles half-way. He was only going abroad for a few weeks, and she would venture to predict that everything would work smoothly during his absence.

Eventually Mr. Graddon suffered himself to be persuaded, and Duke, unasked, promised to take good heed that his uncle's interests were well taken care of during his absence.

When Hattie heard that Mr. Graddon was going away, she petitioned to be allowed to return to Erndell and Winnie. Her guardian demurred a little, thinking that it would be as well to leave her with her own relations; but she settled the question by arriving at his house the day before he left it.

Hattie was quite amused at her own courage in travelling without an escort. A reference to the baptismal register of the village near Brighton where she was born, proved her to be a year or so older than her friends imagined. She had arrived at the mature age of twenty-one a few days previously, and merrily declared that this was her first act of independence.

Winnie was delighted to have her. She knew she should not miss her father quite so much now Hattie was with her; and it amused her to note the changes perceptible in her little friend. Formerly Hattie had been her humble admirer and copyist; now she was inclined to patronise her, not rudely or unpleasantly, but with a little assumption of superior knowledge derived partly from her residence at London-super-Mare, partly from the fact of having just reached her majority.

"You should not drape your curtains in that style, Winnie dear. It 's old-fashioned. Ah! you don't know how much I have learned while I have been away. Not in the way of accomplishments, oh, no! but little things, useful ones, that I shall put in practice when I have a house of my own."

"Don't talk too fast, child," said Miss Symes; "you may never have one. You may end your days as I am ending mine, an incumbrance under some one else's roof."

"An incumbrance, Aunt Janet?" exclaimed Winnie, reproachfully.

The blind woman's hand was laid softly on her head.

"Yes, dear, but not an unhappy or repining one. How can I be either, while you all tolerate me so cheerfully? But let that child go on talking; perhaps she can give us some news about Nina."

Hattie's round merry face sobered.

No, she had very little to tell, for she had received no encouragement to visit the Ordleys, and—but she did not think she ought to repeat mere gossip. Besides, Nina and her husband had left Brighton.

"Without apprising us!" cried Winnie. "But perhaps they have gone to Manchester."

Hattie did not know; she said she rather thought not, and then began to talk of something else. She did not care to pain her auditors by repeating the last *on dit* about the young couple; but more than one rumour had reached her that Mr. Ordley had been in the habit of frequenting houses where gambling was permitted; and played high with varying success. For a short time he was very successful, and he and his beautiful wife had been seen in every place of public resort; but a series of losses, and the impatience of the trades-people, who insisted on the payment of their accounts, had driven him into a precipitate flight.

And it was for this that Nina had rebelled and left her home!

Winnie divined the state of affairs from Hattie's reticence, and could only hope that George Ordley, finding his bride dowerless, and her father firmly resolved not to help him to live a life so disgraceful, would be compelled by stern necessity to help himself, accept the terms offered by his own relatives, and settle down to a more honest occupation.

"I dare say Nina will write to us soon," she said, as cheerfully as she could; "and if her letter should be dated from Manchester, what good news to send to papa!"

Pleasing herself with this thought, she now answered all Hattie's questions about sailor Tom, whose letters had to be fetched and read aloud by the proud sister to whom they were addressed. Then the prizes were displayed that Eddie and Fred had won at school, as well as the drawings Johnnie had brought home last holidays; and Hattie, always far more affectionate to the boys than Nina had ever been, clapped her hands and exulted over their successes, and even shed a few tears over Winnie's account of the hurt Fred had received at football, although it was healed long ago.

Then there was Nannie to visit in her neat kitchen, and a new recipe to be discussed for making marrow jam, a condiment which, with all due respect to Miss Hattie, cook could not be induced to look upon with favour.

"I'll try it to please you, miss, but fruit is fruit and vegible is vegible; pickle the one, says I, and preserve the tother; but boiling vegibles in sugar don't sound natural, and I can't bring my mind to it."

They left Nannie still shaking her head and looking doubtful, and went up-stairs together, for it was growing late, and Miss Symes was ready for bed.

Winnie led her aunt to her room and stayed with her as usual, till she was dismissed with a kiss and a blessing; but she was a little surprised to see Hattie waiting for her when she entered her own chamber.

"I thought you would be so tired with your journey that I should find you asleep," she observed.

"Not till we have had one of our dear old talks," said Hattie, plumping down in her favourite attitude on the floor, with her arms folded on Winnie's knees, and her chin resting on them, so that she could look up in her friend's face. "Not till you have heard all I have to tell you, and answered the heap of questions I mean to ask. Think what a tremendous long time it is since you and I opened our hearts to each other."

It was such an unusually sentimental speech for the matter-of-fact Hattie to make, that Winnie, who had been stifling a yawn, laughed outright, and composed herself to listen.

CHAPTER LII.

HATTIE'S CONFIDENCES.

"FIRST and foremost, let us talk about yourself, dear Winnie. Have you never repented breaking off your engagement?"

Winnie could not help colouring, but she did not evade the question. "I have learned to think that it was for the best," she said.

"Of course, or you would not have done it. You are very firm-minded, Winnie."

"I don't think I am, or I should not have grieved so much over what I could not prevent," was the murmured reply.

"Then it has grieved you?" queried Hattie, dwelling on the subject with a persistence for which her friend did not thank her. "I was afraid it had; but it was your own doing. Duke has told me so."

"Has he?" And again a flush of wounded pride mantled in Winnie's cheeks; but Hattie, though she saw it rise, did not understand what had occasioned it.

"Yes; we have talked about you a great deal; for I shall never be really happy if you are not."

"Then pray set your kind little heart at rest about me, dear. I am too busy, and have too many to love and care for, to fret over the past."

"It's such a relief to hear you say this!" cried Hattie, rapturously. "And remember you are always to be my best friend and adviser, and to keep on good terms with Duke for my sake."

"For your sake, Hattie! What do you mean?"

It was Hattie's turn to blush.

"Hasn't Duke told you—he promised he would? How forgetful he is! He has asked me to marry him, and I have promised that I will."

Hattie now raised herself to throw her arms around her companion's waist and lay her head on Winnie's shoulder, while she entered into long details of all that had happened during Duke's visits to Brighton. She might have talked on for an hour without fear of interruption, for Winnie was dazed, and did not

"'Then it has grieved you?' queried Hattie."—*p.* 776.

hear anything distinctly for some minutes after her ears had taken in the sense of this astounding announcement.

Absorbed in the importance of her first love affair, the young girl did not detect this. She went on to describe Duke's dejected air, his frequent sighs, his changeable moods—all of which she had attributed to his regrets for the loss of his cousin—till he abruptly asked Hattie to be his wife, when she began to draw a more flattering deduction from his melancholy.

"I don't like him any the less for having first attached himself to you, Winnie darling. It would have been absurd for him to notice a stupid little thing like me while there was any hope of winning you. But I am very proud and fond of him, and so —and so you 'll wish me joy, won't you, dear?"

Winnie roused herself to answer the anxious querist, who evidently could not feel quite satisfied with the engagement till it had received the sanction of this faithful friend.

"My very dear Hattie, I shall not be able to forgive Duke if he does not prove himself worthy of your affection."

Hattie laughed and cried in a breath.

"Oh! but you mustn't talk as if I were conferring any great favour on him. It is I who ought to be glad and grateful, for I never expected to secure such a lover. I didn't see a person in Brighton as handsome as Duke. Do you remember how he and I used to quarrel? and here we are engaged! Who would have thought it?"

But Winnie could not smile with her, for when she recalled the contemptuous dislike with which Duke had always spoken of poor simple Hattie, she found it very difficult to believe that he was sincerely attached to her. Yet from what other motive could he have sought her hand? Hattie had inherited a nice little property from her parents, but Winnie reminded herself that Duke was not a needy man. The sum her father had invested in his name during his boyhood, and on which Mr. Graddon had generously refused to trench for the expenses of his schooling, must now be large enough to set him above the petty meanness of wooing a girl for her fortune.

Reasoning thus, she tried to find a solution to the enigma in Hattie's domestic virtues. If Duke, when thrown into her society at Brighton, had made the discovery that she was better suited to him than his cousin, ought the latter to repine or distrust his motives? She spent such a sleepless night pondering over his conduct, that she had some difficulty in effacing the signs of it; but she could smile and speak with tolerable composure when she descended to the breakfast parlour and found Hattie and Duke there together.

She was spared the ordeal of offering her congratulations by his quitting the room while she was receiving her friend's morning greeting, and after a while she schooled herself to meet him with her usual serenity.

Miss Symes gave her niece a long close embrace when she was made acquainted with the engagement, but she volunteered no remark upon it, for which Winnie was heartily thankful. However, Aunt Janet held a long conference with the bride-elect, from which the latter came away red-eyed and very serious, which mood lasted till the next time she saw Duke, whose presence—it could not have been his attentions, for he was chary of them—had the effect of banishing it.

Perhaps Winnie's most painful task was that of communicating the tidings of Hattie's approaching marriage to her father. She knew how long and tenaciously he had clung to the hope that Duke would yet prove himself deserving his faith in his abilities, and be a son to his old age, a brother to his boys. It was this knowledge far more than any selfish repinings that made her hesitate how to word the tidings; but it was done at last, and her letter despatched. Perhaps Mr. Graddon would not feel the vexation so keenly at Mentone as if he had been at home, where he could not escape from it, but Winnie was uneasy till she heard from him, and could have smiled at herself for all her anxious speculations on the subject, when she found that her father merely alluded to it in these terms—

"So Master Duke has already consoled himself. He must decide upon some plan of living before I shall give my consent to the marriage."

"But Duke wants to be married at once," objected Hattie, when Winnie showed her Mr. Graddon's letter. "He would not like to settle down till we have looked about us a little, and, as both of us are of age, and his position here is a most uncomfortable one; at least that is what he says; and with the foreman taking so much upon himself, and Mr. Graddon thinking that everything Gray does is right, and—but these things are quite enough to make poor Duke eager to run away from it all, and begin a new life somewhere else, are they not?"

"He could have thrown up his berth long since. Papa proposed it to him," replied Winnie, then wished she had not, for what good would it effect? Hattie was only Duke's echo, and was completely merging her individuality in his.

So she contented herself with reminding the bride-elect that her trousseau had to be purchased, and Mr. Graddon would consider himself unfairly used if he were not present at her wedding to give her away. Hattie conceded all this, and pledged herself not to marry till her guardian returned from Mentone; but after five minutes' conversation with Duke she came back to say, with much embarrassment, that she thought she would return to her relatives at Brighton, and take their advice on the subject.

Winnie did not feel justified in offering any opposition, but her heart was heavy with distrust. As the betrothed pair stood by the window, arranging for Hattie's journey, which was to take place on the morrow, she watched them with increasing uneasiness. Hattie's face was bright with content as she raised

it to Duke's; but he looked down upon her with gloomy discontent and mental suffering depicted on every feature. Was he acting honourably by the confiding girl, who was giving herself to him without a doubt of his good faith and affection to mar her felicity?

"Don't worry yourself, child," said Miss Symes, who heard Winnie sigh, and guessed the reason. "You and I were not sent here to map out the lives of other people according to our notions of what is best for them. We must have patience; and bear in mind that Hattie is not uncared for, even though we can do nothing."

"If I were but sure——" Winnie began, her voice so tremulous that it failed her.

"Can you not be sure that she is in her Father's hands, and *trust* and *wait?*" asked Miss Symes.

Winnie was silent; but she took comfort from the brusquely-spoken words. She would need all her courage soon, for the end of this time of perplexity was nearer than she imagined.

(*To be continued.*)

SILENT PREACHERS:

NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS USED IN THE TEACHINGS OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

MANSIONS. When the time of the Crucifixion of our blessed Lord was drawing near, He turned His thoughts in love to the chosen friends of His earthly ministry, the Apostles to whom He was to entrust the carrying on of the work begun by Him. He thought of the desolation of heart which would come to them when they saw Him for whom they had forsaken everything earthly hanging dead upon the cross, and therefore He spoke words of comfort to them, to prepare them for that time of sorrow, and to keep them from despair. Among the many promises of comfort which He gave them then, one must have been specially welcome to them; that one which is given in the opening verses of St. John xiv.:—"Let not your heart be troubled; .... in my Father's house are many mansions .... I go to prepare a place for you .... that where I am there ye may be also." These words must have brought much joy to the minds of the disciples; they contained an assurance that their separation from their Lord was to be only for a time. He was to leave them now; He was returning home to the Father's house, which for a time He had left for the love of man, but He was returning there not for His own happiness only, but still to work for man, still to bear upon His heart those whom He had died to save. "I go to prepare a place for you." Thus would He point the thoughts of His disciples forward. "In my Father's house are many mansions," there ye shall be with Me for ever after a little while of separation; let that hope sustain you in your life of trial and persecution. Whither I go ye cannot follow Me now, but ye shall follow Me afterwards."

And that hope set before the Apostles is for Christians too—"In my Father's house are many mansions." There is room there for all who are willing to be saved. With this hope we may be sustained in the midst of the troubles of earth. When sorrow comes, when life is dark about us, we must recall the words of Christ to His disciples—"Let not your heart be troubled;" we must remember the glorious things that are spoken of the city of God, the city where, in the mansions of the Father, a place is being now prepared for us, where "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

MEAT. In the Sermon on the Mount, with a view to teaching us that we should not be too anxious about the things of this world, our Lord reminds us that the "life is more than meat." The meaning of this expression is very evident; the life of man is not limited to the time spent in this world. Clothed in a mortal body, he is living here but for a while; but when the body perishes, the man is living still, and it is therefore foolish in the extreme for a man to spend all his efforts and all his time in making provision for the body which *must* die, while he neglects the soul, which *must* live. The life is more than meat, and the most luxuriant provision for the wants of the body does *nothing* for the sustaining of the higher life, which is the real life of the man.

It is this truth which too many people in the world forget so frequently; they live as if the life of man were not "more than meat," as if the only object of existence were to provide for the wants and comforts of the body, as if the only thing to be feared for a man were the loss of those things which are called the necessaries of life, but which are necessaries only for that part of our life which is lived in this world; and yet if it be indeed true that our life here is but an insignificantly small part of the whole, then it must be *comparatively* unimportant what our condition and circumstances in this world may be. This is the truth which our Lord teaches also in another place; when, after the miracle of feeding the five thousand, the people having followed Him across the Sea of Galilee, He met them with the rebuke, "Ye seek Me not because ye saw the miracle, but because ye did eat of the loaves and were filled," and then He endeavoured to raise their thoughts above the wants of the body, in the exhortation, "Labour not for the

meat which perisheth, but for that which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of Man shall give unto you." The danger to the world, then as now, was that men should concentrate their thoughts upon the present, forgetting to make preparation for the future; that the wants of the body should so engage their attention as to make them forget everything else. It is a danger to which rich and poor alike are exposed. The rich man, with the power of gratifying every desire, surrounded with all the comforts of life, forgets too often that he has wants which this world cannot supply, and of which the supply can be found in God alone; and the poor man, in his anxiety about the present, and under the pressure of want and suffering, finds it hard to lift his thoughts above the present, and so too often deprives himself of the only comfort which lies within his reach—a comfort which is worth all others put together, the comfort of the knowledge of the love of God in Christ.

Thus, rich and poor alike need to remember that this life is not the whole. The luxurious life of the one will not last, and will be turned to sorrow and want for the man who has not been serving God; and the wretched life of the other will not last, but will be turned to everlasting joy for those who, in the midst of their poverty, have not forgotten God, but have remembered the love of Christ, "who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich."

MOTH. The call to live in this world, remembering that this world is not all, which we have already considered (under MEAT), is given by our LORD in a different form in an earlier part of the Sermon on the Mount, in the words, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon the earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal" (St. Matt. vi. 19, 20). The foundation of this exhortation is the insecurity and perishableness of earthly possessions. The "moth" is mentioned perhaps because it was the custom of the Jews to lay up large stores of clothing, which would be liable to be injured, if not made useless, by moths; the "rust" may refer to the deterioration of stores of coin; or else these may both be introduced, along with the mention of "thieves," merely as general expressions of the uncertainty and insecurity of all earthly riches. But the riches laid up in heaven are liable to no such dangers; they are safe in the keeping of God for ever.

How, then, are we to lay up "treasure in heaven?" The use of the word "treasure" will tell us. For a man's treasure is that on which his heart is set, which has the first place in his thoughts, for which he lives. And therefore to have treasure in heaven is, in other words, to be convinced of the value of heavenly things, to have them much in our minds, to turn our thoughts often to such words as those of St. Paul, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him" (1 Cor. ii. 9). If we are living more for what this world offers us than for what God promises; if we care more to please ourselves for the moment than to serve God, and make ourselves, by His help, what He wishes us to be, then we are laying up our treasure in one form or another upon earth. And when the time comes for us to leave the world, we must leave our treasure too, and we shall have nothing to take its place. But if it is really the purpose of our lives to please God; if we are trying, by His grace, to live our lives in His presence, and to offer ourselves to Him, then the real object of our desire is not on earth, but in heaven, and we are laying up treasure with God which shall never be taken from us.

MUSTARD-SEED. The parable of the grain of mustard-seed (St. Matt. xiii. 31, 32; St. Mark iv. 30—32; St. Luke xiii. 18, 19) is intended to represent the growth of the kingdom of God in the world. The teaching is somewhat similar to that of the parables of the seed growing secretly (see under BLADE) and of the leaven. But although the general character of these three parables is the same, each of them describing the growth of Christ's kingdom, yet in each of them the progress of the kingdom is regarded from a different point of view, and for the purpose of teaching a different lesson. Thus, in the parable of the seed growing secretly, the *secret* growth, unknown and unobserved by the world, is the special point which is brought prominently forward; in that of the leaven it is the *influence* which the Gospel should produce upon the world; and in that of the grain of mustard-seed, it is the *extent* of the kingdom, contrasted with its apparently insignificant beginning, to which our attention is specially directed. "The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard-seed which a man took and sowed in his field; which indeed is the least of all seeds; but when it is grown it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof."

Here, as in other parables, the sower of the seed is the Lord Himself, and the field in which it was sown is the world.

The history of the Church is the best explanation of this parable. If we compare the Church of the present day with the Church as it is described in Acts i. 15—"The number of names together were about an hundred and twenty"—we see a contrast as great as that between the grain of mustard-seed and the tree in which the birds of the air make their nests.

For now in every quarter of the world the Gospel is preached and the religion of Christ professed, and although there are far too many countries still in the darkness of heathendom, and we have to regret that two-thirds of the population of the world do not as yet even profess Christianity, and therefore hope, as indeed we may be sure, that the tree has not ceased

to grow, but will, by God's blessing, increase till it is much larger than at present; yet even now the parable has its fulfilment in the present size of the Church compared with its size at the beginning, the "one hundred and twenty" of Acts i. 15 having grown to three hundred millions!

Let us, then, from the history of the past derive hope and encouragement for the future; let us help, as far as we have power, the work of Christian missions; let us at least pray (and we can all do *that*) that God will hasten the time when "the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea."

NET. In the parable of the Draw-net (St. Matt. xiii. 47—50) the kingdom of heaven is compared to "a net that was cast into the sea, and gathered of every kind [*i.e.*, every kind of fish, both good and bad], which, when it was full, they drew to shore, and sat down, and gathered the good into vessels, but cast the bad away." This parable, according to our Lord's own explanation of it, refers rather to the future of the kingdom which Christ established in the world, than to its present condition, the special point of the parable being the final separation of the bad from the good—"So shall it be at the end of the world: the angels shall come forth, and sever the wicked from among the just, and shall cast them into the furnace of fire, there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth."

For a while, during the continuance of the present dispensation, the bad and the good are mixed together in the kingdom of God. Not that we are for a moment to suppose that in the sight of God there is the least confusion between the two. "The Lord knoweth them that are His;" but man cannot separate them now, because man cannot form an accurate judgment, and therefore what is bad may pass for good with him, and what is good may sometimes appear bad; but in the end all judgments of man will be superseded by the infallible judgment of God, whose angels will be sent forth to "sever the wicked from among the just."

It is a solemn thing to reflect that not only our judgment of other men, but other men's judgments of us, and even our own judgments of ourselves, may be quite wrong, and may be reversed by the final decision of the day of judgment. It ought not, therefore, to satisfy us that we have a good reputation in the world; much less ought it to satisfy us that we think well of ourselves. But living with that great day of reparation in view, we must pray to God constantly that we may not be misled by the opinions of men concerning us, but that we may be so honest in judging ourselves now that at the last we may not be found to have been self-deceived, but may be acknowledged as the faithful servants of the Lord.

OX. On more than one occasion in the life of our Lord He is recorded to have performed miracles of healing on the Sabbath day, to the great annoyance of some of the Jews, who professed great anxiety for the strict observance of the letter of the fourth Commandment, but whose real object was to hide their enmity to the Lord behind their pretended zeal for the law.

In the case of the healing of the woman with a spirit of infirmity (St. Luke xiii. 11), the ruler of the synagogue, who made the usual objection to work being done upon the Sabbath day, was sternly rebuked by the Lord, who exposed the dishonesty of the objection in the words, "Thou hypocrite, doth not each one of you on the Sabbath loose his ox or his ass from the stall and lead him away to watering? And ought not this woman . . . . be loosed from this bond on the Sabbath day?" The same argument, in a slightly different form, is used with regard to the healing of the man with the dropsy: "Which of you shall have an ass or an ox fallen into a pit, and will not straightway pull him out on the Sabbath day?" (St. Luke xiv. 5); and also with regard to the healing of the man with the withered hand in St. Matt. xii.

Thus did our Lord in the first place expose the inconsistency of the objectors, whose own conduct was a justification of the acts to which they took exception, and in the second place He showed them to be entirely wanting in love (which is the essence of all true religion), inasmuch as they refused to extend to a suffering fellow-creature the help which they would readily give to their cattle. The truth is that they were so led astray by their prejudices, and so earnestly desirous to convict the Lord of breaking the law, that they gave no thought to the principles of their religion, of which the letter of the Commandments was the expression. And in this respect we may receive warning from their mistake. It is no uncommon thing for men to be so prejudiced against a particular person, or against a particular system of teaching, as to be unable to admit the possible truth of opinions differing from their own, or to admit that people who do not conform to the rules which they have made for themselves, may be, notwithstanding, very earnest Christians. We must pray for a large-hearted Christian love, which will delight in finding good in men, rather than in detecting evil: so shall we be saved from the hypocrisy of the enemies of Christ.

PEARL. The parables of the Pearl of Great Price and of the Hid Treasure are so closely connected, and the teaching of the one is so similar to that of the other, that they may fitly be considered together.

There is, first of all, to be noticed this difference between these two parables and those which precede these in the chapter in which they are recorded (St. Matt. xiii.), that whereas those speak of the kingdom of heaven in its relation to the *world*, these deal with it in its relation to *individuals;* in each of these it is one man only who is represented as becoming possessed of the treasure. Thus is our attention drawn off from the consideration of the

blessings which the Gospel may bring to mankind as a whole, to think of what it may be to each one of us.

In the first of the two parables the Gospel blessings are compared to a "treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found he hideth, and for joy thereof, goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field;" in the second to a pearl of great price, which, "when a man had found, he went and sold all that he had, and bought it."

It has been thought that it is intended in these parables to represent the different ways in which the Gospel is brought home to different men. To some men it comes, so to speak, by accident, as the treasure was found in the field by a man who is not recorded to have been searching for it; but to others it comes (like the one pearl of great price to the man who had been seeking goodly pearls) in the course of earnest inquiry after some greater good than they have found in this world; to some, joy and peace in believing comes almost suddenly upon their first turning to God, but to others the full happiness of the Gospel comes only after a patient waiting upon God and a lengthened fight with sin and temptation.

But assuredly the chief point to be dwelt upon is that which is common to both—namely, the inestimable value of the treasure, whether found by accident or after patient search; in each case the man went and sold all that he had that he might be able to secure possession of that which was beyond the value of all his other property.

Such in truth is this Gospel, as the experience of many can bear witness, although its blessings are despised by some and undervalued by many more. It is worth all the world besides, as our Lord would teach us when He asks, "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" and St. Paul, in Philip. iii. 8, "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord, for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung that I may win Christ."

Let us pray God to help us so to estimate the blessings of the Gospel, that we may value them above everything that this world can give—that we may be prepared, if necessary, to suffer the loss of all things that we may win Christ.

EDWARD'S ATONEMENT.

A STORY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

CHAPTER I.

EDWARD sat up in bed, rubbing his eyes. "Was it a dream?" he asked himself. The moonlight was streaming in through the deep embrasured lattice window, falling in level bars upon the bare oaken floor, black with age, streaming upon the tapestried walls, upon the bed with its rich hangings, tenanted by a fair-haired boy.

Every detail was exactly as he had been accustomed to see it day after day, as far back as his memory would carry him into the fourteen years which formed the sum of his existence.

But scarcely a moment ago, he had opened his sleepy eyes and beheld his mother, Lady Beaufort, gliding through the chamber. This circumstance alone would not have excited his wonder, for before retiring to rest herself, that fond mother was in the habit of visiting his bedside, to bestow a fond caress upon her sleeping boy, and to offer up there her earnest prayers to Heaven for his temporal and spiritual welfare.

Now, however, she never paused by his couch, nor did she even turn her eyes in that direction, and in the hurried glance Edward was able to obtain, her face seemed pale and troubled, her eyes red, as if with weeping, and she was accompanied by a stranger. His features were noble, but fear and fatigue had thrown over them a ghastly pallor. The black robe which he wore was rumpled and soiled with mud, the Geneva bands which appeared at his throat sadly needed to be replaced by cleaner ones, and his whole appearance, though marked by a gentle dignity of demeanour, denoted suffering and fatigue, and seemed to suggest that a long and toilsome journey, not unaccompanied by danger, had but now terminated in safety.

Edward resolved to await his mother's return, so as to satisfy his curiosity, but the sports and studies of the preceding day soon produced their natural and beneficial effect, and long ere Lady Beaufort's light footstep passed again through his chamber, he was sleeping soundly.

But next morning, when admitted to pay his respects to his parents, as soon as Lord Beaufort, his father, had retired, Edward asked his mother if she had visited him the preceding night, or whether it was a ghost he had seen.

"My Edward, who hath spoken such folly to thee?" asked his mother, looking attentively at him.

"'Twas Roger, madam; he saith that my chamber is visited by more than one ghost o' nights; and, my mother, last night I saw——"

Lady Beaufort's cheek paled, and she broke in hurriedly—

"Whatever you may have seen, I charge you, speak not of it. Surely my son fears no spirit, and will not, must not, listen to Roger's idle gossip."

"But may I not speak to you of it, dearest mother?" and he paused, waiting respectfully for her reply; for

those were the days when parents were honoured by the observance of a formal politeness, of which it were well that some traces might be found to linger in our own day, and which in this case was accompanied by an affection as ardent as you, my dear children, feel for your own less stately and more familiarly loving father and mother now.

"Speak freely to me, my Edward," replied his mother, fondly. "What saw you?"

"I fear no ghost, madam, but was curious to know if such a thing really did haunt my chamber; for last night I beheld you, it seemed to me, but accompanied by some one I knew not."

"Hast thou said aught of this to any one?" broke in Lady Beaufort, hurriedly.

"No, in truth, madam, I——"

"See thou mention it to none, then, and I will repose a confidence in you, my son, which I trust may not be misplaced. For reasons which I judge unnecessary to disclose, this dear friend will stay awhile in concealment under our roof. But I would not that any should know of it, for so the danger of discovery will be lessened. Although I believe my household to be faithful, yet it is better so. Go now to thy studies—and anon to thy sports, in which I can presently give you a companion, as I have invited thy cousin, Philip Wyatt, to share both, and he will arrive within a day or two."

"How gay we shall be!" replied Edward, joyfully; and, saluting his mother with mingled gratitude, love, and respect, he obediently withdrew.

Edward Beaufort was fondly loved and much indulged by both his parents, especially by his gentle mother, to whom he had given great anxiety by his distaste for study, and his preference for boyish and military sports.

His father, too, who was sterner with the lad than Lady Beaufort—although he liked to see in his heir a taste for manly pursuits—had taken him to task very severely lately, for he wished him to cultivate and strengthen his mind as well as his body.

Edward had promised to amend, and had told his mother that if he had a companion his tasks would seem much lighter to him than they were at present. Ever ready to grant the indulgence of any reasonable wish, she had invited his cousin Philip to take up his abode at the Castle.

Colonel Wyatt (the father of the young Philip), having lately become a widower, was only too happy that his motherless boy should receive the watchful care and attention which he knew his sister was so fitted to bestow, especially as he wished to travel on the Continent, which, at his son's age, would have retarded the boy's education. He, therefore, immediately wrote, telling Lady Beaufort the day they would arrive.

According to the pleasant fashion of those courtly times, Lord Beaufort rode forth, accompanied by two or three servants, also mounted, to meet and welcome his expected guests.

Lady Beaufort, too, accompanied by Edward, stood at the entrance of the great hall to which she had descended the moment the sound of hoofs, crossing the drawbridge, had given her notice of their arrival.

It was a fair and touching sight to see the motherless boy as he bent reverentially before his gentle kinswoman, and craved the blessing his mother had been wont to bestow.

So touching to her, that it was with tears in her eyes that she raised him, and imprinted a gentle motherly caress upon his pale cheek.

Edward looked on in awe and a little disappointment, for Philip's woeful countenance was not what he had pictured to himself, when delightedly anticipating his arrival.

He had never seen his cousin but once before, and then he had looked merry and happy enough, but now his dark curls waved back from a brow sallow almost in its pallor; and although older by more than a year than Edward, Philip was noticeably shorter and slighter than his happy, healthy-looking cousin, and his features, though delicately moulded, and almost perfect in their outline, bore a look of gravity and reserve unnatural in one so young.

Before many hours had passed, however, Edward's lively disposition and merry gossip had won two or three sad and wondering smiles from Philip, and when the time came for them to retire to rest, he seemed quite pleased to hear that, at his cousin's request, they were to share one chamber.

(To be continued.)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

281. What words spoken at the birth of Noah show the saddened state of men's minds at that time?

282. What mother voluntarily dedicated her son to be a Nazarite?

283. What father died at the time of receiving the news of the death of his sons?

284. What punishment was sent upon the Philistines because they kept the Ark of God?

285. What army is recorded as having destroyed itself instead of fighting against its enemies?

286. In what way did the fowls of the air obtain their names?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 752.

268. In the Grecian Archipelago.

269. By washing His disciples' feet (John xiii. 5).

270. Rev. xxii. 18, 19.

271. By the name of Thaddæus or Lebbæus (Matt. x. 3).

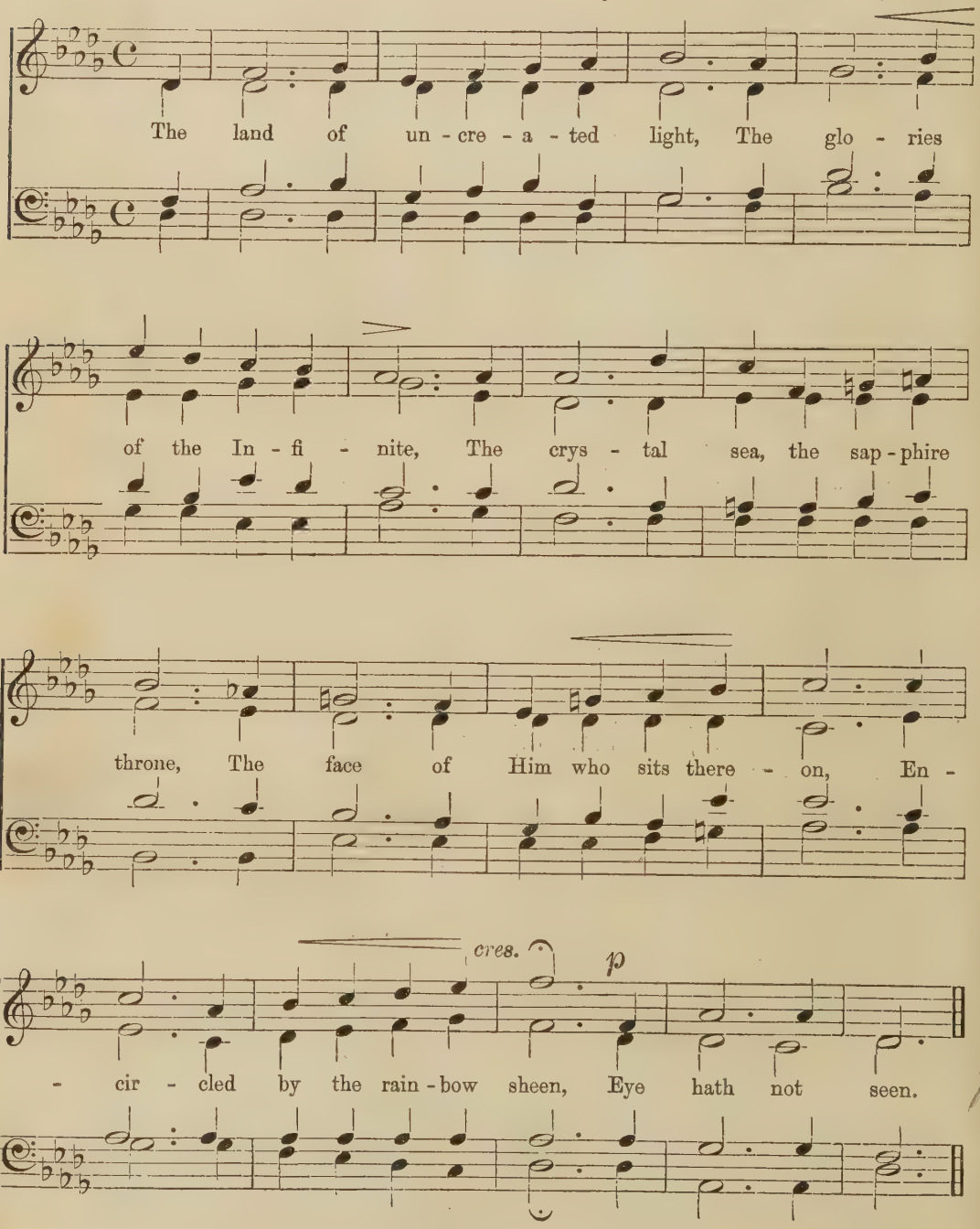
272. An offended brother (Prov. xviii. 19).

273. Isaiah iii. 1.

274. Into four greater prophets and twelve minor prophets, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel, being the four greater.

The Land of Uncreated Light.

Words from THE QUIVER. *Music by the* REV. F. PEEL, B. Mus., Oxon.


The land of un - cre - a - ted light, The glo - ries
of the In - fi - nite, The crys - tal sea, the sap - phire
throne, The face of Him who sits there - on, En -
cres.
p
- cir - cled by the rain - bow sheen, Eye hath not seen.

"A MERE CHANCE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE," "THE CRUST AND THE CAKE," "LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD," "A RICH WOMAN," ETC. ETC.

MRS. AVERILL sat in her large cheerful drawing-room, with its wide bow-window overlooking the undulating banks of the river Dava. Those were white banks now, for winter had come earlier than usual. But the prospect was as lovely as it could be in summer time, though in such a different way; for the dead Averills who had owned Davaton had been wise folks in their generation, and had provided for

the enlivenment of the winter landscape by liberal plantations of fir, pine, and red beech.

Mrs. Averill was a large stately woman, with a round good-humoured face, and there was only one thing about her which might strike a more observant eye, and that was a restlessness or activity which did not seem quite natural in a woman of her form and temperament. This had developed since the death of her husband, and was a manifestation of grief which few could understand or appreciate. Before her great loss she had seemed a quiet easy-going woman, for whom excellent servants managed admirably, while she was quite content to do fancy work, and listen to the reading of parliamentary speeches which she could not possibly understand. Mr. Averill's death had changed all that. She had become an indefatigable housewife, an enterprising farmer and gardener, and a zealous philanthropist. Any new form of good work which came to her found favour and a fair field. She had herself started, organised, and in the main supported, a flower mission, which gave the young ladies of Davabridge a sweet and unobtrusive introduction to their poor sick townsfolk, whether suffering on hospital beds or in their own narrow rooms. "It does the people good to see the girls' bright faces, and it will do the girls good too, to see some of the facts of life," said sensible Mrs. Averill. Davaton flower-beds and greenhouses might be always freely drawn upon to supply the wants of the mission when otherwise unsupplied, but Mrs. Averill kept her help in the background, so as not to make smaller assistances seem trivial and unnecessary. Yet it was she who salaried Miss Gunter, the excellent old maid on whom the stress of the mission-work fell, who was at her post when the weather was wet, or whatever gaiety was going on in the town, who might be sent for at any hour by the sick and the dying, who could penetrate regions where the girls could not go, who could hear and keep those sad secrets which form half the burden of those who work for God in the shadow of the world, who, in fact, in her own little active angular person, did all that was really good in the work of the sisters of charity and father confessors of bygone ages.

She and Mrs. Averill spent many an hour together. They had accounts to keep, consultations to hold, innocent plots to lay. She was perched, like a bird, on the great sofa, on the morning when our story opens. The two were planning arrangements for the Christmas entertainment given to the young ladies who worked in the mission.

"I 've sent off all the notes," said Mrs. Averill, joyously. "I would not go to bed last night till I had finished them. I 'd been sleeping poorly of late, but making one's self tired is the best opiate, and I went off to sleep as sweetly as a three-years-old child."

"Let me look at your list," observed Miss Gunter. The two ladies had been friends all their lives, and loved as equals. Not even the salary which Miss Gunter's pecuniary losses rendered necessary made any difference. If any of our readers think this is a slight test of friendship, let me assure them that it might have parted Damon and Pythias, especially had they been women!

"Please don't find out any mistakes," laughed Mrs. Averill, as she handed the paper, "because they are quite irrevocably made."

"Miss Ackroyd does not belong to us," said Miss Gunter, promptly.

"Dear, dear, how is that?" argued Mrs. Averill; "for hers was the very first name which occurred to me. I've constantly seen her turning down Pitch Court with a basket of flowers, and I've thought how good it was of her to do so, seeing how hard she has to work in the post-office all day."

"But she does not belong to us," persisted Miss Gunter. "She has never joined our meetings at all. If you can remember, you will recall that the flowers you have seen her carrying were always wild flowers which she had gathered herself out of the woods. It is awkward. You know you said nobody ought to be invited who had not attended fully fifty out of our hundred bi-weekly meetings, because you were determined to discourage the fashion of people putting themselves forward as joined in a good work without giving real assistance."

Mrs. Averill mused. "I 'm certain Miss Ackroyd has paid more than fifty visits to Pitch Court this year," she said. "She happened to go down it one evening while I was standing in Mrs. Knight's shop, waiting for my carriage, and the old woman told me the young lady was generally there every day. And her name was not down on the list you made of the girls who, under my rule, must *not* be invited."

"How could it be?" defended Miss Gunter. "I did not think I should have to mention all the townsfolk who had never joined us at all, but only those who had come perfunctorily for their own amusement. Cicely Ackroyd never came. No, to make it worse, I remember she did come once—only once. And the Blevilles and the Whytes, whom you say are not to be invited, have certainly attended twelve or fifteen times."

"She came once, did she?" said Mrs. Averill. "Have you any idea why she never came again?"

"Well," answered Miss Gunter, "you see that, except in the very height of summer, our meetings are held before she is released from her post-office. But when she did come was at the very beginning of the long evenings, so that she might have joined us again and again. I fancy the truth was—though it seems such a ridiculous thing that I 'm half ashamed to say it—she was the only girl of the party who works for her bread, and I think the other young ladies made her feel that she was an intruder."

Mrs. Averill gave one hearty laugh, and then grew suddenly grave. "The foolish little female minds!" she said. "Cannot they see that only gave her a chance of being all that they are—and something over into the bargain? And some of their

fathers and brothers would be immensely relieved if some of them could earn their own bread, or were in the least likely to be able to do so in future. Cicely Ackroyd shall certainly come, if she will, Miss Gunter. And very glad I am that I wrote all my invitations as if they were simply from Mrs. Averill of Davaton, without any reference to the flower mission, which, if it be as you say, cannot have left any very sweet perfume in the poor child's memory."

And even while the two ladies were thus chatting, Cicely Ackroyd, standing in the telegraph room of the Davabridge post-office, received and read her invitation. Cicely Ackroyd was no beauty nor genius, not even a heroine working out a lot whose very special hardness gave it romance and interest. She was a tall, thin, brown girl—an orphan, with nobody to depend on, and with nobody to lean upon her. She had not even "come down" in the world. Her father had only been a chemist; and no shock thrilled the society of his native town when it was found that his daughter had to earn her own living after he was gone. Her mother had died many years before, and under her father's supervision some branches of Cicely's education had been neglected, whilst others had received unusual attention. There had been no piano in the chemist's house, and Cicely had never learned music; but she had learned French and German from her father himself, that she might enjoy the books which he read, and this style of study had made her an accurate grammarian and translator, but without any accent worth mentioning. She had early learned to emulate her father's own bold handwriting; whilst one of her favourite trials of skill had been the deciphering of the physicians' prescriptions while her father made them up. All these acquirements qualified her for the post of telegraph clerk, and she thought herself very fortunate when she secured an appointment to so pleasant and quiet a town as Davabridge, whose Continental connections nevertheless gave scope for the skill which might presently advance her in her profession.

Cicely lodged with an old lady and gentleman and their elderly maiden daughter. It was a quiet, safe, kind home, whose well-bred simplicity and innocent monotony the poor girl only learned to appreciate by comparing it with the surroundings of some of her fellow-workers. For she was not alone in her office, but she could find no congenial friend there.

The other girls thought her stiff and prim. They resented her conscientious adherence not only to the letter but to the spirit of the regulations by which their office life was governed. They were absolutely affronted by the white cambric apron and cuffs which she persisted in wearing to guard her dress from the dust and oil which are the necessary evils of machinery. She, in her turn, loathed their cheap finery, their flimsy dress cut after the last outrage of fashion, their spurious lace and their sham ornaments. She despised the books they read, vulgar novels of meretricious morality and unstrung English. Above all, she was repelled by their idle chatter of beaux and flirtation—all the more perhaps because Cicely had her own ideas of love, and because at the very thought of "lover" a certain face and form always occupied her imagination.

Hers would have seemed a cold and dim romance to the girls around her, in whose shallow natures love affairs ripened apace, and withered in an hour, as weeds will. For never a word of love had been breathed to poor Cicely. And she was only one-and-twenty now, but she had not seen Martin Combe for nearly four years. He had attended the medical school of her native town, and, frequenting her father's shop, had presently made friends with the quaint, original old man, and so found his way to the family rooms, and to acquaintanceship with Cicely. He had brought her reading into more modern channels than her father had found for her, though he had still maintained its high character. He had made her acquainted with Wordsworth and Tennyson, with George Eliot and Thackeray and Miss Austen. By so doing he had marvellously opened up the girl's life. It was as if the grand classic figures of her familiar Homer and Plutarch and Shakespeare were suddenly endowed with life, and began to move in the common ways of existence. In those days Cicely did not dream that she loved him. She only knew that life suddenly grew warmer and brighter. Then he took his degree, and left their town. But even then Cicely did not miss him desperately. He wrote occasional letters to Mr. Ackroyd, and it was only natural that Cicely's imagination should follow him on his travels, and gather up all it could concerning the places he was in. There was always a message for her, too, and generally an allusion to some new book, or to some course of public events, which it henceforth became her business to study. These letters were sometimes far apart, for Martin Combe's travels were prolonged, and Mr. Ackroyd never wrote to him directly, but always under cover to Martin Combe's cousin, a young barrister in chambers in London, who undertook to forward all such epistles to whatever might be Martin's last resting-place.

When Mr. Ackroyd died, Cicely sent a notice of his death, and a simple little note giving such particulars as she thought Martin would care to hear, to the accustomed address. She said nothing about herself or her own movements, for, indeed, they had not entered her mind at that time, But not more than a fortnight after her father's death, she was startled to read, in a London paper, an announcement of the young barrister's own decease, and she realised with a pang that Martin thus seemed lost to her knowledge, at least for the present. And in looking over her father's papers she came upon a note sent him by the same young barrister, apologising for some delay in the transit of letters, and giving the last news of his cousin Martin, among which was the item that rumours had reached his relatives, the Combes, which led them to expect speedy news of a betrothal.

Cicely could not in the least realise the confusion

likely to surround a lonely bachelor's death in chambers in London; but she did know that letters may go astray sometimes; and when months passed, and no letter from Martin came, while her own removal from home became imminent, she might have written again but for the withholding influence of that note. The hint seemed to explain his silence. New friends, new circumstances, and new ties were crowding out the old ones; and though she felt sure he would always spare them a kindly thought, that did not necessarily include a letter, since kindliness is often more elastic than leisure.

It was actually in Davabridge telegraph office that she learned how much Martin Combe had really been to her—that what she had called "friendship" was something far deeper, tenderer, and sweeter than what other girls call "love," and that in her own heart lay a power of faithfulness and devotion far beyond what is offered to many husbands who are yet well loved and served. Not that Cicely said these things plainly to herself—she only drew a simple, straightforward inference—"I can never marry anybody whom I do not love better than Martin Combe"—while she left unformed her secret conclusion that, therefore, she was little likely to marry at all.

Perhaps it was this early lifting of the rosy mist which most maidens allow to glorify their path which stirred Cicely to strenuous efforts to make the path itself a little brighter. Her first attempts were not very successful. In her visit to the flower mission she was quite aware of the repellent atmosphere which Miss Gunter suspected. It cost her a few hot tears and some bitter thoughts. She could not force herself to meet it again. But in that one day's round of visits she had seen suffering and sorrows, beside which, to her healthy and in the main unintrospective mind, her own loneliness and cheerlessness seemed mere imaginary pains. Then she blamed herself for having resorted to charitable work as an opening for herself into young and lively society, and next resolved to persevere in it without any such inducement. Hence her visits to Pitch Court. And her experience verified the adage that happiness to be secured must not be pursued. The poor people soon learned to appreciate the grave and intelligent sympathy, which set itself to help and serve them, with all due regard to those circumstances of superior age and varying experience which a rash philanthropy is sometimes too apt to ignore.

And now Cicely Ackroyd stood at the post-office window with her letter of invitation in her hand. Of course Cicely knew Mrs. Averill by name, and by her good repute, and she had even spoken with her three or four times on matters of business. But she could think of no reason for this invitation. Naturally enough, she did not for a moment connect it with the flower mission; rather she guessed it might come from some kindly wish of Mrs. Averill's to extend a seasonable hospitality to the young working women of Davabridge. And Cicely was aware of a feeling of shrinking which she promptly despised, saying to herself, that she was, in fact, a working woman, and though in such a place as Davabridge the term must certainly include many quite different from herself in education and all associations of life—such as the factory workers at the mills on the Dava—yet was she therefore to follow the example of the flower mission ladies, in that matter which had so wounded herself, and so draw a hard and arbitrary line of social separation below her, because others had drawn it above? More than all, she recalled Mrs. Averill's kind face and bright manner, and felt certain that whatever that lady did was planned out of a real love to her fellow creatures. And she remembered an old saying of her father's, that he who checked kindness by refusing it, was answerable for all the loss caused if it ceased to flow. So Cicely resolved to accept the invitation, the very first she had received since she came to Davabridge.

Her preparations were swift and simple enough. She was still in mourning—in that stage of it which has dropped all its hideous and heathenish accessories. Cicely was a wise girl, who kept no robe which, either in material or mode, would not presently be of service in her office. Her best dress was simply a working dress, quite fresh and dainty, and all the adornment she added to it were a few frills of plain white muslin, and her only piece of jewellery, a simple silver locket she had bought for her father's portrait.

She looked a thorough lady as she went walking down the beautiful road to Davaton. A carriage laden with young girls drove past her, and one of them looked from the window and smiled and nodded. Cicely remembered the face from the flower mission, but she could never have guessed the conversation which her appearance started within the vehicle.

The lady who had saluted her was Miss Mary Chessum, daughter of the Davabridge banker, and descended, on both sides of the house, from old county families who had contributed illustrious names to bar, church, and army.

Mary Chessum guessed that Mrs. Averill had somehow managed to include Cicely in her hospitality, and she contrived to keep her party lingering in the dressing-room till the girl arrived. She met her with a slight greeting, but did not overwhelm her by any attentions, only, as Cicely stood before the mirror striving to fasten an unsteady hair-pin, Mary stepped forward, and with a courteous "Allow me," deftly fixed the straying braid. Also, she managed to bustle her party out of the dressing-room in such-wise that Cicely went to the drawing-room in their very midst.

Mrs. Averill met her kindly. Tea was already on the table, and poor Cicely got a seat within speaking distance of Mary Chessum and Lucy Bird. Lucy Bird had been constantly in the telegraph office on business of her father's, therefore Cicely accepted her civilities with the comfortable feeling that they were offered under no misunderstanding. Conversation was very general at first, but as the hour wore on, it

naturally drifted into the channel of their mutual work and common gatherings. By her own honest nature Mrs. Averill could easily fathom that Cicely might feel her presence needed some explanation, and with a true instinct she bravely faced the difficulty.

"It was so wise of you, Miss Ackroyd," she said, "to think of carrying on our work in a strictly personal way. In fact, our little plan can scarcely have done a greater good than to suggest this better plan to you; for, after all, it is only young irresponsible or otherwise unattached folk who can always command leisure at a set hour. Married and busy women of all kinds have duties which they cannot so formally regulate."

"And if ever you wish to go visiting, but have not time to go in quest of your sweet wild flowers," observed Mary Chessum, "then just come or send to the Warren—my father's, you know—and I will give you whatever we have in the garden or greenhouse."

Sweet Cicely Ackroyd could not but soften and expand in such an atmosphere of kindness. "The rose-bud is opening," whispered arch Lucy Bird, a little later in the evening; "but why, oh why, does it at this very moment expand into a rose?"

Why, indeed? Because at that instant, in company with the rector and Mrs. Averill's two brothers, Martin Combe walked into the drawing-room.

He did not see Cicely immediately, for a group of girls were standing just in front of her, and she had time to notice that these four years had made him older and graver, and that he had passed under the peculiar change which comes to all when the theories of youth are suddenly confronted with the hard facts of life. But it was the same honest, kind face, giving the same sense of confidence and security. Cicely had scarcely time to notice that he seemed alone, when he looked at her, started, and stepped eagerly forward.

"Cicely—Miss Ackroyd!"

"What! are you two old friends?" cried Mary Chessum.

"Yes, I think I may say so," he said, still holding Cicely's hand, "for her father—Mr. Ackroyd—was one whom I admired and loved as much as any man I have ever known."

"Do you know," he added, turning to Cicely, and lowering his voice, "I only got your letter a few weeks ago. I found it among my poor cousin's papers, together with one or two of my own to your father, which had been directed to his care, and had never got further. I wrote down to your old address, and made inquiries concerning you, but all in vain—I was only told that you had gone to London. I thought I had lost you altogether."

"Would it have mattered very much?" thought Cicely; but she said, "I did go to London in the first instance, for my official training."

"And so you know Mary Chessum, my cousin on the other side of the house?" he went on.

She had spoken to her for the first time that evening, said poor Cicely.

"If you knew her more you would love her," he said; "she is a sweet and noble woman. I saw her a great deal while I was abroad, for I travelled with the family a great part of the time." (Cicely's heart stood still.) "She had had an attachment, unfortunate in the sense that the gentleman was too poor to marry her or even to urge his suit. I knew him well, and I nursed him in his last illness, and was with him when he died. Few people, beside myself, know the story, and since then Mary has honoured me by her peculiar friendship, and in her has been satisfied one great want of my life—I think you must have heard me mention it—my longing for a sister."

What a happy evening that was, and how fast the hours flew! Mr. Combe never left Cicely's side, while Mary Chessum came, ever and again, and joined in their conversation.

"I spoke of my old longing for a sister," said Martin, quietly, as they were walking home together. "I never thought of anything else in those days. But now that is gratified, there is still a longing for something more. And how I have longed to see you again, Cicely! The two longings are one. I want you, and my love for you and your love for me. Must this want go on a-wanting, Cicely?"

Why need she have cried? And was it any answer that she joined her hands together so that they were wreathed about his arm?

"We will do our courting out in the jungle after we are married," he said, cheerily. "And I am not afraid to ask you to fight the battle of life with me, Cicely, because I see that you can even fight it alone, and make a sweet and peaceful conquest thereof. And oh, Cicely, if I had not seen you to-night I should have left here to-morrow, and I might never have found you! On what chances do our lives hang! And yet, Cicely darling, why should we call it 'a mere chance!'"

PRAISE THE LORD.

"Praise the Lord, O my soul."—PSALM cxlvi. 1.

MY soul was sick and nigh to death,
My life was but a panting breath;
God's loving power to health restored—
O praise the Lord!

My heart was faint and wounded sore,
I would have fallen to rise no more;
But healing balm within He poured—
O praise the Lord!

All bruised and pierced from day to day,
My feet were weary in the way;
My God did timely aid afford—
O praise the Lord!

In thirst and want to Him I cried,
He gave me drink, my want supplied;
My pilgrim scrip with goodness stored—
O praise the Lord!

God is my strength and song—my all!
No evil can my life befall,
His care, His love, my rich reward—
O praise the Lord!

Weak is my praise for all His love;
But when I reach my home above,
Then shall I strike the sounding chord,
"O praise the Lord!"

J. HUIE.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.

SCRIPTURE STORIES. NEW SERIES. No. 18. DAVID AT HEBRON.

Chapter to be read—2 *Sam. v.*

INTRODUCTION. Have seen David prosperous so far. Which two tribes acknowledged him at once? But how many were there besides Benjamin and Judah? How could he become king over these? Not powerful enough to force them; can only wait patiently, and see how they incline to him. This much best way. Might have resented him as upstart if had tried to compel them. So David just waits. Who had promised him the kingdom? God can incline the hearts of Israel towards him.

I. DAVID AND ISRAEL. (Read 1—13.) How long was David king only over Judah? (ver. 5). Thirteen years had passed since had killed the giant, and been first anointed by Samuel; all that time being fitted for his future life in two ways: by (*a*) *Prosperity:* living at Saul's court, being honoured and respected, learning the ways of governing, hearing judgment given, &c.; also by his successes against the Philistines. But was also taught by (*b*) *Adversity:* Saul's hatred and persecution, &c. Which would teach him most? (Eccles. vii. 2, 4). Prosperity might make him proud, but adversity would keep humbler. Now at last his reign over all the land is to begin. Who came to him now in Hebron? Tribes of Israel been seven years without a king; had seen David's rule over Judah; desired him now also for themselves. What did they say to him? So was evidently well known what was God's wish for him. What did they do to him? How often had David been anointed before? This the third and last time would make him think very solemnly of his office and its duties. Notice two things about his kingdom. It was (*a*) *Based on religion.* David not a usurper making himself king, but solemnly set apart by God (Rom. xiii. 1), by whose authority princes reign (Prov. viii. 15). (*b*) *Based on a contract.* What did David make with the people? A covenant implies double duties: he must rule them in fear of God (2 Sam. xxiii. 3), while they must obey him (1 Pet. ii. 13). Now, David and his men go to the chief city. Which was that? But who were occupying Jerusalem? These Jebusites had rebuilt the city after it had been set on fire (Judg. i. 8); thought it so strong that blind and lame enough for its defence! Teacher should show plan of Jerusalem, surrounded by hills, strong walls, &c. (see Ps. xlviii. 2). What success had David? This first victory would give confidence to his followers. Seems to have been so easy that the words about the blind and lame became a proverb. Now the name of the city changed, and it became the City of David. So God prospered him, and made him great with those around him. What neighbouring king made a league with him? What did Hiram send him? So at present all was prosperous at home.

II. DAVID AND THE PHILISTINES. (Read 17—25.) Who assemble together now? What had Philistines known of David before? No wonder, then, are alarmed when find all the tribes united under him. What do they do? Do not wait to be attacked, but gather large army to attack him. What did David do? Know not how he inquired; perhaps by Urim and Thummim (Num. xxvii. 21); perhaps by a prophet. Still, sought counsel of God in his trouble, and was at once heard (Ps. xxxiv. 4). What was he told to do? What was the result? What name did David give to the place? Thus, the name would always remind of the victory. What did the Philistines leave behind? Custom amongst heathen nations to carry their idols into battle, hoping for immediate protection of their gods. But their idols only work of men's hands (Ps. cxv. 3, 4). Who gave the victory? So Israel must trust in the Lord, who is their helper and defender. Once more the Philistines gather their forces; once more David consults God. Shall he attack them again? Was he allowed to at once? What was he to wait for? So the voice of the Lord in the trees (Ps. xxix. 5) is his guide. He waited for that, and gained a great victory. May notice two points about him. He was (1) *Prayerful:* took no steps without asking God, so He made his way to prosper (Ps. xxxvii. 5). In this way is God the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. They who seek Him shall find Him a present help in trouble. (2) *Patient:* waiting for the appointed time.

III. DAVID A TYPE OF CHRIST. Remind children

how often Christ is called Son of David. It is especially as king that David is a type of Christ. Thus he was (1) *Set apart* to be king long before he began his reign. So Christ was the Lamb slain from the beginning of the world (Rev. xiii. 8). (2) *Anointed.* David three times anointed with oil. Christ anointed with Holy Ghost (Acts x. 38). When was that? (Matt. iii. 16). (3) *Began reign* at thirty years of age, the full age for Levites and priests. So Christ began his earthly ministry at thirty (Luke iii. 23). (4) *Conquered enemies.* Who came to Christ in the wilderness? (Matt. iv. 3). Christ waited till tempter came, as David waited for Philistines. How did Christ overcome the devil? Used the Word of God, and thus prevailed. (5) *Welcomed by friends.* First Judah, then Israel, sought King David. Who first saw the infant Christ and believed? (Luke ii. 20). Who followed the shepherds coming to this same city, Jerusalem? (Matt. ii. 1). Thus wise men, Gentiles from East, and shepherds, typify all nations of the earth seeking Christ, and being willing to obey Him (Philip. ii. 10, 11). Have we ever really owned Him as our king? Are we working for Him or against Him? Must decide, or shall be treated as rebels.

Questions to be answered.

1. What double training had David before he came to the throne?
2. What was his reign as king based on?
3. Who possessed Jerusalem, and what became of them?
4. What qualities did David show in his attack on the Philistines?
5. How was David a type of Christ?
6. What questions may we ask ourselves?

HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST IN THE WINNING," "FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE."

CHAPTER LIII.

NO EFFECTS.

AS Mrs. Halton, the doctor's wife, was purposing a visit to a friend at Rottingdean, she cheerfully consented to take Hattie under her charge; but although Duke's escort could thus be dispensed with, he insisted on accompanying his betrothed to Brighton, even when Winnie gently reminded him that he could be ill spared during her father's absence.

He pooh-poohed all objections. There was nothing doing of much consequence, and if his writing was in arrears to-day, he could make up for it to-morrow. Besides—and this was added with a provoking sneer—if any one should call to give an order, the great man of the firm, Winnie's *protégé*, would be at hand to receive it.

So exasperating and so reckless was his demeanour that an angry retort was on his cousin's lips; but she was afterwards glad, that some one coming into the room at that moment, prevented her from uttering it, and Duke, hardening himself against the pain he saw he had inflicted, went away.

He was so impatient to be gone that he hurried poor Hattie unmercifully. Between her desire to oblige him, her fear of forgetting any of her numerous packages, or the many last words she was continually running back to say to one and another, her not very refined face was purple with heat and excitement; while her tight kid gloves refused to be drawn over the hands at which Duke glanced in disgust that they should be so red and swollen.

Not half an hour after Winnie had watched their departure, Percy Grey came quickly across the builder's yard, and inquired for Mr. Averne, bidding the servant who came to the door say that he must see him directly, on business of importance.

"My cousin has just started for Brighton," explained Winnie, coming forward to answer him. "Will his absence inconvenience you, Mr. Gray?" she queried, on seeing Percy looked vexed. "If you want any writing or drawing attended to, perhaps I can assist you."

"Thanks, Miss Graddon," he answered, slowly, "I don't think I need trouble you to do that. The fact is, I am puzzled how to act in a difficulty that has arisen, and if I could have seen Mr. Averne I should have considered it my duty, as he is empowered to act for Mr. Graddon, to consult him upon it."

"Duke will return this evening or to-morrow."

"Yes," said Percy, absently, and now she saw that he held an open letter in his hand. Her daughterly love took the alarm, and she pointed to it, exclaiming, "You have heard from papa! He is worse, and you do not like to tell me so."

But Percy hastened to assure her to the contrary, and when he saw that her fears had subsided he would have gone away, if Winnie had not recalled him.

"If that letter concerns papa—and that it does in some way you do not deny—may I not know its contents? Papa trusts me, Mr. Gray."

He returned directly.

"I shall be only too glad to have your advice, Miss Graddon, for it requires an immediate answer, which I do not know how to give. But I shall have to ask you to listen to a long explanation."

Winnie looked surprised, but begged him to proceed; and, laying the letter before her, he went on to say that just before her father started for Mentone he (Percy) had reminded him that in the

course of a week or two a quantity of very costly ornamental brass-work might be required for the chancel of a church then in course of erection. Mr. Graddon had said that this brass was to be procured from a certain firm with which his dealings were always ready-money ones; but there had been so much to arrange, that he had forgotten to make any provision for the contemplated purchase, and, after a little consideration, he drew a cheque upon a banker with whom he had deposited two thousand pounds, for—as he remarked, with a sigh—a special purpose, and entrusted it to his foreman, to be made use of, if necessary.

"The brass fittings were decided upon," Percy said, in conclusion, "and I sent up the order, and with it the cheque; but it has just been returned to me in this note, from which it appears that when presented it was endorsed, 'No effects.'"

Almost as much perplexed as himself, Winnie read the note, from which it appeared that Mr. Mayne, the banker, stated that he certainly had held some money of Mr. Graddon's, but not lately, as it had been withdrawn in one sum on a date specified. Had the circumstance—queried the writer—escaped Mr. Graddon's memory, or had some fraud been committed in his name? In either case would he or his foreman communicate with Mr. Mayne or the firm to which the cheque had been sent, immediately?

"It is very strange," mused Winnie. "In spite of papa's illness he rarely forgets, and the sum is such a large one that it does not seem credible that he could have made use of it and then forgotten the circumstance. But he allows me access to his desk, where he keeps a memorandum book of his payments, in which I often make entries for him. If you will wait a few minutes, Mr. Gray, I will examine this book."

Winnie soon came back looking more perturbed than before. She had found an entry of the deposit, but no memorandum of its withdrawal; only a note made in pencil, on the day Mr. Graddon left England, of the amount for which the cheque was drawn, which he had given to Percy.

"What shall I do?" she demanded. "Forward to papa the letter you have just shown me, and ask him to give an explanation?"

"It is what I should have done without troubling you, Miss Graddon, if I had not dreaded the effect so heavy a loss may have upon him."

"Then you think—that is, you fear——"

"I think with you," said Percy, gravely, "that Mr. Graddon is too good a man of business to make use of two thousand pounds laid by, as he himself avowed, for some special purpose, and then let it slip his memory."

And Percy could have added that he was sure Mr. Graddon could ill afford just now to be the loser of so large a sum, but he did not wish to add to the anxiety his daughter was already suffering.

"If papa knows nothing of this, some one must have robbed him," and Winnie turned pale at the thought. "But no, it is most improbable, for who could have known that he had put aside this money? I did not, and he has very few reservations from me."

Percy was silent. While she was talking he had been recalling certain events that had made very little impression at the time they occurred, but were now by some curious chain of thought connecting themselves with the disappearance of the two thousand pounds. He knew that Winnie was watching him with questioning eyes, but he could not tell her at whom his vague suspicions pointed, and continued to stand with his gaze riveted on the carpet till she broke into joyful exclamations—

"I see it all now! How foolishly we have been worrying ourselves! Papa must have given my cousin directions at the last moment to pay away this money for him. Some large purchase, or some long-standing account, may have recurred to his mind, and he did not choose to leave England without settling it. As soon as Duke comes home, he will confirm this; I am sure of it. Don't—don't you think I 'm right, Mr. Gray?"

Her voice trembled a little as she seemed to entreat Percy to agree with her, but he could only utter a civil hope that her surmise was the correct one.

"In which case," he added, "we shall not find it necessary to write to Mr. Graddon."

"We will most certainly defer doing that till my cousin returns. I feel so sure, so very sure——"

Again her voice failed her; was it because she saw no answering conviction in Percy's face?

"We must have patience," she said, more to herself than her companion. "Duke will come back to-night; we must wait, it is all we can do."

Percy bowed, and withdrew. He could see that Winnie's elation when she fancied she had found a clue to this strange affair had already died away. Perhaps she had reminded herself that she could not have guessed correctly, as these payments must have been made since her father's departure, whereas the banker averred that the money was withdrawn long since.

When left to herself, Winnie picked up her housekeeping keys, and tried to busy herself as usual; but she could not, for a vague dread was upon her that no effort of her reasoning powers would drive away; and she walked about the room aimlessly, till her Aunt Janet's bell summoned her up-stairs.

She was as gentle with Miss Symes, as attentive as on other days; but while she read, and talked, and tried to keep the blind woman interested and amused, her very soul was sick within her.

She reproached herself for having said so positively that Duke must have known what had become of the two thousand pounds, and that he would be able to account for it. How could he be cognisant of a loss that must have occurred so long ago? Perhaps she had erred in preventing Percy Gray writing to her father, as he proposed, but still she could not make

"God's loving power to health restored."—*p.* 789.

up her mind to recall him. She could only resolve that at all hazards she would wait till Duke returned to Erndell.

He had faithfully promised that he would do so in the evening, and though she knew that he was not always to be depended upon, she would not allow herself to doubt him now.

But the day drew to a close. The servant despatched to Duke's lodgings after the last train came in, brought word that Mr. Averne had not arrived; and Winnie went to bed, wearily asking herself how she should endure a suspense that might last for another long, tedious day.

More than once she had gone into the hall and taken down the key of the office from the nail on which it hung, and fingered it irresolutely. A glance into the cash-book would enable her to ascertain whether any large payments had been made during Mr. Graddon's absence, but she could not resolve to go and examine it. She told herself, with quivering lip, that Duke would be displeased if he had reason to think that she entered the office while he was away, but was it this feeling that deterred her, or one to which she would not give a name?

"What is it possesses me?" she exclaimed, as she went about the house, too restless to employ herself. "What is it I fear, or why do I yield to fear at all? It is Percy Gray's fault. When I looked at him I saw reflected in his eyes the horrible doubt that had crept into my own mind. Oh, that Duke would come and set it at rest, even though it makes me hate myself for having entertained it!"

But Duke did not put in an appearance till the evening of the second day, nor did he then think it incumbent on him to offer any apologies. He had just looked in, he told Winnie carelessly, "to tell her that Hattie sent her love, and would thank some one to forward a brooch she had left on her dressing-table."

But Winnie could not enter into the small talk and bantering with which he replied to Miss Symes's inquiries whether Mr. Graddon employed him to dawdle about the pier at Brighton. Putting her arm through his, she drew him out of the room where her aunt was sitting, and into the study.

"I have been wearying for your coming, Duke," she faltered, when he looked astonished at this proceeding. "What does this letter mean?" and she showed him the one she had received from Percy.

Why did he start and turn so horribly pale, that involuntarily she recoiled from him.

"What does it mean? Why, nothing," he said, crumpling the letter up half read, and thrusting it into his pocket. "Nothing that concerns you. Don't look at me in that manner. Am I a thief, that you eye me so? Have you spoken to any one about this?"

Winnie shook her head, for she could not speak.

"Why did these people write to you? If they had any questions to ask, they should have been directed to me. I am my uncle's representative, and I am able to answer for everything I have done."

"You don't understand," gasped Winnie, catching at a chair to support herself; "that letter was sent to Mr. Gray. Papa gave him a cheque, and when it was presented for payment, Mr. Mayne returned it with a notice that the money had been withdrawn."

Duke's face was ghastly and convulsed with emotion, though he endeavoured to speak as if quite at his ease.

"Oh, was that it? Very well. It does not signify. You can leave it all to me. I will not wrong your father, Winnie; keep quiet, and—and it shall be all right, it shall indeed."

But she did not answer. She was not looking at, but beyond him, and turning round he beheld Mr. Graddon standing at the open door.

CHAPTER LIV.

A CONFESSION.

No one spoke, for Winnie, in the depth of the grief and humiliation she was experiencing, not for herself, but for another, forgot to rejoice at seeing her father. Mr. Graddon was silent with the excess of his indignation, while Duke, who had staggered to the wall, when he saw his uncle, leant against it, his head drooping on his breast.

"I little thought I should be recalled by the tidings that have brought me home to-night," Mr. Graddon said at last. "Mr. Mayne telegraphed to me at Mentone that I had been defrauded of the money I left with him. Who has done this? Duke, who has done it? If you are innocent, say so; and though appearances are terribly against you, I will believe what you say."

"Papa, be merciful!" cried Winnie, creeping to his side. "Do not judge him too hastily."

"I will not. All through my hurried journey I have kept assuring myself that the boy who has been as a son to me could not have been guilty of such a crime. When I could not help remembering that to no one but him had I spoken of this deposit—it was to have been your marriage portion, Winnie; and he knew it—when I could not help remembering this, I still said to myself, there is some mistake. But I have heard him speak, I have looked in his face, and I can no longer say to myself he is innocent. Where is this money, Duke? What have you done with it?"

"What, indeed!" he answered, despairingly. "Has there not been a curse upon it? Has it not melted away I know not how?"

"Be honest, if you can," said Mr. Graddon, softened a little by his misery, and the low sobs of Winnie. "Tell me the truth—the whole truth. Why were you tempted to wrong me?"

Duke's answer was scarcely audible. Oh, the shame, the degradation of having to make such a confession! of pouring into the ears of those who had loved and trusted him the tale of his weakness, and the crime committed to hide it!

He had been extravagant while residing in Edinburgh, his vanity and coxcombry leading him into expenses far beyond his means; and when his creditors there began to dun him, his fears lest their claims should become known to Mr. Graddon, and injure him in the opinion of his best friend, led him to borrow money right and left at ruinous interest. Had he been careful even then—had he kept any of his repeatedly made vows of amendment, he might have recovered himself; but, never able to resist temptation, he had gone from bad to worse, and this was the result.

Amongst others he would have borrowed of Percy; he did borrow of Morris; and it was to relieve himself from the humiliation and constant terror to which he was exposed by this fellow's importunities that he availed himself of his knowledge of the sum deposited at Mr. Mayne's, promising himself to make good the loan, as he called it, before his uncle could discover what he had done.

"I have always intended to repay that money," he protested. "My life ever since I made use of it has been—oh! I cannot describe to you what it has been! You don't believe me?" he added, as Mr. Graddon shook his head; "and yet you must see that all would have been well if—if you had not opposed my marriage with Winnie."

This attempt to excuse himself was heard with indignation.

"What! you urged me to give you my daughter because you wanted to be able to devote her dowry to your creditors with a clearer conscience! Duke, you have acted like a villain! I have always known you to be an idler, but little did I think that all the while you have lived beneath my roof you have been a hypocrite and a rogue!"

"Papa, spare him!" pleaded a gentle voice.

"Child, I should be as bad as he is if I did not denounce his conduct! He has lived here month after month, year after year, making no effort to free himself from his debts; while those who trusted him were either not paid at all, or paid by a fraud on some one else. I could not forgive one of my own sons for such a long-continued system of dishonesty."

"I have never meant to wrong you, Mr. Graddon," said Duke, stung by his contempt into defending himself.

"I do not intend to let you do so. That money must be refunded from the sum I invested for you. Ha!" he cried, as Duke groaned and shrank further from him. "Has that gone, too? Then how did you propose to repay me? Is this but an idle boast? Don't tell me that Hattie, poor simple Hattie, was to be victimised—that your proposals were made for the sake of her money, and that she was to be sacrificed."

There was no answer, and Mr. Graddon, shocked at this fresh proof of the young man's selfish, unprincipled conduct, caught hold of his daughter's hand, saying,—

"Come away, Winnie; there is nothing for us to do here. I must have an hour's rest, for I have travelled so fast I am nearly worn out. Nanny shall give me some strong tea or coffee; and let some one tell Chris to harness a horse that I may ride over and catch the mail train to Brighton. Hattie must be saved."

But as he was quitting the room, Duke started forward, and entreated to be heard.

"Oh, Winnie! my truest friend! my still dearly loved Winnie, let me hear you say that you forgive me, if your father cannot! I have not sinned deliberately. I have been weak—nay, wicked—but I have hated myself for it all the while. There have been times when I longed to tell you all; I knew—I knew then—that if I could but summon courage to disburden my heart and ask your help, I should have been able to retrieve the past. I was conscious of this, and yet pride, or shame, or both, kept me silent, and so I have sunk deeper and deeper into sin; sometimes I have made desperate efforts to recover myself, but they were always mistaken ones. I have lost you, lost my self-respect, your father's affection—am I not sufficiently punished?"

Winnie, the tears streaming down her cheeks, took a step towards him. He was so utterly abased, that how could she help pitying her unhappy cousin? But Mr. Graddon checked the generous impulse. He wanted actions, not words.

"Go to your aunt, my dear. I don't feel much faith in contrition that only evinces itself in morbid appeals for a sympathy Duke must be well aware he does not deserve. Go away, Winnie; I insist on it!"

"But, papa," she ventured to plead, "will you not consent to say no more till the morning? When you are less excited, and Duke has had time for consideration, I am sure he will come here again, and answer all your questions without reserve, and do anything you suggest."

"I shall not consent to let Duke quit this house until I know precisely how I stand," replied her father, sternly. "I have lost all confidence in his veracity, and he must go over the books with me, that I may ascertain what other sums I am out of pocket through my folly in trusting to him."

Winnie fled, for she could bear no more. To a generous nature what can be more intolerable than to witness another's disgrace? She perplexed Miss Symes by throwing herself on her knees beside her, and trying to stifle in her lap the hysterical cries that burst from her labouring bosom, but it was not till she heard her father coming, that by a desperate effort she calmed herself.

Mr. Graddon kissed her fondly, and bade her be comforted, reminding her that she had no cause for self-reproach, and then went away to shut himself in his room, and spend the night in alternately grieving over and blaming Duke Averne's crime.

But before the morning broke, he had sternly examined himself, and came to the conclusion that he had not been wholly without reproach. He had

been too indulgent, too careless; and though he knew the young man's besetting sins, he had not helped him to conquer them, but been content to hope that with advancing age they would cure themselves.

"He shall have another chance," Mr. Graddon decided. "It shall never be said that by my harshness I drove him into fresh errors. If he will agree to give up Hattie, of whom he is certainly not worthy, and will make a clean breast of it, I 'll help him to begin the world again, in a humbler and better fashion."

But when he went to the room he had insisted on Duke's occupying for the night, his prisoner had disappeared, leaving on the table a note for Winnie.

"Don't give me up entirely, my precious cousin," thus he had written, the paper blistered with his tears. "I cannot stay in Erndell to face public exposure, but I 'll yet win your father's forgiveness. Tell him so, dear Winnie; prevail upon to make no search for me, and to spare my good name as much as he can. I am thoroughly determined to turn over a new leaf; you shall yet be proud of me; only love and trust me a little, as you used to do; while I can tell myself that I have your prayers, your affection, I shall not wholly lose heart."

"After all, I am not sorry he has gone," said Mr. Graddon. "I was weak enough to shrink from meting to him the punishment he deserved."

"Where will he go? what will become of him?" asked Winnie, faintly. "Perhaps he was penniless!"

"Make yourself easy on that score, my dear. I have been to Duke's lodging, and it seems that his penitence did not interfere with his going there and carrying off everything he possessed that could be converted into money. But why are you crying so bitterly? Does this proof that he is capable of taking care of himself shock you?"

"I was thinking of Hattie," she answered. "If he had but left a message for poor Hattie! She was so fond, so proud of her lover. Oh! papa, who shall tell her that he has gone, and why?"

(To be continued.)

SHAME.

BY THE REV. T. M. MORRIS, IPSWICH.

"Yea, let none that wait on Thee be ashamed: let them be ashamed which transgress without cause."—Ps. xxv. 3.

SIN, sorrow, and shame have, ever since man's fall, been walking about our world hand in hand; they are inseparable companions, and only on the rarest occasions are found apart. Many attempts have been made to effect a lasting separation between them; but all such attempts have proved in vain. Sorrow, pain, and death follow sin whithersoever it goes, as a dark trailing shadow, and so long as the sun of God's righteousness shines in the heavens, will sin cast its sorrowful and deadly shadow upon the earth. And shame is nearly as closely associated with sin as its other consequences, sorrow and pain and death. We know that had there been no sin, there would have been no shame, and it is comparatively rare that sin in this world becomes utterly shameless; and even in such instances sin is only for a season divorced from shame, and we know that the most shameless, insensible sinners, those who have been glorying in their shame, and by community in ill-doing have been keeping one another in countenance—we know that these by-and-bye must awake to shame and confusion of face.

In God's Word we read of shame almost as soon as we read of sin. Our first parents, who enjoyed all the blessedness of an unblushing rectitude, were ashamed, and in their shame hid themselves, so soon as they felt their consciences burdened with the guilt of transgression; and from that time to this, sin, sorrow, and shame have never been long apart.

Shame being thus closely associated with sin, we might expect to find in God's Word many references to it; and what we may so reasonably anticipate we do actually discover. In both the Old Testament and the New we have great stress laid upon the shamefulness of sin; and one of the most blessed prospects opening up before us in connection with the salvation of God is our final and complete deliverance from all shame. And though it is true God makes us feel the shamefulness of sin, He does so that we may be ready to avail ourselves of His righteousness, clothed in which we shall stand before Him at last without shame. Sinners must be ashamed, but not those who trust in the Lord and wait upon Him.

It is one proof that our understandings are darkened and our judgments perverted by sin, that so many forms of *false shame* should prevail. There are those who are ashamed of many things which need excite no blush on any honest face, who perhaps are all the while unblushingly committing many sins of which they ought to be ashamed. No one need be ashamed—no one should be ashamed of honest poverty. Social inequalities and distinctions must always exist, and no one should be ashamed if he be diligently doing his duty in that position in which he is providentially placed, however obscure and humble that position may be. The chief duty of a man is not to try and struggle out of the position in which he is placed, and then be foolishly ashamed that he was ever in it; it should rather

be his aim to serve man and glorify God in that position. Every one ought to be ashamed of sin—no one need be ashamed of poverty.

We should not be ashamed of any natural and inevitable inferiority. If we fall short of others through our own sins, or negligence, or sloth, there is room for shame, but we need not be ashamed of differences which result from a difference in gifts—one has five talents, another two, another only one. The great question is not, How many talents have we? but, How do we employ those we have? There is a difference in the character and extent of both physical and mental endowments; the great thing for all is to use wisely, well, faithfully whatever is held in trust.

We should not be ashamed of any singularity which may distinguish us, in consequence of our attachment to principle and truth, or of any attempt to carry out, in the different departments of life, what we believe to be right. A good man living in an ungodly world must be singular, peculiar, exceptional in many respects; the only way to avoid singularity is to follow the multitude to do evil. Let us then not be ashamed of being in a minority, though it may be at times we are quite alone. If we are doing the right thing, speaking the right word, we need not be ashamed, though all around look on, or listen with contempt and derision. This lesson should be especially laid to heart by the young. One of the strongest and most formidable temptations to which they are exposed on first going out into the world is that of allowing themselves to drift with the multitude. And the influence of the multitude, the power of prevailing example and habit, while bearing with peculiar force upon the young, operates with a mighty though obscure and subtle force upon us all. There is the pressure of sinful gravitation, the tendency of which is, if unchecked, to drag us down to a lower and still lower level.

We should especially avoid that most sinful form of shame, being ashamed of Christ, of His truth, of His people, or of anything, indeed, which is dear to Him. We should not be ashamed of, nor shrink from reproach if we bear it for Him. Yet how many are there who are ashamed of Jesus. They would not say this in so many words, but they are saying this constantly by their actions, by their words.

But while there are many forms of false shame that we should avoid, there is a spirit of *true shame that we should cherish.* We are so constituted by God that we cannot be conscious of sin ourselves, or witness it in others, without having some sense of shame. In other words, we feel that sin is a shameful thing, dishonouring to us, while it is obnoxious in the sight of God; that it is that of which we ought to be ashamed. We ought to be ashamed to do what is wrong—what is injurious or dishonourable. We should be ashamed of whatever is false, mean, impure—of whatever is inconsistent with our sense of right; and we should be ashamed of the dishonour put upon our common nature as we consider the manifold forms of sin and iniquity which prevail in our world.

Now this, which we may regard as a natural instinctive sense of shame, arising from a consciousness of sin in ourselves, or the exhibition of sin in others, is a good thing so far as it goes, but it is in itself insufficient, incomplete, superficial. Nor does it of itself move men to make any diligent endeavours, in the way of resistance or avoidance. Such are the blinding, deadening influences exerted by sin, that no man can be said to be truly ashamed of sin *until God makes him ashamed.* It is the work of God's Spirit to make men ashamed of sin, in other words to convince them of it, to remove the mask, the disguise which hides its deformities, to reveal it in all its hideousness—to tear out the heart of the mystery of iniquity.

If we analyse the feelings of shame which result from the workings of an unenlightened conscience, we soon discover how superficial they are—awakened by the circumstances under which sin has been committed, or the consequences which flow from its commission, rather than from the consideration of sin itself. The sense of sin is determined more by the judgment formed of that particular sin by the world than the view taken of it by God, and the judgment pronounced upon it in His Word. The reference is oftener to the fluctuating and uncertain standard of conventional morality, than to the great principles of eternal and immutable morality. But how different is it when God convinces men of sin! When a divinely guided arrow pierces some joint in the armour of sinful complacency! We see how it was with David, when the "Thou art the man" of Nathan smote him to the heart, and made him ashamed. We see how it was with Peter, when the look of his suffering Lord recalled him to his senses, and he went out and wept bitterly. And so was it with Saul of Tarsus, when the vision of the risen and glorified Christ overwhelmed him with the shameful and sorrowful conviction that in persecuting those poor Nazarenes he had been persecuting the Lord of life and glory Himself. And so, though the feelings may vary very much in their degrees of intensity, and their modes of expression, is it in every instance where God makes men truly ashamed of sin. They see it as they never saw it before, and then have they awakened within them an undying hatred of sin itself, as that abominable thing which God hates.

This feeling of shame which God awakens is but an initial and preparatory stage in a great spiritual process. As God makes us discontented that He may give us satisfaction, so does God make us ashamed that He may free us from shame.

That salutary shame to which we have referred, and which it is the very work and office of God's Spirit to awaken, is but a means to an end, and is salutary only as it leads on to something better than itself. God makes us ashamed of sin—reveals to us its enormity and hideousness only that He may awaken within us a longing desire to be free from its hateful presence, its enslaving and polluting power. Once made ashamed of sin, nothing can satisfy us but deliverence. It is as thus made ashamed of sin that we are ready to welcome with heart and soul God's own Son as our great deliverer. This is the deliverance that He achieves: salvation from sin, from sorrow, from shame. As apart from Christ we cannot break the bonds of this triple and evil confederacy, so before the divine and benignant presence of the great Emancipator do we see sin, sorrow, and shame take their departure. Repeatedly, and in manifold forms, do we meet with the assurance which occurs more than once in this Psalm, that if we trust in the Lord, wait upon Him, confide in Him as our God and our salvation, we shall not be made ashamed. Still, so far as sin lingers with us, we shall be ashamed of sin in ourselves, and still, so far as we are brought in contact with it, shall we be ashamed of sin in others. But while, as long as we tarry in a sinful world we shall retain a salutary sense of shame, there is even here and now a high, a blessed and glorious sense in which these words are true. We shall not be made ashamed by the hope we cherish, by the faith we exercise. Many are made ashamed of their hope, many will find that their faith has been resting on an uncertain and treacherous foundation; but not so the Christian believer—those of us who put our trust in Christ shall never be made ashamed. We know in Whom we have believed, and are persuaded that He is able to keep that which we have committed unto Him against that day. We shall not be made ashamed because of the insufficiency of the foundation on which we build, the insecurity of the refuge in which we hide. We shall not be made ashamed as we listen to the reproaches of conscience, the suggestions of our misbelieving hearts, the accusations of the great adversary of souls—for, turning aside from them, we can make our appeal to the Lord our righteousness. And as we are not made ashamed as the charges are urged against us here in the court of conscience, so we shall not be made ashamed as we stand before the great tribunal itself. If we are in Christ, there is none who can accuse—there is none who can condemn. There are many things of which we have great reason to be ashamed; but there is one thing of which we never shall be ashamed, and that is the faith—we have been led and repose in the Lord Jesus Christ—for as time rolls on, as one change succeeds another, we shall be continually discovering fresh reasons for trusting in Him.

But while thinking of the shame from which some are, by the grace of God, delivered, we must not lose sight of that shame with which others shall be overwhelmed—with which, indeed, all must be overwhelmed who are not delivered from shame by Christ Jesus. We have already seen that men have, of themselves, only a very imperfect and superficial sense of shame on account of sin; and that some even become so hardened and insensible as to be comparatively shameless; while we read of others who have gone so far as to glory in their shame. What we have to remember is this, that those who are not made ashamed by the conviction of God's truth and Spirit here, will be made ashamed by the retributive manifestation of the evil nature of sin hereafter. There are those whose doom it will be to awake to shame and everlasting contempt. This pre-intimation of the sinner's doom is one of the most fearful of all which occur in sacred Scripture. What a terrible thing it must be to *awake to shame and everlasting contempt!* That sense of shame which occasionally overwhelms men here is very terrible—there is nothing so terrible in the world, not death even. Much as men dread death, there are forms of shame which men shun by seeking death.

Here is a man who has been really living a sinful and criminal life, but one which has been outwardly reputable. His crimes have not only not attracted attention, they have not even awakened suspicion; he has sinned with impunity so long that he has almost ceased to dread discovery; he figures in the eyes of men as an object of admiration to some, and of envy to others. At last the glittering bubble of his false reputation bursts, his fraud becomes apparent; amid shouts of execration he disappears from the view of a long-deluded public, to endure the agony of a guilty shame, unmixed with any touch even of godly sorrow. There are in all our world few things more terrible than thus to awaken to shame and confusion of face. But what is this compared with that other awakening! The storm of indignation will soon abate, the sharp pang and agony of shame and mortified ambition will soon subside; after a while he, thus suddenly made ashamed, will creep forth from his hiding-place—shameless—and in a few months, or a few years, all may be forgotten. But so will it not be at that final awakening. Those who do not awake to everlasting life, will awake to *shame and everlasting contempt.* From the danger, and even from the dread, of this fearful awakening, Christ is able and willing to set us free. Let us then "abide in Him, that when He shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming."

EDWARD'S ATONEMENT.

A STORY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER two or three days the cousins became inseparable, and Edward had not a thought that he did not share with his companion. Philip, though evidently more at home than at first, was still shy and quiet in the presence of the elder members of the family, and even to Edward he was strangely reticent concerning himself.

Many influences had combined to increase his natural reserve, the chief one being that his mother, to whom he had been ardently attached, had unfortunately been a Papist, although his father professed the Reformed faith. Colonel Wyatt wished Philip to be brought up according to his own creed, but his mother, advised by her confessor, and deeply imbued with the erroneous principles of Romanism, had secretly influenced his mind in its favour.

Knowing that he was in a Protestant household, Philip kept his own counsel. Chance, however, made him acquainted with the fact that one of the servants, a man named Roger Bonfield, shared his faith. As soon as the latter discovered this, he made friendly approaches to Philip, so tempered and seasoned with respect, however, that after a while, despite his relatives' kindness to him, he seemed to prefer Roger's society to theirs, and would often steal away to have a long chat with him, although he knew it was contrary to his aunt's wish. The chief attraction this man possessed for the orphaned lad was that he was always ready to listen with deferential sympathy when Philip spoke of his dearly-loved mother.

Lady Beaufort had retained Roger in her service solely from motives of kindness. Some years ago he had been prosecuted by her lord for theft, but, touched by his penitence and sorrow, his kind mistress had used all her influence to have his punishment mitigated, and on his leaving prison had received him when no one else would have done so, hoping that by these means he might be brought to amend the error of his ways and become a good Christian.

Outwardly conforming to the simple ceremonial of the Reformed Church, Roger continued at heart a Papist, and, as often as circumstances would permit, visited and confessed to a priest residing in the neighbouring town. Lately, the gloomy and bigoted Mary having ascended the throne, Romanists had started up everywhere, and were trying to root out the Protestant religion by the cruel means which their fanaticism deemed not only allowable but meritorious.

The inmates of Beaufort Castle were marked out for destruction, but persecution had not yet reared its hideous head in that part of the country, and the Beaufort family dwelt, as they fancied, secure and unnoticed. Within the last week, however, alarming rumours had reached them, and Lord Beaufort deemed it wise to take a journey to the metropolis, and to observe for himself the progress of events. A week after the arrival of Philip he set out, accompanied by his steward, on a journey which proved one of difficulty and danger, and was protracted so far beyond the limits he had assigned to it that, instead of being weeks before he again beheld his family, it was months.

"Edward, dost sleep?" asked Philip, the night following Lord Beaufort's departure.

"Another moment, and I had," replied Edward sleepily.

"Hist—heard you not a rustling?" whispered Philip, trembling and crouching under the bed-clothes.

"'Tis but a rat behind the wainscot," sighed Edward, impatiently.

"No, no, Edward! wake, I pray you, and listen. Roger saith this chamber is haunted."

"Nay, then," replied Edward, now thoroughly awake, "he speaks folly; 'tis but madam my mother!"

"Surely now, it is not Roger, but you who speak foolishly, cousin—the castle clock hath but now struck three—and what would she do here at this hour?"

"Content you, fair cousin," replied Edward, a little contemptuously, for he was a stranger to the fear which evidently overpowered his more highly sensitive companion. "An if it were a man, what need you——"

"Hist! there!" whispered Philip, placing an imploring hand over Edward's mouth, and rapidly uttering a mechanical prayer, as a safeguard against evil spirits.

A rustling sound was distinctly audible, and Philip, straining his eyeballs to gaze through the darkness, caught a glimpse of a shadowy figure gliding through the chamber.

He lay for a few minutes silent from excess of terror, and when the fancied phantom had quitted the chamber, he spoke in a tone of such agonised entreaty to Edward, imploring him to call some one, and then begging him not to leave him, that the latter, in order to quiet his fears, and forgetting his mother's injunction, exclaimed: "In truth, there is nothing to fear. I know 'tis my mother. She told me, but a week past, that I was not to note it, if I heard her footsteps passing, for she hath a visitor who is hiding here for some reason—I know not what; but she charged me to speak not of the matter. Take good heed you say nothing of it before the servants, or she will chide me, perchance, for telling even you, my cousin."

"I would fain see with my own eyes if it be even so," replied Philip, still unconvinced, but a little comforted. "How know you that there is not a spirit which haunts this room, even if her ladyship

do sometimes visit it as well? For, indeed, Roger hath said more than once that he hath seen a ghost outside your chamber door——"

"If naught else will convince thee, what sayest thou to looking on the stranger with thine own unbelieving eyes?" replied Edward, impatiently. "Come——" and the lad springing out of bed, Philip, from very fear of being left alone, followed his cousin.

Groping their way in the darkness, they passed through the apartment into a corridor, which terminated in a staircase, which led to the lower part of the castle on one side, while on the other a door opened into a small, generally untenanted chamber. Cautiously pushing the ponderous door still farther open (for it stood ajar), the two boys entered the apartment. As they did so the moon, emerging from a bank of heavy cloud, poured its rays into the room and showed it empty!

"Let us return," cried Philip, in a fright, for there was no other apartment in this part of the castle, which was only a small turret, and therefore afforded no space for more.

"'Tis strange," replied Edward, "but perchance the visitor has departed; be that as it may be, we will solve the mystery to-morrow night. If you hear aught, wake me, cousin, and I will follow the intruder even though it should prove a ghost, and learn whither he bends his steps o' nights."

"But let us return now at once, I pray you," urged Philip, his teeth chattering.

Edward complied, and the two lads were soon snugly ensconced in their warm bed, and Philip, despite his fear, hearing no more ghostly noises, soon fell asleep, and woke next morning none the worse for the visit he imagined he had received, except that his usually pale cheeks were perhaps a trifle paler than before, so that Edward almost forgot the adventure before darkness came again.

But not so Philip; all day long he tried in vain to attend to his studies and forget his fears, succeeding only partially, however; but as the day waned, so waned the courage he had been endeavouring to assume, till at last the gathering darkness found him in such a state of nervous excitement, that, unable to endure it any longer, he sought Roger, and began to pour out his trouble into the man's sympathising and attentive ear.

"At what hour of the night saw you the spirit, Master Philip?" asked Roger.

"It had just gone three when I heard the rustling, and saw something tall and black, I think it was (I could not see distinctly), gliding through the room," whispered the trembling lad; "and now, oh, Roger, I fear I dare not sleep in that horrible chamber again."

"I pray you fear nothing. I will watch this night for your safety, Master Philip. In the meantime let it please you to take this!" And the deluded victim of superstition drew from his bosom a coin rudely stamped with the figure of the Virgin, and, telling his credulous auditor that it had been blessed by his Holiness, and would shield him from all harm, advised him to conceal it about his person, and go to rest with a quiet mind.

"But, Roger, why so pale? See, thy hand shakes and——"

"Nay, 'tis fancy! Under favour, Master Philip, guard well your speech, and seek me not too often. My lady loves not that. Leave me, now, ere some one report that we have been talking together."

Roger finished with a sigh that was almost a groan, his words were hurried, and his manner was so agitated, that Philip could not help observing and wondering at it. Suddenly it occurred to his mind that perhaps now Roger had parted with his fancied charm he feared for his own safety, and he determined, great as his terror was, to restore it on the first opportunity. He could find none, however, that night and the next.

(To be continued).

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

287. Quote a passage which shows that our blessed Lord's disciples did not understand the object of His coming to this world until after the Resurrection.

288. What was the object of appointing deacons in the church?

289. What circumstances gave rise to this necessity?

290. What son died as his mother entered the house?

291. In what way can we account for the difference in the statements of St. Stephen and St. Paul concerning the bondage of the seed of Abraham?

292. Mention two persons who were put to death upon the evidence of suborned false witnesses.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 768.

275. Philemon, to whom St. Paul wrote the epistle bearing that name (comp. Col. iv. 9; and Phil. 10—12).

276. St. James the less, known also as James the son of Alphæus (Comp. Matt. x. 2, 3; and Acts xii. 2).

277. "That the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head" (Gen. iii. 15).

278. On the fifth day (Gen. i. 21).

279. It is said of man only, "God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul" (Gen. ii. 7).

280. God put a mark upon his forehead (Gen. iv. 15).

"'You have said enough, Mr. Gray; our treaty is at an end.'"—*p.* 807.

NEW LIGHT FROM AN OLD LAMP;

OR, MODERN READINGS OF ANCIENT FABLES.

THE SWEEP AND THE FULLER; OR, ILL COMES FROM ILL COMPANY.

"EVIL communications corrupt good manners." So says St. Paul, quoting a proverb which was ancient in his day, and which, at all times and seasons, is intensely true. "Tell me what company you keep, and I will tell you what you are," is another old saw on the same subject; and, if the

former be clearly stated, it needs no Solomon to do the latter with equal exactitude and truth, for birds of a feather will flock together. There are no crows in the dove-cot, and no pigeons in the rookery. And no natural affinities are either stronger or surer than those which lead taste, temperament, and character in unfeathered bipeds to mingle with their own congeners and to seek their own place. One rotten apple is sufficient to destroy the garnered produce of a whole orchard, and as the old proverb has it, "One scabbed sheep will infect the flock." It is not easy to touch pitch without blacking the fingers, and it is much less easy to come in constant contact with an evil comrade without soiling character. The old quatrain has an immense amount of good sense in it which says—

> "May God me send a worthy friend;
> His friendship leal will work me weal,
> A friend not so, will work me woe;
> So God me send a worthy friend."

This lesson is clearly contained in the little fable of the Fuller and the Sweep.

A sweep who had more room in his house than he required for himself, proposed to a fuller that he should come and take up his quarters under the same roof. "Thank you," said the fuller, in response to the invitation, "but I must decline your offer, for I fear as fast as I whiten my goods you will blacken them again." The fuller, you see, was fully aware of the importance of care in the choice of a comrade. Had he brought his bleached and spotless goods into the dwelling of the sweep, the sooty surroundings, though far from being clean in themselves, would soon make a clean sweep of all his labour, and of his reputation as a workman into the bargain. He wisely kept his distance, and so he kept his credit, and his goods their purity. It is quite as easy to smut a character, to sully a name, and to stain a conscience, and so it is always wise to give a wide berth to all who have neither "clean hands" nor a "pure heart," and to associate only with those whose walk and conversation are "lovely and of good report." The old Scotch proverb says, "If you gang a year wi' a cripple, you 'll limp at the end of it." In that case it is better to let the cripples "gang" by themselves, and to choose a fellow traveller whose limbs are sound. "Keep good company, and you shall be of the number;" for among them who do well, the faulty does better, inasmuch as their quiet influence, counsel, and example, afford both guidance and encouragement. "My neighbour 's a nightingale, and so I sing," say the Italians, and we may depend upon it, the song is all the sweeter for such a tutor; it may easily be imagined what it would be like if the neighbour were a screech-owl or a hawk. It is marvellous how readily human beings adopt both ways and manners with which they are constantly familiar. As the chameleon acquires the colour of what it rests on, now green as the bough it clings to, now brown as the soil it plods over, so young people have a similar tendency to catch the hue of their associations; and it is of the utmost importance that these should influence them for good. A piece of clay emitted a beautiful fragrance. "How hast thou obtained it?" inquired an envious clod. "I dwell near the rose," was the answer. That is what comes of good company. "Who comes from the kitchen smells of smoke," says the Spanish proverb, to which might be added, Who comes from the garden has the scent of flowers. The Thames is sufficiently sweet and bright while it consorts with silver streams and rippling brooks; but when it begins to mingle with drains and sewers, it loses its character, and its dull and turbid flood is sufficient evidence of the change of associations. It was meant that the river should purify the sewer, but the sewer has corrupted the river; and so stands for an illustration of the dangers arising from contact with either evil things or men. "Bad company," says Augustine, "is like a nail driven into a post, which after the first and second blows may be drawn out with little difficulty; but being once driven up to the head, the pincers cannot take hold to draw it out—this can only be done by the destruction of the wood." A more modern but equally wise teacher says, "To be the best in the company is the way to grow worse; the best means to grow better is to consort with those who are better than we."

Another ancient fable puts the sad results which follow evil companionships, in even a stronger light than the fable already quoted. "A farmer fixed his net to catch the cranes that fed on his new-sown corn. Several cranes were caught, and a stork among the number. 'Spare me!' cried the stork, 'I am an innocent——'. 'True enough, I dare say,' said the farmer, cutting him short; 'but this I know, I have caught you in thievish company, and you must suffer the consequences,'" and forthwith the stork's neck was wrung in the same fashion as his guiltier comrades. Could a better moral be appended than that which the good Book itself provides?—"He who dwells with wise men shall be wise, but the companions of fools shall be destroyed."

GREAT BOAST, SMALL ROAST.

"The boaster," says a modern philosopher of note, "builds a gun-carriage to fire off a pea-shooter, and erects a bastion and embrasure fit for a cannon from which to discharge a pop-gun." The performance of this unpleasant character is in inverse ratio to his promise, and most commonly his words are all sound and fury, signifying nothing. "It is not brag that fills the bag;" on the contrary, it generally interferes with the filling process, for

> "A torrent of words can turn no mill;
> Good works are done when the tongue is still;"

and, as a rule, the old proverb is literally true, "the vaunter says to the task 'avaunt!'" That is to say, he will pull off his coat and roll up his sleeves, and get no further. It looks as though he meant it, but the look of the thing is generally enough for him.

It is the worst wheel in the wagon that creaks most, and it is the weakest mortal that speaks most, especially when the subject is his own capabilities. This is surely the moral contained in the well-known little fable of the Mountain in Labour.

In the days of yore a mighty rumbling was heard in a certain mountain; the whole region around was shaken with its terrible travail, and the noise was almost deafening. Multitudes of people came from far and near, and stood in waiting wonder, to see what it would produce. The throes increased, the commotion deepened, and the sound became more and more tremendous. The crowd stood in great expectation. Many wise conjectures were hazarded as to the gigantic outcome of all this, when, lo! a final spasm succeeded, and out popped—a mouse!

Was ever such a potent promise followed by such a paltry performance? And yet it is imitated by the great brotherhood of boasters every day. They talk in Hercules' vein and they act in Tom Thumb's. It is a case of "great cry and little wool;" a salvo of artillery heralds a *fiasco*, and a flourish of trumpets announces a feat as wonderful as that of the French king who "marched his army up the hill and then—marched down again. "A still tongue shows a wise head," says the old proverb, and it might well have added, "a bragging tongue shows a wise-acre," and what he accomplishes is too well known to need description. "The mill clacks most when there is no corn in the hopper," and amid all the din there is precious little flour in the meal-spout. "It is the still sow that gets the most wash," for while the rest are indulging in a vehement spell of porcine music she is busy storing cargo ere the trough be dry. "Good wine needs no bush," and if the whole of Birnam Wood were hung out for a signboard, it could not make champagne out of hard cider. "Great boast, small roast," and a furnace like Nebuchadnezzar's, heated seven times hotter than its wont with that sort of caloric, can neither fry a rasher nor toast cheese. "Great barkers are nae biters," say the Scotch, significantly, and so intimate that while the dog is "giving tongue," the hare has given him the slip. "It isn't the hen that cackles that lays most eggs," and most assuredly it is not that man that makes the loudest profession who does the most valiant deeds. Let us accept the counsel of the Spanish adage, then, "Not to take more into our mouths than our cheeks will hold;" in other words, let there be some fair comparison between promise and practice, between the preparation and the event.

> "Say weel an' do weel end wi' ae letter;
> Say weel may be good, but do weel is better."

Let us aim at modest merit, and make the outcome of our promise better than it seemed to warrant. "An empty barrel," quoth Shakespeare, "has the greatest sound;" and the very sound, like the braggart's boast, shows that there's nothing in it. The shallow streamlet flows noisily along, brawling and bickering, chafing and chattering; while the deep majestic river rolls in silent self-contained power until its mighty waters, laden with fleets of merchantmen, and bordered with prosperous cities, falls grandly into the mighty sea. "Study to be quiet, and mind your own business." Be strong in meditation, moderate in speech, diligent in action; and remember that the day is coming when, if we keep a good conscience, walk uprightly, serve our generation, and are loyal to our God, we shall with loosened tongue exalt the name of Him who gave the needful gifts of grace.

> "Keep thou the calm and even tenor of thy way,
> Resolved to do thy honest duty day by day;
> Eschew all boasting, make no great pretence,
> For that displays a grievous want of sense.
> In modest silence work out thought and plan,
> And be no foolish boaster, but—a man."

HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST IN THE WINNING," "FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE."

CHAPTER LV.

INSPECTING THE BOOKS.

MR. GRADDON went off to Brighton in all haste, for he harboured a fear that Duke, in spite of his promises of amendment, might still hanker after the little heiress, or, rather, the property she possessed. He had gone away penitent; but might not the temptation to embrace such an opportunity of freeing himself of his debts return upon him? He had sinned and repented, and then sinned again, too often to be trusted yet.

It was a relief to find Hattie ignorant of his flight, although it gave her guardian a sharp pang when he walked into the room where she sat, and saw her surrounded with preparations for the hurried marriage to which Duke, before leaving her, had extorted a reluctant consent.

However, she bore the loss of her lover with tolerable fortitude. It was not for him her tears were shed, so much as for the pleasant anticipations she had been conjuring up of what her married life should be.

"I meant to have had the dearest little home in the world!" she said. "It would have been so delightful to furnish it according to my own taste, and keep it always trim and neat; and Duke was to have had delicious little dinners of my own arranging—something tasty and piquant every day. Oh! I had planned it all in my own mind so nicely, even to the bed-room that you were to occupy, dear Mr. Graddon,

when you came to see us. I don't suppose Duke and I would have agreed very well, for he hasn't the best of tempers ; but I should have consoled myself with my domestic affairs, and always been too busy to fret. It is hard upon me, isn't it ?"

She insisted on being allowed to return to Erndell, to be comforted, she said, by Winnie ; but when she saw the heavy eyes of her friend, and how deeply any mention of Duke's treachery distressed her, it was Hattie who took upon herself the office of comforter. The sisterly affection that had waned a little now revived, never again to be interrupted.

Just at this season of anxiety Miss Symes was taken ill, and expired after an illness so brief that Winnie and her father were spared the additional sorrow of witnessing her suffering. She sank rapidly but painlessly, conscious from the commencement that her malady was an incurable one, and evincing a patience, a resignation, a pious trust in the Divine mercy that softened the blow to the relatives who had learned in the last years of her life to love her dearly.

Nina could not be summoned to the death-bed of her aunt, for no one knew where to find her. Acting on a suggestion of Winnie's, Mr. Graddon inserted advertisements in the daily papers, as well as a notice of Miss Symes' decease, but no reply was received ; and it therefore astonished him very much when, on the day appointed for that lady's interment, a shrewd, hard-looking man, in rusty black, made his appearance, who stated that he came on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Ordley to be present at the reading of the will.

By her frugality, Miss Symes had always contrived to live on a third of her income, yet her savings only amounted to a small sum after all ; for while of too distrustful a nature to listen willingly to appeals for charitable aid, once convinced that it was required, she had been wont to give liberally.

If Mr. Ordley's representative had been led to cherish great expectations, he went away disappointed, for the few hundreds Miss Symes had laid by were bequeathed to one of the young sons of her brother, who had confided to her his wish to enter the medical profession ; and this legacy was to be employed in furthering his wishes.

"Then there was nothing for Mrs. Ordley ? positively nothing ?" the agent of Nina's husband queried, and muttering something under his breath, he rose to depart. But Winnie stopped him, entreating news of her sister.

However, he either was, or professed to be, ignorant of Nina's address. He knew that Mr. Ordley would be very much disappointed at the tidings he should have to communicate when next he called at his office, for he had been counting on his wife receiving a handsome bequest, and had borrowed large sums on the promise of repaying them as soon as she obtained it.

All that this man could be prevailed upon to do was to be the bearer of an affectionate letter from Winnie to her sister, urging her to communicate with her friends. He pledged himself to give this letter to Nina's husband, and with that they had to be satisfied, but, as before, it elicited no reply, and Mr. Graddon's uneasiness respecting his daughter was heightened by fears that the unprincipled young fellow she had wedded had forbidden any intercourse with her family.

He wrote to the elder Mr. Ordley, but he could not give him any information ; his refusal to send his son any further assistance had been followed by a chilling silence ; the young man's parents were, therefore, hoping that, as no further appeals for help reached them, none was needed.

But when Mr. Graddon remembered how this must be interpreted—that if George Ordley's purse was full, it was with unholy gains—he could derive no consolation from the thought. Whenever he went to London, his eyes sought on all sides for the face and form of his daughter ; every fancied clue sent him in search of her ; but, alas, his quests always ended in disappointment. Nina neither came nor wrote ; and those who still loved her dearly, concluded that to avoid his creditors, Mr. Ordley must have assumed another name, and gone abroad, taking her with him.

Neither were any tidings received of Duke ; and if Mr. Graddon often railed against the duplicity and ingratitude of the lad he had treated in all respects as a son, who could be surprised ? He had scarcely been in England three days when he found himself involved in a law-suit, entailed upon him through some unpardonable act of inattention to the clauses of a contract on the part of his late clerk.

Nor was this all ; as soon as he began to search the office for papers that bore on the affair in question, the confusion, the disorder he found there, positively appalled him.

Winnie, released by Miss Symes' death and Hattie's return from some of her duties, was thankful that she was able to come to his aid. Generously eager to screen the fugitive from further disgrace, she was not content with moderating her father's wrath, but exacted a promise from him not to engage a substitute for Duke till something like order was established. To effect this, she took upon herself tasks which, in spite of her willing spirit and some natural aptitude for business, often filled her with dismay.

Mr. Graddon, who was rarely at home, being frequently called to town either by the progress of the suit or his endeavours to find Nina, never knew the extent of her labours. He found his own path smoothed for him, and relieved that it should be so, did not inquire what it cost Winnie to do it. He would have been shocked at his own want of consideration if he had learned that she often laid her head down on the desk, thoroughly disheartened, and spent sleepless nights in pondering on the best way of wading through the sea of perplexities that encompassed her. She always looked up to speak

cheerfully when he came in; could generally find for him any letter or paper he required; or would meekly bear with his angry annoyance if it were not forthcoming; and he did not dream that she was daily growing more unequal to the work she had undertaken.

While it consisted principally of reducing to something like regularity the confusion in which Duke had left every drawer, shelf, and pigeon-hole, she toiled on briskly enough. "Tidying up" always recommends itself to a woman, and if she came away heated and dusty, after sorting letters, examining rolls of plans and putting them away numbered and endorsed for reference, or filing accounts *per* and *contra*—the accumulation in some cases of years—she did not complain. It was when she came upon instances of the most culpable carelessness and mismanagement that her head began to ache as well as her heart, and she sickened over the labours which she was still loath, for Duke's sake, to resign to other hands.

Presently she found that the books must be searched before long-neglected bills could be made out and disputed ones rectified, and she possessed no technical knowledge to guide her through these complications. We remember overhearing an excellent clergyman discussing with a builder he had been employing the sum-total of a bill sent in for repairs executed at the parochial schools. He was blandly assured that all the items were specified in the account. "So they may be," was the retort, "but of what use was that when he could not decipher them?" And any one who, like our reverend friend, has pored over those strange hieroglyphics and abbreviations, and bewildered himself with the measurements of the wood, the queer nomenclature of the nails, and brads, and tacks that are found in a builder's or carpenter's bill, can form a tolerably accurate idea of Winnie's bewilderment.

In vain did she study the price-book, and recall all she had learned at school of long and square measure; in vain did she steal away in the evening to light the office lamp and resume her labours whenever her father was lulled to sleep by the long sonatas through which Hattie perseveringly droned, though not from any partiality for them, but because Winnie always played classical music. She was out of her depth, and was debating how to act, when she found a helper in Percy Gray.

He had seen her bending over the desk too often not to divine what she was about; and though he grew angry and bitter whenever he thought how it was to spare Duke she was thus devoting herself to such uncongenial employment, he could not stand aloof.

He followed her into the office one evening, making some trifling pretext for his presence there, and the pale weary face she turned towards him did the rest.

"Miss Graddon, this is too much for you," he said, abruptly. "If you should be ill, what would your father do?"

"It is only my own ignorance that harasses me," she answered. "I like writing, and my hand is distinct enough, papa says, if I could but understand these entries."

She paused, for Percy was gently taking the pen out of her aching fingers. He was a good accountant, and before his explanations and his rapid calculations, Winnie's troubles began to melt away.

Jealous for her cousin's honour, she would accept no assistance that would enable him to gauge the depth of Duke's misdemeanours; but in all else she thankfully availed herself of his superior knowledge. No matter how busy they might be in the shops, Percy Gray always found leisure to go to the office two or three times in the course of the day, and answer the questions which, if Winnie were not there, he found written down on a slate ready to be submitted to him.

Sometimes he had his reward in treasure trove; a flower, or a sprig of myrtle she had worn; or a book or periodical she thought he would be glad to carry home and read; or better still, when her work was laid aside for the day, Winnie would linger for a few minutes to discuss the book with him; to name the chapters she had preferred, and elicit his opinions upon them; tokens, these, of her kindliness of heart and good-will that sent Percy Gray back to his cottage home dreaming of something more than the steadfast purpose that he was now waiting patiently to realise.

CHAPTER LVI.

GEORGE ORDLEY'S WIFE.

"Poor Nina" they were beginning to call her whenever she was named, and that was but seldom; for Mr. Graddon winced at any allusion to the daughter who seemed to have forgotten him. Only as they sat together at needlework, Winnie and Hattie would endeavour to conjecture where she could be, and why she inflicted on them this trying suspense. Was she too much absorbed in her own happiness to think of them at all? No; they would not do her the injustice to imagine this. She had never been very affectionate, except in words, to those about her; but she could not have closed her heart entirely against them.

They often told themselves that any tidings would be preferable to this incomprehensible silence, yet, when it was broken, who grieved more sincerely than those whom she had forsaken?

When Nina did write, her letter was dated from an obscure street in Dublin. Her husband had deserted her. His love had not outlived the discovery that she inherited nothing from Miss Symes, and that she had scruples of conscience that made her troublesome when he was reduced to living by his wits. Growing daily more and more reckless, he had at last embarked for New York with a couple of kindred spirits, leaving a note for Nina promising to send her money to enable her to join him as soon as any luck turned up.

Thus thrown upon her own resources, and ashamed to appeal to her father, she had supported herself by

the sale of her clothes and trinkets, till the birth of a tiny sickly infant reduced her to such straits that she grew desperate and longed for the sympathy she had hitherto rejected.

Mr. Graddon hurried off to Ireland to find and reclaim his unhappy daughter. He found her the mere wreck of the blooming girl she had once been; her beauty was gone, never to return; and her health was in a very precarious condition.

But she could not be persuaded to accompany her father to Erndell. Pride forbade this, and made her equally obstinate in refusing the home offered to her by the deeply-grieved parents of her husband. All she would accept was a small weekly sum, on which, with what she could earn by her needle, she intended to support herself and her baby; nor could the remonstrances of Mr. Graddon move her.

"It isn't because I'm ungrateful, papa," she said; "and there have been times when I would have given worlds to be able to go back to the old home and you; but it's not my place now, and I could not face either the pity or contempt of our neighbours. As soon as my little Mary is old enough, I'll send her to you; Winnie will rear her far better than I should. I'd rather my child died in her infancy, dear though she is to me, than see her grow up like either of her parents! Winnie will take charge of her, I know, and make her like herself; and I will go into a situation as governess, if any one will trust me with their children."

"I hope there will be no necessity for you to do that, my dear," her father responded. "Your husband may yet feel ashamed of his unmanly behaviour, and come back to you."

"I hope not!" cried Nina, passionately; "I never wish to see him again; he never really loved me; he is heartless. But for him I might have been as happy and as good as Winnie."

"Was he more blamable than you?" asked her father.

"I loved him," she murmured, with a sob.

"Then love him still. Have you forgotten that you gave yourself to him till death parts you? But let it be with a more unselfish affection. Try and think of him kindly, pityingly. Whatever his faults, his wife's prayers should not be withheld; in asking God's help and pardon for him, you may be winning it for yourself."

Nina averted her head, and made no reply, but she clung about her father's neck when he was leaving her, and faltered an assurance that she would remember all he had said.

He offered to spare Winnie, or let Hattie join her in the pleasant country lodgings in which he settled her; but the answer was still a decided "Not yet, papa, not yet. I'd rather see no one at present."

So Winnie and Hattie were forced to content themselves with knitting woollen shoes and making the prettiest of little garments for the child, who was named after Winnie's mother; and in acknowledging these gifts Nina's pride gave way, and her stubborn heart softened more and more towards those who, in spite of absence, indifference, and neglect, had kept her memory green at their fireside.

She had spoken of her sister as happy; she did not know how sharply Winnie was being tried just then. When her long and tedious labours in the office came to an end, Mr. Graddon devoted a couple of days to a thorough inspection of the present state of his affairs. It was a dispiriting one. The two thousand pounds he had lost through Duke had not done him a third of the mischief the young man's carelessness had occasioned in other ways.

"I thought I was fairly prosperous," he said to Winnie. "But I begin to doubt how far I shall be able to weather the coming winter. What capital I have is locked up; there is a great depression in trade; two or three contracts I have entered into are to be deferred till the spring, and we are threatened with a strike. I fear, I greatly fear that there can be but one end to it all."

"We will retrench in the house, papa," said Winnie.

"My dear, you are not guilty of any extravagances there, and the boys shall still have their schooling. If I had that two thousand pounds wherewith to settle some pressing accounts it would tide me over some of my difficulties; or if I could but keep my head above water till the spring, all would be well; but how is that to be done? Had I known how I stood a year or so ago, I might have escaped this dead lock. When Marmaduke Averne besought me to take care of his boy, and I pledged myself to do my best for the little chap, I took upon my shoulders a burden that seems to have paved the way to my ruin."

Winnie could rejoice in the midst of her own trouble at the knowledge that her father leaned upon her for sympathy, that he confided in her, consulted her, and was proud of the ability with which she contrived to assist in the office; but ere long she began to dread the confidences that always ended in bitter reminiscences of Duke's dishonesty.

Still she listened with unflagging patience, and advised as far as she was able, but it was with sinking spirits, for things looked worse and worse as time went on, and when a gentleman for whom Mr. Graddon was erecting a splendid mansion suddenly lost his all, through the failure of a Scotch bank, her father's affairs assumed an alarming aspect.

The men in the shops began to discuss them, and to watch him as he went about with bowed head, while his neighbours discussed amongst themselves whether poor Graddon would be able to stem the current or be compelled to add another to the long lists of bankrupts with which the papers teemed.

"This is the last drop in the cup," he said to his foreman when he had sent for him to bid him discharge the men at work on the unfinished mansion.

"I hope not," said Percy. "At the worst it is but a crisis that must soon be over."

"True, but I cannot hold out till the good time comes. It's no use disguising the truth, Gray. The case is a desperate one."

"But not beyond remedy, surely?"

Winnie, who sat beside her father's chair—she was seldom away from him long—looked up at the speaker inquiringly.

"It stands thus, does it not, Mr. Graddon? You must have more money than you can command in order to enable you to keep going? But remember you can secure this by taking a partner. Have you overlooked that?"

"Are moneyed men willing to invest their cash in a sinking ship?"

"I am willing to invest mine, sir. Make the firm Graddon and Gray, and the ship shall yet sail on smooth waters."

"But if I should drag you down with me?" asked the builder, hoarsely.

"Then," was the cheerful reply, "you must console yourself with knowing that I am young and strong, and can begin the world again. But I am not afraid; I well considered the matter before making you this offer, and, if you please, we will quietly talk over the state of affairs this evening, when I will tell you what I propose our doing."

Mr. Graddon held out his hand to Percy, who, with a bow to Winnie, was retiring.

"I will think over what you have said," he began, in a quiet business tone; but he could not continue it; his voice was broken with joyful emotion as he went on. "You have given me new life! Perhaps I have been too proud of the prosperity that was earned by my own exertions, of the good name I had attained to by my honourable dealings, and so it has pleased God to humble me. But I shall not despair now you have come forward so nobly. If an old man's thanks are worth anything to you——"

But a half-choked exclamation from Percy made him stop short.

"I deserve no thanks; when you speak like that it opens my eyes to my own selfishness. It has been my steadfast purpose for years to win such a position as I now grasp at. I have saved, I have toiled, I have denied myself that I might stand where I now am!"

"I have guessed as much for some time past," Mr. Graddon replied; "but I do not censure you for it; it would be asking too much from human nature to expect that you would risk—for there is a risk, Gray—all you possess solely for my benefit. I shall be more willing to accept your offer now I know why it was made."

"But this is not all," said Percy, growing pale even to his lips with the intensity of his feelings. "What will you say, Mr. Graddon, when I tell you that I have a higher aim than I have yet avowed?"

He looked at Winnie, who, growing as pale as himself, leaned her head against her father's arm.

It was thrown around her in a transport of paternal affection.

"You have said enough, Mr. Gray; our treaty is at an end. I will not sacrifice the inclinations of my child to benefit myself. You can leave us." And Mr. Graddon pointed to the door.

Percy went silently away; but in the evening a note was put into his hands. He knew the delicate caligraphy, though it was unsteady, and so many tears had fallen on the paper, as to render some of the words almost illegible.

"Do not forsake papa in his need," Winnie wrote. "Be a son to him, and you shall not find me ungrateful."

"Yes," said Percy, bitterly, "she will marry me, but it will be for her father's sake. She will give me her hand, but her heart is still with Duke Averne!"

(*To be concluded.*)

"HOW THEN CAN MAN BE JUSTIFIED?"

JOB XXV. 4–6.

WHEN clear and calm, at midnight's hour,
The moon in glory streams,
When heaven and earth confess her power,
And brighten in her beams,

While shining 'mid the shades of night,
Though widely spreads her ray,
When placed within Jehovah's light
She fades from heaven away.

The stars that burn so pure and bright
For mortal eyes to see,
In God's unstained and holy sight
Lose all their purity.

"How then shall man be justified"
Before his God secure?
How shall the worm his eye abide
One moment clean and pure?

'Twas so the Shuhite, weak of faith,
To Job, in sorrow, cried;
A holier "Man of Sorrows" saith
Man shall be justified.

Not by the law—for all men fail
When by its precepts tried—
Nor yet by works, which can't avail,
Shall man be justified.

By faith in Him who lived and died,
The Just for the unjust.
By Him shall man be justified,
In Him shall sinners trust.

Born of a woman, and yet clean
From sin's impurity,
The Christ who died and rose again,
Mankind shall justify.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

THE CONSECRATED LIFE.

IV.—SELF-EXAMINATION.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MURDOCH JOHNSTON, M.A., RECTOR OF BALLYMONEY.

PILGRIMS and Sojourners were the aptest words which a great master could find to describe the earthly condition of the saints; and the ancient founder of an imperial race is spoken of at his best moments as journeying through a world in which he had little interest, to a home that lay beyond its confines and its cognisance. To all men life has imaged itself as a journey or a voyage in which there must be progress. In every kind of travel man has devised means for ascertaining the direction, the distance, and the speed; and the dullest and the most volatile are keen to recognise the marks which indicate any of these. In the Soul's march only is the dullard too dull, and the genius too busy; and in none are there so many opportunities and such accurate methods for discovering the truth. To many minds the clouded destinies of life are as the brightness of a summer's calm; the work to be done is little more than a holiday's repose, and the end to be attained is of less importance than the hoped-for amusements of to-morrow or the troubles and vexation of to-day. Most people are liable to be satisfied with themselves. There is an indolence universal among men; and while a small amount of fear arouses us to energy and action, a fear which is constant and overwhelming begets an idle hope or a languid despair. There is vigour needed to turn a soul to God, and a kindred vigour to make one discover its condition or secure its constancy and progress.

But there is in the way of every good man a sorer difficulty. Theologians speak of being justified, and of being sanctified. They are accurate and useful terms. The first means our pardon and acceptance, the second means our personal perfection. Some, however, have confounded the two. They have conceived that if a man is once on the road of salvation, he needs little more to be done to him, or to do himself. Rather, perhaps, he is expected to lie like a great rock under the sun and to bring forth as rich a harvest as the deep loam of the valleys. The Jesuit has sneered at our Protestant doctrine because we would launch into the purity of heaven the criminal who has repented only an hour before his death. It is dangerous to hope for conversion at death, but equally dangerous to confound the sowing of faith with faith's fruition. Sin is dear to most, and it would be to many a paradise indeed, if sin could be retained and heaven at the same time secured.

Self-examination is the soul's test and gauge. It was such even from the first. St. Paul commanded it for two purposes: the first to try whether we are of the faith of Christ at all; the second to prepare our minds for the right reception of the Lord's Supper. But if it was so needful then, it is a thousand times more needful now. It was easy then for a man to know whether he were a Christian. The new religion was not merely unpopular, but dangerous. If one had but crossed the border from heathenism, he had an outward test which was both easy and satisfactory. Now all that is changed. It is fashionable to be a Christian; most of all to be a Christian professor and worker. In the thousand complications and engagements of life, it is easy to mistake the semblance for the reality. We have constantly to bemoan the fall of those on whom we built our best hopes, and the tardy career of many who made the fairest and most promising start. Self-examination is prescribed as the remedy: to tell us first whether we are going in the heavenward path or not; and if we are, to tell us with what speed.

1. It is surely not impossible to discover the most important fact of life. I have known two classes of people. One class asserted beyond doubt their conversion and safety, and yet they followed sin so closely that their piety, if it ever existed, had become all overgrown. The others showed every sign of holy life. Temper, disposition, deeds alike bore the impress of Jesus Christ. But they were always in doubt. Their faith had never become crystallised. They clung indeed to the Cross, but though they saw it, they could not see their own hands grasping it. They prayed, and were happy to know they prayed; but they could not believe that the answer given was an answer to their prayer. Akin to this is the condition of many who are dying. I have never seen a death-bed destitute of hope. Whatever may be men's fear then, they like to think of judgment as tempered by mercy. And yet the lives of many belie all hope. In such cases there must be something wrong. It must be that they are ignorant or confident because they have never tried aright; or that they preferred some fault to the comfort and the peace which would have made the fault impossible.

For God has given us sure marks of life and of death. Take one of these. It is in the fifth chapter of the Epistle to the Galatians. We are told there of works which banish heaven and of fruit which assures it. The evil marks are called *works*. They are such faults as may be readily

"'Follow me, and fear nothing!' exclaimed Edward."—*p.* 815.

seen; their progress may be marked, or their decay; not one of them but may be noticed by the world. On the other hand, the good marks are called *fruit*. They are the result of a previous sowing and growth. The sowing was made by the Holy Ghost, and the growth was fostered under His influence. Many of them may exist without any one perceiving them; they may not be remarkable even to the person in whom they are found. This explains why so many saints, as I have just observed, lack the peace and joy of believing; but while it explains it does not excuse it. This fruit, indeed, consists in feelings and dispositions far more than in actions; but no one who earnestly faces the task can fail to discover whether some of them are present or not. Joy is easily detected; so is peace; so is temperance. The rest may need a closer examination. It is sometimes hard to detect the absence or the presence of faith while the life holds an even and quiet way. Love is often lost in selfishness, and meekness in a stubborn pride. But the work of self-examination is a lengthened work. It is for the lifetime, not for one occasion; and the continuance of the exercise will reveal whether these are present, and, if present, whether they increase or diminish.

Suppose, then, that a man is anxious to ascertain his state before God. He takes himself to this test. He reflects upon his life. He asks himself whether these works of the flesh have been done by him; whether he has been delighting in them; whether he has given himself to them more of late than before. He goes down the list—class by class—gripping his history in strong earnest, and facing, as a man with eternity in front, all the revelation it presents. Exhausting the first list, he goes on to the second. He finds it more difficult of analysis. Who can analyse a human emotion? Yes, but he is resolved; and he wants to find out, not the amount nor the extent of the feeling, but its presence or its absence. He makes, perhaps, slow progress. He rises from his knees, it may be, still in the dark. He has suspicion that all is not right; but he is not sure. Then the next day he begins again, and he finds that, as in many another cloud, the rents appear, and he catches a beam of blessed light. Encouraged, he goes on. He is making a clear advance; the test seems more and more apt; the past more and more distinct; the future louder and stronger in its appeals.

It is done; and now he knows, perhaps, that he has been all his life going the wrong way; and that, were he called hence this moment, he could expect no mercy at the judgment. Terrible truth; but is it not well to know it? To-morrow, and the short unread lease of life may have expired; and what then? There is still opportunity. The mere act of examination has predisposed his mind. The solemn thinking upon eternal fates has fought for him half the battle. It is but a step across the margin of his present life to where God's life blooms, and each crushing fact of the heart-questioning will be accepted as bearing a special message and invitation from Heaven.

But if he has discovered that, instead of wandering away, he has, notwithstanding many doubts upon the subject, been really making towards God, his position is one for double congratulation. He has found—really found—peace. He knew long ago that God was reconciled to him, but he feared that he was not reconciled to God. Now he has the proof of it—not in transient emotion, not in regret suddenly begot of disappointment, but in the fixed and certain marks that bespeak the presence of the Holy Ghost.

2. The great question with those like him is of *Progress*. Are they going on unto perfection? There is no resting upon past results, no idling, no standing still. These will be impossible for two reasons. We have a new world within us now; and though it was there before, we perceived it not, and we were not under its influence. We are endowed with new feelings, new wishes, and new ambitions. Nothing can satisfy us now but God. Christ, and nothing but Christ, in us has become our hope of glory. We must go on to that. Again, the eye finds rest in only two directions—upward and onward; upward, for its life is there; onward, for the goal of its highest good is in front.

We must not think that the progress will be rapid. If our lives have been in a measure gentle and blameless, we shall notice little change; and if they have been given to a passion of impiety, it will need time to root out any confirmed vice. Every kind of obstacle will, moreover, be thrown in our way, and the subtlest ingenuity will be busy to discourage our perseverance. Some of the obstacles will be large; and we may overcome more easily what we see. But as a thousand insects cluster round the swelling bud of the rose, and destroy in their host what each could scarcely mark with injury itself, so will a crowd of petty difficulties and stinging troubles gather around our souls to keep us back if they cannot arrest our steps. As, when the grand invasion of heaven was conceived, Satan summoned to the council all his chiefs, and debated keenly and long the method of attack, so when he seems again to be expelled from the paradise of any heart, he ponders every plan, and musters every force which may serve to reassert his power. At that time, too, the soul is most unfitted for such assaults. It is too intensely sensitive to the approach of evil. It shudders at the thought of going back or of falling. It has not become accustomed to the new armour of God. It wields clumsily the unwonted sword. Therefore, in reviewing any period immediately after

conversion, after repentance and the realisation of faith, the new saint must not be cast down. At first, indeed, he may remark no change for the better. He stands like a soldier on the battle-field when the battle is only won. He is grim with smoke, stained with crimson marks of conflict, tattered and torn with fighting face to face and hand to hand. There is no plume of victory, no triumphal arch, no stirring strain of cornet or beat of drum. The fields of the spring have taken the corn, and lie brown and barren without a sign of harvest. The soul's garden has been planted with every glorious flower, but there is no bloom. Wait, however, on the Lord. The field will soon be green, the garden will soon be budding. Quench not the warmth of the Spirit. Be strong in the Lord. Resolve, determine that you will persevere. Note the day's failings, and avoid them to-morrow; the day's temptations, and ask new skill to meet them again. And the graces and virtues of Christ will rise with a rich perfume and a beauty of their own, and they will be observed and felt not only by the world but also by ourselves.

3. In this work we require a *system*. Taken at hazard or postponed for a better humour, it will be of little service. Some people are cramped by the strictness of their rules, but more are ruined by the utter absence of rule. Spiritual life and growth demand enthusiasm and directness of aim. No Christian ought to make for heaven by plunging in and breasting the waves of life's ocean. He ought to float upon them in Christ's barque, joyful in the sunshine, but pressing to his service every inch of sail.

Each man has to consider what system he will adopt, for each man must pursue this work alone, and fight this battle too for himself. We can at most offer suggestions as to the best time, and some suitable questions.

Bunyan urges that we should examine ourselves every night before we go to sleep. And it is a fit time. For then the whole day is still new to us; and, though we are yet within the influence of its passions and temptations, we have the opportunity of calmness and reflection, under the shade of the evening's prayers, and the gentle breath of the evening's meditation. At that time, too, we are perhaps in the best frame for making resolutions against to-morrow. To-day's blunders will be to-morrow's wisdom. The sins I have done will be a warning against others. The lowness of past ambition will demand the ambition of the future to be high and noble. But many cannot follow this rule; for them there is no evening's retirement or repose. Sunday then comes as a special blessing—comes, indeed, to all—for during its course we have rare occasions for this pursuit. Roused by some searching appeal, or awakened by the dawn of some new truth, our minds and wills are ready for resignation and sacrifice. If men would go to church with prayer preceding them they would return to their homes with happier hearts and fuller blessings. Instead of forgetting the lessons they had learned, and casting off all thought of the favours they had asked, they would strive to think out the eternal verities for themselves, and to watch, and wait for, and expect the answer to every request. Then in such a frame they would proceed to question with their hearts, and to ascertain how far they fall short of the standard they had been taught, or of the ideal they had formed. All festivals, too, have a call for this. Every one brings to us its own peculiar argument; birthdays may well speak of new life begun and sustained, and marriage days of a union with the Bridegroom passing the love of earth.

Of subjects there are many. Books of devotion supply special questions for each to ask. But we can at best make selections from these, and we must supplement even the longest list with questions which are known only to ourselves and to God. A good plan has been suggested for this; it is to keep a book of questions—a small book, it may be, with such as we find to be most pressing or useful. Every one has closely besetting sins; they will form a daily test. Then there are special temptations—pride, temper, idleness, hardness of nature and disposition. Ask about these. Has pride been kept down? Has my temper been gentle and calm? Have I been busy all the day? Have I given way to moroseness, or to cruel thoughts and words? If I am a servant, have I done my work as under the eye of God? If a master, have I treated as fellow Christians and brethren all that are under me? If I am fallen in the world, have I been too sensitive? if I have risen, have I been haughty and overbearing? Comforts, again, have a large catalogue of temptations; so have cleverness, popularity, and success. But we turn the picture, and look away from the failings to the ideal. Ours must be Christ: Christ as we conceive Him in our best moments, when we are able to look upon the King. This ideal will be corrected by growing knowledge; but it is of the highest importance that from the first we should not add from our own fancy to what we know. We must think of Him according to whatever facts we have gained. Our lives may otherwise run into a morbid track. We may think that we ought to long, like the aged Paul, to depart and be with Christ, instead of loving the life which He gives us now, and performing the work to which He is calling us. We may look upon the earth as altogether sin, and upon men as altogether deceitful—instead of gathering lessons from some lily of the hill-side, or nestling our hearts in some home of love, like Bethany. It is upon truth that all self-examination must be built, that any progress can be made, and the heavenward path attained.

ASTON SANDFORD AND ITS RECTOR:

REMINISCENCES OF THE REV. THOMAS SCOTT, THE COMMENTATOR.

THERE are few pictures more ideally English than that of a country parsonage where plain living and high thinking are practised by a venerable clergyman of the old school, whose parishioners are his flock and he their shepherd, while his home is the centre of humble sanctity, and the asylum of his distressed neighbours. Perhaps it is a state of things that hardly exists now we have learned how almsgiving tends to encourage pauperism, and modern education has destroyed the simple faith that regarded the vicar as the *ne plus ultra* of wisdom and knowledge. Yet it is very pleasant in these go-ahead days to take an occasional look backwards instead of forwards, and refresh our fevered spirits in the atmosphere of rural peace and almost Arcadian simplicity.

One of the most primitive as well as loveliest counties yet remaining in our land is Buckinghamshire, probably because, though a line of railway runs through it in such a manner as to bring Aylesbury butter, ducks, and other products of that fertile vale to the metropolis, large districts have been left unmolested, where you may walk for miles in any direction without catching sight of a flying train, or even hearing the distant shriek of a steam engine. But if Bucks be behind the times, it has its memories and hallowed spots; a flavour of stateliest poesy hangs about Milton's haunts at Chalfont St. Giles, the staunch patriotism of John Hampden comes vividly before us as we stand over his tomb, and the village of Olney becomes enchanted ground as fancy sees Cowper watching Mrs. Unwin's knitting-needles; pouring forth the "deathless singing" that issues from his heart of hearts; grasping his faith with stronger hand as he listens to John Newton, and clinging more closely to the cross as he holds sweet converse with Thomas Scott the commentator, who was his next-door neighbour.

This good and learned man, whose "Bible" is to be found on the shelves of almost every student of theology, then served several churches in the parishes round about Olney, and while he resided there became the father of a son, who in his turn was the parent of Sir Gilbert Scott, the celebrated architect, from whose reminiscences we gather a pleasant glimpse of his grandfather in his later years.

Let us picture to ourselves the village of Aston Sandford, on the south bank of the little river Thame, four miles or so south of Aylesbury, and within sight of the blue ridge of the Chiltern Hills. The cottages are thatched, the bed-room accommodation scanty, the lower floor divided into "house" and parlour or lace room, usually little more than a closet with a large window, where the women sit, each with her pillow on a light stand, twirling the bobbins with deft fingers, twisting the fine thread swiftly round her "pearl" pins, and instructing one or two children in the mysteries of "whole" and "half-stitches." Lace absorbs their faculties so completely that there is little time for cleanliness, or for any but the simplest and unthriftiest cooking. The men are farm labourers, earning eight shillings a week in winter and nine in summer; but then rent does not exceed a shilling a week, the gardens are large, and most of them manage to keep a pig.

Eight o'clock strikes from the Dutch clock in the corner, and an elderly dame, whose eyes only allow her to make black lace, the threads of which stand out clearly on the yellow parchment, turns her bobbins back on either side, and pins a cloth over her day's work, saying she is going up to prayers at "Muster Scott's, and who else be a-comin'?" Two or three of the more serious-minded follow her, and reaching the parsonage, sit down in the kitchen, where they are kindly welcomed by Betty the cook, Lizzie the housemaid, and John Brangwin the man-servant, who presently ushers them into a large room, where the thin, dignified old clergyman, in knee-breeches with silver buckles, black silk stockings, and a velvet skull-cap, reads and expounds the Scriptures at his family worship, which lasts a full hour, and is a trial of patience to the little grandchildren who are present.

He is very deaf, this grave and reverend divine, and in consequence rather silent, though he perceives when others are amused, and sometimes asks what provokes their mirth, though when it is explained to him, he never deigns to utter more than the exclamation, "Pshaw!"

One autumn day, when sons and daughters with their olive-branches sat around his table, a sudden crash was heard, and on looking out of the window they saw that an old apple-tree, over-laden with ripe fruit, had fallen to the ground. It was a strange occurrence, and we can sympathise with the feeling of the father and pastor when he expressed the solemn wish that such might be his own end—to break down in old age under the weight of good fruit.

Some of the turmoil and excitement of those troublous times had penetrated into these quiet regions, for Louis XVIII. and his family were then in exile, and lived at Hartwell Park, between Aylesbury and Aston Sandford. The country folk were in the habit of seeing them often in their rides and drives, and had come to know that the watchwords of the party which had driven them out of their native land were Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality.

Those three words, so often mis-apprehended, bore a practical solution in Mr. Scott's household; his opinions were of the stamp now called evangelical, and the man who held them among his high, dry, and

careless clerical brethren was then a marked, and even a tabooed personage. They would have no dealings with him; and sometimes the feeling was reciprocal, and he kept aloof from them. Such a one was in that earliest quarter of the nineteenth century a stickler for liberty of conscience, while he treated as brethren beloved, on a footing of perfect equality, those who like himself trod firmly in the Master's footsteps. Thus it came to pass that the barber from Great Risborough who dressed Mr. Scott's wig and kept it in order, was also an admirer of his sermons, walked over every Sunday to hear him, and was always seated as a respected guest at the rector's Sunday dinner-table.

Preaching the Gospel, visiting the sick, and instructing all who wished to learn the way of righteousness, did not, however, fill up all his time; many hours of every day were passed in his study in revising and adding to his great Commentary, a new edition of which came out shortly before his death. A beloved daughter, who was the wife of a neighbouring clergyman, used to help him in correcting the proofs; and when, with her assistance, he felt that the day's work was over, he indulged in a little gardening, the only recreation he allowed himself.

On Sundays he walked to church in his gown, cassock, long curled wig, and shovel hat, in which apparel he presented a most venerable appearance. In his will he left a copy of his Commentary to John Brangwin, his faithful servant, who towards the end of his life became an inmate of an almshouse at Cheynies, a lovely village in another part of the county, of which Mr. Scott's son-in-law became rector after the old man's death. Among the life-lessons he had learned and always seen practised at Aston Sandford was respect for the Sabbath, and he was wont to tell those who visited and drew him out on the subject of the earlier days spent in his revered master's service that "he never had anything cooked o' Sabbath day; Muster Scott never had anything cooked o' Sabbath days."

He was a figure of old times, and lived in what may still almost be called a model parish, well worth an hour's journey from London, for those who care to spend a day in wandering through scenery as exquisite as may be reached at a far larger expenditure of time and money. There are quaint gables to be seen, twisted chimneys, moss-grown roofs, and luxuriant foliage of elm and beech. The views from the top of Cheynies Hill over Latimers and the valley of the Chess are among the sweetest throughout the length and breadth of our land; and in the parish church Lord Wriothesley Russell has ministered for half a century, giving the weight of his name and patronage to every good cause in the neighbourhood.

ELIZA CLARKE.

EDWARD'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER III.

ROGER was far away, for in the morning he had requested and obtained permission to absent himself from the castle on a visit to his mother, whom he affirmed to be dying. This was untrue; his real object was to betray his generous patrons to their enemies. It was not without some bitter pangs that he had resolved to act so dastardly a part; but he was the victim of that superstitious and tyrannical hierarchy which does not allow its disciples the luxury of following the dictates of conscience.

Philip opened his eyes precisely at the same time as he had done the night before. All was still. Nothing but the throbbing of his own heart, and his cousin's regular breathing, disturbed the silence.

When the first stroke of the clock resounded through the castle, Philip's heart gave such a leap that he felt as if he must choke. But he determined not to awaken Edward till the rustling noise he had heard the night before should announce the advent of the presence he still dreaded so horribly, in spite of the vaunted amulet his trembling fingers grasped with such desperate energy.

With all his senses preternaturally quickened by terror, he listened in silence for some minutes; but now, just as his pulses have dropped to a more regular and placid beat, they are all set bounding again with renewed violence. A soft footfall in the corridor—nearer—now the door opens—and it enters the chamber! Philip is in such agony of fear that he forgets even to wake Edward, and only lies gasping, with his head under the clothes.

"I am not sleeping," says Edward, when at last Philip touches his arm. "Heard you aught? I have but this instant awakened."

"Yes! yes!" gasped Philip.

"Come then—hasten; the mystery will soon be solved."

And Edward was out of bed, and in the corridor the next instant, to the full as excited as his cousin, though not at all frightened. For his curiosity was stimulated; his mother had owned that some one was concealed in the castle, but Edward had visited the only chamber which he could occupy in that part of it the night before, and had found it empty. In the excitement of the adventure he forgot the disobedience of his act, and the reliance his mother had placed in his discretion—nay, more, in his honour! He had remembered it at first, but had quieted his conscience by the thought that "it was but to his cousin Philip he had spoken, and he was silent enough, so no harm was done." But he forgot that if his kind mother had not wished him to know nothing further of the matter, she would not have told him to ask no questions. But

he was doing far worse than that. How disgusted he had felt with himself had he suddenly realised at that moment, that he was playing the spy! dogging his mother's footsteps in order to discover what she wished to keep concealed from him! But God, and God only, is all-powerful to bring good out of even the evil and wrong actions his creatures commit.

Philip followed his more courageous companion along the corridor, heartily wishing he had never come to this dreadful place, as he termed it in his own mind.

They were just in time. Lady Beaufort's figure could be dimly discerned a few yards in advance of them.

She stopped, stood a moment, with her face turned to the wall, placed her hand on the oaken panelling, and, as if by magic, it yielded to her touch. To Edward's utter amazement, the wall had opened, and she had disappeared.

With a warning pressure of his cousin's hand, he crept cautiously forward. A faint ray of light struggled through the nearly-closed aperture into the corridor, but Edward could see nothing, although he could hear the low tones of his mother's gentle voice, and the deeper whisper of her hidden guest.

Feeling all at once very guilty, Edward turned, and cautiously retraced his steps. When the two lads were once more in their own chamber, he exclaimed—

"Thy fears are over now; but, methinks, my lady mother would be deeply grieved. We should not have watched her, cousin Philip."

"No harm hath come of it," replied Philip, "and none can; but I thought—said you not there were no other chambers there than that we entered last night?"

"In truth I thought so till now," replied Edward; "but see thou keep silence, an thou wouldst not bring us both into disgrace."

Philip muttered some sleepy reply, for, released from the overpowering fear he had been enduring, he was already half asleep; and although Edward's mind was now the disturbed one, before ten minutes had elapsed, he had followed his cousin's example.

"Dighton hath arrived, madam, and craves instant speech with your ladyship," announced Lady Beaufort's tirewoman, entering her mistress's withdrawing-room two days later.

"Admit him instantly, Annis," said Lady Beaufort, looking surprised; for Master Dighton had accompanied her lord, and she wondered that he should have dispensed with his steward's attendance, as it was partly on account of business matters that he had undertaken the journey.

"Yet stay," she added, ever considerate to all around her; "tell him that when he hath rested and eaten he may attend me here."

Annis withdrew; and a few minutes later Master Dighton was ushered into Lady Beaufort's presence.

"Welcome, good Dighton; thou bringest news of thy lord?" she asked, as he bowed low before her.

"Mine honoured lady, yes—so far, at least, if my tidings be not good, yet they might be worse, far worse."

"Something is amiss!" exclaimed Lady Beaufort, with a paling cheek. "Keep me not in suspense; thine eyes speak what thy tongue refuses to utter. My dear lord is in danger—ill!"

"In truth, my lord is in some difficulty; but never saw I a more brave and cheerful spirit, and a livelier aspect, than he bore when I quitted him," replied Master Dighton, glad to preface his message with some pleasant and comfortable words. "He is detained in London by the Queen's command. I had just returned from the City to the hostelrie at which my lord was resting for only a few hours, intending to return home speedily, when I heard a great gossiping, and 'my Lord of Beaufort is suspected,' saith one. So I listened without saying aught, and I presently learnt that my kind patron had been carried before 'His Eminence,' as they named him, on suspicion of harbouring and concealing heretics. I came hither instantly——"

"And left thy lord in peril?" asked Lady Beaufort, reproachfully.

"In truth I should have but added to his peril. But I must be brief—before now a party of soldiers armed with a search-warrant are on the way to the castle. The guest, if guest there still be, must fly, and I, if not required here, will return to aid my lord."

"Go, go at once, good Dighton," said the agitated wife, "but how—how could it have been known? surely Roger—— Nay, I cannot believe that."

"What is it you fear, my mother?" asked Edward, who, sitting in the embrasure of the window, had, unperceived, been an auditor of the conversation.

"Ah, Edward, I saw you not. My son, they will kill him. My dear brother!" And Lady Beaufort hurried away.

Edward followed his mother.

What was the import of her hurried ejaculation? "My dear brother!" Could she mean that the mysterious inmate of the secret chamber was her brother? and if so, why should any one wish to kill him?

As he began to ascend the staircase he met Philip.

"Philip," he whispered, hurriedly, "something dreadful is happening, and I much fear that I am the cause. I pray you tell me, hast said aught to any one concerning——"

At this moment Lady Beaufort came towards them in great agitation, and exclaimed, "Go, Philip, to my withdrawing-room, and remain there till I send. Merciful heavens!" she exclaimed, turning to Dighton, who hurried up to the spot, and said in a low tone—

"They come, madam!"

"'T is as I thought. Edward, come with me;" and, swiftly preceding him, she led the way to his sleeping chamber.

"Edward," she continued, "your uncle is betrayed

—he it is, my own dear brother, whose life they seek. I tell you, because I would not have his presence betrayed by your inadvertence."

"Indeed I will be silent; yet, should they question me——"

"They will doubtless enter and pass through thy sleeping chamber; hasten, that thou mayst be a-bed and feigning sleep when they arrive. I will send Philip;" and Lady Beaufort hurried again to her withdrawing-room, and, having dismissed Philip to rest, assumed an appearance of calmness, in order to meet the unwelcome visitors.

She had commanded Dighton to set off again on his return to London, which he had already done, but, perceiving the soldiers approaching, had turned back to give notice of their arrival.

Her ladyship had two reasons for sending Master Dighton away. The first was her anxiety concerning her lord, and the second was that, believing the former to be the only person in the household who shared her knowledge of the fugitive's place of concealment, she thought it safer that he should be beyond the reach of their questioning.

By the time Edward and Philip had reached their chamber, the bustle of the soldiers' arrival was plainly audible.

"Philip, get to rest quick as may be—for me, I must hear more of this matter," said Edward, and, leaving the room, he bent his steps towards the great hall, where the servants were being questioned by the officer who commanded the expedition. The lad stopped at the entrance, and, keeping well in the shadow, heard all that passed between his mother and the officer.

"Sir officer," she was saying, "whatever your business may be, I judge that it hardly falls within the limit of your duty to threaten me. As to your questions, I scorn to answer them—question my household as you will."

"Nay, fair lady, I waste no time in words; here is my warrant," showing her a document with official seals attached. "I will at once, under favour, proceed in my search. The entrance to the castle is guarded, for I am well assured he whom we seek is here; and now, madam, I will trouble you to conduct me to *the secret chamber in the wall which terminates in the West Tower.*"

"Secret chamber!" gasped Lady Beaufort; but Edward stayed to hear no more. The next instant he was on his way to it; oh, the intense excitement and agonising anxiety of the moment during which he stood in the corridor, and passed his fingers firmly along the moulding of the panel in the wall.

How fortunate! he has touched the spring. "Come with me, this instant!" he whispered, "they will seek you here. Hasten, sir, I pray you!"

"Whither shall I go, then?" asked the fugitive, rising, and standing calmly ready for whatever might happen.

"Follow me, and fear nothing!" exclaimed Edward, hurriedly, and he led the way to the untenanted chamber, which was situated a few steps farther, at the end of the corridor.

"I will see they disturb you not," he exclaimed, "hide, and stir not." And he rushed back to the corridor, entered the secret chamber, closed the aperture, and drew a heavy bolt before it just in time, for the pursuers were at that moment entering the apartment, where Philip, trembling with fear and something like remorse, tried vainly to wear the semblance of slumber.

They had evidently been informed by some one of the situation of the secret room, for they immediately began hammering at the wall with the end of their harquebusses.

"Ha, ha, our search is ended!" cried one of the two men who accompanied the officer; the others had been left behind in the hall and at the drawbridge to prevent the fugitives escaping by that way. The panel had moved slightly under the weight of his weapon, just sufficiently for him to perceive that it was movable; but, as you will remember, Edward had drawn the bolt on entering.

Since then he had not been idle.

"Now," thought he, "I will give them a little sport," and, with a smile of mischief in his merry blue eyes, he uttered a dismal half-stifled moan.

"We have him safe!" cried the officer exultingly, and poor Lady Beaufort wrung her hands in despair.

(To be concluded.)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

293. What king committed sacrilege in using the sacred vessels of the Temple for his own use?

294. Quote a passage from which we may gather something of the method of dealing with broken limbs in ancient times.

295. In the parable of the rich man and Lazarus our blessed Lord speaks of the sufficiency of the Scriptures. Quote a passage from the Old Testament setting forth the same thing.

296. Mention some one who was not a king and yet was buried "in the city of David among the kings."

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 783.

281. "And he called his name Noah, saying, This same shall comfort us concerning our work and toil of our hands, because of the ground which the Lord hath cursed" (Gen. v. 29).

282. Hannah, the mother of Samuel the prophet (1 Sam. i. 11).

283. Eli, when he heard of the death of Hophni and Phinehas (1 Sam. iv. 17, 18).

284. They were smitten with emerods in every town whither the Ark was taken (1 Sam. v. 6, 9, 11).

285. The combined army of the children of Ammon, of Moab, and Mount Seir, which came up against the kingdom of Judah (2 Chron. xx. 23).

286. God gave Adam a command to name every living thing (Gen. ii. 19, 20).

A CHILD'S FAITH.

BY MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

SHE has strayed by the sea, the wild wide sea,
A child of a few fair summers,
Bounding along in her frolicsome glee,
The blithest of sea-side comers.
Skipping and tripping from rock unto rock,
Leaving her playmate behind in the chase,
Panting she pauses—grows faint with the shock—
Has the wild sea too been running a race?

She is awed by the sea, the wild wide sea,
That child of so few fair summers,
Knowing not whither to turn or to flee
For safety 'mong sea-side comers.
No marvel the child has a frightened face,
With the roar of wind and wave in her ears,
As she stands alone in that dreary place,
Where the weeping rocks seem to share her fears.

"She is awed by the sea, the wild wide sea."

She has stopped by the sea, the wild wide sea,
That child of a few fair summers,
And shrinks from the wind so rough and so free,
The saddest of sea-side comers.
On rush the waves, with a dash and a roar;
Down sweeps the mist like a shroud o'er the scene;
In-coming tide breaks in froth on the shore;
Path to retrace can no longer be seen.

She is chased by the sea, the wild wide sea,
That child of a few fair summers;
But she sinks in prayer on her bended knee—
Is so found by sea-side comers.
And, marvellous lesson of perfect faith
In the Maker and Ruler of land and sea—
"I knew I was safe when I prayed," she saith;
"'Be not afraid' had been whispered to me."

MARTHA AND MARY.

"And Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."—LUKE x. 42.

RAPT with His doctrine, prescient of the Cross,
Mary to household cares no thought could lend;
While the good Martha, ignorant of loss,
Sought but with meats her honoured guest to tend.
They two, perchance, beheld the Lord ascend

From Bethany, not far from that loved door.
Then Martha's loving tendance viewed its end,
While Mary's contemplation, free to soar,
Could pierce the obscuring cloud and muse for evermore.

"But Mary sat still in the house."—JOHN xi. 20.

She who before was quiet 'neath the light,
Wrapped in the brightness of the Incarnate Word,
Was quiet 'neath the darkness; day or night
Never could that great calm of heart be stirred.
But surely He, the loving One, had heard!
Therefore she could but wonder as she bowed.
While Martha, sick at heart with hope deferred,
Went forth in haste to tell her woes aloud,
Nor cared to veil her soul from all the curious crowd.

ST. PAUL'S FIRST VISIT TO EUROPE.

BY THE REV. W. HANNA, D.D., LL.D., EDINBURGH.

PAUL'S great commission was to go forth from Jerusalem, away far thence unto the Gentiles. But how was that commission to be fulfilled? That Gentile world to which it pointed as the sphere of his life-labours lay north and south and east and west from Palestine. In which of these directions was he to move? Was he to go among the Parthians and the Medes, or the Elamites and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, Cappadocia, Pontus, Asia, Phrygia, Pamphylia, Libya, Crete, Arabia, Rome? all of which had representatives present on the great day of Pentecost; all of which might have laid claim to his services. His fixed purpose was, wherever he went, to go first to his own countrymen, if any such were to be discovered, and make known the Gospel in the first instance to them. But if he followed the track of the Jewish dispersion, that had been so very wide, and along such various and opposite lines, that it would have afforded him no fixed directory. Was he to be left, then, to his own judgment, his own taste and inclination as to the regions he was to visit, the countries in which he thought that his ministry was likely to be most useful? At first it would appear he was. When the Holy Ghost had said at Antioch, "Separate Me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them," while a general intimation was thus given of the kind of work to which they were designated, nothing was said of the places in which that work should be carried on. They went, in that case, on that their first missionary journey, as was quite natural, first to Cyprus, the birthplace of Barnabas, and then to one or two of the provinces of Asia Minor lying contiguous to Cilicia, the native province of St. Paul. But now, on this second journey—originated by Paul himself without any special or supernatural impulse or dictation—now on this second journey, when its primary intentions have been fulfilled, and the churches already planted have been all revisited, and new ground is to be broken and new regions to be entered—whither and in what direction shall the footsteps of the great missionary be bent? It had been but a small, and that the least interesting, portion of Asia Minor that St. Paul had yet visited. That portion of this region which lay along the coast of the Ægean Sea, which was to the rest of it what Portugal is to Spain, which bore, in the common parlance of the times, the distinctive name of Asia, where lay those seven cities to whose churches the seven messages of the Apocalypse were sent, that portion had not yet been touched. The way to it lay open to him on the left hand; while on the right, up through the province of Bithynia, the great northern road, which would have carried him to the Bosphorus and the Black Sea, invited his footsteps. He tried both, but both were closed against him: closed by an unseen hand; closed in an unknown and mysterious way (Acts xvi. 6, 7). Right and left he was thus shut up; forbidden to go in the one way, suffered not to go in the other. It still remains, if he is to advance at all, that he try that course right onward which would carry him down to the sea that separated Europe from Asia. He tries that path; on it there is no hindrance. This, then, is the path the Lord wishes him to follow, and in that direction lie the very lands which above all others he longs to see—in which above all others he would glory in planting the standard of the Cross. In the earlier centuries of his country's history, it was with the east and with the south that the Jew had most to do. It was the great empires of Babylonia, Assyria, and Egypt that bulked the largest to the Jewish eye. The inheritance of the sons of Japhet—away in the remote west, beyond the isles of Chittim—was to the Jew of Scripture times what our own semi-barbarous islands were to a Roman of the days of the Republic. In Paul's time how different. Greece and Rome—first the one and then the other—had, in those later centuries, risen up, and rolled the tide of conquest back, reversing the current which had set so steadily from east to west.

Paul in the days of his boyhood had learned

how Alexander of Macedon had won the great battle of Arbela, fought not far from Tarsus, and, conquering all the neighbouring countries, had carried his victorious arms to the banks of the Indus. But it was as no vulgar conqueror, no mere hero of the camp. Filled with a higher ambition than that of forcing men at the point of the sword to own his sway, he aimed at the nobler and more enduring triumphs of civilisation. And, brief though his career was, how vast was his success. By the cities that he planted in places so fitly chosen, by the stimulus and encouragement to civilisation that he gave, by making it known everywhere and felt everywhere that if he came to take from the existing governors their power, he came with many a boon in hand for the people they had held in vassalage, he scattered the knowledge of Grecian art, and science, and literature wide over the East. And above all, in the more educated portions of all the countries that he conquered, he spread that language, the finest, fullest, most flexible instrument of thought and feeling that human skill has ever fashioned—that language with which Paul had early become familiar, which was then the most general medium of intercourse among the educated of all the neighbouring nations, which still holds a place of supremacy in the educational training of all the most civilised countries of the globe, and which was the chosen organ through which the latest and fullest revelations of His will were made by God to man, the language in which the New Testament was written. Paul in his Epistles quotes from three of the lesser poets of Greece; the writings of its greater poets, the most distinguished historians and philosophers, could not have been unknown to him. How such a man, with such a taste for travelling, so keen a relish for all that was high in intellect and heroic in deed, must have burned with desire to see the land of Socrates and Plato, Demosthenes and Alexander!

But Paul's early life and training had filled his eye with Rome as well as Greece. He was himself by birth a Roman citizen. He knew well the privileges to which that citizenship entitled him, and was not backward, when the occasion called, to fall back upon and employ them. He had heard old men tell of how the ships of Anthony had looked when for a short time they lay at the quays of Tarsus. He had heard them speak of their seeing and hearing those who remembered Cicero when he was governor of Paul's native province of Cilicia, how fond he was of winning popularity, and how frequent in the use of the pen, writing then those very letters which we still may read. The history of those struggles with enemies from without, and between conflicting parties within, which had ended in the subjugation of the world to Rome, how full of interest to this well-taught Jewish youth; how doubly interesting when he remembered that his own chosen land was now but a small province of that vast empire. And now towards Greece and Rome Paul's face is directly turned, and without check or hindrance, towards those lands of eternal renown he moves. He winds his way beneath the snowy heights of Olympus, sung years before in verse still young and fresh, with life in it as lasting as the mount itself. He reaches the last western range of hills that slopes down to the deep, and from one of these gentler elevations what a vision is that which bursts upon the astonished gaze of the Apostle! Beneath is the plain of Troy, the scene of that great siege which, because of its having found the fit narrator, will have its story told to the last generation of our race. There are the venerable ruins of the old city of Priam. Those two little streams are the Simois and the Scamander. It is Mount Ida which is casting those shadows over the plain. Those glancing waters form part of the sea of Greece. That little island Tenedos is one of the many hundreds that stud the bright Ægean Sea, and far off on the distant western horizon, dimly rising above the waters, is Greece itself—Mount Athos and the hills of Macedon. With what profound emotion does Paul gaze upon that sight! He descends the height to get at Troas—the new Troy—the seaport of the district. He must have crossed close by, if not over the ruins of the old city; crossed the Simois and Scamander, and have walked under the shades of Mount Ida. Perhaps he paused a moment or two at the tomb of Achilles. What were his thoughts as he bent over that grave? Three great warriors had been there before him. Xerxes led his mighty host across this plain, and as he stopped at the Grecian warrior's tomb, may have fired his spirit with the thought that he was now about to make Greece pay the penalty of having sent her soldiers to invade the East. The great Alexander—he too had been here, filling his memory with the names and deeds of all the preceding heroes of his race. It was from this very spot that he went forth to grapple on their own soil with the gigantic monarchs of the East. And later still, the great Cæsar, after one of his greatest battles, had visited the spot, to muse on those strange vicissitudes of fortune that had raised Italy on the ruins of Greece, and held out to him, the Roman Cæsar, the opportunity of realising that dream of universal empire that the Macedonian Emperor had been so bold as to cherish. And now St. Paul is here. But why name him along with the other illustrious three? They came with groups of generals by their side, and marshalled hosts attending them; they came, the eyes of the whole country fixed upon them in their coming, and following them as they went. *He* came a foot-traveller of humblest guise, with three men like

himself along with him. His visit passed unnoticed, and in a day or two was by all men of that age utterly forgotten. And yet, there was in that man's hand an instrument of conquest of mightier power than the veteran armies of Xerxes, Alexander, Cæsar, and he was about embarking on an enterprise that was to issue in results more extensive, in victories more brilliant than attended the footsteps of the Macedonian, and in the establishment of an empire more extensive and more lasting than that of the Cæsars. For what came of all Alexander's conquests? the fruits of them a century or two saw scattered all and lost. And what remains now of the Empire of the Cæsars? nothing but its ruins and its renown. But of Paul's passage across the Ægean Sea, of Paul's entrance into Greece, of Paul's first planting of the standard of the Cross upon the soil of Europe, we have even now but to look around, and wide over the whole extent of Europe, broad as the vast continent itself, the triumphs of Christianity are to be traced; his deeds still bearing fruit; his words still fresh and to fall with still unweakened power upon the ear of coming generations.

Paul reaches Troas. There are vessels in that port which might carry him to one or other of many lands. Is he to embark in one of them? If so, which is he to choose? In a vision of the night the answer comes. Whether he is sleeping or waking at the time we cannot tell, but there before him, as clear as if the midday sun shone on it, a figure stands. By garb and speech he knows him to be a man of Macedon. He gives but one eager imploring look, he utters but one simple and most earnest entreaty. Fixing his eye on Paul, he says, "Come over into Macedonia and help us." Waiting no answer, he vanishes from sight. In the strictest sense a representative of his own particular country, but standing too before the Apostle the representative of all the nations of the West, it is Western European heathendom that in his form appeals to the Apostle.

"Come over and help us." It is the cry of ignorance asking for light, of those out of the way seeking to be directed into it, of those that have exhausted all their strength, and exhausted it all in vain, in their felt impotence invoking aid, and saying, "We have tried and toiled for many a weary generation—impatiently we have knocked at this door and at that door, asking that the mystery of life and death, our condition here, our state hereafter should be solved to us. A silence deep as death, or muffled sounds indistinct and inarticulate, or jabbering voices telling us strange conflicting tales which some of our remote forefathers perhaps believed, but which to us are all idle and false: these have been our only answers. What are we? whither are we going? what is to come of us when we die? Who or what is he that holds our destinies in his keeping? How or where can we slake that thirst for happiness that burns in us; peace and joy and hope, a peace and joy and hope that may brighten life, and light up the darkness of the tomb—how can they be ours? Long have we toiled, many a laborious effort have put forth, but we are as far from anything like comfort or satisfaction as ever. Come over, then, thou disciple of the Crucified, come over and help us, if on our darkness thou canst shed any light, if to our sunk and wearied spirits thou canst give repose." And this then is all that the philosophies and arts of Greece, and of Imperial Rome, have been able to effect; all end in that sad confession of failure, that outcry for foreign aid.

For Paul that nocturnal apparition solved all doubt as to his future course. He rose next morning with a lightened heart. He calls the three companions of his journey around him, for beside Timothy and Silas, another now has joined him—Luke, the beloved physician, the author afterwards of the history that we have before us in the Acts, and who gives this token of having joined the Apostle at this point—that whereas hitherto his narrative is in the third person, as of one who was not himself an eye-witness of what he relates, from the 10th verse of the 16th chapter he changes from the third into the first person, and writes as one who was a companion of Paul himself, a spectator of the scenes which he describes. Paul calls Timothy and Silas and Luke to him, tells them of the vision he has seen; they hail it all as a divine direction given. They go down to the port and find a vessel just about to sail across to Macedonia. Their passage at once taken, they embark. How little these Grecian sailors know what a freight they carry! They must have had a prosperous breeze. That evening they arrived at Samothrace, the next day they are at Neapolis, the port of Philippi, taking only two days to a voyage which afterwards took five days to describe. At Philippi begins the ministry in Europe; it was a Roman colony, a band of Roman soldiers located permanently there, carrying with them their Roman habits, and having conferred on them the privileges of Roman citizens, gave somewhat of an Italian character to the Grecian city. Having more of a military than of a commercial cast about it, this was not a place at which it was to be expected that many Jews were to be found. There were too few of that nation there to have a synagogue for themselves. But asking about them, Paul found that there was a place of prayer, some quiet secluded spot, out by the river-side, where they were in the habit of meeting for the purposes of devotion. There accordingly Paul went on the first Sabbath after his arrival. There he first opened, to the small group he found assembled, the message of salvation through Christ, and then on that first Sabbath spent by him on the Grecian continent, the first-fruits of a large harvest were gathered in. Among the women whom he found at the oratory, who com-

posed the majority of the little meeting, who were mostly, we may believe, Gentile converts to Judaism, there was one from Thyatira. Her name, even if we had not been told of the place of her birth and usual residence, would of itself have proclaimed her to be a Greek. She was engaged in a lucrative trade. Thyatira was then celebrated for its purple dye, a celebrity which it has retained even to our own times. The purple cloth that its looms and dye-vats produced was in extensive demand both in Italy and Greece. Some business object connected with that trade had brought Lydia to Philippi, and her faith in the God of Israel had carried her to the river-side on the Sabbath to worship there.

A singular providence it was that brought her and the great Apostle of the Gentiles together. She came from one of the very provinces of Asia which Paul was at this time forbidden to enter. He could not go to her, but she nevertheless was to be brought to him. She came to Philippi to enlarge an earthly traffic. She little thought that there the unsearchable riches were to be found by her. The Lord, we are told, opened her heart to attend to the things spoken by Paul. That heart by nature was shut, nor was it an earthly hand nor an earthly power that opened it. Not the things themselves that were spoken, new and strange and striking as these were, exactly fitted to meet those spiritual desires and wants of the inner being, which, having failed to satisfy in the religion of her forefathers, she was now trying, but as yet in vain, to satisfy in the purer faith of Israel; not the way in which these things were presented, though it was Paul himself, the greatest living minister of the truth, who set them forth. It was the Lord Himself, by the secret ministry of His Spirit, who opened the closed doors of Lydia's heart for His own gracious entrance there. And yet, let us not overlook it, that the grace which here prevailed found in Lydia a fit subject, in a fit place, in a becoming and hopeful attitude. It was a business object that had brought her to Philippi. She finds on arrival there that there is no synagogue, and but few of that faith to which she has attached herself. It was in all likelihood but a temporary residence she contemplated here. How like to the conduct of many in like circumstances had hers been, if, finding this, she had made no further inquiry about the matter, and as there were no public services of the Jewish religion conducted in this half-Roman colonial town, she had for the time of her sojourn there kept her Judaism in abeyance. Her faith in God, her desire to worship Him—to worship Him in company with those who had attained like precious faith, was too ardent to suffer this. She made the most diligent inquiry, she ascertained that even there at Philippi there were a few women like herself, who kept the Jewish Sabbath as best they could—kept it by retiring together on the seventh day from the bustle of the city, and going to that quiet nook by the river's side to offer up together their prayers and praises to the Lord God of Israel. Few of them perhaps were engaged in so prosperous a business as she was, few of them, as but temporary sojourners there, might have had so good an excuse for absence from such a place, for not engaging in such a practice. But she was there; there always when the set day came, there waiting with all humility on God. And the Lord fulfilled to her the word that He is good to them that wait upon Him, that He satisfieth the longing soul, that He filleth the hungry soul with gladness. He brought that day the Apostle to that spot, He opened the Apostle's lips to speak the things that met her case. She opened her heart to let them in; her conversion appears to have been immediate, as we know it to have been effectual. It gave without delay two good evidences of its sincerity. Having found Christ, and in Him found peace, and joy, and hope for her own soul, she would have others interested in Him likewise, and not only was she herself baptised, but all her household. And looking at the instrument that the Lord had used as the messenger to her of the glad tidings, and seeing in Paul and his attendants men who had forsaken all and were casting themselves on the care of Heaven, she constrained them to make her house their home—an act of hospitality which betrays at once the power and the willingness to be generous. And by ministering in this way to the Apostles' necessities, she furnished an example which the Church afterwards planted in Philippi was not slow to follow—honourably distinguishing itself among all the other churches of Paul's planting, and winning for itself a high and honourable recompense.

But let us not pass from the consideration of the case of the conversion of Lydia without recalling to our remembrance that our hearts by nature are all as Lydia's was—shut against the entrance of the truth; and that, if any of them be opened as hers was, it is and must be by the operation of the same divine and sovereign agent. There are outer apartments, ante-chambers of the human spirit, whose doors it is not so difficult to unclose. There are human instruments fine enough and strong enough to draw or force every bolt and bar by which the entrance into them is kept closed. Bring a thousand human beings together, and let there be among them some the most sluggish in intellect, some the dullest in fancy, some the most indifferent and hardened in heart—yet are there on this earth the powers by which the intellect, the fancy, the feeling, may be reached and opened, and filled for the time with life and animation. But the opening of the inner heart, the secret chamber where the motives, affections, impulses live and

move and have their being, which makes each man what he is in sight of God, determining our character for time, our destinies for eternity—the effectual unlocking of that secret place, the dethroning of the idols that reign there—the making *one* throne out of the many that be found there, the seating of Jesus on that throne, the setting up there of a kingdom that cannot be moved and that shall be flourishing in immortal vigour when all the kingdoms, and dominions, and principalities, and powers of earth are vanished and gone: that is a work too high for human skill—too difficult for human power to accomplish. It is the Lord's doing; that He reserveth for His own almighty hand to do. There were women, let us believe, by that river's side at Philippi, of as quick intellect, as lively fancy, as tender conscience, as susceptible affections as Lydia; but her heart that day alone was opened—it was the doing of the Lord. Upon His family from birth, like agencies are exerted—the natural, the providential, the educational training is the same. One heart is opened then, the others remaining still fast shut. It is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes.

Before a mystery so great, what shall we do but cast ourselves beside the Saviour as He looks up to Heaven, and say with Him, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight." But Lydia's heart was opened on the Sabbath day in the place of prayer, under the ministry of the word. Had she neglected that assembly with that company for prayer; had she left that place when that stranger began to speak, and refused to listen because of something in his aspect or accents, or mode of speaking that was distasteful to her; she would have had no reason to expect that elsewhere or otherwise her heart would have been opened to the Lord. It was by being in the place of prayer, it was in the act of listening with all intentness to the things spoken by Paul, that, by the gentle touch of an unseen but omnipotent hand, the bolts and bars which had held the door of her heart shut were withdrawn. The earthly prejudices and passions prevailing there were subdued, and the way thrown open for Christ the King of Glory to come in.

And so too with ourselves. If because there is a something here which no man can do for himself, which no one can do for his brother, we be indifferent to or neglectful of those times and places, and outward instrumentalities, whereby the things that belong to our eternal peace are habitually brought before us, and habitually pressed on our attention—then can we have no rational expectation that that gracious opening work of the Divine Spirit will ever take effect on us. While at those times, and in those places, and while putting forth our best endeavours to understand, and apply, and profit by what of God's word we hear, let all be done with the profound conviction that truly to convert, or truly to sanctify, the Spirit must accompany the word; and let our prayers arise to Heaven that while His word is being ministered here on earth, He, in all the plenitude of His power, may be present, making our sanctuaries places not for the opening only, but for the comforting, strengthening, purifying, and cleansing of many hearts.

HIS STEADFAST PURPOSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST IN THE WINNING," "FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE."

CHAPTER LVII.

THE NEW PARTNER.

FOR some days Mr. Graddon looked more dejected than ever, but when he found that Percy made no attempt to presume on his altered position, he fell by degrees into his old habits, and became more cheerful.

The deed of partnership was signed, Percy threw the cash standing to his account at the bank into the common stock, and by selling a portion of his land to a retired tradesman who had long cherished a desire to imitate his speculation, and erect some more villas at Enford Green, he gave a fresh impetus to trade; for one of the conditions of the sale was that Mr. Graddon's firm should build the houses, and they were begun at once.

By the time this job was in full swing, orders were received to commence another, hitherto held in abeyance "because Graddon's firm seemed in doubtful condition." The workmen took heart as well as their master; timber merchants and others who had been distrustful, and therefore pressed for the settlement of their accounts, were reassured with payments in part, trade revived in other towns as well as Erndell, and Mr. Graddon knew that the dreaded failure was no longer hanging over his head.

But he could not be as thankful for it as he sometimes thought he should have been. Whenever he looked at Winnie his face clouded, and he marvelled at his own weakness in accepting the sacrifice she had made. If she were unhappy, how should he forgive

himself? He watched her looks anxiously. If she seemed graver than common, he was tormented with fears that she fretted secretly; and once, when he found her in tears, his distress was pitiful till he discovered that they had been shed over a letter from Nina, written in such an unusually affectionate strain that the recipient had been first surprised, then affected.

We have already said that Percy Gray did not presume either on his partnership, nor the prospect of becoming at some indefinite period Mr. Graddon's son-in-law. His manner to Winnie was just as quietly respectful as it used to be. He had seen her start and grow crimson when he approached her suddenly, and was careful not to do so again. Except that he sat in Mr. Graddon's pew at church, and came in and out of the house more freely than of old, there was no change. It was tacitly understood that he would not hurry Winnie into the fulfilment of the promise implied rather than given, and he had long since learned the difficult lesson of biding his time.

But this did not prevent him from making by degrees those alterations in his mode of living which he considered due to her. His working jacket was still donned in the shops, and he personally planned or set out the stuff, and put his hand to any difficult piece of work just as he had been accustomed to do; but in the evening his dress was as scrupulously attended to as ever Duke's had been. He still dwelt with the widow Parnell, at Enford Green, but a steady cob, broken in by himself, was added to the horses in Mr. Graddon's stable, and beside the widow's ruinous dwelling there was rapidly rising a more modern one, planned from a sketch Winnie had once drawn as her *beau ideal* of what a cottage *ornée* should be, and fitted up internally with every convenience that could add to the comfort of its inmates.

People who had looked doubtfully at old Dan'l Gray's nephew in his fustian suit, began to claim acquaintance with Mr. Graddon's new partner, to be proud of their young townsman, as they now termed him, and to congratulate Mr. Graddon on having secured such a rising man as his coadjutor. Many a hand was now held out in good-fellowship to Mr. Gray, many an invitation found its way to him, and, in spite of his obscure origin, he knew that Winnie would have no cause to blush for the bridegroom who was being forced upon her.

The dreaded winter had passed away, and summer would soon give place to autumn, before Percy made any allusion to his wishes. Of late he had rather avoided than sought Winnie, finding an excuse for so doing in the many occupations that filled up his evenings. There were papers to select for the walls of his cottage, which was beginning to attract attention by its simplicity and prettiness; carpets and furniture to purchase; and he was difficult to please in all these matters. Everything must be of the best yet in the simplest style; no gilding, no cheap and smartly-polished articles for show more than wear; no pretence at elaborate ornamentation, but quaint, and pretty, and well made.

He busied himself not only in choosing such furniture, etc., but in planning the garden so that it should please its future mistress. It was still to be a cottage garden, and the widow did not have to lament over the destruction of any of her old-fashioned flowers; but to her straggling rose-bushes there were added some of the countless varieties of that loveliest of flowers; the only ugly bit of common the windows overlooked was hidden by rustic arches, over which clematis, and jasmine, and honeysuckle were trained; and turf, to form a lawn, was laid down beneath the fine old cherry trees, from whose sweeping branches the widow had gathered many a crop of luscious fruit.

A few more weeks and the cottage would be ready for its occupants; but was Percy happy now he had accomplished, and more than accomplished, the steadfast purpose of his life? Alas! how could he be, while he felt that Winnie, as he sat beside her in her father's pew, was farther from him than when, an awkward boy, he had looked down at her from the singers' gallery? If he went into the house with Mr. Graddon and lingered for an hour in the drawing-room, where he found her and Hattie, he was cold and constrained; he had not the courage to approach her, or enter into conversation with even the freedom of earlier days, lest he should see her shrink from him. Once his wife, he believed that he could teach her to love him, but till he had achieved this, what suffering for both!

He knew himself to be so utterly unlike Duke Averne that how could she help contrasting the two young men, and to Percy's disadvantage? He lacked Duke's polish of manner—his caressing tones, and gay flow of small talk. In the shops, or with customers, Percy was at his ease; he was so prompt, earnest, and manly as to command esteem as well as respect; but in Winnie's presence the consciousness that he stood between her and Duke Averne seemed always upon him.

Twice he cleared his throat, and attempted to speak before he could address Mr. Graddon, who had turned into the office to read his letters, which he had taken from the postman at the gate; and when he did contrive to say what he intended, the embarrassed air with which Winnie's father listened stung him into wishing he had been silent still longer.

"You have a home ready for my child, did you say? Well, well; I can't blame you, Gray; you have been very patient, very considerate, and, as far as I am concerned—but there's Winnie's feelings to be thought of. Poor girl! Have you spoken to her? You 'll not hurry her, Gray? You 'll not press her to do anything that 's against her inclination?"

While he spoke he was fingering one of his letters, folding and unfolding it, and now he abruptly thrust it into Percy's hand.

"How can I answer you so soon after reading this?

If Winnie sees it—and it would be dishonourable to keep her in ignorance of it—if her heart yearns towards her cousin, and she shrinks from this marriage, what am I to do?"

Percy, feeling suddenly to have grown faint and weak, drew a chair to the table, and sat down. It was some minutes before his dazzled eyes could decipher the letter he had laid before him; but when he could read it, he saw that it was, as Mr. Graddon had led him to expect, from Duke Averne.

It was written from the West Indies. As Duke was hurrying from Erndell, it had flashed into his mind that his mother had a relative out there, who was reputed to be a very wealthy man. Anything was preferable to staying in England, and he had determined on sailing immediately to Antigua. To his joy, he had been received by his relative with open arms. Mr. Haynes was a very lonely old man, and readily accepted Duke's offer to assist him in the management of his plantations. There was very little to do, wrote Duke; the climate was delicious, his prospects were good, for Mr. Haynes was most generous; and he could be happy if it were not for the thought of the wrong he had done Mr. Graddon —and Winnie.

The rest of the letter was full of her. He felt sure, he said, that he still had a place in her heart; he knew that she had freely forgiven him all his faults and follies; with her by his side he should have his good intentions strengthened, and become all he ought to be. Would she then wait for him till he could return to England and claim her? It should be soon, for he would think no toil too great, no economy too severe, that would enable him to win her. He had seen no one like Winnie, he never should, etc.

But Percy could read no more; though he sat with his eyes riveted on the letter till Mr. Graddon, whom it had made seriously unhappy, grew impatient.

But when he saw the face that was raised to his, he wished he had not disturbed him, and there was the deepest compassion in his tones as he said, "My poor boy, I am very sorry for you, very!"

CHAPTER LVIII.

ON THE MORROW.

Percy did not put in an appearance at the usual hour, and Mr. Graddon was beginning to feel alarmed, and meditated sending some one to make inquiries, when he saw him coming towards the house.

He looked as pale as on the previous evening, and his eyes were sunken and heavy with want of sleep, but his manner was far more composed than Mr. Graddon's, as they met and exchanged greetings in the hall.

Breakfast was over, and Winnie and Hattie came out of the parlour together just then, but on seeing Percy, the former paused, and, after a little hesitation, led the way to the pleasant homely sitting-room she still loved best, because it had been her mother's. She, too, was pale, and there were traces of recently-shed tears on her cheeks.

"You have seen Mr. Averne's letter?" said Percy, as soon as they were alone; "and—be frank with me—and do you still love him?"

"I have always loved him," Winnie answered, tremulously.

"Yes, I know it. In the old days it often galled me beyond endurance, for I never thought him deserving such affection, never! I was more clear-sighted to his errors than you were, and I not only despised him for them, but detested him for the power he possessed of making you love him in spite of his shortcomings."

"Is it kind to tell me this now?" asked Winnie.

"Hear me out, before you condemn me. To win, first your approval, then your affection, I have been careful to avoid the mistakes into which he fell, and have often, like the Pharisee, congratulated myself that I was not as other men. But this was not the worst; long since I might have helped him. I *think* I might have acquired an influence over him that would have checked him in his mad career, but I would not attempt this, and—and there were times when I almost rejoiced as I predicted what the end would be."

Winnie sighed, but she did not speak, and Percy went on—

"You know the rest. He fled, and I pressed on to grasp what his weak hand had failed to hold. Shall I tell you the result, Miss Graddon?"

She bent her head, but some time elapsed before Percy could steady his voice

"I have succeeded beyond my expectations, but my gold has turned to ashes almost before I could call it mine. I have secured a competence, but it would be valueless to me if you did not share it. I have dragged you into a compact, but if you loathe me for it, in what am I the gainer?"

"It was for papa——" Winnie began to say.

"Yes, and he is saved from the trouble that threatened him. You bade me be a son to him, and I have kept my word. I will keep it as long as he needs me; but you——" He paused, and walked to the window; the pain he was suffering was so sharp, that it took away his breath.

But ere Winnie, who was anxiously watching him, could resolve whether to follow or leave him to himself, the struggle was over, and he returned to her. "I have come to release you," he said. "It is the greatest proof of my love that I can give you, and so you are free."

"When did you determine to do this?" she asked, under her breath.

"Last night, as I stood beside your mother's grave, and wrestled with my regrets, till a better spirit took possession of me, and humbly and sorrowfully I could look back upon my life."

"In many respects it has been a noble one," she murmured; but he shook his head.

"It has been a selfish one. My own aims, my

"'What has helped you to this decision? tell me.'"—*p.* 826.

own purposes, have filled it to the exclusion of all else. I have been ambitious and self-seeking, irreligious and unthankful, in nothing true and pure-minded, except my love for you! I have often said that Duke Averne was not worthy to wed you, and now I confess that neither am I."

Coming a little nearer, he took her trembling fingers in his.

"You are free," he said again, "free to follow the dictates of your own heart. You have been very generous; neither by word nor look have you ever reproached me for the sacrifice I would have exacted. I shall leave you to explain this to Mr. Graddon. I am going away for a little while; but I shall come back as soon as—as——"

He could not say more. His lips were pressed to those trembling fingers once—twice—and then he would have left her; but Winnie laid her folded hands on his shoulder, and thus detained him.

"What has helped you to this decision? Tell me."

He hesitated awhile. He was not fond of talking of his own feelings; but at last he made answer—"The same that shall help me to bear your loss—*prayer*. My sorrow has done what my prosperity never did—brought me to my knees; and, as I can see it will lighten your heart to know this, believe that I have learnt Whose help to crave that I may keep the good resolutions I made last night."

Winnie's tears began to fall softly, but her eyes shone through them like stars, and there was a smile upon her rosy mouth.

"I am so glad, so very glad, to hear this! It was all I wanted to make me happy! And, Percy"—it was years since she had called him by that name—"why should you go away? Will you not stay if I ask you? Don't look at me so strangely! I told you that I have loved Duke always; I love him still; I would help him if I could, but not as his wife. Our engagement was a mistake. I must be able to honour my husband, to be proud of him, to look up to him, and feel that we walk together because we are agreed."

"And you will be mine, Winnie! *mine!* Dare I believe it?"

It was not till Mr. Graddon, uneasy at the length of their interview, came into the room, that Percy was fully able to realise his happiness. Winnie was all his own; and Duke Averne, lolling in his hammock under a southern sky, disagreeably tormented with the knowledge that he is not keeping his promises of amendment, but assuring himself that it will be all right when he has his pretty cousin to keep him straight, will never see her again except as the wife of another.

When Nina learned that the only obstacle to her sister's marriage was her reluctance to leave her father, especially as Hattie's cousin at Brighton was persuading her to listen to his wooing, she no longer objected to return home. It is difficult to recognise in the grave matronly woman who now presides over Mr. Graddon's household, the once lovely smiling Nina; but she is not wholly unhappy, for she is useful, whilst her child is a never-failing source of delight to every one in and about the house. Nina's saddest moments are when baby Mary is swung on to the shoulder of the tall bearded man she calls Uncle Percy, and loves dearly to be carried off to the cottage and Winnie, or sees the little creature twine her arms about the neck of the only father she will ever know; for George Ordley perished in a brawl at a gambling saloon at San Francisco not long after he left England.

Mr. Graddon, his mind relieved from many cares, looks far more hale and upright than in earlier years. He often finds time to go and see old Johns, who is proud to know that both partners in the firm are wont to consult him in a difficulty. The old man is an attentive listener to everything that concerns the master's family; Tom's voyages, Fred's steady progress as a medical student, and the prospect that Eddie will develop into a clever architect, and how every one predicts that Johnnie will some day take his father's place in the firm.

Nearest to old Johns' heart, however, is Percy Gray, much of whose worldly good fortune he attributes to his own example and teachings. But Percy himself dates his truest successes, his greatest happiness, from the night when, beside a lowly grave, he renounced all meaner ambition, and rose from his knees steadfastly purposing to lead a new life.

THE END.

EDWARD'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER IV.

INSIDE, Edward, dragging with him a huge coil of stout hempen cord, had mounted a rough step-ladder, which led to the trap-door in the roof.

The next moment he was outside in the darkness and pelting storm. He could hear them still battering at the opening of the retreat he quitted a moment before, but the bolt could not resist their attacks much longer. No time was to be lost. The turret rose to a much greater height than the rest of the building. Fastening the cord firmly over one of its battlements, he let himself down to the lower roof. But he could not unfasten it again, as the slip-knot had tightened with his weight. One moment's thought, and he had cut the rope with the dagger he wore at his side, and had left it there to tempt the pursuit he felt confident he should be successful in evading.

The sound of the pursuers' voices, coming more

distinctly to him now through the darkness, warn him to be quick. Hastily making a slip-knot again in one end of the rope, he fastens it again to one of the battlements that runs in a line along the castle roof. Another instant, with a brief aspiration heavenwards, he is swaying in mid-air.

"Torches! muddle-headed knaves that ye be!" cries a hoarse voice; for his pursuers have gained the roof of the turret, and are convinced now that he they seek is indeed in their power the moment they can perceive his whereabouts.

Hand over hand, every now and then, the tempest that rages around him dashing the brave lad with pitiless force against the castle wall, he is at last safely landed on *terra firma*.

The worst part of Edward's task was now over, for by the time the men had brought the torches their officer had called for, and discovered the rope still dangling from the battlement, time enough had elapsed for Edward to have crossed the bridge which spanned the moat, and escape through a postern gate which he knew to be unguarded, it being used as the means of egress from the castle for the domestics and those who had business with them.

But Edward did not wish to abandon the pursuit just yet, as it was part of his plan to entice them into a neighbouring wood, believing that when they once entered it, he could easily return without being perceived, under cover of the friendly darkness. When, therefore, he had gained the bridge and unfastened the gate, he stood for some minutes with the double purpose of gaining breath, and assuring his pursuers that their quarry was not too far ahead of them; for it would have upset all his plans had they given up the chase and returned to the castle at this juncture.

The men had hesitated to adopt his daring mode of descent, but their officer had threatened to shoot them if they did not do so. Thus compelled, they accomplished it, and it was not till Edward heard their voices and footsteps as they ran along by the side of the moat, and sought a means of crossing, that he closed the postern with a resounding bang, and began running at a moderate pace across the meadows in the direction of the wood.

All this time the pursuers had never caught a glimpse of him, and, fearing lest they should be discouraged, he dropped his kerchief, and waited again, sheltered by the blackness of the night, at scarcely twenty paces' distance, till he was assured that his lure was successful.

Then he set off again, and in ten minutes more had gained the wood.

The plan he had formed hurriedly in his own mind was to leave them searching for him there, to return to the castle, and warn the real fugitive to escape in an opposite direction to the one they had taken. But he was too daring, and his plan was frustrated; most providentially so, for two soldiers had remained behind, and would have prevented Dr. Wyatt's escape.

As it was, Edward kept them for fully half an hour tracing him amongst the trees by the sound of his footsteps, and panting, sobbing breath. They could only catch an occasional glimpse of something moving in the darkness, by the uncertain light of the single torch with which they were provided.

But the storm, which had been the brave boy's greatest safeguard, was ceasing, and the moon, which had been totally obscured, now shone forth "in radiant loveliness," and he, his strength exhausted, was overtaken, and seized, with coarse words and brutal jests, almost immediately after the lovely treacherous light had betrayed his whereabouts. Their surprise when they found out who it was that had led them such a chase, and Edward's mortification at the failure of his plan, I must leave my readers to imagine, while we return to the inmates of the castle. When Edward had left his uncle in the untenanted chamber, Dr. Wyatt's first impulse had been to follow him; but hearing the arrival of his pursuers in the corridor, he shrank back behind the hangings of the great bed, and waited in sickening suspense.

He, of course, heard all that was passing, and when the door of his late retreat gave way, he expected every moment that they, on finding it empty, would seek him elsewhere. As their voices gradually died away he could bear the suspense no longer, and, cautiously reconnoitring the spot, beheld Lady Beaufort step into the corridor, and take a few uncertain agitated paces in his direction. The utmost terror, dismay, and indignation were expressed on her gentle countenance.

When her brother appeared before her, and silently beckoned her into the chamber, joy, surprise, bewilderment, in succession usurped the former expressions; and passing her hand over her eyes, as if to make sure that she was not dreaming, she sprang towards him, exclaiming, faintly, "Charles!"

"Alas! whither shall I fly?" asked the persecuted servant of God.

"Come to my chamber," replied his sister. "Stay; let me be sure that no one observes us." And she passed again along the corridor, into her boy's room, and for the first time noticed his absence.

All was safe; the two soldiers had been ordered on no account to quit the hall, and the servants still stood in a terrified group, talking and wondering over the surprising and unexpected event.

Returning to her brother, Lady Beaufort led the way to her sleeping chamber.

In a few words he explained how it was she had found him where she did.

Then suddenly the truth dawned upon her mind. "My brave Edward," she exclaimed, with tearful eyes and flushing cheek, "but they will not—dare not, harm him!" she added, wildly, and hurried away to the secret chamber. All was still. Climbing the ladder, she looked out from the roof, and caught sight of the torches gleaming below.

She marvelled if her boy were safe. She had noticed,

with a sickening pang, the absence of the rope which she herself had seen placed there, as a last hope in case of discovery, and the whole truth was plainly revealed; he had escaped, and they were pursuing him.

"But they will find and bring him back," she thought, "and then they will search the whole castle. Oh, my brother! He must leave, 't is the only plan."

Once more she hastened to Edward's chamber, and told Philip, who of course was still wide awake, to "rise, and summon Annis quickly, for that she was ill from terror." Her blanched cheeks and agitated appearance fully confirmed this statement, and Philip speedily obeyed. Hastily explaining to the woman, whom she knew to be trustworthy, the state of affairs, she told her to procure a suit of clothes from one of the men-servants, and bring them to her. This was quickly effected, and Dr. Wyatt disguised himself in them. In the meantime Annis whispered to the servants in the hall that the soldiers were pursuing "him," for that "he had escaped on to the roof, and let himself down by the aid of a rope to the ground; that her lady was extremely ill, she feared," and so on. She then hurried back to her mistress, and when, ten minutes later, she returned, accompanied apparently by a man-servant, no one suspected that it was Dr. Wyatt whom she was urging so impatiently to "hasten to bring hither the leech, thou loitering knave."

And so he passed under the very eyes of the soldiers in the hall, and out of Beaufort Castle, and beyond their reach, to fly through the night to the cottage of a pensioner on his sister's bounty, where he intended to remain till a vessel could be procured to take him to Holland.

When seized by the soldiers, Edward felt assured that his last hour had come, so fierce was the torrent of vengeful anger, and so threatening were their looks, on finding that they had been outwitted and braved by a mere boy.

But his course was appointed for him, and it was not God's will that it should end here. He was immediately brought back to the castle, which was again searched, but, of course, with no result.

After the search was over, and the fruitless inquiries had been repeated, the officer demanded instant speech with Lady Beaufort.

"Madam," he said, "were I to follow the promptings of self-interest, I should carry back with me the youth who has dared to brave Her Majesty's servants in the execution of their duty."

"By what authority, fair sir?" gasped the unhappy mother.

"'T is true I have none, but that would not hinder me. 'T is the daring the lad hath shown. In good truth, never have I seen a braver boy, and I have a soldier's love for courage, though I had well nigh forgotten the feeling in anger at his having so far outwitted me."

"Now may Heaven requite the kindness of thy heart!" exclaimed the poor lady.

"And, madam, ere I depart I would speak a word of counsel. Wherefore pursue a course which can only bring shame and disgrace upon all who persist in it?"

"We have counted the cost," murmured Lady Beaufort, "and must continue faithful to the end."

The rough, but not altogether cruel soldier, looked at the calm, steadfast face of the speaker with mingled curiosity and admiration, shrugged his shoulders, and took his departure.

That very night Lady Beaufort, feeling that their own land was no longer a safe dwelling-place for them, departed, accompanied by the two boys, their tutor, and a couple of faithful servants who chose to remain with them in their adversity. After a few hours' travelling to the sea-coast, accompanied by Dr. Wyatt, who had joined them, they embarked in a fisherman's boat, and arrived safely at Holland. Having learnt from Philip of Roger Bonfield's questioning and his own part in the affair, Lady Beaufort arrived at the correct conclusion—viz., that it was Roger who had betrayed them, for their disaster had followed upon his supposed visit to his dying mother, which was of course a mere ruse.

Lord Beaufort was enabled to meet them in a few months' time, but he had not been able to save his property, which had been confiscated to the Crown. They struggled on, however, in comparative poverty till the death of the unhappy and misguided Mary enabled them to return to their native land, and dwell there again in peace and plenty, for their estates were returned to them.

Philip, under the benign and gentle influence of Lady Beaufort, abjured his errors, and became a zealous and distinguished preacher of Christianity; while Edward, as he grew up, following the bent of his disposition, became a soldier, and adorned his profession also, showing that in different callings the same virtues may be practised by God's people.

"Ah, my lady mother, I know not how to forgive myself for all the trouble I was the means of bringing upon my honoured parents by my disobedience and thoughtlessness!" said Edward, the day of their return to their old home.

"'T was a sin; but out of evil it hath pleased the Almighty to bring much good," replied Lady Beaufort; "and, so far as might be, thy fault was atoned towards thy late dear uncle"—for, during his last illness, Dr. Wyatt had been tended by Edward with the care and devotion of a son.

"Towards mine honoured parents, as God hath in His mercy spared them to me, 'Edward's Atonement' shall be life-long," replied our hero; and as he grew to manhood this promise was well remembered and acted upon.

RUTH MITCHELL.

GOOD DEEDS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A HARBOUR MISSION.

IT is very cheering to think of the large number of quiet, unobtrusive, but thoroughly effective agencies for good which are being continually carried on, with little flourish of trumpets, but with great zeal and piety, and resulting in registered and unregistered successes of the highest kind. A glance at the diary of a busy Gospel agent in the Harbour of Genoa affords a capital illustration of this. There is in this port a Bethel ship on which religious services of various kinds are being constantly held, and to which the English and other sailors resort in gratifying numbers. Besides this, the Evangelist obtains a footing on board many other ships and steamers, and not seldom holds similar meetings there, which are willingly attended both by captains and crews. "With the aid of oil-skins and waterproofs," writes the missionary, "upwards of thirty found their way to the *S*——, where the officers had tastefully and comfortably arranged the after-deck for service. I held a service in the afternoon with the patients in the hospital. One poor fellow, an Irish Catholic, was very ill. We gathered round his bed and sang 'Rock of Ages.' After reading and prayer, he gripped my hand. 'God bless you!' he said; 'I'm very ill, but I can trust in Christ.' In the evening the magnificent saloon of the *B*—— could not hold us all; many had to remain in the steerage—out of sight, but within hearing. An engineer, from a London steamer, said, when leaving, 'God bless you for this night! I shan't forget it in a hurry; but it is always the same when we come to Genoa.'" Thus the good tidings of geat joy is being told on ship-board, and many a careless tar is hereby led to Christ; and many a Christian sailor, who finds it hard work to retain his religion among antagonistic surroundings, finds strength and refreshment in a foreign land, thanks to the Bethel and the diligent Evangelist, who is *par excellence* the sailors' friend.

AID FOR THE FREEDMEN.

The rude hand of civil war which, some fourteen years ago, set free the negro bondsmen of the West, left them in sad straits so far as their social condition was concerned. Among the many noble agencies which were at once called forth by Christian philanthropy for the amelioration of their lot, few have been followed with more marked and well-deserved success than the Freedmen's Aid Society. Up to the present time, this, and kindred movements, have provided for the coloured race, eight colleges, eleven normal schools, and eighteen other schools of similar character and purpose. Nearly 8,000 students have been and are being trained herein, and 100,000 coloured pupils are being taught by these in turn. This is very wonderful, and speaks volumes for the Christian zeal and diligence, which seeks the moral and social elevation of the dusky ex-slaves, who now rejoice in a freedom that can nevermore be taken from them. The Mission's Aid Society, which held its annual meeting in Dr. Allon's church, Islington, a short time ago, has for its special purpose the training and equipment of converted negroes for mission labour among the millions of their fellow-countrymen on the African continent. Ten such missionaries, six of whom went out last year, are now labouring on the western coast; schools and native churches have been established, and there is every encouragement to produce still wider and more vigorous action. A liberal and hearty sympathiser with this movement has offered £3,000 for the opening of a new mission in Central Africa, and it is felt that such an open door must at once be entered. A strong appeal has been issued for liberal supplies, which it may well be hoped will not be made in vain.

THE AITKEN MEMORIAL.

The modern movement which seeks to gain additional evangelical successes among the masses of the people by conducting special "missions" in such churches as are available for the purpose, has fully furnished its own endorsement by the remarkable results with which it has been attended. It is well, therefore, that what has proven itself to be of such great and lasting value, should be shaped, organised, and established, into a systematic and abiding organisation. It is well, too, that such a guild should be honoured by, and do honour to, the name of one of the most godly, diligent, and successful "missioners" that the national Church, or any other church, has ever produced. The Rev. Robert Aitken, vicar of Pendeen, in the far west of Cornwall, was peculiarly fitted for this kind of work, and in many a town and city, and through many a shire, the warm-hearted apostle of the people was known and loved, and did in his day accomplish a work that lives and cannot die. It is well, too, that his two sons, on whom the father's mantle hath fallen, should be intimately connected with the mission movement that bears his name. It is intended by the Aitken Memorial Mission to set apart thoroughly qualified men for this special work, to provide funds for the maintenance of curates, who shall relieve effective preachers from their parochial charge, that they may be free to engage in this good work; to organise and arrange for missions in town and country; to enlist sufficient lay helpers of both sexes, and in other ways to perfect and carry out a system of holy toil which shall promote the revival of the work of God among the parishes of this kingdom. This is emphatically a good deed, and every earnest Christian, of whatever church or creed, cannot but bid a warm God-speed to such an enterprise. The institution will win greater confidence by the circumstance that the celebrated preacher and evangelist, the Rev. W. Hay Aitken, is

appointed general superintendent. The directing council and executive committee are strong both in numbers and quality, and it is not a very daring prophecy to predict for the Aitken Memorial Mission a successful career.

DRINKING FOUNTAINS AND CATTLE TROUGHS.

"This is the only society which provides free supplies of water for man and beast in the streets of London." So runs the public advertisement of a deserving society, and we can but think that the statement should be sufficient passport to the patronage and purse of the public it seeks to benefit. A very slight pause at almost any one of the 392 drinking fountains, and the 404 cattle troughs, will furnish sufficient evidence as to the priceless value of these boons both to man and beast. More than 1,800 horses, besides oxen, sheep, and dogs, have been known to drink at one trough in a single day! More than 8,000 individuals, many of whom were working men, have been known to quench their thirst at one of the fountains in a like period of time. How much money that day's drinking diverted from the till of the publican, it would not be easy to calculate. Surely such a testimony as this is sufficient to enlist the sympathy and elicit the aid of all who desire to promote sobriety, and to encourage that kindness to animals which is an unfailing characteristic of true manliness and goodness of heart. The committee, which is presided over by the Duke of Westminster, makes an earnest appeal for contributions, which may be sent to the secretary at the office of the Association, Victoria House, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

DISTRIBUTING THE WORD OF LIFE.

An excellent movement, initiated by Mr. Spurgeon, and at the same time absolutely unsectarian in its operations, has for its definite object the increased circulation of religious and healthy literature among all classes of people, in order to counteract the evil done by the myriads of vicious publications which work so much mischief and produce so much immorality and crime. The average cost of a colporteur is from £75 to £80 a year, and where £40 is locally raised for this purpose the Committee will give a grant of the rest in every case so far as its funds will permit. Besides the actual work of book-hawking, obtaining orders for periodicals, etc., each colporteur is a tract distributor, a sick visitor, an evangelist, and in this way the 85 agents come into close contact with more than 70,000 families every month. During the last year 162,000 tracts were distributed, 927,000 separate publications were sold, nearly a million visits were paid, and an immense amount of good Gospel work was done in cottages, country chapels, and on the village green. Nearly 10,000 Bibles, and almost as many Testaments, have been sold, and an immense number of periodicals have been disposed of. Altogether nearly a quarter of a million of these and other pure and healthy monthly and weekly publications have been scattered broadcast by the band of colporteurs who are connected with this admirable association. Mr. Spurgeon, who is the moving spirit of the whole machinery, makes forceful appeal for the funds, as the good work is capable of indefinite expansion; and it really is difficult to conceive of any method which could be more thoroughly effective than this in carrying out such a good design.

GOD'S WORK IN INDIA.

Few things are more calculated to give heart and hope to the supporters of the mission cause in England than definite records of successful work done, and effective positions gained by native ministers, who, of all others, have to be depended upon for the extension and continuance of Christian enterprise in the lands in which they live, and among the races of whom they form a part. According to an Indian newspaper, the Rev. Narayan Sheshadri is conducting most interesting mission work at Jalna, Indiapoor, and some small dependent stations. The Church Missionary Society have just placed the mission station of Buldana under his care, so that now some fifteen or twenty causes are under his vigorous management. At the Christian settlement in Jalna, a church has been built on a hill, and can be seen for twenty miles. "This massive edifice," writes Mr. Sheshadri, "has been built by our own young native Christian masons, bricklayers, carpenters, and artisans. The persons here mentioned were originally *thieves by profession*, but on becoming Christians have learned these trades." He goes on to say, in wise words, "Our earnest endeavour is to make our indigenous churches vigorous and self-supporting, and in half-a-dozen years I believe we shall see that realised." This hopeful and interesting mission employs nine catechists, fourteen assistant catechists, sixteen Bible-women, and one colporteur.

THE SMYRNA CHRISTIAN REST.

In an admirable position on the esplanade at Smyrna, ever-active Christian enterprise has found a place for Christian hospitality, preaching, praise, and prayer. A few months ago the "Rest and Coffee-room" was formally opened by the two godly women who have the venture in hand. A number of Greeks, Bulgars, Suliotes, and other nationalities, looked in, and wondered. Scripture mottoes and texts, in various languages, and attractively mounted, adorned the walls; and some were copied by the visitors for private thought and use. It is now a thoroughly established institution, and the interior presents as lively a scene as can well be imagined. The crowd that patronises it is composed of many tribes and peoples and tongues; and, in addition to the simple refreshments for which they pay, the purchasers hear, so as they can understand, the Name which is above all the names, and the

story of His cross. The harvest is great, but the labourers are few. Voluntary Christian labourers are greatly wanted, and have a rich field awaiting the sickle. Bibles and Testaments are being asked for in many languages; and at Smyrna there is most emphatically "an open door."

THRIFT AND SOCIAL REFORM.

The first annual report of a new and interesting venture at Ulverston has just come to hand, and we are happy to find that our encouraging predictions have been more than fulfilled. The principal design of the "Thrift" guild is to train, guide, and assist its members into and along the lines of true economy and prosperity. It taboos tobacco, denies the use of intoxicating drinks, and generally proclaims war to the knife against the follies, vices, extravagances of social life. "Self-help and no waste," it says, would cure half the poverty, bad health, and misery of society. We are bound to nod our assent to this doctrine, but we would fain add that a high-toned morality should accompany the industry and the thrift. Twenty-two members have joined during the year, and though at the first the Society was greeted with much ridicule, as many good beginnings are, "Thrift" seems very likely indeed to thrive. During the year, lectures and addresses have been given on "Success in Life," "The Science of Health," "Happy Homes," and similar topics. Well-selected magazines and other literature have been provided, a considerable number of tracts on temperance, tobacco, thrift, etc., have been circulated, and other work within the scope of the Society has been done.

HINDRANCES IN SPAIN.

A communication lately received gives a very forceful picture of the oppositions and persecutions to which Gospel agents are exposed in Spain. "We went," writes a lady, "to a village called Morgadanes to hold a meeting. Fifty were present, and the meeting was a happy one. The priests had got up a mob to meet us on our way back. Forty people, men, women, and children, greeted us with stones. Down came the stones by hundreds, some weighing six or seven pounds. There were three priests, one of whom discharged a gun from behind a tree, and the shots pattered all round us." As the evangelists proceeded on their way, they were met by another formidable party, who subjected them to the same treatment. Still pushing on as fast and as well as they could towards a place of safety, they came upon another contingent. They had to run for a mile and a half without stopping, pursued by the infuriated populace, the priests shouting, "We want to kill the English," etc. etc. "All these things," naïvely writes the lady, "are anything but pleasant to the flesh, yet, for Christ's sake, it is a great honour, and it is only for a little while." Such is the state and condition of Christian Spain. Evangelistic work in that country is harder, we imagine, than in most places, and they who engage in it have a peculiar claim on the kindly sympathies and earnest prayers of all who desire this fair land to be emancipated from spiritual thraldom.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 800.

287. "And they understood none of these things; and this saying was hid from them, neither knew they the things which were spoken" (Luke xviii. 34).

288. To attend to the administration of all secular matters (Acts vi. 2, 3).

289. The murmuring of the Grecians against the Hebrews concerning the distribution of relief (Acts vi. 1).

290. The son of king Jeroboam, of whom the prophet had foretold that he should die as the feet of his mother crossed the threshold (1 Kings xiv. 12, 17).

291. St. Stephen evidently refers to God's declaration to Abraham that his seed should suffer "four hundred years," while St. Paul speaks of the actual time which elapsed before the departure of the children of Israel from Egypt (Comp. Acts vii. 6., Gen. xv. 13; and Gal. iii. 17., Ex. xii. 40).

292. Naboth the Jezreelite and St. Stephen (1 Kings xxi. 10, and Acts vi. 13).

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 815.

293. King Belshazzar, who was punished quickly for his iniquity (Dan. v. 2, 3, 23).

294. "Son of man, I have broken the arm of Pharaoh, and lo, it shall not be bound up to be healed, to put a roller to bind it" (Ezek. xxx. 21).

295. "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word it is because there is no light in them" (Isa. viii. 20).

296. Jehoiada the high priest; because he had done good in Israel both towards God and towards His house (2 Chron. xxiv. 16).

TO OUR READERS.

IN placing before his readers on this occasion the programme of the leading contents of the next volume, the Editor has much pleasure in making the following communication to them, which, being in accordance with the suggestions he has received from so many correspondents, will have been widely anticipated.

The progress of THE QUIVER has been so continuous and uninterrupted from year to year for a period of eighteen years, that the Proprietors may well have felt that the form in which the Magazine has been presented to its readers, has been so strikingly appreciated, as to leave but little to be done by them beyond seeing that, as each new volume was planned, there was nothing lost sight of which should be calculated to edify its readers, and attach them still more closely to a publication whose consistent mission from the first has been to develop the religious culture of every household in the land. This feeling has been so amply justified by the gratifying success which has attended these efforts, that the Editor has hesitated to urge change of any kind, although he has not been able to disregard some suggestions which from time to time have reached him, that a change in the construction of the Magazine would enable him not only to improve its character and appearance, but to develop some features of excellence which have proved to be amongst the most valuable and acceptable portions of THE QUIVER.

Hitherto the arrangement of the MONTHLY PART has been in some degree subservient to the requirements of the Weekly Number, and the Editor has been in this respect at a disadvantage in his presentment of THE QUIVER as a Monthly Magazine. Now, therefore, that the preference for the MONTHLY ISSUE has become more than ever marked in its increased circulation, the Proprietors have determined that THE QUIVER, in its serial issue, will be in the form of MONTHLY PARTS ONLY, and not of Weekly Numbers,* a course which, it is believed, will in the result be as acceptable to those who have hitherto taken THE QUIVER from week to week, as it will be to those who have taken it from month to month. Aided, then, by this manifest advantage of the Monthly form of issue, the Editor, in submitting the following, amongst many other important arrangements for the New Volume, is confident that the general strengthening of his plans and provisions for the future, will be recognised and welcomed by every individual reader of THE QUIVER.

Bible Prayers for Bible Readers, will be contributed by the Right Rev. ROWLEY HILL, D.D., Lord Bishop of SODOR AND MAN.

The Spiritual Exercises of John Forbes, will form a group of papers edited by the Rev. WILLIAM HANNA, D.D.

The Poems of the New Testament, by the Right Rev. W. ALEXANDER, D.D., Lord Bishop of DERRY, will be welcomed as an important contribution to Bible Literature.

The Outward Life and the Inward, and other devotional papers, by the Rev. HENRY ALLON, D.D., of Islington.

What Lack I Yet? by the Right Rev. A. W. THOROLD, D.D., Lord Bishop of Rochester.

Bible Friendships, by the Rev. W. BOYD CARPENTER, M.A., Vicar of St. James's Holloway.

Religion and this Life is the title of a series by the Rev. JAS. STEWART, of Stretford, Manchester.

The Whole Armour of God, by the Rev. JAS. FAITHFULL, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Leicester.

The "Thirstings" of Scripture will form a group of papers by the Rev. P. B. POWER, M.A.

Lights and Shadows of the Gospel Story will be contributed by the Rev. T. M. MORRIS, of Ipswich.

Homes and Haunts of English Martyrs will be the subject of occasional chapters.

Workers for Christ (The Preacher, Pastor, Sunday-school Teacher, etc.) will be contributed by the Rev. W. M. JOHNSTON, M.A.

The Ten Virgins: A series of papers by the Rev. DANIEL MOORE, M.A., Vicar of Holy Trinity, Paddington.

Good Deeds at Home and Abroad, which has proved so useful and acceptable a feature, will be strengthened and extended under the title of **Short Arrows:**

While separate records of Gospel and Philanthropic work will be classed under the heading of **Highways and Hedges.**

Other established and popular features will be continued, such as **Scripture Lessons for School and Home, The Quiver Bible Class,** and popular **Hymns with Music** by the best living Composers, together with all those other characteristics which have secured to THE QUIVER its present high position as a Magazine for Sunday reading.

The principal story, **A HEROINE OF HOME,** will be from the pen of the author of "Esther West," a story which, on its appearance in THE QUIVER some years ago, received high commendation.

Our New Neighbour, the second Serial Story, contributed by the author of "The Artist and the Man," will have a special interest for girls. There will also be,

An entirely New Series, bringing the pith of "Great Books of the past" (otherwise inaccessible to the ordinary public) within reach of the readers of THE QUIVER. In this Series will be presented immediately **Lucy Hutchinson,** an actual History, carefully collected from the once celebrated but bulky work of that name, by SARAH TYTLER, Author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls."

Such are some of the subjects which the Editor, with the assistance of many of the ablest writers in this field of literature, has in preparation for his readers; from which it will be seen that THE QUIVER will continue to be more than ever a witness for the truth, thus entitling itself to even a wider and, if possible, warmer greeting in the tens of thousands of Christian homes, both at home and abroad, in which it has found a welcome for so many years, and earning for itself a place and a name wherever the English language is spoken.

THE EDITOR.

* The next publication of THE QUIVER following this number will be Part 169, ready October 27th. Weekly subscribers should at once instruct their booksellers to order this Part for them.